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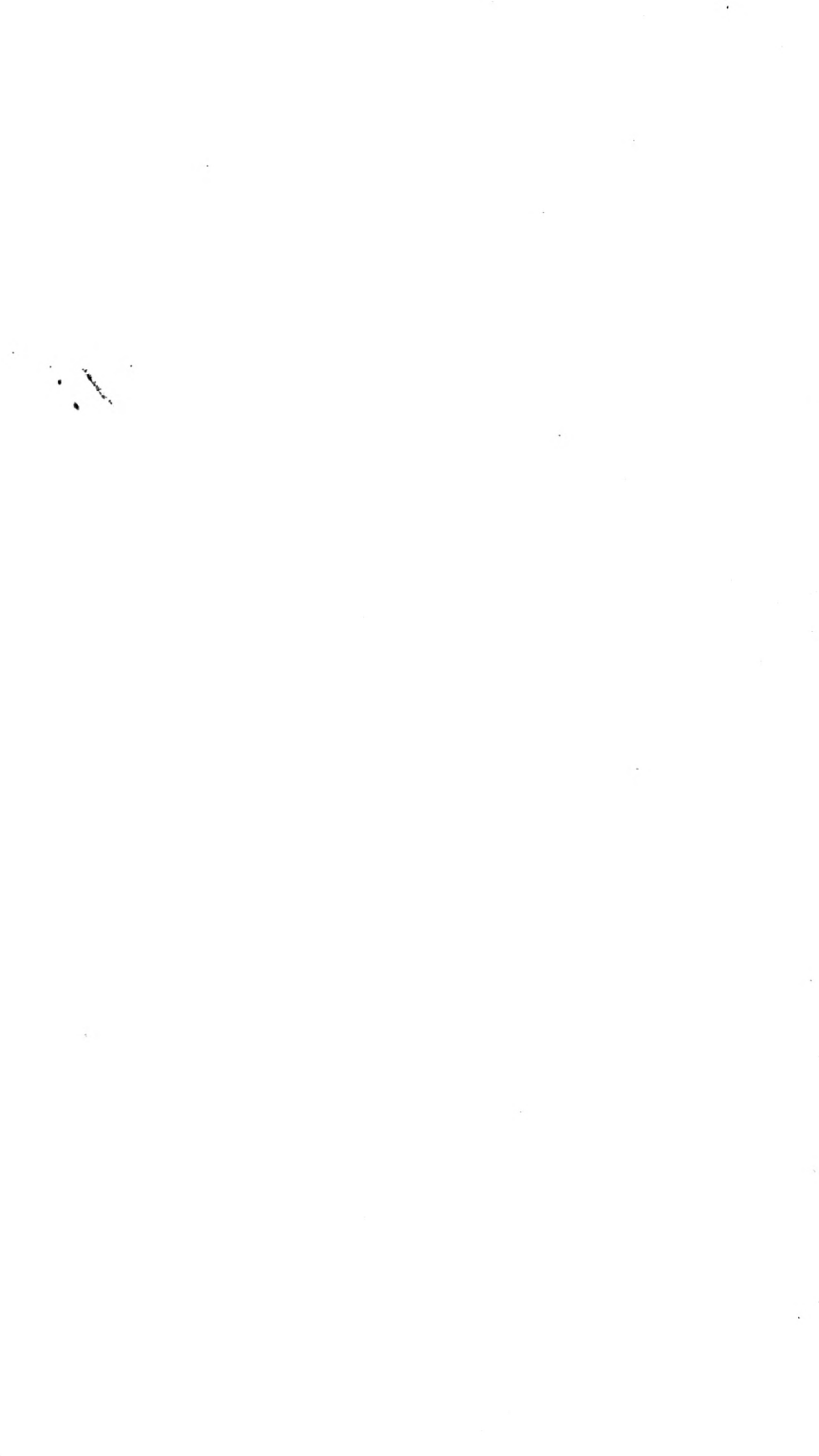
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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VII.

JANUARY 1, 1826.

NO. XXXVII.

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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.

Our Subscribers are this month presented with the Frontispiece to the Sixth Volume of the Repository, which, owing to a disappointment on the part of the engraver, we were prevented from giving with our last Number.

We acknowledge the receipt of The Weird Beauty from our respected Northern Correspondent; and Danvers, a Tale. The Wish'd-for Return, Crimora and Connal, and Epitaph on Neptune, in our next.

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

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VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

GUY'S CLIFF, WARWICKSHIRE, THE SEAT OF BERTIE GREATHLED, ESQ.

THIS retreat occupies a romantic situation, in the hundred of Knightlow, about a mile and a half from the town of Warwick. It stands on the west bank of the Avon, on a rock presenting a rugged and varied face towards the river, which here winds through a delightful country. This spot is said to have been selected anterior to the invasion of the Saxons for a place of devotion, and to have been the site of an oratory built for that purpose by one of the bishops who had their seat at Warwick. In the time of the Saxons, a hermit made himself a cell there in the natural rock, in which he dwelt; and hither the renowned champion, Guy Earl of Warwick, weary of martial achievements and worldly pleasures, retired to share the humble abode of this recluse, where he spent the remainder of his days in pious meditation and

exercises. From him it received the denomination which it still retains.

This hermitage was kept up for many centuries, and in the time of Henry IV. when it was occupied by John Barry, Richard de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, gave him a salary of five pounds per annum, to pray for his own good estate, and for the souls of his father and mother. In the first year of Henry VI. the same nobleman rebuilt the chapel, and founded and endowed a chantry here for two priests, who should say mass daily for the good estate of himself and his wife during their lives, and afterwards for the health of their souls, and the souls of all their parents and friends, and of all the faithful deceased. At the dissolution of religious houses, the possessions of this chantry, consisting of fifteen messuages and about six hundred acres

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of land, were granted to Sir Andrew Flammock and his heirs.

The chapel founded here by the Earl of Warwick, as mentioned above, is a plain edifice, in good repair: out of the solid rock on which it abuts he caused to be carved a rude statue of Earl Guy, about eight feet in height, which, though in a very dilapidated state, is still to be seen.

About the middle of the last century this estate became the property of the late Mr. Greatheed, who married a daughter of the Duke of Ancester's, and erected the present mansion. Considerable additions were made to it by his son, the present possessor; and in 1818, such improvements were carried into effect in the west front towards the avenue, as entirely to alter the character of that side, which now harmonizes with the rest of the building.

The local beauties of this retreat

would seem calculated to inspire a love of the arts, and it was pronounced by Leland to be "a place meet for the Muses." The walls of the principal apartments are covered with the efforts of the pencil of the youthful heir to this domain, who early displayed a strong predilection for the pictorial art. The most highly finished of his pieces are, portraits of his father and mother, of himself, and of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. There are also many historical pieces of great merit by him, and some very early historical studies replete with indications of strong genius. This accomplished young artist died in Italy in his twenty-third year.

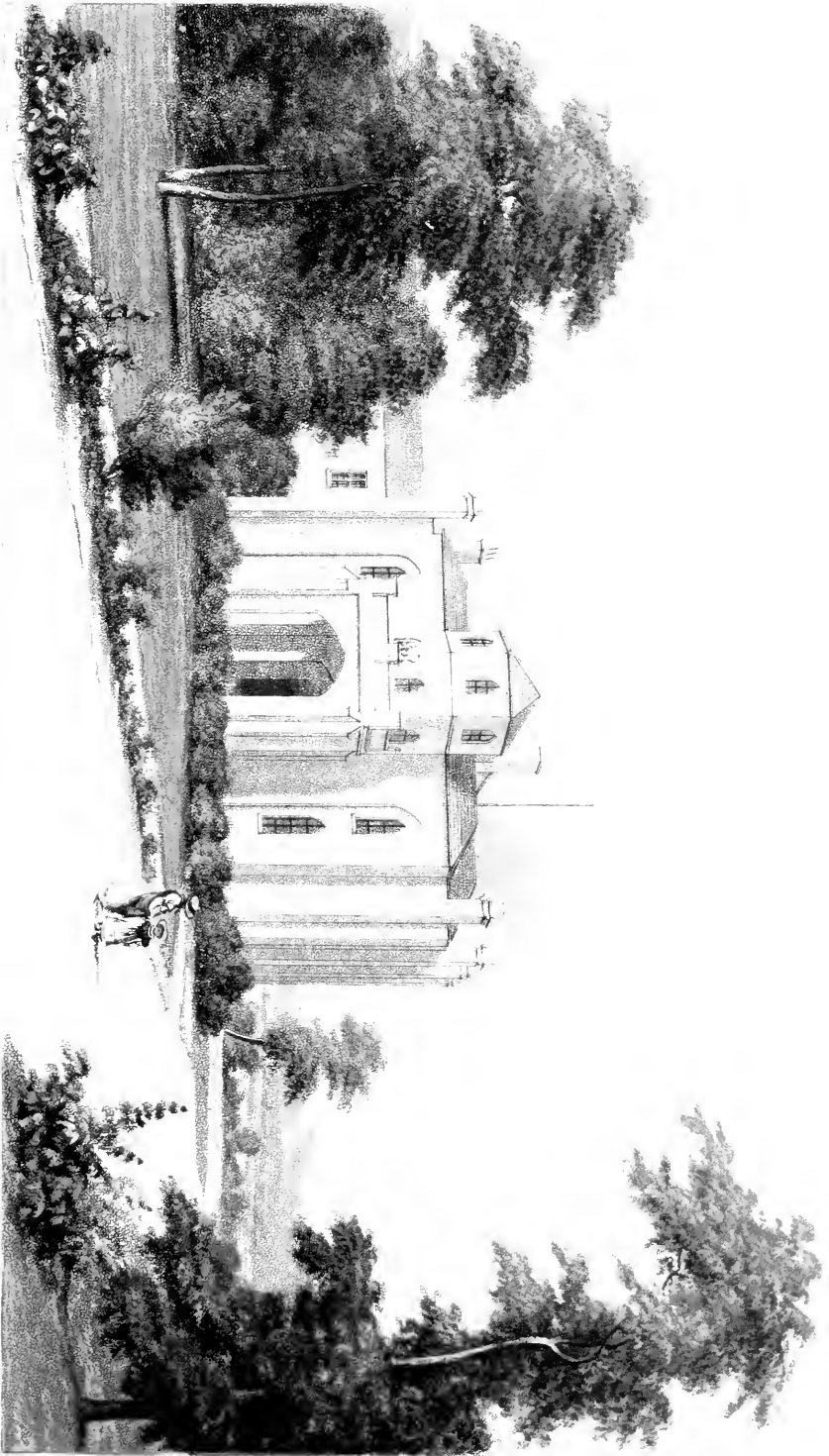
The capacious stables, cellars, and offices of this mansion are all excavated out of the solid rock. The grounds are not extensive, but they abound in natural beauties, and are disposed with much taste.

COLEORTON HALL,

THE SEAT OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART.

THIS mansion is situated about four miles from Ashby-de-la-Zouch, and twenty from Leicester, and was erected after a design by the late Mr. Dance; but which is not considered equal to his works in general. What renders this building particularly interesting at the present moment is, the circumstance that it is the depository of the pictures which are to form the first part of a National Gallery, and have been so munificently given to his country by Sir George Beaumont for that purpose. The collection principally consists of Flemish and Dutch pictures: amongst them are a large landscape by Ru-

bens, said to have been painted as a companion to the celebrated picture of that master lately in the collection of Mr. Champernowne; a large Both, which has been exhibited at the British Gallery; and a fine portrait by Rembrandt. Besides them, there are three Claudes, a fine landscape with figures by Nicholas Poussin, and a grand picture by Sebastian Bourdon, which was bequeathed to Sir George by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There are few English pictures in the collection; two large Wilsons, and the portraits of Sir George and Lady Beaumont by Reynolds, are the principal.



TWELFTH-NIGHT IN PARIS.

Of all the good old Parisian customs that the Revolution in the first place, and the influence of fashion in the next, have not yet succeeded in overturning, the one that is still perhaps most generally practised is the celebration of Twelfth-day. No family, however humble in circumstances they may be, will suffer the *Jour des Rois* to pass unhonoured by a *gâteau*; and nothing but the most abject poverty can prevent their asking their relations or friends, in at least a sufficient number to form a little court for the sovereign of the night. It is a fact, that when to be known to pronounce the word *king*, uncoupled with execrations, was to incur certain death, there were still to be found in Paris some hearts so attached to the celebration of this festival, that they met in defiance of the menacing danger to share the *gâteaudes Rois*.

In former times, it was the relations only, or very particular friends of the family, who were invited to celebrate this feast, but the tip-top fashionables of the present day pursue a different method; it is used by them for the laudable purpose of stirring up envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness in the minds of their friends and acquaintance, by that splendour with which they celebrate it. Instead of making it a family festival, it is their delight to crowd as many of their "dear five hundred friends" as possible into their rooms; and the *gâteau*, which formerly enjoyed such a proud pre-eminence over all the rest of the fare, is now but little regarded among the variety of newly invented delicacies with which the board is crowned.

On my return from my morning's walk a few days before Twelfth-day, François, my French servant, spread some cards before me with an air of triumph. "Here, sir," cried he, "here are invitations for the *Jour des Rois*, which have arrived during your absence;" and as he spoke he pushed that of the Marquise de S— more forward than any of the rest. I took up one from my worthy old friend Boncœur, and then, without saying any thing, began to read, very much, I could perceive, to the dissatisfaction of honest François, who, after fidgeting about a little, under pretence of adjusting the furniture, which was already in order, said at last, in a tone of respectful inquiry, "Don't you think, sir, that I had better call upon the tailor? Perhaps, as he has already kept you waiting so long, he may not bring home your new suit in time to go to the marquise's *fête*."—"It won't signify, for I shan't go."—"Shan't go!" repeated François in a most dolorous tone. "Ah! dear sir, will you then lose so fine an opportunity of seeing our *Jour des Rois* in all its glory."—"I shall celebrate it with Monsieur Boncœur."

François did not presume to start any objection, but as his highest desire is, that his English master should see the Parisian lions to the best advantage, he took an indirect method of rousing my curiosity by eulogizing the splendour of the *fête* which the marquise had given the preceding year. Finding that I paid no attention, and despairing of success, he was walking off with a rueful countenance, when suddenly turning round, "A happy thought, sir," said

he, "has just struck me! Your going to Monsieur Boncœur's need not prevent your being at the marquise's *fête*; for I am sure the first are such early people, that their *soirée* will be nearly over before the other begins." As I had no doubt that this really was the case, I determined to accept the two invitations, and thanking François for his happy thought, I sent him away highly satisfied both with me and himself.

I went of course first to Boncœur's, where I found the guests already assembled; they consisted of my friend himself, his wife, and six children, with several of his relations. All appeared disposed to be happy, and to render one another so. The cake was distributed, and the piece containing the bean was found in the possession of our host's eldest son Eugene. His majesty of course immediately proceeded to choose his queen, and his choice fell upon a beautiful girl two years younger than himself, in whose looks one might read that she would have no objection to be his choice for life. The next part of the ceremony was the selection of the persons to form his majesty's court. He began, as a most Christian king ought to do, with the grand almoner; the other great officers being afterwards chosen, we sat down in the enjoyment of our new dignities, happier perhaps than those who actually possessed them. Madame Boncœur is at all times amiable, but I had never seen her so much so as on this day. She was more than usually animated, and it was evident that her heart was filled with the desire of diffusing the happiness she felt to all around her. I soon perceived that this day awakened the most tender recollections in

her mind; but as the story would lose in the language of another, I shall give it in her own words:

"My parents and those of my husband had been friends from their youth, and they never missed celebrating this day alternately at each other's house. A slight difference of opinion upon a political question took place between them; a few warm words passed, but they would probably have ended in nothing, had it not been for one of those busy-bodies who foment differences too often under the pretence of adjusting them. By this man's ill offices the spark was blown to a flame, and the friends had an interview, in which, after mutual and bitter upbraidings, they parted, with an avowed resolution never to meet again. Eugene's mother was dead; mine, who had a sincere regard for Monsieur Boncœur, and who in her heart thought my father more to blame than him, did all she could to reconcile them; but in vain.

"She was sincerely sorry for her failure; but sorrow is a word too faint to express what I felt. Eugene and I loved each other tenderly; our affection had been not merely permitted, but encouraged by our parents; and when this affection was so interwoven in our very being as to have become a part of ourselves, we were commanded to think of each other no more.

"To obey this command was impossible; I could as soon have ceased to exist as to give up thinking of Eugene; but I resolutely refused to see him, though Heaven only knows what it cost me to keep this resolution.

"M. Boncœur was a man of moderate fortune; my father was a merchant, and at that time rich; but an

unlucky failure in a commercial speculation embarrassed his affairs, and in a few months he was totally ruined. Why should I dwell, my dear friends, upon the mortifications to which a fall from affluence exposes us? Alas! they are but too well known. All I shall say is, that we were doomed to experience some of the bitterest of them: My father found every attempt to recommence business vain, and we hastened to hide our poverty in an obscure retreat at some distance from Paris.

“It was in winter that we took possession of our little cottage, now the sole remnant of my poor father's property. Ah! how my heart bled for those dear parents, who, accustomed all their lives to luxury and opulence, to all the pleasures of society, and all the comforts of an elegant home, were now, when their age made them more than ever want indulgences, deprived of every thing but the bare necessaries of life! We took possession of our new dwelling about a week before Twelfth-day. That day, which we had never before failed to celebrate, now awakened in our minds only the most painful recollections. It seemed as if we had secretly agreed not to remark to each other what day it was, for there was not a word said upon the subject; but it was evident, from the sorrowful looks which from time to time we cast upon each other, that it was not forgotten.

“The weather was intensely cold; it snowed hard, and the night had been for some time shut in, when we heard a smart knocking at the door of our cottage. ‘It is some poor traveller who has lost himself in the snow,’ said my father rising; ‘let us give him at least the shelter of our

roof. Alas! it is nearly all we have to give!’ He opened the door, and saw two men enveloped in large cloaks, which were covered with snow. They entered, the foremost saying, in a gay tone, ‘Are you not ashamed to bring me so far to claim such a paltry debt?’

“We all started in astonishment at the voice of Monsieur Boncœur; but my father hastily eyeing him, said, in a haughty tone, ‘I cannot comprehend you, sir; for, thank heaven, I owe no man any thing.’—‘Indeed, my good friend,’ said the other, ‘you are mistaken; you owe me a Twelfth-night supper, and I am determined that you shall pay it.’—‘Monsieur Boncœur, this mockery—’—‘Mockery! O my dear Louis,’ cried Boncœur in a voice of strong emotion, ‘how can you use that word to me? But before we talk farther, let us go back to our unhappy difference. I remember you agreed to be reconciled if I would beg your pardon, and I refused, like an obstinate block-head as I was: I do now sincerely beg your pardon, and I am ready to do it in any way, however public, you please. He opened his arms as he spoke; my father rushed into them: he could not utter a word; it was not necessary he should; all was forgotten on both sides but their ancient friendship.

“At that moment his companion, who had remained upon the threshold, threw off his mantle, and Eugene, trembling with emotions which he had not power to suppress, was next received in my father's arms. My mother wept for joy; but my happiness was too great to find vent in tears. Eugene had fallen ill before our adversity commenced; and his father, with a view to try the effect

of a milder climate, had taken him to Italy: thus they were absent at the time of our misfortunes; but I supposed that they must have heard of them. Day after day I expected a letter from him; none came; I considered myself as forgotten, and to be forgotten by Eugene in adversity doubled its bitterness. Ah!" continued she, looking tenderly at her husband, "how much was I mistaken! So far from ceasing to think of me, his love preyed upon his health; and though his father heard of our situation, he did not dare, in the dangerous state in which Eugene was, to communicate it to him; but he avowed his determination to reconcile himself to his old friend. This intelligence was the best medicine that my poor Eugene could receive; he speedily recovered, and as soon as he was able to travel, they set out for Paris, and having there learned the place of our retreat, lost no time in coming to us. But with the delicacy inseparable from real generosity, Boncœur was unaccompanied by a single servant, having left his valet at a town about half a league from our village.

"My poor Boncœur," said my father, when he had a little recovered from his emotion, "you will fare miserably."—"Not so miserably as you think, my friend; for as I knew that you were at some distance from a town, and I was determined that you should treat me, I have brought a supper with me, and you shall pay me for it out of your first quarter's salary."—"My salary?"—"Yes; the salary of the place which you have just obtained in the financial department."—"Ah, heaven! I owe this to you!"—"You owe me nothing, but for being the first to bring you the

news of it; and if you would reward me for that, give me some supper."

Eugene now produced a basket which he had brought with him; you may believe it was soon emptied, and the supper placed upon the table. Need I say, that it was a delicious meal, or that the *gâteau* which followed it was pronounced to be the best we had ever tasted? Our friend was the king: "I shall use a privilege not often claimed by a crowned head," said he to my father, "that of abdicating in favour of my son, who I see is discontented at not having a crown to offer to Julia; and as I am sure that if he really had a crown to bestow, it would be given to her, what say you to sealing our reconciliation by fixing the day for their marriage?"

"My parents joyfully agreed: how indeed could they refuse any thing to such a friend, such a benefactor? for they rightly judged, that it was he who had procured my father the place; but they did not know, nor was it ever discovered, till death, alas! deprived us of him, that he had paid a considerable sum to obtain it. And now, my friends, can you wonder that the *Jour des Rois* is to me a feast of the heart?"

It was a feast of the heart to us all, for the evening passed so delightfully, that it was more than fashionably late when I made my appearance at the marquise's. There was a brilliant party assembled, and the fair hostess glided through the throng with inimitable ease and grace, complimenting one, smiling upon another, and talking to a third, with an air of interest and pleasure that might have deluded one unpractised in the usages of the *beau monde* into an idea that she was perfectly happy.

While she was speaking to me, the Comtesse de T—— was announced, and a very pretty woman entered: the marquise hastened towards her. I saw her make a sudden stop, and turn as pale as ashes; but recovering herself on the instant, as if by a strong effort, she met her guest with an air of the utmost frankness and cordiality. "Poor woman," said the Chevalier Babillard, who was standing by my side, "the sight of those diamonds gives the *coup de grace* to her comfort!"—"How so?"—"Because they are much finer than her own, and every body knows that the marquise only invites her friends on this night for the pleasure of shewing them how much she can outshine them all. But that is not the worst of the matter: the marquise's vanity suffered a similar mortification last year; her *coëffure* was a magnificent lace veil, much more elegant and expensive than any that had ever been seen on the head of a woman who was not right royal at least. Her head-dresser had undertaken the task of arranging it in a manner perfectly novel: but, to her utter consternation, the comtesse had a veil of precisely the same value and pattern, arranged in exactly the same manner, and, what was worse, interspersed with diamonds; while the marquise, thinking her superb veil sufficiently magnificent, had disposed her jewels upon the other parts of the dress. This year the marquise made sure of a victory; and, *entre nous*, the manner in which she has obtained the gems

with which you see her cut so brilliant a figure would furnish our retailers of private anecdotes with a most *piquante* piece of secret history; but I shan't relate it to you, because I make it a rule never to speak ill of my friends. Therefore I shall only just say, that I have it on the best authority, that she has bought her jewels *dear enough*. Judge then what she must feel at seeing herself so completely outshone; and yet, faith! one can't help admiring the famous style in which she carried it off."

At that moment I was summoned to the marquise, for the purpose of being presented by her to the comtesse. This lady's arrival was the signal for the distribution of the cake. The Chevalier Babillard was the king of the night; he chose the comtesse for his queen; and this circumstance gave the marquise, who is a widow, and has long aspired to make a conquest of him, fresh cause of vexation. He afterwards selected his court, and it was evident, that all the wit of the company was put in requisition to say the usual number of good things on the occasion; and the farce of happiness was acted with more or less success by the whole party. A misanthrope would have found abundant food for satire; but I was more disposed to pity, and in recollecting the real happiness of my worthy friends, the Bonceurs, and contrasting it with the heartless gaiety I saw before me, I could not help regretting, that fashion and vanity should have been able to change *le Jour des Rois* into *la Fête de la Folie*.

THE CARNIVAL.

THE painter Agiamento took the palette from one hand, and upon the other resting his head, broke the

silence of a lonely apartment in desponding reflections. "I am unfit for this world," he said, "and may

well be reconciled to the prospect of removal at an earlier age than the course of nature could be expected to terminate my existence. But my father! my aged grandsire! and some of my friends! how destitute will they be when I am gone! Let me then work for them while I am at all able to guide the pencil. I can sketch by lamp-light, though my eyes are affected by this wasting malady which consumes my youth. Heedless, woe-absorbed Reginald! thy dim luminary has sunk in the socket, and is extinct before its time, a symbol of thine own destiny! I have articulated a name forbidden to me, and to think it is my undoubted right, yet may not be assumed, quite unmans me." The painter sat with every faculty bewildered in a chaos of painful thoughts. A chime of bells from the neighbouring convent of Ursulines broke his reverie. "How wears the night?" said he, drawing aside a window-curtain. "All is dark, unless where, at long intervals, the candles placed by devotees before the Madonnas glitter through a mass of vapours, charged with noxious effluvia from the *Campagna di Roma*, or the nearer atmosphere of Monte Marino. I have been unconscious of the passing hours since I dismissed my fellow-labourers to their repose. My repeater, the splendid gift of the sovereign Pontiff, will inform me: but why designate *him* by a title that has pertained to men neither memorable for talent nor beneficence? His own name, the gifted, the enlightened, the philanthropic Ganganelli, will be held in everlasting veneration. Oh! that his virtues extended to the nearest relative, and that his noble nature were not deceived by female artifice! He suspects not,

and who shall presume to tell him? how unfit is his sister, the Contessa Vivolo, for the guardianship of her daughter. I wish to consider the contessa as more imprudent, than designedly regardless of the precious gem intrusted to her care. The incongruities of her behaviour are unaccountable by any motive worthy of the sister of Ganganelli, the mother of Sozifa Vivolo. She bestowed attentions upon a boy, upon a stripling, because his mother's aunt had great property in her disposal; and because in the dotage of extreme old age the lady communicated a dread secret, a secret which entails corroding self-reproach on —. No matter! compunction will expedite the advances of a miserable creature to an untimely grave."

Scarcely aware of his own movements, Agiamento crossed a passage, and found himself in his bedchamber. He sunk on a chair, exclaiming, "Infatuation! with such disparity of fortune to have a beautiful girl and susceptible boy as daily playmates, and when grown up to bring an object so fascinating before the eyes of a young painter! Another chime of bells. The morning hours are rolling away. I must be with my operative associates by daylight. Ganganelli condescended to enjoin me to solicit sleep in due season. I have involuntarily disobeyed, but let me now make atonement so far as lies in my power."

The painter undressed, and as he stepped into bed, recollection, sharper than a serpent's tooth, suggested that this was the anniversary of Involvements, which struck horrors to his conscience. He sprung to the floor, threw himself on his knees, told his beads, prayed, groaned, and

shed torrents of penitential tears, until worn out by vehement pangs, he lay almost insensible. The chilling air of December reminded him of his situation; and he feebly sought his pillow. "I was a child," he said to himself, "a child rendered infantine in understanding by the baleful tyranny of superstition when that oath was imposed on me; and that oath, righteous Heaven! that oath I violated."

No period of the night brought rest to Agiamento. With the dawn he arose, and after prayer and penance, applied himself to finish a portrait long before his *protégé* and the colour-boy appeared; though, according to custom, they were in the painting-room before the appointed time. The portrait was seasonably completed; for old Catherine, his indefatigable *cassiera*, came to announce Iachimo, the chief porter of the Vatican palace. Iachimo delivered a message from the monarch of the triple crown in more words than the original speaker would have employed in twenty intimations of his infallible will. Agiamento helped to slide the portrait into a case of Russia leather, lined with velvet, according to directions from the pope, whose mind embraced the most humble details, or grappled with subjects the most momentous. Iachimo began a verbose encomium upon some of the pieces finished and unfinished; but Agiamento reminded him that his holiness wished to know if he could attend at a certain hour. Iachimo departed, and at the given time the painter found him in waiting, as he promised, at a small wicket, seldom opened in approaching the Vatican. Iachimo pointed to a statue of Har-

poocrates, standing in full view as soon as the wicket admitted a guest; and placing his finger on his lips, he imitated the attitude of the God of Silence. Agiamento responded by a similar application of his finger; and thinking within himself how much Ganganelli mistook the qualifications of Iachimo to represent a mute divinity, he was led by unfrequented passages to a wide saloon, where, half slumbering, the pontiff lay upon a sofa. The scarlet hat and mantle were thrown upon a table with a carelessness that bespoke how indifferent to the individual were those external gauds of office, and the sober gray colour in his satin wrapper and bed-cover seemed to Agiamento a representation of his unostentatious mind. With deep sorrow the painter observed evidences of feverish restlessness in the tossed counterpane and crumpled pillow; the fingers of one hand visible under the plain cuff of his wrapper might be taken for the fragment of an antique marble statue; his pallid visage contrasted sadly with the scarlet cowl upon his head; and the scarlet stocking discovered in the movements of unquiet sleep the leg of a skeleton, rather than of a breathing invalid. The symptoms of decay in his gracious benefactor—the unwearied and wise benefactor of the human race—simple and self-denied in his own habits; munificent in his patronage of literature, science, and the fine arts; the bountiful consoler of the unfortunate; the refuge of the oppressed; the helper of the weak and poor; all these epithets, and many more than we have space to enumerate, were appropriated to Ganganelli by the painter in his unspoken cogita-

tions: but after the first glance at the pope, he reverently cast down his eyes, and stood immoveable, waiting a call to enter further into the apartment.

Iachimo having shewn the way through the intricacies leading to secret audience, was glad to escape from the abode of stillness to the cheerful noisy lower regions of the palace, where he could with all freedom indulge his fluency of speech; and hastening to turn an angle, struck his foot against a copper vase, which loudly complained of the indignity. Ganganelli started, looked up, and said, "That reverberating sound came not from your quarter, Agiamento. However, it is better to be quite awake than dozing. You have waited long for a benediction."

Agiamento advanced a few steps, kneeled, bent his head, and crossed his arms upon his breast.

"The spirit of truth be thy inspirer and guide, my son!" said the pontiff. "Rise! I have much to inquire of thee. The sorrows that prey upon thy young existence are revealed. Rise! and let neither fear nor shame pervert veracity. Thou art not of Italian blood."

Agiamento had risen at the command of the holy father; he again sunk on his knees; his crossed arms supported his enfeebled body, while, bowing almost to the ground, he uttered, in a subdued, yet firm voice, "Vicegerent of the Supreme Searcher of all hearts! a guilty wretch, most criminal, if thoughts constitute crime, lies prostrate at thy sacred feet, repentant and most humbly submissive to the severest penance, even unto death. I am not of Italian descent; my name is not Agiamento, but Reginald Walde-

grave, the son of Colonel Waldegrave, and grandson to Sir Charles Waldegrave, whose authoritative dictate made my father consent to the suppression of my true name. My grandsire and father are not unknown to your holiness. For the sake of the holy Catholic faith, and loyal zeal for the Stuart dynasty, they opposed a heretic usurper in 1715 and 1745. I had the honour to be appointed page to Prince Charles Edward, a distinction procured for me by my aunt, Madame St. Aubergne, who received me as a solemn trust from my expiring mother, before I was five years of age; and she trained me in the most enthusiastic devotion to the holy Catholic faith, and to the house of Stuart. The night before I left St. Germain in quality of page to the royal adventurer, my aunt extorted from me an oath to execute summary justice upon the Elector of Hanover, his son William, or both, if possible. I did not understand what was required of me, though, in blind submission to my aunt, I repeated the words of a vow, strengthened by soul-harrowing imprecations; and when by dint of questioning I obtained some explanation, I was horrified to find the words *summary justice* implied bloodshed and premeditated assassination. My aunt assured me that all great warriors, ancient and modern, earned their fame by the slaughter of enemies; and said I should be unworthy of a long line of valiant ancestors, Gallic and British, if I had no ambition to emulate Theseus, Hercules, Cæsar, and many other illustrious manslayers in all ages. By cajolement, irresistible to a boy eleven years of age, my aunt in a great measure quieted my scru-

ples, and gained a promise not to tell my father how I was enrolled as an aspirant to mighty deeds. I promised, and swore not to mention my vow while Madame St. Aubergue lived, or until I had accomplished the heroic achievement. I did not betray my aunt, though my father strictly examined me concerning a very valuable small sword and dagger which she gave me. I had permission to tell they were her gift, and I said no more. My father and grand-sire attended the prince to Scotland; they applauded my inquisitive anxiety about the route of our ill-organized army. Ah! they did not suspect that my solitude had a cause which they would have shuddered to hear. The failure of our expedition to England destroyed my hopes of immediate access to the Elector of Hanover; and indescribable were my perturbations, my self-flatteries, my apprehensions, when informed that William, the commander of the elector's forces, was to pass the ensuing night at Nairn, eighteen miles to the east of Inverness. I passed a watchful, perplexed, and miserable night. All the solemnities, the binding consequences, the hazards, and the mighty results I expected from the purposed achievement, filled my imagination. A vehement excitation of feelings the most conflicting, intense, undefinable, banished sleep and produced fever. My father and grandfather were exceedingly alarmed on my account; but duty required them to attend a council of war, and to visit the outposts of our straggling camp. In their absence I induced my grandfather's old servant to procure me a horse, that by exercise I might have some chance of a comfortable

sleep. Scarcely able to hold up my head, I set out for Nairn; rode at a full gallop, alighted near the town, and with the improvidence of a thoughtless child, set my nag adrift, never considering how I should escape, if my enterprise happened to be frustrated. I believe I did not venture to contemplate the risk of failure, as such a perspective must have shaken my courage too rudely. Soon after I dismounted, two soldiers, walking near me, vented their dissatisfaction at going twice to the Duke of Cumberland's lodgings with reports from the rear and quarter guard, and being again desired to wait half an hour, as the commander-in-chief was still at the council-board. One of them complained that he had wrenched his ankle on the steps of the outer stair: this intimation acquainted me with the duke's lodging; I crept in unnoticed by the sentries, and got under a bed. The hum of many voices in an opposite room and frequent steps kept my spirit alert, and prevented too profound an investigation of probabilities in my own circumstances and prospects. I had the conscious satisfaction of having made a bold and determined effort to fulfil my vow. I could but die in the performance; and at Prestonpans, at Falkirk, and in many skirmishes, death was become a familiar idea. I have no right to vaunt of my courage on this occasion. I was resolute, because I had neither acuteness nor experience to assist me in estimating the dangers I must encounter; and before the duke came to his bed-chamber, I had worked myself up almost to proud frenzy, anticipating the success of my important enterprise, and the grand events that must ensue.

The commander-in-chief was at length ushered to his dormitory by several servants bearing lights and other articles. One had a pair of pistols in his hand. He examined, cocked, primed, and laid them on a table; another unbuckled the sword which was worn by his master, drew it from the scabbard, and placed it beside the pistols; and a third took a large roll of paper from a case, and, according to directions given by William in the German language, spread it upon a camp-table, which was brought in seemingly for that use. All was done in a few minutes; and the servants being dismissed, William, who had remained standing before the fire till they left the chamber, now seated himself on a chair that was in readiness for him near the camp-table, and he looked intently upon the extended paper, which I afterwards knew to be a map of northern Scotland. I was aspirating a prayer to the saints for a happy issue to my work of religion and loyalty, when, booted and spurred, and with every sign of being just arrived, an officer was introduced. I soon understood he was General Hawley, whom we beat at Falkirk, and whose severities had since rendered him odious to our army. Why could I not cut him off with the same stroke I should aim at William of Hanover? My father kept me in practice of his native language, and several months spent in Great Britain made all its peculiarities quite intelligible: so I now comprehended that Hawley was in command next to William, and if he was killed, would succeed to power uncontrouled. How he would employ an absolute disposal of property and life, might be inferred from this confer-

ence with the commander-in-chief. He had come to represent the necessity for condemning certain prisoners, and for carrying fire and sword through their possessions. William disapproved of desolating the country, or hastening the death of men who might be safely guarded, and who were too obscure to be held up as examples to deter others from joining the enemy. Hawley still argued in favour of prompt chastisement to the adverse party; but William maintained his clemency, and Hawley withdrew ill pleased. I said to myself, 'And shall I be the instrument of destruction to this advocate and sustainer of mercy? and shall I with my own hand transfer to Hawley a power he would certainly abuse?' I quitted my hiding-place, came round in front of William, and was on my knees before he observed me. He looked up when I spoke, and seeing me, a boy, prostrate at his feet, he laid down the pistol, which at first was seized with the same cool presence of mind as he would have taken up the paper-case to receive the map that lay beside it. I acknowledged the design with which I entered his bed-room; answered all his questions concerning my motives, but refused to give any information respecting our troops; and I think William of Hanover was rather pleased with this fidelity. He wrote a description of my person, and asked my name. I said my name was Agiamento Lopez; for if I told my own appellative, the incident I was anxious to conceal from my father might be known to him, and I borrowed the name of my foster-father. In a few impressive words, the commander-in-chief of the English army rebuked my guilty purpose and child-

ish folly in desiring to attempt his life; he then rung a bell, ordered a horse for me, and a party of dragoons as an escort, and permitted my departure. The servants in waiting appeared greatly surprised; and when I left the presence of their master, they tried to learn from me how I got into the room; but I evaded their questions; and, from the seeming mystery, they probably concluded I was sent on business of consequence. My father was in great distress for my disappearance when I returned. I told him I had been at Nairn, and by the commander-in-chief interrogated concerning our army. There was no leisure for any further communications. The stirring events that ended in our defeat at Culloden commenced by the drum beating to arms. I was glad to escape a more scrutinizing examination, and hastened to attend the prince. I was wounded early in the engagement, and carried to the rear of our forces. My father hazarded his life and liberty in continuing near the place where I found shelter, but no entreaty could prevail on him to leave me. My grandfather escaped to England. Some old friends concealed and had him conveyed to France. My father and I embarked in the same vessel that bore away the unfortunate prince. I was still very weak, and my wounds not thoroughly cured: yet I supported fatigue and hardship without material detriment to my health. It was not till we settled in France, that the crime of broken vows gnawed my conscience, and I sunk under a weight of guilt. External evils, however severe, may be met by fortitude; but a broken spirit deranges every mental and corporeal function. At my

return to St. Germain's, I related to my aunt, with rigid truth, all I had done to fulfil my vow, and why I stopped short in the enterprise. She was enraged, and seized every opportunity to meet me alone, and to upbraid me for all the calamitous consequences of the final defeat of the prince's army. She imputed to me the poverty of my nearest relatives, and the wretched destitution of my exiled countrymen. Living in the same house, and subsisting on the bounty of a person whom I had so offended, was a situation of daily torture. I became dangerously ill; and before I recovered, Madame St. Aubergne was no more. She died soon after she had executed a deed bequeathing the bulk of her fortune to another lady——"

"To my sister, the Marchesa Labrusca," said the pontiff. "Stand up, Reginald! thou hast been too long in a posture unsuitable to thy emaciated frame."

Reginald, stiffened and exhausted, had some difficulty in changing his attitude. When he recovered a little, Ganganelli desired him to proceed, and he resumed his story.

"I now saw my father and grandfather reduced to pecuniary distress. I had long been, for amusement, a frequent visitor in the painting-room of Bathieux, and he commended my pictorial taste; nor was he displeased with several sketches I shewed him. I proposed to my father to employ this talent for our subsistence. I had a commission in the service of France; but the pay was hardly adequate to my own unavoidable expenses—as a painter, I hoped to gain independence for us all. My father said it would be very afflicting to see me degraded to an artist, and he was

sure Sir Charles Waldegrave could never endure it. I then made a confession of the vows given in submission to Madame St. Aubergne, and said I felt it a penitential duty to labour for him, for Sir Charles Waldegrave, and for my countrymen.—My father agreed to consult Sir Charles, and both laid the case before their father confessor. He suggested that I should change my name and go to Rome. Sir Charles Waldegrave and my father settled in that city. They saw me often in private, but in public treated me as a stranger. To your holiness I have owed the success of my pencil. To speak of my gratitude would be unavailing, but my heart feels infinitely more than words can express.”

“Time proves all things, according to our Italian proverb,” said the pontiff. “You, Agiamento, or Reginald, have told no more of your adventures than was already known to the holy father. Confession was required merely to bring your veracity to the test. You have spoken the truth, but not the whole truth. Venture not to deny, that you first entangled, and then forsook, the Lady Sozifa Vivolo.”

“Holy father of the faithful! viceroy of Omniscience,” said Reginald, “I implore thy infallible wisdom and justice to confront me with my accusers, that the delicate propriety, the unspotted innocence of the Lady Sozifa Vivolo may appear in purity as the snow-drift of the Alps.”

“Such was Sozifa Vivolo when a painter dared to intimate a passion for her, and enticed ingenuous simplicity from the path of rectitude,” said Ganganelli. “Thou wilt not presume to utter falsehood to the triple-

crowned head of the Catholic church; and by every sacred name thou art adjured to vindicate the lady, if blameless: thyself thou canst not, by any purgation, divest of high misdemeanour for aspiring to her love. No evasions can serve thee, young man. Downright truth may find lenient treatment; but the utmost rigour to Vivolo and her beguiler shall be the doom for equivocation.”

“Your holiness, ever merciful as just, will not visit upon a stainless lady the penalties of my transgression. Involuntarily, and before I was of years to know or suspect my danger, every power of my heart was devoted to the Lady Vivolo; but I never by word, or even by a look, revealed my unhappy passion; nor did I seek or receive encouragement. The Contessa Vivolo will bear witness that, since many months, I avoided the acceptance of invitations to her palazza; and when she brought the Lady Sozifa Vivolo to my painting-room, I never presumed to address her. I speak of myself but to shew the reserves of the Lady Vivolo. Unshrinking will I meet degradation, ignominy, tortures lengthened to a thousand deaths, every evil, if by self-immolation I could reinstate the innocent, the most amiable lady to the place she once held in the favour of your holiness; and never was real worth more deservedly esteemed, or more blamelessly censured.”

“But since she has incurred censure, there are but two alternatives. The Lady Vivolo must be immured in a convent for life, or Reginald Waldegrave must give his hand to another immediately subsequent to the Carnival and the Holy Week. Reginald shall be allowed that space of

time to make up his mind; and till then he must dwell a prisoner in the Vatican."

"I most willingly resign myself to a dungeon for life; I am ready to suffer the most exerceiating penances as a premeditated assassin, a violator of solemn vows; but to give my hand, where I have no affection to accompany the pledge, would be distraction."

"Shall the criminal choose his punishment? The cloister for Sozifa Vivolo, or the sacrament of marriage for Reginald, the unacknowledged son of Colonel Waldegrave. Nor shall he be indulged with a choice. The pontiff claims that right as a penance for the transgressor. Reginald might be sent afar off; but distance would not clear the reputation of the Lady Vivolo. His removal would only confirm the scandal. His marriage will deprive malevolence of a pretext to throw any aspersion upon the Lady Vivolo."

"Then I am ready, most ready for marriage—an object the most deformed and disgusting shall not be rejected. Holy father, Reginald

Waldegrave is not only willing, but eager, to make all sacrifices that can benefit the Lady Vivolo."

The pontiff drew a silken tassel that hung by his couch; an aged priest, his confidential attendant, presently entered, and received instructions to shew the painter to a certain apartment of the palace. *Agiamento*—he still retained that appellation—followed the priest through narrow passages and the ascent of steep spiral stairs, and at the summit of the building, in a spacious well-lighted hall, the painter was agreeably surprised to find Guy Mortimer, his *protégé*, and Leofante, the colour-boy, with all their apparatus, studies, and sketches, and every arrangement for domesticating with the sovereign pontiff. His holiness had issued orders to prepare the apartments for *Agiamento* as if by special favour; he was to be employed at the pontifical palace; and he came repeatedly to the hall, conversing with the artist in all the affability of frank and approving intercourse.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

DESCRIPTION OF A PROPOSED NEW METHOD FOR CONSTRUCTING THE PAVEMENTS OF STREETS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

PERHAPS the following communication, since it relates to the general improvement of the metropolis, and more immediately to the projected new streets in your neighbourhood, may not be deemed an unworthy candidate for an early place in your *Repository*.

A few years ago Piccadilly was paved with cast iron; but it was soon found too slippery for the horses'

feet, and the heat reflected was thought greater in summer than from stone. I believe the polish which the metal acquired was also offensive to the sight. Stones, however, are not without their disadvantages for pavement, as the carriage blocked out from its accustomed morning round, and the shop deprived of its wonted customers, have so frequently to experience; and even Mr. McAdam's improvement will be dis-

covered to have been the most important at its commencement. His roads will soon be perceived to be acted upon by frost and thaw like any of the old turnpikes, and the continual necessary repairs to cause a never-ceasing bustle of confusion; for the busiest streets want the most attention. The advanced price of labour must also cause an important and never-ceasing drain on the pockets of the public. In fact, when pipes and sewers are out of order, Mr. M'Adam's mode is nothing superior to pavement for causing of obstructions; and in almost every other respect, pavement in a populous town has the advantage. The following *new method* seems to unite all that is eligible, to the exclusion of all that is obnoxious or unpleasant:

Instead of casting the *iron* in large, smooth, thin plates, the squares ought not to exceed two feet each way, nor be less than 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness; with ribs or lines every two inches, to the depth of an inch and a half, and the width of half an inch. A few perforations near the centre, large enough to admit a goose-quill, would facilitate the draining of any moisture, and the *bedding* of the sand, or drift, with which the interstices (of the ribs) ought to be filled. To render each row of iron flags or squares independent of each other, when under-ground repairs were wanted, yet dependent and united on the road, under every pressure, the following particulars as to construction ought to be attended to:

One *end* or *side* of each square should be cast, for about two inches from its edge or margin, of a greater degree of thickness by about an inch, in order fully to compensate in point of strength for the lineal *edge-way*

cavity with which such end ought to be constructed; and the contrary *end* or *edge* ought to have a corresponding *protuberance*; so that each square, when laid down, might have a *protruding bar* to fit into its *cavity*, and a *cavity* for the *protruding bar* of that which was to succeed, somewhat similar to the manner in which boarded floors are united, in order to exclude dust from the ceiling or room below, or the fitting of one end of a panel into the frame of a door. By this means no heavy waggon could press on one square without causing a pressure on the adjoining squares in the same line. And should a connection be further thought necessary between each *line of squares* and those *lines on each side*, this might also easily be effected by means of a *loop*, cast below each corner of the squares, and a *double bolt*, to connect them as the work proceeded. This, however, particularly in any proposed new street, might be rendered needless, by placing the water and gas-light pipes by the side of, or over, the sewer, so that *one line of iron flags* might cover the whole. The rest, by being placed in *checks*, instead of *lines lengthwise*, *i. e.* by being placed with the middle of one square opposite to the corners of the two previous (and the two succeeding) ones, would (in consequence of the protruding *edge-bar* and *cavity* to receive it) be connected together, and no square could sink or rise without a corresponding movement of the rest. *Half-squares* will, in this mode, be wanted to fill up the spaces next to the lineal squares over the pipes and next to the footpath. A further improvement would be, to make the *line* that covered the sewer and pipes of double thickness; an

expense that would be amply compensated by rendering the arching of the sewers with bricks, and the covering it and the pipes with soil (for paving), needless. In every sixth or tenth yard of this line might be placed a square with a small *oblong keyhole*, of about half an inch by an inch, so that a key-rod to lift up the *flag* would be all required to come at any internal damage of the sewer or pipes. These keyholes ought to be kept plugged with wood till wanted, to exclude any noxious exhalation; and the whole pavement should not only have the interstices and the ribs filled level with road-scrapings, but the iron completely hid from view by a thin cover of about half an inch, or somewhat more, in thickness; a cover which no weather or degree of pressure could make to yield, more than necessary for the safety and comfort of the traveller.

The following are the advantages which may be enumerated as uniting in the proposed mode of *road-making* for *populous towns* and their *vicinity*: The offensive brightness, noise, and heat, and the dangerous slipperiness of the late iron road in Piccadilly, would be avoided; as well as its liability to go out of repair. It would be firmer after frost than that on Mr. M'Adam's principle, and even smoother and freer from noise. It would possess the advantages of being always perfectly efficient, and perfectly free from the thronging and interruptions of continual repairs, and from the obstructions occasioned by the repairing of pipes and sewers; and, further, it would render the expense of putting such sewers and

pipes into order again a mere comparative trifle, as well as the time necessary. All these *advantages* it would possess in different degrees over the *old pavements*, and be also much pleasanter to travel along, and much freer from noise.

The *disadvantages* would be *none*, since the *road*, once made, would be *efficient for centuries*; consequently the annual interest of money for the extra expense at the commencement would not equal the annual expenses of repairs according to the present modes; and the saving, relative to the repairs of sewers, aqueducts, &c. would be immense.

Nothing more would be necessary to keep the proposed *improved street-pavement* in order than the watering at present practised, in order to prevent the wind in summer from removing the exterior coat of sand. Should this occasionally become thin, the sweepings of the shop might be thrown where necessary. Stripes at the corners of the streets might be left bare for the convenience of the crossing pedestrian; and for a month or two at the first, it might be necessary to keep the whole covered with fine gravel, to the depth of three or four inches, till sufficiently consolidated by the pressure of the heavy carriages passing along.

Any individual or company wishing to engage in the improvement of any town or streets by the mode suggested, may receive any further particulars that may be considered expedient on applying through the medium of your valuable *Repository*.

ANGLO-GERMANICUS.

Nov. 14, 1825.

D

VILLAGE SKETCHES NEAR PARIS.

No. X.

"BLESS my soul, what can be the matter?" said I to myself, as I saw from my window the good old Père Antoine seated on the bench before the door of the *café*, with a newspaper in his hand, talking and gesticulating, *à la Française*, first to one, and then to another, of a group that still surround him, and, increasing every moment, appears to participate very strongly in the evident delight of the old man. Now be it known to you, dear reader, that news and newspapers are things that the common people of France never trouble their heads about. Whether it be a good or bad trait in the national character, I do not pretend to determine, but certain it is they are no politicians. I never in my life heard one of them ask another, "What news?" Yet there they are, all elate at the intelligence, whatever it is—Shall I send to know all about it? No, I'll go and see.

* * * * *

It is news indeed, and very joyful news too for the inhabitants of our village. You must not talk to us of the cities that have given birth to great men; if goodness gives greatness, we may shew our heads with the proudest of them, and pointing to our village hero, defy the world to produce a more truly great man. Well may they be proud of him, well may they praise the spirit of the nation, which decrees rewards and honours for actions such as his! Why, oh! why, does not England, great, free, and happy as she is, bestow upon such actions similar rewards?

"Pshaw!" says good sulky John Bull, "this foolish woman has lived

among the *monsieurs* till she is more than half French herself, so she has given us a whole shower of superlatives about some commonplace action, which she might as well tell us quietly in two words, if indeed it is worthy of being told at all."

"There is not a syllable of truth in what you have been saying, grumbler. I am English, genuine English from top to toe; and if you have the true spirit of our country, you would go a pilgrimage only to shake hands with my hero, whom I shall force you to acknowledge, before I have done with you, to deserve every word I have said of him."

"But after all, what has he done?"—"I'll tell you; that is, quietly and in my own way; for it is a failing of our family to love to make the most of a story. We have been always noted for it in all our branches, particularly the female ones.—But to begin."

Eugene Collot was born between thirty and forty years ago in our village. He was distinguished from his childhood for being one of the most handsome, active, and industrious boys in it. He followed the same occupation as his father, who was a day-labourer, but losing his parents when he was about sixteen, he went to reside with an uncle, who lived in a village near Metz, and who earned his livelihood in the same manner.

Eugene had a very feeling heart; he grieved much for the loss of his parents, and deeply regretted his native village. These regrets were sharpened by his not finding much kindness or sympathy in his new connections; his uncle was an austere

man, and his cousins were little disposed to look with friendship on one whom they regarded as an intruder.

However, if Eugene had not consolation at home, he soon found means to procure it abroad. The family of a peasant who had formerly known his mother made him welcome to their cottage, and this cottage soon became the scene of all his enjoyments. The family consisted of the father, mother, three sons, and a daughter. Never was there a more united and happy family, though in the lowest state of poverty; for they derived their subsistence wholly from the labour of the father and daughter; the mother was too infirm to do much, and the three brothers were blind. Marie, active, industrious, and gay as a lark, was the life and soul of the cottage. When the weather permitted she worked in the fields; when it did not she spun or knitted, and by her constant cheerfulness and good-humour, and by her tender attention to her mother and brothers, she robbed penury and sickness of their most bitter pangs.

Constantly occupied in labouring for her family, Marie had no time to amuse herself, or rather she found her amusement in making them happy. How could she then be otherwise than thankful to the handsome young man who came regularly every Sunday to assist her in that delightful task? And Eugene, the good-natured Eugene, was never so happy as when he was doing something to serve or please the relations of Marie.

Love played his usual pranks with both the young people. At first they fancied that the sight of each other was sufficient for their felicity; then

they thought that they should be happier if they were married; and by and by they found out that they could not be happy if they were not.

Eugene applied to the parents of Marie, and they gave him unhesitatingly a flat refusal. In point of worldly prudence they were right, but it may be easily supposed that the young people did not think so: they submitted, however, without murmuring, and six months afterwards Eugene went as the substitute for a conscript.

This was a cruel blow to poor Marie; but her lover had taken his resolution, and all her tears were unavailing. "We part to meet again," said he; "for something tells me that I shall return to thee, and then thy parents will not refuse their consent, for I shall come back rich. I will spend nothing, no, not a *sou* of my pay, it shall be all for my Marie."

The lovers parted. Eugene fought, bled, and returned at last, as he had prophesied, safe to the arms of his beloved at the expiration of his six years' service. Poor Marie! he found her changed in all but her heart! Her father was dead, her mother more infirm than ever, and her family reduced to the lowest distress. Grief and excessive toil had anticipated the ravages of time. Marie was no longer pretty, except in the eyes of Eugene, and he found her as handsome as ever.

He folded her to his heart, swore to her mother that if she gave him Marie, he would be a son to her and a brother to her helpless boys as long as he lived; and he has nobly kept his word. The lovers were married. Eugene's first step was to buy a cottage, and to take his mother-in-law and her sons to live with him.

He calculated, that, with the rest of his money, and his earnings as a day-labourer, he should be able to maintain his new family in something like comfort; but his hopes were disappointed: two years of scarcity succeeding each other, and the birth of three children, exhausted his little savings, and by the end of the third year, he had a family of six persons and three infants to support out of his miserable earnings of a franc a day.

But neither his love nor his courage failed him. "What," said he, to his weeping wife, who reproached herself with having burthened him with her family, "is it not my duty to take care of them? and shall I grieve while God gives me health and strength to work? Dry thy tears, and pray to him that I may still be spared to labour for thee and them."

Ten years had passed since the marriage of Eugene and Marie, and during seven of them, the family owed their subsistence to his labour alone. Neither time nor hardship abated his courage, or humbled his noble pride. When his poor blind brothers-in-law represented to him that they could gain a trifle by soliciting charity, he instantly answered, "Never while I live, and have an arm to work, shall you be reduced to that: it will come too soon if God should take me from you."

The cottage of Eugene was situated at a little distance from the village; and it chanced that one fine evening when his brothers were seated on a bench before it, a young surgeon passed by: he had deviated from the beaten track, and stopped to ask his road. Struck with compassion at finding three men all blind,

and who declared that they were born so, he examined their eyes, and conceived a hope that it was possible to render them the blessing of sight.

"Ah, my God!" cried one of them, "how happy we should be! and then we could work, and should be no longer a burthen to poor Eugene."

At that moment Eugene himself appeared; the surgeon offered his services, Collot received the proposal with modest thankfulness, and from that time the surgeon went frequently to the cottage in the execution of his benevolent plan.

In those visits he learned the whole extent of the sacrifices which Eugene had made, not from himself—for during the whole time that he had so nobly struggled with adversity, he was never known to boast or to complain—but from his idolizing family. Struck with admiration, the surgeon spoke to him of his conduct with the warmth it deserved; but Collot modestly and frankly disclaimed his praise: it seemed to him, that in performing an act of the most sublime virtue, he had done no more than his duty. "And the incessant labour, hardship, and privation of every kind that you have suffered?" said the surgeon to him.—"They do not seem so hard, since by them I can at least keep my family from starving, or what would be to me as dreadful, from the humiliation of asking alms."

The surgeon was poor, and never perhaps had he regretted his poverty so keenly as at that moment. "Noble fellow!" said he to himself, "is there no way to relieve him, and to spare his honest pride? Yes, there is a means—such an instance of virtue shall neither be lost to the world nor go unrewarded."

He carefully concealed his project, fearful of raising hopes which might be disappointed like the first he had given; for all his endeavours to restore Eugene's brothers to sight were unavailing. He took leave of the interesting family, whose gratitude to him was boundless, and hastened to Paris, where his first act was to draw up a plain statement of Eugene's conduct, which he presented to the French Academy, just before the annual prizes were distributed for acts of virtue. The Academy made the necessary inquiries, and the consequence was, that the first prize, a sum of ten thousand francs, was adjudged to Eugene.

The eloquent and learned nobleman who distributed the prizes summed up in a few words all that he had done for his family, and then added: "The benevolent founder of

this institution has ordained rewards for acts of virtue; but in this instance it is not an act but a life of virtue which the Academy is called upon to reward; and it congratulates itself upon adjudging the first prize to one so worthy of it."

And we congratulate ourselves that Eugene belongs to us. It seems to each and every one of these good people, as if the lustre of his virtue was in some degree reflected upon themselves; and our village appears in the eyes of its inhabitants to be the very queen of villages, since it is the birthplace of Eugene. And now, good reader, was not I right? and would not you also, whether your natal spot be a city or a village, be proud and happy to say, that it had given birth to such a man?

E.

OBSERVATIONS

On the proposed Subscription for the Professional Studies of JOHN HOGAN, Sculptor: Addressed to the Patrons of the Fine Arts.

SOME preliminary observations are necessary to place upon its own high ground the *mode*, dictated by custom and circumstances, for promoting the interests of the British school of painting and sculpture in the person of this extraordinary self-taught artist. To fit a youth of a generous nature for an elevated course of action, it is wise and necessary to exalt his feelings, and to raise him in his own mind by the soothing attentions of esteem and regard. There is a proper pride inseparable from mental power, which, when regulated by principles of reciprocity and kindness, is the chief support of character under the slights and neglects of the world. This just sense of self-

respect throws a dignity round a man of talents of an humble fortune, and cannot be too highly prized. Hogan, with much amenity, possesses a due share of this finely tempered spirit. But the intent of every action determines its character. A spontaneous fund for the development of individual genius is an offering from social virtue for the general advantage, and is connected with the highest intellectual associations. Its object cannot, with justice, be considered a mere personal concern, for it extends beyond the intended good of one to the good of all; the productions of genius and the advancement of the arts being a benefit to the whole community.

It is an outlay in gold, that brings in a large return of delight and honour. But the best perceptions of an upright mind are not always free from notions of mistaken delicacy: yet few prejudices, which are not a source of emolument, are proof against the mild voice of reason; and where the means and the end are praiseworthy, *true delicacy* feels a pride and interest in the accomplishment. The young candidate for public favour, who is honoured by so flattering a testimony of his endowments as a public subscription, receives the highest proof of human confidence; he is thereby virtually enrolled in the order of merit, and is bound by all his best hopes and feelings to prove himself worthy of his country's good opinion.

Privacy and *publicity* are merely relative terms. Where men are about to do an unjust act, they seek to be private. But where a good is to be wrought by just means, and publicity is necessary, it operates as an example, exciting others to do likewise: this salutary effect must be lost by privacy, which also shuts out many from an opportunity of contributing their aid. A distinguished British orator, when informed that a voluntary contribution was about to be raised for him, was consulted whether he would have it private or public. He answered, "Public by all means: the more public, the more honourable. A manifestation of sentiment, so much to the honour of the givers and receiver, cannot be too public: it must suffer by privacy." He expressed himself then, and ever after, proud of being deemed deserving of a public subscription. That great statesman, when there was a question of sending a young painter

to Italy, said to a duchess, celebrated for her beauty, talents, and patronage of merit, "Next to a fund voluntarily contributed by the public as a virtuous approbation of a tried and faithful servant, no voluntary contribution can be more glorious, than a fund raised to develop the genius of a young man." Burke told Barry, the painter, when he was going to Italy, "that no higher proof of honour could be conferred upon a young man, than that of being selected by his country to be an instrument of her glory in painting, sculpture, or any other high department of intellectual excellence."

I have referred in the preceding introduction to the opinions of two of the most eminent statesmen and orators of their time, to place a subscription for the advancement of genius in its true and enviable point of view, as a public act hallowed by its great social object, and equally dispensing honour on the chosen individual and his friends. But in cherishing the sensibility of manly independence, we must not become the means of misleading a student from the severe path of up-hill toil by dazzling his imagination. It is necessary to temper the warm expression of expectation with a sober conviction, that whatever may be done by others to remove obstacles from his steps, his professional acquirements must depend wholly upon his own exertions. Wherever God is liberal of endowments, he will expect an abundant harvest; and he who goes forth with a fair promise, has no alternative between the shame of failure and the reward of fulfilment. The most celebrated painters and sculptors among the ancients were diligent in practice; they were sensible of the

difficulties in their art, and conscious of defects in their most admirable works. A youth, in whose incipient powers a portion of his country's hopes are vested, and to whom her maternal hand is extended in kindness, enjoys an arduous and exalted distinction; but he is placed upon a post of struggle and toil, which calls for his incessant exertions. The noblest motives impel him to persevere, and to resist all temptations to indolence. A generous confidence is an essential instrument in every great undertaking; but nothing is more dangerous to one who would excel, than vanity, presumption, and a falling in love with himself in his own performances. He must press on continually, as one stimulated by the sense of having done little, if he would, in the end, accomplish much; and he must continually task himself, like an anxious pupil, if he would ever acquire the renown of a great master. He ought never to forget, that life is short, and that he must do all in a little time; that the approach to perfection is slow, and that no hand or mind, however skilled or gifted, has ever realized the inexhaustible grace and beauty and grandeur of nature.

But a youth who is thus chosen for his qualifications to shine as a light among men, and who proves himself worthy of his vocation, becomes in his turn a full measure of honour to those early friends who contributed to draw him forth from obscurity, and to set him on high before the nations. The purest motives excite the liberal mind to fan the rising flame of genius. It is in his outset that a poet, a sculptor, or a painter, whose riches are in his mind, stands most in need of an ap-

proving voice and kind hand to encourage him. Before his name is known, and his merits are acknowledged, he is beset with difficulties, and oppressed by doubts and fears and privations. He has to contend with neglect, contempt, and prejudice, bad taste and ignorance:

“ Then most his wounded spirit needs a friend:

He comes too late who waits till all commend.”

If the press had done its duty, and an effort been made in time, Proctor, the British Phidias, would not have perished of want amidst the splendour of the capital. With what pleasure must not the early friends of a Chantrey, a Gibson, and, we may hope, of a Hogan, follow his advances in the career of fame! What a pride and exultation must they not feel in the success of his labours! With what an exalted sense must they not behold him achieve the goal, and bear away the palm of superiority from his ablest competitors!

London is the great mart of genius, in which the chief talents of the empire in painting and sculpture find their home and excitement, their reward and their fame. The most splendid productions of the British pencil and chisel are employed in the private and public embellishment of the capital. Here the Englishman, the Irishman, and the Scotchman vie in generous emulation for the chief place in public esteem; and Wilkie, Mulready, and Leslie alternately share in each other's triumphs. It matters not from what obscure corner of the sister islands the young painter or sculptor comes; here he presents his claims to an impartial tribunal. If there be any class of ama-

teurs more interested than another in the success of Hogan, it is the Irish nobility and gentry who reside in England, and who, in the present subscription, possess a happy opportunity of displaying their love for their country, by extending their immediate aid to their young and gifted countryman. To the English nobility and gentry, who possess large estates in Ireland, the proposed subscription is respectfully submitted on its own peculiar merits. The following splendid instance of patronage is also a proof of the high opinion entertained of Hogan's abilities by a distinguished amateur, who is one of the first judges of excellence in the arts. This gentleman does not possess a foot of land in Ireland; he is not an Irishman, and never visited the Irish shore: yet, on receiving an account of Hogan's genius in 1823, he remitted twenty-five pounds (the first money paid in) to the subscription set on foot by the Royal Cork Society of Arts. Shortly after this noble gift, he received two of Hogan's performances, and was so struck with their merit, that he sent the young sculptor a commission to execute for him a female figure in marble, whenever he may feel himself duly qualified for that trial by his preparatory studies in Rome. There was no limit in remuneration; no tying down to a day, a month, or a year, in the execution. The commission was given with a generous promptitude, when it was most needed, and most likely to be of service. It was unexpectedly given with a fearless confidence that seemed to say, I think highly of your genius; I hope you will succeed; I rely on your integrity; and I give you this commission with pleasure, to afford you an

opportunity of launching into professional life under the most favourable auspices.—The manner of rendering this important service conferred a tenfold value upon it as an act of public encouragement. It was an approving stimulus from a gentleman, whose approbation is a passport to public patronage; a setting of his seal of honour on a young artist in the perilous moment of his outset, and sending his cheering voice before him as a recommendation to the world.

In addition to these munificent acts of encouragement, on hearing last month of Hogan's inadequate income, this true Mæcenas, without any application, spontaneously remitted (*a second*) twenty-five pounds, towards the present subscription, to mark his sanguine hope that Hogan will ultimately fulfil the expectations formed of his chisel. Fifty pounds bestowed so spontaneously by an English gentleman, who never drew a breath of Irish air, and this too from a pure love of the fine arts and genuine public spirit! What a proud motive for the Wellingtons, the Leinsters, the Ormonds, and the Shannons; the Clares, the Charlemonts, and other leading public characters of Ireland, who justly boast of their Hibernian blood and national feeling!

W. C.

Dec. 9, 1825.

Subscriptions paid in at Messrs. HAMMERSLEY'S Bank, Pall-Mall.

Sir J. Fleming Leicester, Bart.	£.	s.	d.
Tabley-House	25	0	0
Wm. Carey, Esq. 37, Mary-lane-street, Piccadilly	10	0	0
R. Ackermann, Esq. 101, Strand	5	0	0
Geo. Hammersley, Esq. Pall-Mall	10	0	0

THE CONFESSIONS OF A RAMBLER.

No. XXII.

MR. RIDLEY'S business in Norfolk being concluded, we visited Richmond, a pretty town enough, with some beautiful scenery in the vicinity, affording views more picturesque than even those in the neighbourhood of the English Richmonds. A fine canal is formed from this place; and pursuing the walks along its banks for about four miles, a most enchanting and romantic prospect presents itself. No pen can describe, or pencil depict, accurately, the beauties of the scene which here opens to the view. The town itself is distinctly seen, with elegant villas lying around in all directions. The canal is cut for about seven miles through the solid rock; the river,

“Murmuring o'er its pebbly bed,
Imposing silence with a stilly sound,”

runs below, and several waterfalls arrest the eye, by the beautiful appearance of the foaming spray, caused by the rush of the water over the ledges of rock, which impede the current of the river and interrupt navigation, but give an inconceivable charm to the prospect. Richmond is the chief town of Virginia; the state assembly meets there; and as it was in session, we had an opportunity of seeing the interior of the state-house, while the members were present. A more undignified public body it never was my lot to encounter; the majority of the members were, in appearance, the greatest clowns I ever saw, and their manner of doing business was singularly uncouth. With the inhabitants we were very little interested; they seemed to be unsocial, and rather

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uncivil; and we were told, that the only persons who associated much together were gamblers. I always think that, as the state of the roads denotes the degree of civilization to which a country has attained, so the pretensions of a town to rank high or low in the same scale, may be judged of by the condition of the streets. Many of those in Richmond were neither lighted nor paved! Of course, it stood at considerably below par in my estimation.

At Richmond we purchased a carriage and horses, determined to travel at our ease to Charleston. They cost us about four hundred dollars; and we had a very respectable equipage, consisting of a coach and pair, a black servant as coachman; another, with a female, occupied the dickey behind; Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, with their daughters, generally occupied the inside of the carriage, whilst myself and Charles formed their escort on horseback. Thus marshalled, and most formidably accoutred, we cut no contemptible figure.

Our first stage was to Petersburg. Here we had an instance of the ups and downs of a theatrical life. The Charleston company was on its route from Richmond to that place. Some of the members proceeded by land, others by water. Amongst the former were two gentlemen, named Caulfield and Rutherford, who, the night we were at Petersburg, advertised a performance in the Court-House, but nobody went to see them. They were in the greatest distress, having, as a brother Thespian (whom

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we encountered at an inn) informed us, but a quarter of a dollar between them. "And yet," says he, "they are mad enough to pretend to travel by land all the way to Charleston." We found that the manager (Mr. Placide) had lent them his horse and chaise to proceed to Washington; but they were compelled to raise money upon them at Petersburg, and leave them there till Placide arrived to redeem them. Poor Rutherford! I had seen him at Alexandria, a twelvemonth previous, one of the gayest of the gay! He and his companion, however, managed to get on to Charleston tolerably well, by performing at the different towns through which they passed.

From Petersburg, for many miles, we found the roads so wretchedly bad, that nothing but shame prevented us from returning to Richmond, disposing of our horses and carriage, and taking shipping at James's-Town for Charleston. We started early in the morning, and had much difficulty in reaching a mean house, dignified by the name of Ries's Tavern, a distance of only thirteen miles, to breakfast, in four hours. Our accommodations were not of a description to induce us to remain any longer than absolute necessity required; and having refreshed ourselves and our cattle, we set out for Starke's Tavern, which we were told was only fifteen miles further. To our imaginings, however, it was at least fifty! Never were we so tired of any thing as we were of this ride, through roads in which almost every step the horses took they were mid-leg deep in mud. Rain had fallen heavily the previous night; but the day, till about three o'clock, was fair; then the lowering clouds

gave notice of a gust, which soon came on with alarming violence. In fifteen or twenty minutes, the thunder roared over our heads like the report of cannon fired in quick succession; whilst the lightning played around us in vivid coruscations, and the rain fell in torrents. The ladies were seriously alarmed; but the fright, and a complete soaking to the horsemen and those who were on the outside of the carriage, was the only inconvenience we suffered; and when we arrived at Starke's, and found a comfortable house, a spacious room well warmed by a fire, on which the pine-logs were heaped high and blazed brightly, and were attended by civil waiters, such a rare thing in America, we soon forgot all the disasters of the day, and over the excellent fare which was provided for us, we spent a merry evening, which was finished with a Scotch reel by the younger members of the party, our black coachman playing to us on a banjore, an instrument I have already described.

Our route to Charleston now lay through Wassenton, a small town in North Carolina, Louisbourg, Raleigh, Avarysbury, Fayetteville, Lumberton, Little Pee Dee, and George-Town (where we found no taverns, and had to look for private lodgings, as it was our last stage for the day), to Hibden's Ferry, opposite Charleston: we were seventeen days on the road (four hundred and eleven miles); but the details of the journey would afford little interest. Bad roads, bad fare (for the most part) at the taverns, and extravagant charges, were our attendants; and I never rejoiced more heartily in my life, than when I found myself comfortably settled at the house of Mr. White, a friend

of the Riddleys, who insisted on our making it our home during the few days we remained in Charleston. I was more pleased with this town than with any I had seen in America. The buildings are, many of them, elegant; the situation delightful; and we found the climate (it being early in the spring) very pleasant. The streets were well paved and lighted; and beautiful gardens afforded every variety of flowers and fruit. The people were hospitable and agreeable; and though unmarked with any adventures worth recording in these "Confessions," I shall always consider the week I spent at Charleston, as the pleasantest seven days I ever passed in my life. Mr. White had a summer-house on Sullivan's Island, to which he took us one day. This is a barren spot, the prospect being confined in the interior to a few sand-hills, with here and there a straggling palmetto-tree. But there are many good houses on the island, and the rich Charlestonians retire thither on the approach of the hot season, it being considered very healthy. There is a fine walk on the beach, which is covered with various shells.

From Charleston, as previously arranged, Mr. and Mrs. Ridley, with their family and myself, embarked for England, in "the good ship Ablona, Captain Hobson," bound for Tonningen; for the absurd and ruinous embargo act was then in force, therefore we could not sail direct for England. As we lost sight of land, those feelings which were uppermost in my breast on leaving Washington and Alexandria were renewed. I felt that I had parted, perhaps for ever, with many whom I loved and valued; and as the ship was wafted over the bosom of the wide Atlantic,

and the "pine-clad shores" receded from my view, I felt the full force of the poet's observation, though made with reference to a different subject:

"Invidious" sea! "how dost thou rend
asunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made
one;
A tie more stubborn far than Nature's
bands!"

The hope of soon seeing my "own, my native land," however, speedily chased away regret, and, in the charming society of the Riddleys, time flew on airy pinions. Our voyage was long; but so excellent were the arrangements of the captain, and so admirably were our hours divided between rational amusement, conversation, games of skill or chance, and other means *pour passer le tems*, that we never found them hang heavy on our hands. We were compelled to go *north about*; viz. to enter the German Ocean, by passing through Fair Island Passage, to the north of Scotland, instead of going through the British Channel, in order to avoid the French privateers: for though the American government was so subservient to the decrees of him who then ruled France, and the vessel we were on board of might be considered as a public one, as she was freighted with a cargo, the proceeds of which were to be applied in defraying the interest on that portion of the American debt contracted in Holland, we well knew that *monsieur* would not hesitate in declaring the Ablona a good prize if she fell into his clutches. The only incident which marred the uniformity of our voyage was a dread we all felt on one occasion, lest what we wished to avoid had absolutely occurred. It was a beautiful bright morning; I had just left my apartment, and entered the

general cabin, when the captain sent for me and Mr. Ridley to come upon deck. We found him pacing the quarter-deck in great agitation; and pointing to a vessel which he saw directly astern, bearing after us with a press of sail, and evidently overhauling us very fast, he exclaimed; "There's a French frigate in pursuit: we shall all go to France as prisoners as sure as a gun!" He handed his glass to Mr. Ridley, who, after having reconnoitred the vessel, passed it to me; and I soon saw that the vessel in pursuit was a frigate of a large class, French built, and with the tri-coloured flag flying at her mast-head. All was now bustle and confusion; we hurried into the cabin, and commenced putting our papers in places where they would be likely to escape the prying eyes of the French officers, and every thing at all tending to betray an English origin was carefully concealed. The ladies were, as might be expected, dreadfully agitated: yet they did not impede our proceedings, or distress our feelings, by giving vent to those fruitless exclamations of alarm which are still so natural in such situations, but behaved like heroines. Having taken every precaution that prudence could suggest, we again hastened on deck, ordering the steward to set out as sumptuous a breakfast as our stores would afford, knowing that the French officers loved good living, and thinking that a good breakfast might be a means of conciliating them. He obeyed very unwillingly, for though an American, he detested the French, and bluntly told us, he would rather go to prison than exercise his craft for a set of such d—d scoundrels. We left him, however, to his employment, and in reaching

the quarter-deck, found that the frigate had neared us considerably whilst we had been below. As all hopes of escape were vain, and she was evidently in pursuit with an intention of bringing us to, Captain Hobson resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and gave orders to back the main-top-sail, and lie-to for our enemy, as we anticipated the frigate would prove. A few minutes after this had been done, the captain, anxiously watching the vessel through the glass, exclaimed, "Huzza! she's no Frenchman! she's too tight and trim." We all eagerly caught the hope which this exclamation held out, and which was soon realized; for the *tri-colour* was presently after hauled down, and replaced by the union jack; and in a few minutes more a boat came along side, from which two British officers boarded us, and politely accosting Captain Hobson, demanded his papers. We were now as delighted as we were before chagrined. We surrounded our countrymen, and asked them innumerable questions, all of which they answered with that urbanity so characteristic of British officers. They required no persuasion to induce them to join us at the breakfast-table, and we spent a most delightful hour, the enjoyment of which was heightened by the previous unpleasant excitation we had undergone. When they left us, they carried with them our hearty good wishes, and were cheered by the crew, as the boat pushed off from the ship. We were right in supposing the frigate to be French built: she had been captured during the war from the enemy, and was called the *Bonne Citoyenne*. Being a fine vessel, she was put in commission, and several prizes had

fallen into her possession, having, like us, mistaken her for a French vessel.

After this *rencontre*, all things went smoothly till we made the Shetland Islands, when we encountered a head-wind, and were three days beating about, endeavouring to make Fair Island Passage. The fourth day we were becalmed; but towards evening a brisk gale sprung up, which we expected would, on the following morning, bring us to the wished-for point. We were, however, disappointed: a strong tide runs amongst the islands, which drove the vessel out of her course; and the extreme haziness of the weather precluded all possibility of making an observation. When it cleared up, we found ourselves in a most awful situation. Land was seen directly ahead, with a tremendous surf breaking over it; and if the fog had continued five minutes longer before it cleared up, we must have been carried on shore. Orders were instantly given to tack, and promptly obeyed: the vessel soon righted; but we passed so close to that rocky shore on which we had well nigh been driven, that a biscuit might with ease have been tossed upon it. Our hearts were filled with gratitude to Providence for our signal deliverance. We encountered no other difficulties, but about four p. m. made the passage, and entered the North Sea with a fair wind.

In two days we arrived off Heligoland, where the captain took a pilot on board, and where we left him with mutual expressions of regret. We remained on the island

only till a vessel cleared out for London, which took place in a few days; and in a week after, we were all safely landed at Gravesend.

Once more on English ground, I felt those sensations which the true patriot must always feel on revisiting his country after a lengthened absence; and he is unworthy the name of man who does not feel and glory in them too:

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,

This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart has ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he has turn'd

From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those honours, pow'r, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile earth from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.”

Thus ended my, perhaps somewhat quixotic, excursion to America; an excursion to which I have always looked back with pleasure, as the means of bringing me acquainted with a family in whom I found every virtue which could adorn and grace humanity. And here I take leave of my readers, for a short time at least. Whether I shall hereafter, in my succeeding “Confessions,” narrate my adventures on the Continent and in England, is a point which I have not yet determined in my own mind. If it should hereafter be decided in the affirmative, the *Repository* will be the channel through which they shall be conveyed to the public.

A RAMBLER.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

“He, I ween, was of the north countrie;
 A nation fam'd for song and beauty's charms;
 Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
 Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
 Inflexible in faith.”

BIOGRAPHY is allowed, by all, to be one of the most interesting species of composition; one of the most pleasing studies in which the human mind can engage. Perhaps that passion we inherit from our mother Eve, curiosity, may have something to do with creating the almost universal interest which is taken in this department of literature. When a man has rendered himself familiar to the public by a very great achievement, or when his name has become common in our mouths as household words, from being coupled with some splendid production of genius emanating from his pen; or when, as an orator, he has enchanted with his eloquence, and caused us to hang enraptured upon the accents which fall from his lips, we naturally feel a desire to become more intimately acquainted with him; we long to enter into his character, to follow him to his domestic privacy; and, whilst we abstain from prying too closely into those circumstances which prudence would conceal, or pride or delicacy prevent the disclosure of, it is with infinite satisfaction that we peruse details of the life of him by whom we have been instructed or amused; or of those more daring and adventurous spirits, who, in defence of what we hold most dear, devoted their lives and fortunes to the service of their country, and placed themselves in the perilous breach to resist the inroads of foreign or domestic foes. Our present business is with one of the former description; one of those gen-

tle spirits, who, shrinking from the horrors of war, and equally avoiding the stormy contentions of party strife, wooed poesy in her loved retreat, and fondly aspired after that renown which rewards the poet's lays and fixes never-dying glory on the poet's name.

“Romantic hopes and fond desires
 (Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
 Kindled within his breast the rage
 To breathe through every future age;
 To clasp the fitting shade of fame,
 To build an everlasting name;
 O'erleap the narrow, vulgar span,
 And live beyond the life of man!”

The subject of our sketch has been long known to the world by his works; and to the readers of the *Repository* the following particulars will not, it is hoped, be an unacceptable tribute. They contain little of what is new; and, it may be, that they record nothing but what is familiar to many of them, perhaps to all: yet, as collecting some scattered materials connected with the life of one of whom literature may well be proud, we have deemed the devotion of a few of our pages to the biography of James Montgomery, no unprofitable appropriation of them. To those who are dissatisfied with the scanty details here offered, we would remark, that whilst, as it has been well observed, the life of the soldier or the statesman is to be found in the annals of his country, that of the *poet* affords few incidents on which fancy can dwell, or friendship dilate. The poet, in his domestic life, resembles the modest daisy, rather than

the flaunting tulip, or the aspiring sunflower; and whilst his works form the delight and solace of thousands, the man is often pining in obscurity; too frequently the child of penury, and but seldom rewarded with the meed of wealth, however he may be crowned with the wreath of fame.

Mr. Montgomery is a native of that land where "the wild heather blooms,"

"And the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen."

His parents resided in Ayrshire, North Britain, where the poet was born on the 4th of November, 1771. They were members of the Moravian community of Christians, or United Brethren, as they style themselves; and not unaptly, for, to all appearance, they are a "band of brothers" in the best acceptation of the term, and are united by ties more stubborn "far than nature's bands." His father, being deemed a fit person for the work of the ministry, was, when James had attained the age of four years, sent to Ireland. The child accompanied his parents to Gracehill, in the county of Antrim, where they were stationed; but in the following year, he was sent to England for education, and placed at the Moravian seminary at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. Here, with

"No father to guide the dark way,
Or mother to wipe the salt tear,"

he remained for ten years. His parents, soon after he was placed there, went as missionaries to the West Indies, where they both died; one in the Island of Barbadoes, and the other in that of Tobago, leaving three children to the care of him who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless." To the early loss of his

parents Montgomery alludes in his *Departed Days*:

"The loud Atlantic Ocean
On Scotland's rugged breast
Rocks with harmonious motion
His weary waves to rest;
And gleaming round her emerald isles,
In all the pomp of sunset smiles.
On that romantic shore
My parents hail'd their first-born boy;
A mother's pangs my mother bore,
My father felt a father's joy:
My father, mother, parents are no more!
Beneath the Lion star they sleep,
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon glory crests the
waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves."

The habits and feelings acquired during Montgomery's residence at Fulneck have had much influence on his conduct, as well as upon his principles. This village was one of the earliest settlements of the Moravians in England, being commenced about the year 1748. It contains a house for single brethren, one for single sisters, and a third for widows, with the hall (which contains a chapel, a minister's dwelling, and a school for girls), and a large school-house for boys. These are situated upon a terrace of considerable length, and command a fine prospect. A number of houses for separate families constitute, with the buildings above enumerated, a pretty large village, and the inhabitants are supplied with nearly all the articles of consumption from the manufactures established amongst themselves. They have a peculiar discipline, to which they are implicitly subject: it is of a monastic nature; but celibacy is not required, nor does it prohibit the carrying on any trade or profession. The most amiable and friendly feelings appear to prevail amongst this peculiar people; and if the monastic gloom and

monotonous mode of life which prevailed, served to foster the morbid sensibility of our poet's nature, and caused him to give way too much to "moody melancholy," the kindly dispositions, the calm content, the cheerful resignation, the unostentatious generosity, the ready hospitality, and unbounded benevolence of the Moravians, could not fail to have a genial influence on so favourable a soil; and Montgomery's after life has proved, that he profited by the practical lessons which were daily set before him; for to him may be ascribed the character of his own Bramin:

"Though from scenes of giddy life retired,
Unbounded tenderness his soul inspired;
Like ether pure, expansive as the pole,
And bountiful as nature is his soul;
Benevolence, the friend of all distress,
Has built her temple in his feeling breast."

At Fulneck, Montgomery studied all those branches of education taught in the seminary there, and within the peaceful walls of this establishment, "he was (like the rest of his school-fellows) as carefully secluded from all commerce with the world, as if he had been immured in a cloister; and perhaps he never once conversed for ten minutes with any person whatever, except his schoolmates and masters, or occasional Moravian visitors*!" It has been said, that he was intended for the ministry; we know not whether it has been his happier lot, but certainly a more splendid destiny awaited him, than would have been his in the humble and unostentatious life of a Moravian preacher. He was of course instructed in the religious tenets of the Moravians, which are the same, or nearly the same, as those of the

church of England; his youthful bosom was early imbued with the devotional feelings which it is their aim to inculcate, as the proper attendants upon every act, whilst his ardent mind was excited and interested by the tone of the hymns used in their public and private worship, which are "so full of warm and animated expressions, of tender complaints, of unbounded love, and of lofty aspirations." These hymns were the models on which his first poetical attempts were moulded; and before he was ten years of age, he had filled a small volume with poems, chiefly on sacred subjects; before he was twelve, he had produced two more volumes; and had written a mock-heroic poem in three books, which contained more than a thousand lines in imitation of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*. "This early devotion to poetry," says the writer of a biographical sketch, in the *Monthly Mirror* of January 1807, who seems to have been intimately acquainted with the poet, "he has only regarded as the source of many troubles. It was this unpropitious attachment which, at school, stood in the way of his improvement; this, which finally altered his destination in life, and induced him to exchange an almost monastic seclusion from society, for the hurry and bustle of a world, which hitherto has but ill repaid him for the sacrifice." But had the writer now to sketch the progress of his favourite, he might own, that perhaps the exchange was fortunately made.

Before he left Fulneck, Montgomery conceived a plan which could only have emanated from a mind richly fraught with the sterling ore of genius. It was no less than to re-

* Memoir in *New Monthly Magazine* for January 1819.

cord the wars in the reign of our great Alfred in a series of Pindaric odes. This plan was not only conceived, but in part matured; for he wrote about twenty odes, forming two books, when he ceased to prosecute the noble and daring idea to which he had given birth. It is not at all probable that any of these odes are now in existence (indeed, we understood that he burned all his MS. poems before he left Fulneck); but we believe the subject of the first was, "the Almighty seated upon his throne looking down and commiserating the ruin of England, when a host of the spirits of Englishmen, who had just perished in a battle with the Danes, appeared in his presence to receive their eternal doom." This was a flight worthy of a Milton's pen; and though the first conceptions of the youthful bard were not realized in a tangible shape, though he did not then succeed in giving to his imaginings a permanent "local habitation and a name;" yet he fortunately continued to woo the Muse, and

"While his hands the lyre explore,
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatter'd from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

The praises which his young companions and friends bestowed upon the early efforts of his genius, caused Montgomery to entertain such longing aspirations after fame, such ardent desires to mix in that world, of which, to use his own words, "he was about as ignorant as of the mysteries beyond the grave," that not only his spirits, but his health gave way, and a visible change both in the latter and in his disposition was evinced. This continued till he left

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school, which was at the usual age (about fourteen): he was then put to shalloon-weaving at Fulneck, and followed that occupation for some time, when (probably at his own request) it was resolved to send him forth to the world. Perhaps the occupation chosen for him by the elders was not the most prudent, or the most likely to be in accordance with the feelings and disposition of such a lad as Montgomery, whose soul was devoted to poesy; and

"No delight the minstrel knew,
None, save the tones that from his harp he drew;
And the warm visions of a wayward mind,
Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,
Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair,
Pageants of light, resolving into air."

He was placed with a retail dealer, of the Moravian persuasion, who resided at Mirfield, a town in the west riding of Yorkshire, by whom he was treated with the greatest kindness, and to whom it was intended to apprentice him. Here the calls of business occupied but a small portion of his time, and he had full leisure to luxuriate in those dreams which are so delightful to the young and unsophisticated mind. His longings to mix more in the world grew upon him from a want of occupation; whilst the uncongeniality of his avocations with his sentiments and his inclinations, served to render him disgusted and discontented with the lot which his friends had selected for him. After a residence of something more than a twelvemonth, these feelings grew so strong, that, as he was not yet apprenticed, he resolved to bid adieu to his kind master; and having left a letter for him, containing an explanation of his motives,

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and a promise that he should soon hear from him again, he set out to begin the world, with only the clothes on his back, a single change of linen, and three shillings and sixpence in his pocket.

London was the goal to which Montgomery's views, like those of many other youthful aspirants for fame, pointed; but with his slender finances, and ignorant as he was of the ways of the world—for of him it might truly be said, as of one of his predecessors in the delightful walk of poesy, that he was

“In wit a man, simplicity a child,”

he soon found it impossible to pursue his journey to the metropolis; and on the fifth day after he left Mirfield he entered into a situation, similar to that which he had quitted, at Wath, near Rotherham. From hence he wrote to his former master, at Mirfield, soliciting a character, which he justly presumed could not be denied him; and this letter was laid before the ministers at Fulneck, who meet frequently to regulate the affairs of the society. These good men respected the frank simplicity of Montgomery's character, and the documents he solicited were cheerfully granted; his late master was also empowered by them to meet the young runaway, to impart to him their forgiveness, and to offer him any terms he thought likely to induce him to return to the friends he had left. The meeting between them resembled that between an aged parent and an affectionate child: great were the struggles in the bosom of Montgomery before he could resolve firmly to refuse compliance with the entreaties of his friend that he would return; long and doubtful was the conflict ere he could resolve to reject

the tempting offers which were held out to him. But he did reject them: “I fondly, foolishly,” he says, speaking of this period on a recent occasion, most flattering to him*, “sacrificed all my friends, connections, and prospects in life, and threw myself headlong into the world, with the sole view of acquiring poetic laurels. The early ardent breathing of my soul from boyhood had been,

‘What shall I do to be for ever known?’

and to gain ‘golden opinions from all sorts of men’ by the power of my imagined genius, was the cherished hope and determined purpose of my mind.” Animated by this hope, he persisted in the course he had himself chalked out; and his friend having personally recommended him to his new employer, and supplied his immediate wants, left him at Wath, where he remained about twelve months, when, having sent a volume of manuscript poems as an *avant-courier* to Mr. Harrison, a respectable bookseller of Paternoster-row, he proceeded to the metropolis.

In London he found employment in the shop of Mr. Harrison, who, however, declined publishing his poems, deeming them not calculated to enrich him either in money or in fame. He remained here only eight months; for finding his splendid dreams of patronage fade like a vision from the light, and the wreath of immortality seeming to wither at his touch, as if it blasted the flowers of which it was composed, and having differed with Mr. Harrison on some point which neither would concede, and failed in obtaining a purchaser for a prose tale, founded on

* At a public dinner given in his honour at Sheffield, on the 4th of November, 1825—his birthday.

the gorgeous fictions and splendid imagery of the East, he returned to his former employer at Wath, who gave him that hearty welcome for which Yorkshiremen are so celebrated, and ever after remained his firm, his fast friend. "It was this master," says a writer already quoted, "that many years afterwards, in the most calamitous period of Montgomery's life, sought him out in the midst of his misfortunes, not for the purpose of offering him consolation only, but of serving him substantially by every means in his power. The

interview which took place between the old man and his former servant, the evening previous to the trial at Doncaster, will ever live in the remembrance of him who can forget an injury, but not a kindness. No father could have evinced a greater affection for a darling son; the tears he shed were honourable to his feelings, and were the best testimony to the conduct and integrity of James Montgomery*."

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

* Biographical sketch in *Monthly Mirror* of January 1807.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS. BY W. C.

No. III.

WILCOCKS HUBAND, ESQ. OF DUBLIN, AMATEUR-ENGRAVER AND WRITER ON THE FINE ARTS AND DRAMA.

FEW circumstances can have a greater tendency to promote an interest in the advancement of the fine arts in their outset, than the example of amateur-artists and liberal critics in the fashionable world. There may be much incorrectness and want of practical mastery in the pictures, drawings, and etchings, executed by a person of rank, who exercises his talents for his amusement only; and there may be some mistaken principles and false taste in his criticisms; but his influence will induce others of his class to take the implements of art in hand; to think upon the subject, and to extend their patronage to painters, sculptors, and engravers of merit. The writings of the Abbé du Bos, with all their prejudices and defects, and the slight free etchings of Count Caylus from the Italian masters, tempted many young French noblemen to take a pleasure in those studies, and to practise on canvas and copper. Wal-

pole's "Anecdotes of the English Painters and Engravers" did much as a mere work of general curiosity to prepare the readers for something of more depth, and to bring the arts out of obscurity in England. The pleasing drawings of Henry Bunbury, the etchings of Captain Baillie and Lady Louisa Greville, had also, in their day, the effect of converting many persons of rank and taste into amateur-artists. Besides the munificent patronage which he has extended to the British school, the clever landscape-drawings and capital sketches in oil-colours by Sir John Leicester; the tasteful and masterly pencils of Sir George Beaumont, of Wright of Norwood-Hall, near Nottingham, and of some other amateur-artists of the present day, have had a similar tendency. With a hope that biographical sketches of painters, sculptors, and amateurs, who possess talents and practical skill, may also, in some degree, contribute to the

same end, I ventured to commence a series of these occasional notices in a former Number of the *Repository*. After these preliminary observations, I shall proceed to my present subject.

WILCOCKS HUBAND, Esq. the son of an eminent barrister in Dublin, who retired from practice with an independent fortune many years ago, was born in that city, and educated in Trinity College, where he was a pupil of the Rev. Dr. Magee, the present Archbishop of Dublin. During his studies in the university, he received his first instructions in drawing the human figure from a young Italian, named Orsato, a Milanese, who is said to have had a good taste in the liberal arts. In the college library, Huband found a treatise by Abraham Bosse, entitled "*La Manière de graver à l'Eau-forte et au Burin*." Bosse was born at Tours about the year 1610, and his treatise was illustrated with prints, descriptive of the process, cleverly designed, and boldly etched by himself. He used the hard etching-ground which Calot and Della Bella also made use of, and his method was excellent. A perusal of this work, and an examination of the prints, excited the taste and ingenuity of the youthful amateur. He began by making an etching-ground, and then procured a small piece of copper, on which he succeeded in etching a figure, copied from an indifferent print, being merely anxious to try the mechanical art of corrosion. The first effort induced him to make a second trial, immediately; but I have not seen an impression of either. I know no other attempt of his with the etching-point at that period. After having completed his courses at the university of Dublin, he came over to England,

and entered himself, in 1797, as a student in the Inner Temple. While there he received further lessons in drawing the human figure from the Abbé Racine, a French emigrant, a descendant of the tragic poet of that name; and under the abbé, he also perfected himself in the knowledge of the French language. About this time he had the advantage of some additional insight into etching from Bartolozzi, Fittler, and other engravers: but I have no note of his etchings while in London.

On his return to Ireland about the year 1799, he resumed his favourite amusements of drawing and etching, without relaxing from his study of the law. At this period he wrote the first rough draught of his "*Essay on Taste*," and of his "*Treatise on Etching*," with critical observations on the excellence and defects of many celebrated ancient and modern engravers. This work, from which I shall hereafter give some extracts, contains many just and original reflections, with much sound taste, research, and knowledge of his subject. In 1800, he was called to the Irish bar, and his application to his profession occasioned a temporary suspension of his pursuits in the fine arts. In 1802, when the splendour of the French capital attracted amateurs and travellers of every class, he visited Paris, to enjoy an inspection of the superb collection of paintings and statues in the Louvre. After having spent a short time in the difficult task of endeavouring to compare the works of the different great masters, and to form some distinct view of the style peculiar to each school, he travelled from France to the Low Countries, and examined the various works of art and curiosities in Amsterdam,

Rotterdam, Brussels, Antwerp, the Hague, and other cities of note. Here he acquired a passion for the etchings of the Dutch and Flemish painters; and in proof of this preference, I do not find that he has etched any of his copies from designs or prints by the Italian masters. During this tour he also paid much attention to the improvements in stereotype-printing and the construction of printing-presses.

After his return to Dublin from this continental excursion, in 1803, he made his first essay in printing in his own house with a set of old types, which had been cast off by a printer, and with a bellows-press, a portable machine, such as strolling players use for printing their play-bills. He began by perfecting the defective title-pages and leaves of valuable and scarce books; and the first title-page which he printed was that of a scarce edition of Leonardo da Vinci's work on painting. He also tried his hand, without assistance or instruction, on several small tracts, which are now objects of scarcity. One of his early books I have now before me, entitled, "An Orthographical Vocabulary, shewing where the final consonant should be repeated in spelling the past tense and the participles of English Verbs. By W. Huband. Second edition. Dublin: printed by the author, 1809." In this page he has inserted an apposite quotation: "The duplication of consonants, when an additional termination is assumed, forms a difficulty in our orthography, which has embarrassed the most correct and accurate writers."—WALKER'S *Rhym. Dict.* I here insert an extract from his preliminary remarks, to shew the plan and utility of his little work:

"The following pages form an appendix to a volume of manuscript essays on English orthography. The numerous verbs which they comprise very frequently occur in English composition: yet their orthography, which I find continually perplexing our most accurate writers, is not to be ascertained by any approved dictionary of our language. The practical utility, therefore, of the annexed vocabulary, I presume will be readily admitted by those persons who may have occasion to consult it. Among the grammatical mischiefs produced by mis-writing the verbs I have here compiled, the following perhaps are not the least obvious: By spelling such terms inaccurately, we frequently induce false *prosody* in reading English verse, and as frequently mislead students in the *pronunciation* of our language. Almost every individual who studies to write English correctly, experiences continual doubts in what instances the final consonants of several verbs in the past tense and both participles, and likewise the final consonant of some irregular verbs in the active participle, should be repeated; nor indeed am I aware of any popular work of accredited authority which could clear up those difficulties for the inquisitive. It is true, that many of the terms, which compose the following catalogue, may be found in Dr. Ashe's English dictionary: the general plan, however, of that voluminous compilation, has been so frequently and so very justly ridiculed by the learned, as almost to exclude it now even from the shops of the booksellers. In the great folio and quarto editions of Dr. Johnson's dictionary, several of the words, which I have here arranged, may be selected from among

the quotations, which the truly learned and laborious compiler of that valuable work has introduced for the purpose of exemplifying the application of primitive verbs: yet I apprehend that circumstance can detract but little from the frequent convenience which a compendious collection of those terms must afford to numerous persons, who we may continually perceive are inaccurate in the orthography of them; and the more especially when we reflect, that the formidable price, as well as the inconvenient size, of Dr. Johnson's work, necessarily disqualifies it for general use, and confines it almost exclusively to the libraries of the learned."

Mr. Huband has prefaced his treatise with "an orthographical maxim: Verbs ending with a single consonant, preceded by a single vowel, and if more than one syllable, having the accent on the last, double the consonant in every part of the verb in which a syllable is added. Perhaps it may sufficiently illustrate the preceding rule to observe, that, conformably to the principle which it establishes, our correct authors write *befitting* and *benefiting* in the participles of their respective verbs."

The two editions of the "Orthographical Vocabulary" were presented to his friends; and, in 1810, he revised his "Essay on Taste," with his "Treatise on Etching," of which he had written the first outlines some years before. He printed them in a small quarto size, in his own house. He had by this time become a rapid and expert compositor, correct in the use of capitals and punctuation, and intelligent in all the mechanical skill of a printer. This typographical rarity he embellished with plates

of his own etching, tastefully executed, in the following order: No. 1. A whole figure of a *Flemish Beggar scratching himself*; copied from a small print which he found pasted in a book, purchased at Antwerp: this copy is admirable; and from the strong character and expression of rustic nature, I believe that the original must have been designed and etched by A. Ostade, or some of his best scholars. No. 2. at page 49, a *Dutch Boor with a Pipe*; a half figure, from A. Ostade: cleverly etched, but inferior to the preceding in spirit. No. 3. at page 57, a *Cart-horse*; etched after a print by Paul Potter: a free and clever copy. No. 4. facing the title-page, a half figure of a *Rustic standing inside a Hatch-Door, blowing a Horn*; from an etching by A. Ostade. This print has not as much force in the impression before me as No. 1.; but the strokes are hatched in a loose fine taste; and it is so much in the spirit of the original master, that even an experienced eye might class it among the works of Ostade. No. 5. at page 29, a *Drunken Boor sitting in high glee*; a whole figure, etched after a print by J. P. de Louthembourg, and full of a painter's spirit in the handling of the needle and expression of the head.

Mr. Huband took off the impressions of the plates himself, and printed but twenty copies of this unique production, which he also bound with his own hands. We are not to be surprised, if so great a rarity in the history of printing became an object of eager desire and curiosity, in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining a copy. The Rev. Thomas F. Dibdin, in his capital work, "The Bibliographical Decameron," vol. iii.

p. 385, thus makes conspicuous mention of Mr. Huband and this coveted volume: "Mr. Huband is a very distinguished book-man, for I am told that *he wrote a book on engraving; that he printed it with his own hands, and engraved the plates:* so that *he beats the curate of Lustleigh, in the county of Devon, immortalized in Nicholson's 'Anecdotes.'* Lord Spencer possesses the only copy I have seen in England of this curious performance. It was presented to him by the author." When the *bibliomania* was at its height some years ago, Mr. Huband was regularly assailed by post-letters and visitors from a great distance, anxious to obtain a copy, by valuable gifts, solicitation, and courtesy. Offers were made to him of rare and costly books, wines, horses, and elegant articles of furniture, in lieu of the envied treasure; but these offers he uniformly refused. The few which he printed off were presented to his esteemed friends only. When it was ascertained that no temptations nor entreaty could induce the author to grant a copy, excepting to his selected favourites, the competition began around those who were known to have received the book from him. I have been assured by credible authority, that one gentleman (after Dibdin's notice of the volume had made it a rage among biblioplists) refused a hogshead of wine, and another a carriage, for his copy. I state these freaks of an ungovernable appetite for typographical rarities exactly as

they were told to me, and I have never heard them doubted. But where the proposer was secured by his own conviction, that his offers for a gift of private friendship could not be accepted without disgrace by any gentleman, the matter explains itself.

In 1806, Mr. Huband was appointed a commissioner of bankrupts by Lord Chancellor Ponsonby; and notwithstanding his indefatigable application to business, still he found leisure for polite literature and the arts. His miscellaneous communications with the Irish periodical press; the excellent precepts in his poem, "The Prompter;" his talents in epistolary correspondence; his "Essay on Taste," and the spirit of his etchings, are highly estimated. Miss Edgeworth, who, to this day, has never been in his company, did him the honour to send him a splendid presentation copy of *her* works, with the following autograph in the front of one of the volumes: "This copy of *Essays on Practical Education* is presented, with other works, to W. Huband, Esq. in testimony of the respect which their author entertains for the extraordinary talents and multifarious accomplishments of that gentleman; who, in the intervals of relaxation from the pursuits of a laborious profession, has produced a literary performance, which, for the variety of attainments it exhibits, is universally allowed to be unrivalled in the history of literature.—*Edgeworth-Town, April 7, 1812.*"

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XI.

The Vicar's Study.—Present, Mr. PRIMROSE, Mrs. Miss, and Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. MONTAGUE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Reginald. I HAVE brought in my pocket another volume suited to the season, which must be my offering to Miss Primrose, as *The Forget-Me-Not* was laid at the feet of Rosina. It is entitled *Christmas Tales*; and though not so splendid a publication as that beautiful and popular little *bijou*, is worth attention, and may serve to divert a leisure hour, when, at this season of colds and storms, you are assembled round your cheerful fire, to read, converse, or pass away the time with mirth and song*.

Miss Primrose. "Down to the ground" I thank you for your politeness, Reginald, as Lady Townly says.

Reginald. But not *upon* the ground, as I once heard a celebrated actress say, suiting the action to the word. She was dropping her lord a very low courtesy, and, losing her balance, slipped completely on the stage. With inimitable self-possession recovering herself, she exclaimed, "So profound is my gratitude, that *upon* the ground I thank you, my lord."

Mr. Mathews. Very good. Many curious slips of the tongue sometimes occur on the stage; and an amusing book might be made from them by any frequenter of the theatres, particularly by one initiated in the mysteries of the green-room.

Mr. Montague. Not a word of making a book, or in this age of literary joinership, we shall have a volume knocked up directly with the

* A tale extracted from this volume will be found in another part of the present Number of the *Repository*.—ED.

aid of a few old *Joe Millars*, and vamping up some cruderecollections.

Reginald. Don't be so severe upon the book-makers. Every one must live by his vocation, and as a number of our most popular *authors* (as I suppose I must call them) are nothing but *book-makers*, in the strictest sense of the word, I am afraid any exposure of their art and mystery would bear very hard upon those poor wretches who live upon the brains of their predecessors, not having any of their own.

Dr. Primrose. And the sooner they were driven from the profession the better for literature, Reginald. It may now truly be said, that of "*making* many books there is no end;" but for any thing new or original, any striking discoveries in art or in science, or any profound views of philosophy or legislation which they contain, the world would have been equally wise if they had never been published.

Reginald. "Whatever is is right," my dear sir: only look at the consumption of paper which is caused by printing the compilations of these pretenders to literary knowledge, and the number of hands which must be thrown out of employ in the various departments of paper-making, printing, book-binding, &c. if only works of true genius were committed to the press. And, after all, the former are most congenial to the tastes of the greater part of the reading public: they save the trouble of thinking; they require no revolving of the mind upon itself, to examine the ac-

curacy of the views, or the soundness of the doctrines, put forth by the author. Both in general lie on the surface, and have besides been so frequently brought forward in various shapes, that they are familiar to those who read at all, as the most ordinary conceptions relative to the common concerns of life.

Dr. Primrose. I am afraid it will be some time before that epithet of a *thinking* people (which, though used sarcastically by Cobbett, did *once* apply to us,) will be again applicable to the English public. Their characteristic now is that of superficial acquirers of knowledge, mere smatterers in science, rather than that of patient plodding aspirants for learning, deep drinkers at the Pierian spring.

Mr. Montague. And I am afraid the national character will, in that respect, become still more corrupted. The Mechanics' Institutes, those hobbies of the "friends of the people," as they call themselves, *par excellence*, are admirably calculated to spread the same pedantic feelings, the same assumptions of scientific knowledge, the same vain pretensions to philosophical learning amongst the great mass of the people, which has hitherto been confined to the frequenters of the lecture-rooms in the great towns. The idea of teaching the working classes the sciences by means of lectures, often incomprehensible, never calculated to develop more than a very partial view of the subject on which they treat, is the most preposterous that ever entered the head of man.

Dr. Primrose. It is not only preposterous in design, but will prove ruinous in the execution. It will, by giving the poor labouring man an

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insight into sciences, which his time will never allow him to become master of, render him restless and discontented; and by directing his attention solely to things of this world, by teaching him to regard religion quite as a secondary consideration, instead of the first grand object of human life, it will render him much less likely to fulfil the various duties of his station, whilst it will detract largely from the general sum of his happiness. The best mode of instructing the people is through the means of the national schools and the parochial lending libraries, set on foot by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, though Mr. Brougham claims the merit of first suggesting the idea of them. In the former they get well-grounded in those principles which will tend to increase their happiness here and hereafter: in the latter they will find rational amusement and pleasing instruction, which can be carried home to their firesides, and shared with their wives and children; instead of leaving those proper objects of a good man's care to find amusement low and where they can, whilst the husband is murdering his time by listening to a lecture on caloric or azotic by some superannuated pretender; or to inflammatory speeches delivered at anniversary meetings, in which they are told, that the use of these institutes is to make them "tread on the heels of their superiors;" and that "a *perfect equality* is the end they aim at." But enough on this subject; we will call another. Have you read Moore's *Life of Sheridan*?

Reginald. Yes.

Dr. Primrose. What do you think of it?

G

Reginald. Why he must have been a bungler indeed who could not have made an interesting book out of the materials which the life of Sheridan affords. Yet the huge three-guinea quarto of Moore's has disappointed me. It contains much that might have been omitted; many disclosures are made from papers which poor Sheridan, with his habitual carelessness, omitted to destroy, but which he would never have given to the world, and which his biographer ought to have consigned to oblivion. I shall not quarrel with his manifest leaning towards the Whigs, which might be expected; but I cannot forgive Moore for attributing to his prince a disregard of the distress of the most open-hearted and honourable of his "early friends," when he ought to have known that the reverse was the fact.

Mr. Montague. The truth is, that the king acted very generously towards Sheridan. He gave him a lucrative place that produced him 1500*l.* a year, and would have brought him into Parliament after he lost his election for Stafford. It was much to Sheridan's honour that he refused this offer, at a time when a seat in the House was of the utmost importance to him. He refused it because he felt that it might trench too much upon his independence to be returned to Parliament through the interest of the king; and he accordingly declined to avail himself of the friendly intentions of his sovereign. And in his last illness, as soon as news of his destitute situation was brought to the king, his Majesty, through Colonel M'Mahon, sent an immediate supply of 400*l.* and desired to know what more could be done. This sum was subsequently returned to the king's privy purse by

Mr. Vaughan, from a feeling probably of something like shame on the part of Sheridan's friends; but the fact of the money being sent proves how prompt the king was to sooth, as far as pecuniary aid could do it, the sorrows of an old friend and attached servant.

The Vicar. I feel as you do with respect to the insinuation levelled at the king; but I think the author does himself honour by the manner in which he rebukes the ostentatious display of sympathy at the funeral of Sheridan by those who had brought him to the grave through neglect.

"Where were they all," he exclaims, "these royal and noble persons, who now crowded to 'partake the gale' of Sheridan's glory? Where were they all while any life remained in him? Where were they all, but a few weeks before, when their interposition might have saved his heart from breaking, or when the zeal, now wasted on the grave, might have soothed and comforted the deathbed? This is a subject on which it is difficult to speak with patience. If the man was unworthy of the commonest offices of humanity when he lived, why all this regret and homage over his tomb?"

Mr. Montague. The sentiment is just, and the indignation natural: they are the echo of those verses which appeared soon after Sheridan's death, and were then generally attributed to Moore, and which he now tacitly admits to be his:

"Oh! it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And friendships so false in the great and high-born,
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!

"How proud they can press to the funeral array
Of him whom they shunn'd in his sickness and sorrow!

How bailiffs may seize his last blanket to-day,
Whose pall shall be held up by nobles to-morrow!

“ Was this then the fate of that high-gifted man,
The pride of the palace, the bower, and the hall;
The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mood of the lyre, and was master of all;

“ Whose mind was an essence, compounded with art
From the finest and best of all other men's powers;
Who rul'd, like a wizard, the world of the heart,
And could call up its sunshine, or draw down its showers;

“ Whose humour, as gay as the fire-fly's light,
Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;
Whose wit, in the combat as gentle as bright,
Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade;

“ Whose eloquence, brightening whatever it tried,
Whether reason or fancy, the gay or the grave,
Was as rapid as deep, and as brilliant a tide
As ever bore Freedom aloft on its wave!”

The Vicar. I well remember reading the lines soon after poor Brinsley's death. Poor Sheridan! pity that so noble a heart was wrecked by folly and intemperance! I think on the whole that Moore has given a very fair and impartial portrait of this highly gifted but eccentric individual. He has depicted him as he was—exalted by his talents above most of his compeers, whilst his moral frailties degraded him almost to a level with the vilest. He had capacity for any undertaking, if he bent his attention to it; but frequently carelessness and sloth would mar the labour of years, and render useless all his splendid talents. Profusion brought on want, and want oc-

asionally led him into meannesses: but in his public character he stood nobly aloof from the selfish crowd of political partizans, who merged the interests of their country in considerations for self; and even when they pretended that their services were necessary to save their country from ruin, still refused office, because their sovereign was not laid bound hand and foot at their feet.

Reginald. There is a manifest tendency in Mr. Moore to blame Sheridan's conduct with respect to the Whigs; and this was to be expected, when we find him bespattering Lords Grey and Holland and Grenville at every opportunity with the most fulsome praise. Because therefore Sheridan preferred his country to his friends, truth to a party, he is accused of undermining them; but the country has long thought differently, and in that respect, at least, will do justice to his memory.

Mr. Mathews. It is melancholy to think of the fate of Sheridan, and his no less highly gifted son. Tom Sheridan possessed much of his father's good qualities, with a full share of his imprudence; and dearly did he suffer for it. To the former, these imprudences brought deep but unavailing regret; for he had not strength of mind to act in public upon the resolutions formed in private. But what his reflections were, in the solitude of his own chamber, may be gathered from the beautiful ballad which Kelly has published in his *Reminiscences*:

“ No more shall the spring my lost pleasures restore,
Uncheer'd I still wander alone,
And, sunk in dejection, for ever deplore
The sweets of the days that are gone.

While the sun as it rises to others shines
bright,

I think how it formerly shone;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a
blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone.

"I stray where the dew falls, through moon-
lighted groves,

And list to the nightingale's song;
Her plaints still remind me of long-banish'd
joys,
And the sweets of the days that are gone.

"Each dewdrop that steals from the dark
eye of night,

Is a tear for the bliss that is flown;
While others cull blossoms, I find but a
blight,
And sigh for the days that are gone."

Reginald. That ballad puts me in
mind that I have a copy of elegant
verses written by Sheridan, in the
hey-day of youth, when he was woo-
ing the accomplished Miss Linley,
whose remembrance is yet cherished
at Bath, where there are some old
persons who still remember her, and
speak of her as a connecting link be-
tween woman and angel. They were
walking in a garden attached to her
father's house at Bath, and as they
approached a grotto, Sheridan led
the lady in, and offered her some
advice, with which he had reason to
apprehend she was displeas'd. She
left him, and he wrote the following
lines, which she found in the grotto
the next day:

"Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of
stone,

And damp is the shade of this dew-drip-
ping tree:
Yet I this rude grotto with rapture will own,
And, willow, thy damps are refreshing to
me.

"For this is the grotto where Delia reclin'd,
As late I, in secret, her confidence sought;
And this is the tree kept her safe from the
wind,

As blushing she heard the grave lesson I
taught.

"Then tell me, thou grotto of moss-cover'd
stone,

And tell me, thou willow, with leaves
dripping dew,
Did Delia seem'd vex'd when Horatio was
gone?
And did she confess her resentment to you?

"Methinks now each bough, as you're wav-
ing it, tries

To whisper a cause for the sorrow I feel;
To hint how she frowned when I dared to
advise,
And sigh'd when she saw that I did it with
zeal.

"True, true, silly leaves, so she did, I allow;
She frowned, but no rage in her looks could
I see;

She frowned, but reflection had clouded her
brow;
She sigh'd, but perhaps 'twas in pity to
me.

"For well did she know that my heart meant
no wrong,

It sunk at the thought of but giving her
pain;
But trusted its task to a faltering tongue,
Which erred from the feelings it could not
explain.

"Yet, oh! if indeed I've offended the maid,
If Delia my humble monitions refuse,
Sweet willow, next time that she visits thy
shade,

Fan gently her bosom, and plead my ex-
cuse.

"And thou, stony grot, in thy arch mayst
preserve

Two lingering drops of the night-falling
dew;
And just let them fall at her feet, and they'll
serve
As tears of my sorrow intrusted to you.

"Or lest they unheeded should fall at her
feet,

Let them fall on her bosom of snow; and I
swear,
The next time I visit thy moss-covered seat,
I'll pay thee each drop with a genuine
tear.

"So mayst thou, green willow, for ages thus
toss

Thy branches so dark o'er the slow-wind-
ing stream;
And thou, stony grotto, retain all thy moss,
While yet there's a poet to make thee his
theme.

“Nay more—may my Delia still give you
her charms
Each ev’ning, and sometimes the whole
ev’ning long :

Then, grotto, be proud to support her white
arms ;

Then, willow, wave all thy green tops to
the song.”

The Vicar. These are really good verses, not merely pretty ones, and are characterized by a delicate and playful fancy.

Miss Rosina. Positively, Reginald, you must give me a copy for my *Album*.

Reginald. I have no objection ; and if you will hand me your book, I will transcribe another effusion, which is now rising to my recollection ; not by Sheridan, but by an American poet. I have never seen it in print, though probably it has appeared in some of the newspapers of that country ; at all events, to you they will be as “good as manuscript,” as Coleridge would say.—(*Reginald writes, and then reads from the Album.*)

STANZAS.

The morn was fresh and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Plucked many a wild rose from the vale,
To grace the temples of her lover.

As near her little farm she strayed,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.

She seized his hand ; and, “Oh !” she cried,
“Wilt thou, to camps and wars a stranger,
Desert thy Mary’s faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger ?

“Yet go, brave youth ! to arms away !
My maiden hands for fight shall dress
thee ;

And when the drum beats far away,
I’ll drop a silent tear, and bless thee !

“The bugles through the forest wind,
The woodland-soldier’s call to battle ;
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle !”

She said—and as the rose appears

In sunshine when the storm is over,
A smile beam’d sweetly through her tears,
The blush of promise to her lover !

Miss Primrose. I shall be jealous, Reginald, unless you help me to something for my *Album*, as well as furnish my sister’s. You must act impartially between us.

Reginald. I’ll do my best. What think you of the following, from the pen of a young friend of mine ?

ALEXANDER.

He came and he conquered wherever he trod,
He scattered the nations, and ruled as a
god ;

He rose like a meteor, triumphant in war,
And victory followed the wheels of his car.

Like the angel who breathed on Assyria’s
host,

He advanced, and the hope of the foeman
was lost :

Yet how vain all his conquests ! how empty
his fame !

What he sought was a world, what he gained
—but a name !

Miss Primrose. Very pretty and poetical. Come, I shall levy contributions upon you all. Mr. Montague, what can you afford ?

Mr. Montague. I never wrote a line of poetry in my life : my ideas do not soar beyond plain commonplace prose ; but, like Reginald, I can levy on my friends.

LINES TO THE GOOSE

Let others sing the warbling skylark’s
praise,

And hail the tuneful thrush, or nightingale,
Sweet Philomel ! which pours her honey’d
lays

Rich o’er the boundary of wood and dale.

Let them the spotless monarch of the lake
Praise, as she sails in maiden majesty,
Who, when she feels her ebbing life forsake,
Breathes her funereal dirge in melody.

But not to these I tune my unstrung lyre,
To loftier harps let loftier themes be given ;
These have been sung in strains which might
conspire

To lure an angel from his native heaven.

I sing the goose, that bird of high renown;
Pride of the corn-field and the quacking
brood;

Alike admir'd in country and in town—
By all thy worth is owned and understood.

The Bulbul worships her own lovely rose,
Or sighs enamoured to the citron-tree;
And, lo! the sage-herb springs, the onion
grows,
A fragrant incense offered up to thee.

Hail to the goose! more wit lies in thy side
Than e'er bird's pericranium could contain;
By which the statesman courts and nations
guides,
Which gives the charter how a king shall
reign.

Hail to the goose! whose glory ne'er expires;
Engine of science, fame, and poetry;
Which, like the phoenix, springing from her
fires,
Lives after death, resplendent, powerful,
free.

Friend of the sage who wields the lofty pen,
By thee a Shakspeare charmed a listening
age;
By thee a Newton shewed God's power to
men;
By thee a Milton lives in classic page.

Hail, prince of birds! with gratitude I sing
Thy praise in humble, but in honest verse;
And with delight I eulogize thy wing,
Its virtues celebrate, its praise rehearse.

This is my subject—critics, laugh your fill,
I little reck your censure or abuse;
And whilst I use the Muses' slave, the quill,
I'll ne'er forget I owe it to the goose.

Miss Primrose. Thanks, my dear
sir, I shall never wield a pen again
but I shall think of your friend's lines
to the goose.

Mr. Mathews. Come, there's enough
of the *Album* for this time. I have
put a book in my pocket, from which
I will read you a few anecdotes, by
way of closing the evening. Its title
is *Court Anecdotes*. I bought it for
the beautiful portrait of the king
with which it is embellished; and I
have laughed very heartily at some
of the *jeux-d'esprit* with which it

abounds. For instance, here is one
of poor Sheridan:

AN IMPOSSIBLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

Sheridan one day being dressed in a
very handsome pair of boots, met a friend,
when the following dialogue ensued:

Fr. Those are handsome boots, Sher-
ry, who made them?

Sher. Hoby.

Fr. How did you prevail on him?

Sher. Guess.

Fr. I suppose you talked him over in
the old way.

Sher. No, that won't do now.

Fr. Then, when they came home you
ordered half a dozen pair more!

Sher. No.

Fr. Perhaps you gave a check on
Hammersley, which you knew would not
be honoured?

Sher. No, no, no—in short, you might
guess till to-morrow before you hit it:—
I paid for them!

Mr. Montague. Very fair. Give
us something more.

Mr. Mathews reads.

AN IRISH COMPLIMENT.

When the late Marquis of Lansdown
paid a visit to his estates in Ireland, he
fell in with a Mr. W——, who occupied
a large farm of his lordship; and under-
standing that he was hastening home to
the christening of one of his children,
his lordship very frankly offered himself
to be his guest. The gentleman, bow-
ing very respectfully, replied, that he
could not possibly accept the honour in-
tended him; that his friends who were
assembled on the occasion were all *honest*,
plain-speaking men, and as such,
could not be fit companions for his lord-
ship.

ENGLISH SERVANTS AND THEIR VAILS.

Mr. Jonas Hanway was amongst the
most singular of human eccentrics. A
friend of his, Sir Timothy Waldo, had
dined with the Duke of N——, and on
leaving the house, was contributing to

the insolence and covetousness of a train of servants who lined the hall; when at last, putting a crown into the hand of the cook, the fellow returned it, saying, "Sir, I don't take silver."—"Don't you indeed?" said the worthy baronet, "then I don't give gold," and returned the five shillings to his purse. Mr. Hanway remarked on the disgraceful absurdity of permitting servants to receive vails, and told Sir Timothy of a circumstance which had happened to himself. He was paying the servants of a respectable friend for a dinner which their master had invited him to, one by one as they appeared. "Sir, your great-coat."—"There's a shilling, John."—"Your hat."—"There's a shilling, Dick."—"Stick."—"A shilling, Joe."—"Umbrella."—"A shilling, William."—"Sir, your gloves."—"Why, friend, keep the gloves—they are not worth a shilling," said the facetious Hanway, and walked off as quick as he could, for fear of a fresh relay of these dinner tax-gatherers.

LIFE AT LINCOLN'S INN.

At the time the late Chief Baron Macdonald, Baron Thompson, and Baron Graham were associated on the Exchequer Bench, the following circumstance occurred: It is well known that these gentlemen had peculiarities mixed up with their talents; the first took snuff very frequently, every pinch being preceded by sundry raps on the lid; the second took very copious notes of the proceedings; and the third asked "divers and very many" questions. In an excise cause, in which the late Sir Thomas Plumer was leading counsel, Baron Thompson was exceedingly anxious to get a clear statement of the facts, but the noise on each side of him prevented it; for his left hand friend kept on like the *talking-bird*, while the one on the right kept up a close imitation of the *woodpecker*. Baron Thompson having made many attempts to proceed, at last broke out with some warmth, "Mr. Solicitor General, I

must beg you to repeat that statement again; for really, what with the *snuff-box* on one side, and the *chatter-box* on the other, I cannot hear one word."

During one of the circuits Baron Thompson was invited to dine at the house of a gentleman in Worcestershire, celebrated for the *quality* of his wine, but not for the quantity. The baron was fond of a good glass of wine, and observed the entertainer hugging the bottle. Upon leaving the house, the high sheriff observed to his lordship, that the wine was excellent. "Ah! very good wine," returned the baron, "very good wine, Mr. Sheriff, and right little of it."

The good-humoured baron was once in a convivial party, at which several gentlemen ranking high in the legal profession were present. Much wine had been drunk, and the company had been highly entertained by the facetious Henry W—, whose elegant and refined wit charmed all his hearers. He had given imitations of some of the barristers and most of the judges, and the baron's mirth and applause were particularly loud. "There is one other person, Mr. W—," said the judge, "whose manner I should like to see imitated."—"Who is that, my lord?"—"Myself, sir."—"Oh! my lord, that is quite out of the question, present company are always exceeded."—"Why, sir, if you will try your powers on myself I shall be obliged to you." After considerable persuasion, W— drew himself up in his chair, and blowing out his cheeks, presented to his auditors a complete duplicate of the baron. A burst of applause immediately followed, in which the good-natured judge heartily joined. The imitator, apparently unmoved, proceeded in a charge to the grand jury, closely imitating the voice and manner of the judge. "Law is law, and men are made to live according to law, without any respect for the gospel; for that is another thing, to be considered at another time, in another place, and by another set of men.—Vide

Coke upon Littleton, chap. ii. p. 312. Now there are some men that are good men, and some men that are bad men; and the bad men are not the good men, and the good men are not the bad men: but the bad men and the good men, and the good men and the bad men, are two different sorts of men; and this we may glean from *Magna Charta*, an old man who lived in the reign of King John the Wise. Therefore the law is made for the bad men; and the good men have no-

thing to do therewith, nor any profit or advantage to derive therefrom: therefore bring up the prisoners and hang them, for I must go out of town to-morrow."

Having read these anecdotes, Mr. Mathews closed the book; and we soon after put on our hats and great-coats, and made our bow.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

BY A FRENCH NAVAL OFFICER.

(*Extracted from "CHRISTMAS TALES," just published by Mr. ACKERMANN.*)

AFTER the disastrous battle of Aboukir, in which I had witnessed the heroic death of my captain, the brave Dupetit Thouars, I returned to France with other wounded officers, whom the English released on their parole. On our landing at Marseilles, a lucky accident caused me to meet with Mercourt, the dearest of the friends of my youth, who had been necessitated by a pulmonary complaint to try the effect of the mild air of Provence. After the first salutation, which was certainly more cordial on my part than on his, we resolved to travel together to Amiens, our native city.

Mercourt had devoted himself to the law, and was at this time judge of the criminal court of Amiens. His irritable temper, the consequence of ill health and the habit of sitting in judgment on offenders, had communicated such a sternness and asperity to his manner and speech as were far from prepossessing; and though he was naturally kind and humane, yet it was easy to perceive that he had no great regard for his fellow-creatures in general.

I burned with impatience to be once more in the bosom of my family. Our preparations for the journey were soon made; we quitted the same evening the ancient city of the Phœnicians, and pursued in the diligence the road to Paris. Near the door of the inn where we stopped next morning to breakfast, I observed a handsome youth, of thirteen or fourteen, sitting on a stone bench: he was tolerably well dressed; but the dust which covered his clothes, his heated face, his weary look, and the little bundle lying beside him, plainly indicated that he must have walked a great way. "Where do you come from, my little friend?" said I to him.—"From Orange, sir."—"And have you travelled all that distance on foot?"—"Not all the way, sir. I got a lift now and then."—"Poor fellow! What obliges you, who are yet so young, to travel in this manner?"—"Ah! sir, an uncle who undertook to provide for me has all at once sent me away, and I am going back to my mother at Amiens."—"At Amiens!" I repeated with astonishment. This circum-

stance, and the interest with which the mild look and pleasing physiognomy of the boy had inspired me, suggested an idea which I immediately carried into execution. After I had conducted him into the kitchen, and ordered him to be supplied with breakfast, I called the coachman aside, and bargained with him for a small sum to give the boy a place in the diligence, in which my friend and myself were the only passengers.

Having finished our repast, we again got into the coach. No sooner did Mercourt espy my little *protégé*, than he pierced through him with that look with which he imagined he could discover guilt in the deepest recesses of the soul of an accused person. "Hallo, young one," cried he in a sharp tone, "who are you?"—"George Brument, sir."—"Where do you come from?"—"From Orange, sir."—"And why the devil did you not stay there?"—"My uncle has sent me away," replied the boy, forgetting for the first time to add the word sir.—"Aha! you've been playing some scurvy trick or other, I warrant me, you young rascal! Is it not so?"—"Good God, no!" replied the poor fellow in a tremulous tone, as if ready to cry.—"You are going to Amiens," continued his merciless interrogator; "but who is to take care of you there?"—"My mother, who works in the garden of General Laplace."—"And so you mean to make your poor mother keep you?"—"No," said the boy, with a decisive look and tone, "that I do not. I am small but strong, and I will work for my living."—"And what, pray, will you do?"—"Something, any thing!"—"Hem! why, yes, I dare say you will do *something*. You

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look to me for all the world like a young scoundrel, and I would lay any wager that, in my official capacity, I shall some time or other have to send you to the galleys—I can read it in your countenance." At these words, pronounced in a prophetic tone, the boy coloured up to the ears. I observed how he mechanically clenched his fists as he cast at Mercourt a look of profound contempt. For my part, this horrible prediction made almost the same impression upon me as on the poor fellow to whom it was addressed.

Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the journey. In a few days we reached Amiens. While we were engaged in looking after our luggage, our young companion disappeared, and several years of active service elapsed before I heard of him again.

On my return after this interval, I paid a visit to one of my friends, who was a wealthy merchant. I was agreeably surprised to discover in his cashier the boy I had picked up on the road from Marseilles. M. Durand, to whom I did not communicate this circumstance, paid the highest encomiums to the zeal, the intelligence, and particularly the integrity of young Brument. I was quite delighted; and took good care not to betray my knowledge of George, lest I should hurt his feelings by reminding him of so disagreeable a rencontre.

I accompanied the unfortunate expedition to St. Domingo, where I had the mortification to see part of our naval force annihilated; and after being for some time a prisoner in Jamaica, returned to France. I obtained leave of absence for two or three months; but the minister re-

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fused me permission to spend it in my native place, so that I could pass but a few days at Amiens on my way to Antwerp, where I was appointed to one of the ships which were collecting in that harbour, and which formed the nucleus of the Scheld flotilla.

The morning after my arrival Mercourt, with whom I breakfasted, invited me to accompany him to the court, where an important criminal case was to be tried. "It is that of a young man," said he, "who is charged with forgery and the falsification of papers, with a view to appropriate to himself a considerable sum of money. The affair has made a great sensation in the town."

When we reached the court, we found it thronged to excess; but at Mercourt's desire one of the officers made room for me near the place allotted to the accused. Scarcely was I seated before the prisoner was brought in. Every eye was fixed upon him. I shall not attempt to describe the astonishment and pain which I felt on seeing George Brument take the melancholy place. With the rapidity of lightning the prediction of Mercourt darted across my mind. "Gracious God!" thought I, "is that prediction about to be verified?" I could not turn my eyes from the unfortunate young man. He seemed to be firm and composed, but was grown very thin; his eyes were sunk and hollow, and his cheeks pale. He held down his head; but when he raised it to answer the first question addressed to him, he seemed to be petrified on recognising Mercourt in the person of his judge. He trembled in every limb; the paleness of death overspread his face;

and in this state he continued during the whole of the trial. At length, after much pleading, he was acquitted, for want of sufficient evidence, and on the ground of his former irreproachable character. This decision, which the accused heard without the least sign of interest, filled me with the liveliest joy. I sprang from my seat, and hastened to seize George's hand, which was colder than marble. "Young man, you are acquitted: the court has pronounced you innocent!" cried I, in a transport of joy.—"But will the world ever believe that I am?" rejoined he.—"Never doubt it: the world will strive to make you amends for your unmerited sufferings." A deep sigh was his only answer. As I had prophesied, George became from that moment an object of the notice and kindness of all the inhabitants of Amiens. M. Durand himself clasped him in his embrace, and solicited his pardon. He promised him all possible indemnification, and conjured him to go back with him to his house; but George turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties.

Soon after this event, young Brument's uncle died, and left him all his property. He now commenced business on his own account. All his speculations were crowned with the most brilliant success; and while I was traversing the seas, he was amassing considerable wealth, became the husband of an amiable woman, and father of three children, who authorized the entertainment of the fairest hopes. But though he called every thing his that is capable of conferring happiness in this world, yet poor George seemed to be continually oppressed by melancholy,

and as it were crushed by the overwhelming remembrance of that distressing circumstance.

On the conclusion of peace, I settled at Amiens; but in the state of mind in which Brument then was, I avoided meeting, and never visited him. One day he sent to request me to call on him. I went, and found him on his deathbed. Though still young, he fell a sacrifice to a lingering disease, the cause of which it was not difficult to guess. "I need not tell you," said he, as I approached his bed, "that I am the poor boy to whom you shewed such kindness twenty-one years ago. I am well aware that you knew me again. I feel that I must die, and have sent for you to ease my heart of a load which oppresses it. You found me with M. Durand, who raised me from indigence, and whose bounty to me, as well as his confidence, was unlimited. You saw me afterwards accused of a heinous crime, and tried by the rigid Mercourt. He no longer knew me, but I had not forgotten his features; and from the moment I beheld him, his tremendous prediction rolled like thunder in my ear, and seemed to be written in characters of fire, which way soever I turned my eyes.

"When I was acquitted, you strove with all your power to raise me from the despondence which you attributed to the distress occasioned by so foul an imputation on my character. But know, sir, that though my judges pronounced me innocent, I was really guilty, and Mercourt had prophesied truly. After my acquittal, when I received the congratulations of my friends, and my venerable mother strained me to her heart, and thanked Heaven that her son was in-

nocent, I then fondly imagined, that if I returned to the path of virtue, I might still enjoy happy days; but divine justice reserved for me a signal punishment. My benefactors, and among them the man who had treated me as his own son, and thus cherished a viper in his bosom, came to beg my pardon and to solicit my friendship. The remorse which I felt at that moment surpassed the horrors of the most cruel torture, and broke down my spirits for ever.

"Since that period, Heaven in its inscrutable decrees has, nevertheless, heaped its blessings on my guilty head: but all that would have conferred happiness on another only served to render me more wretched. The caresses of my wife and children redoubled my despair, by reminding me more strongly of my crime; and the word *robber* seemed to stare me in the face on every bank-note and every bill of exchange that I touched. M. Durand, who has been ruined by various reverses of fortune, is living in a state very different from that opulence which he once enjoyed: I have secretly supported him till the present time. Take these papers; their value is about equal to the sum of which I defrauded him: deliver them to him, but let him not know from whom they come. Out of affection for my children, I should not wish my memory to be branded with shame."

I promised the wretched Brument to fulfil this commission. He expired in a few days, and was buried with a pomp suitable to his wealth. His remains were attended by numerous friends, and by many a tear of gratitude; for generous sentiments were associated in his heart with that guilty propensity which led him into

a criminal act. He was gentle, compassionate, and humane: but without content and self-controul, the most

amiable virtues are not a sufficient defence in the hour of temptation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Book I. of Twenty-four grand Studies for the Piano-forte in the Major and Minor Keys; composed, fingered, and dedicated to J. N. Hummel, Maitre de Chapelle to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, by Henry Hertz; revised and arranged for Piano-fortes up to C by Mr. Moscheles. Pr. 5s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

Tria juncta in uno! three great names, *Hummel, Hertz, and Moscheles*, on one title-page; the first as dedicatee, and the last as lending a hand to render the labour of his countryman more perfect and generally useful. This is friendly indeed on the part of Mr. Moscheles, and shews at once his opinion of a work, which deserves a place among the classic studies of Cramer, Clementi, Steibelt, Ries, &c. It demonstrates practically to what perfection the art of piano-forte playing has been carried; indeed we meet here with ideas, the execution of which on that instrument would have been deemed problematical forty years ago, if it had been thought of at all. But it is not manual dexterity and artifice alone which have been consulted in these studies of Mr. Hertz; on the contrary, it seems as if he had considered the utmost extent of digital evolution merely as the means of giving being to thoughts and expressions of varied form and tendency. In fact, to view the matter in its true light, there is a mutual state of

dependence between musical thought and musical execution; the one plays into the other's hands; and it is questionable whether a composer's ideas go much beyond the range of mechanical practicability; at all events, they do not outstep the capability of our system of notation. What cannot be written is not thought of, in music as in other mental pursuits. But we are in a fair way of losing all thought of Mr. Hertz's studies! What we meant to say, before we fell into digressive temptation, regarded the intrinsic value of the ideas which Mr. H. has embodied in his exercises. In this respect they will stand high in the connoisseur's estimation; there is a vast fund of melodic imagination and harmonic combination of the most interesting description dispersed through the book. It contains only twelve studies, a further number of course being intended. The less at a time the better. As it is, there will be quite sufficient to occupy the player's time and attention for a good while; for these studies present difficulties to be conquered patiently, and not to be attempted by players of absolute mediocrity.

A second Duet, composed for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by E. Solis. Op. 10. Pr. 3s.—(T. Lindsay, Regent-street.)

A slow movement and rondo in E \flat , not conspicuous for deep conceptions and abstrusities, but full of natural good melody and rich harmonic co-

louring, brought forth in an unassuming style, and with an ease of musical diction, which, united to the above meritorious features, will act as a strong recommendation with the most numerous class of players. For pupils of limited advancement this duet is obviously intended, and it is well worthy of their notice.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *Select Airs from Meyerbeer's celebrated Opera, "Il Crociato in Egitto;" arranged for the Piano-forte.* Pr. 7s.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)
2. "*Giorinello Cavalier*" and other favourite Subjects from the "*Il Crociato in Egitto*" of Meyerbeer; selected and arranged for the Piano-forte by E. Solis. Op. 9. Pr. 3s.—(T. Lindsay, Regent-street.)
3. *Select Airs from Spohr's admired Opera, "Jessonda;" arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte.* Book. I. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)
4. *The favourite Airs in Spohr's celebrated Opera, "Jessonda;" arranged for the Piano-forte* by John Henry Griesbach. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)
5. *The admired Airs in Spohr's celebrated Opera, "Faust;" arranged for the Piano-forte* by John Henry Griesbach. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)
6. *From "Der Freyschütz," the Huntsman's Chorus, Waltz, March, Laughing Chorus, Bridemaid's Chorus, and "Through the forests," for the Piano-forte,* by Carl Maria Von Weber. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)
7. *Introduction and Rondo, on a favourite Air from "La Gazza Ladra;" composed for the Piano-forte* by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)
8. *Variations on a celebrated French Air, for two Performers on the Piano-forte, composed* by S. Gödbye. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(H. J. Bannister, Goswell-street.)

The multitude of arrangements from opera-scores becomes more and more conspicuous, while original compositions for the piano-forte are diminishing in an alarming degree. The demand for the former is incessant, and the latter find few purchasers. This is truly to be regretted on more than one account. Operatic airs, transferred to the piano-forte, have their advantages when resorted to with moderation and by way of *bonne bouche* or relaxation. The preponderance of good melody which they present, the direct and distinct musical sense of the latter, and the regularity of their construction, are both pleasing and conducive to the formation of good taste. But a glut of them, as is now to be met with in every pane of the publishers' windows, will only tend to lessen the liking for the more solid and genuine piano-forte compositions, and to render the taste frivolous. Besides, what are the *best* of these adaptations but imperfect outlines of crowded orchestral scores? How much is it not necessary to omit when two staves are to hold what is consigned to a matter of twenty distinct instrumental parts, and from one to six and more voices? In performing such extracts on the piano-forte, the pupil acquires gradually a hardness and driness of execution of which he will not soon divest himself, makes little or no advances in fluent and active genuine piano-forte performance, and obtains little improvement in fingering; often perhaps the re-

verse! In fact, he plays what was never intended for that instrument, but for a great number of others of a very different and diversified character. So much for the player! On the other hand, is it not deplorable to see composers of talent doomed to the alternative of either writing for the *shelves* of the shops, if their works get so far, or of lowering that talent to the drudgery of making such arrangements. How detrimental must this prove to the interest of the art! Instead of advancing, it must retrograde. What should we say, if our painters of eminence, instead of following the direction of their genius, were obliged to seek existence by making copies of the works of others? But how—will it be asked—is this perversion of public taste to be remedied? By the professors themselves, in a great measure, is our reply. Let them place before their pupils the genuine piano-forte compositions of our classic masters, which are fortunately innumerable, instead of administering food to more frivolous likings. Without banishing entirely good arrangements of operatic airs, let these be admitted occasionally only, by way of variety and relaxation, as we have already said. In this manner, the interests of both the art and the artists will be consulted, the entertainment of the pupil will not be diminished in the end, and his improvement at all events will proceed with much more speed and certainty. Thus much by way of advice! Of the numerous arrangements waiting notice, we have selected those above enumerated, of which we shall now briefly state our opinion.

1. Messrs. Boosey and Co.'s selection of airs from Meyerbeer's *Cro-*

ciato in Figgitto comprises a considerable number of the most favourite pieces of the opera. The author of the arrangement for the piano-forte is not stated; but we are sure it proceeds from the pen of an adept in this line. It is truly excellent, and exhibits the essence and spirit of the original as completely and faithfully as ever an adaptation could do. We should suspect this extract to be of continental make; at all events, great pains have been taken to do the best. The book contains a vast quantity of matter, indeed almost too much for the paper; for the print is very close. A more open apportionment of the pages would greatly assist the reading; and this essential object is well worth the expense of two or three additional plates.

2. The book of Mr. Solis (op. 9.) has four pieces from the *Crociato*, among these the "Giovinetto Cavalier" of course, all which are treated in a very neat and pleasing way, so as to come within the capabilities of moderate players, although the "Giovinetto Cavalier" presents some passages which demand a little practice; its conclusion is very effective. Some parts of the fifth page might have admitted of greater fulness of treatment. But taking the book altogether, it is entitled to a very favourable reception.

3. The first book of airs from *Jessonda*, arranged as duets (four in number), is certainly to be ranked with the best adaptations of this description; and the music itself is of the sound kind. But the style of Spohr, with all its depth and solidity, is not remarkable for melodiousness. There is melody enough in *Jessonda*, but it does not breathe the fascinating ease and the graceful sweetness

of the good Italian models; nor is it so attractive and clear as the strains of Mozart, Winter, Weigl, and others of the German school.

4. Mr. Griesbach's arrangement of some of the airs of *Jessonda* is highly meritorious, and not difficult, although Spohr is more partial to crowded harmony than to simplicity of sweet melody. Mr. G. however, has succeeded in selecting several pieces which are not deficient in the latter attraction. The chorus of the *Bayaderes* is particularly interesting on this account. We observe with pleasure the judicious addition of metronomic signatures.

5. The specimens of Spohr's *Dr. Faustus*, selected and carefully adapted by Mr. Griesbach, fully confirm our opinion of this author's style. There is every where abundance of thought and musical science, and no lack of strong modulation; all is very good music: but, we are not ashamed to confess it, the pleasing tunes of even Kauer and Dittersdorff, countrymen of Mr. S. much inferior to him in the scale of compositorial gradation, possess more attractions for us, according to our *present* relish. What changes time may effect in our taste we will not answer for. At any rate Mr. Griesbach has done ample justice to his author, and his book will serve to bring the amateur acquainted with a style somewhat new and unusual. The polacca appears to us particularly interesting.

6. Saturated as the musical world has been with Freyschütziana, the six airs contained in the above publication of Messrs. Cocks and Co. merit attention. A better Freyschütz-arrangement has never come before us, and cannot indeed be wished for, both as to substance and form; for

with apparent ease great effectiveness has been produced.

7. Mr. Camille Pleyel's introduction and rondo on an air from "*La Gazza Ladra*," presents really a model of this species of composition. Elegant ease, fluency of passages, good connection of the constituent portions, combine to impart to his labour an air of absolute originality. Indeed all is recast and treated with classic taste. As the piece is not difficult, we *beg* it may be placed before the pupil.

8. Mr. Gödke's variations are on a French air ("*Ah vous dirai-je, chère maman?*") which has run the gauntlet of variationists these fifty years. As under such a trying choice, he still has succeeded in producing a very satisfactory and agreeable duet, the merit must be deemed the greater. We shall be glad to see more from Mr. G.'s pen.

VOCAL COMPOSITIONS.

1. *Twelve original Venetian Canzonets, arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by J. A. Nüske, in two Books. Book I. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)*
2. "*Whilst the moon,*" a *Serenade in the Spanish Style. The Words by Harry Stoe Van Dyk, Esq.; the Music by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)*
3. "*Oh! never may I feel again!*" *Song. The Words by L. E. L.; the Music composed by F. Steers. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)*
4. "*Norah, the pride of Kildare,*" a *Ballad, sung by Mr. Sapio; written and composed by John Parry. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)*
5. "*Fare thee well, and if for ever,*" *written by Lord Byron; the Mu-*

- sic composed* by J. C. Clifton. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
6. *Coggins's Sacred Harmony, No. 1. containing a Series of Vocal and Instrumental Music, selected from the sublime Compositions of Correlli, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Rossini, Weber, &c. &c. arranged for the Voice, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Organ, designed for the Use of Families and Schools*, by Joseph Coggins. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
7. "*The Lord's Prayer,*" composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by J. H. Pr. 1s.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)
8. "*How welcome's the face of a friend;*" a Song, written by J. W. Cundy, Esq.; the Music composed by E. Solis. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(T. Lindsay, Regent-street.)

1. Who Mr. Nüske is, we don't know; but this we are sure of, that a prettier set of canzonets, in their way, than the six before us, which he has collected and arranged, has perhaps never come under our notice. We absolutely regretted not to be masters of the guitar, but made shift to do the needful on the piano-forte, for which latter instrument we would advise the publishers to make an adaptation likewise. The style is peculiar—light, airy, and graceful; beautiful little miniatures! To enjoy these canzonets fully, they should by rights be sung by persons familiar with the soft zephyr-like Venetian dialect, in which the text is written, and which often puzzles even Italians. The poetry too is playful, gay, and at times rather warm. As the music is not intricate, a very little knowledge of plain harmony, assisted by the guitar-stave, may enable

piano-forte players to transfer the accompaniment tolerably well to that instrument.

2. Mr. Barnett's "Whilst the moon," &c. may fairly lay pretensions to the merit of originality; unless an imitation of the Spanish style were considered as a bar to such claim, which would be unreasonable, in our opinion, and particularly hard upon Mr. B. as he is so remarkably fond of the Peninsular character in melody and harmony. Almost every composition we have seen of this gentleman's savours of the Spanish to such a degree, that one would imagine half his life had been spent on the banks of the Manzanares or Guadalquivir. To see all these soft strains "brought home" to us amidst our fogs and damps, and fastened to our hard monosyllabic and consonantal idiom, is quite a curiosity; and to observe the John Bull vernacular play restive at being penned in amidst Spanish staves, and writhe like a poor heretic under the question of the holy tribunal, is no less remarkable. The fact of the case seems to be, that when Mr. B. has a happy Iberian inspiration, and they are not rare with him, the John Bull idiom is put in requisition, and *no- lens volens* obliged to chum with it at all hazards, and without being allowed to plead a great deal upon metre and quantity. Here is the Procrustean couch, make thyself contented to creep in, without being squeamish about a little stretching or chopping.

In the present song, although not one of Mr. B.'s most conspicuous in this respect, there is still quite enough to call forth the above observation, and it will require some practice on the part of the singer to fit

his words to the melody. The music, as we have already stated, is replete with original ideas and turns, some of which, as well as the modulations, are really beautiful, and well worth a little trouble and trial to make both ends meet. The style of accompaniment also is Peninsular, and hence, perhaps, savours strongly of the guitar. More variety should be thrown in; there is not one bar, we believe, in the whole song where the piano-forte departs from the everlasting beat of precisely six quavers.

3. The words of Mr. Steers's song are from the favourite fair bard, L. E. L. in the *Literary Gazette*. Good rhythmical keeping and attractive melodious cantilena are successfully united. We have observed one or two imperfections as to harmony, and the range of the air is somewhat too low; of female voices it would hardly suit any but a mezzo soprano.

4. Mr. Parry's ballad, "Norah," contains nothing new; but although made up of materials with which most people are familiar, it goes on with propriety, and is likely to be favourably received by a numerous class of singers.

5. Mr. Clifton's "Fare thee well" of Lord Byron comes late in the day, after the numerous former attempts to melodize this sad text; and we should not have thought it necessary to include it in our review had we not found in it several points of particular merit. Some of the ideas are truly interesting, and there is no want of adequate variety by means of good modulation. The change of time from $\frac{3}{4}$ to $\frac{4}{4}$ in the middle of so short a composition is not to our mind, and may moreover inconvenience many a singer.

Vol. VII. No. XXXVII.

6. No. 1. of the Collection of Sacred Harmony by Mr. Coggins is chiefly filled with pieces from Händel; there are also the Portuguese hymn, evening hymn, &c. All these are well harmonized, and brought out with very great typographical neatness, so that a continuation of the publication bids fair to be successful.

7. "The Lord's Prayer," composed by J. H. is, upon the whole, meritorious. There is simplicity and pious feeling in several parts of the melody, except the passage, "and lead us not," &c. which is rather bare and dry. It may be fastidiousness in us, but we must confess, that making a tune of the most sacred and sublime prayer of Christians goes rather against our ideas of fitness.

8. The song to friendship, set by Mr. Solis, has our unqualified approbation. It is quite free from the common ballad drawl; after a smart symphony, the air sets out in a lively joyous style, and proceeds with vivifying freshness, and without any of the hackneyed forms. The burden, "Give me then," &c. is particularly elated and cheering; and one or two select and well-placed transient modulations add greatly to the good effect of the whole.

HARP AND FLUTE MUSIC.

Grand Fantasia for the Harp, in which is introduced the favourite Scotch Air, "Auld Robin Grey," composed by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.--(Chappell and Co. New Bond-street.)

The principal movement is an allegro in D minor, which is succeeded by the above air, as theme, in D major, upon which two variations are introduced; and the whole, after

resuming the first subject in D minor, concludes in an animated and imposing manner in the key of D major. The allegro in the minor key is remarkable for the solidity of its melody and harmony; much of it is in a style bordering on that of the best old masters; and other parts, by assuming more modernized forms, act in very effective contrast. The dolce passage, p. 3, is full of sweet and captivating melody. Of the two variations to "Auld Robin Grey," we will say no more, than that they are as interesting as could be expected from the experienced pen of Mr. B. The composition upon the whole demands some proficiency on the instrument.

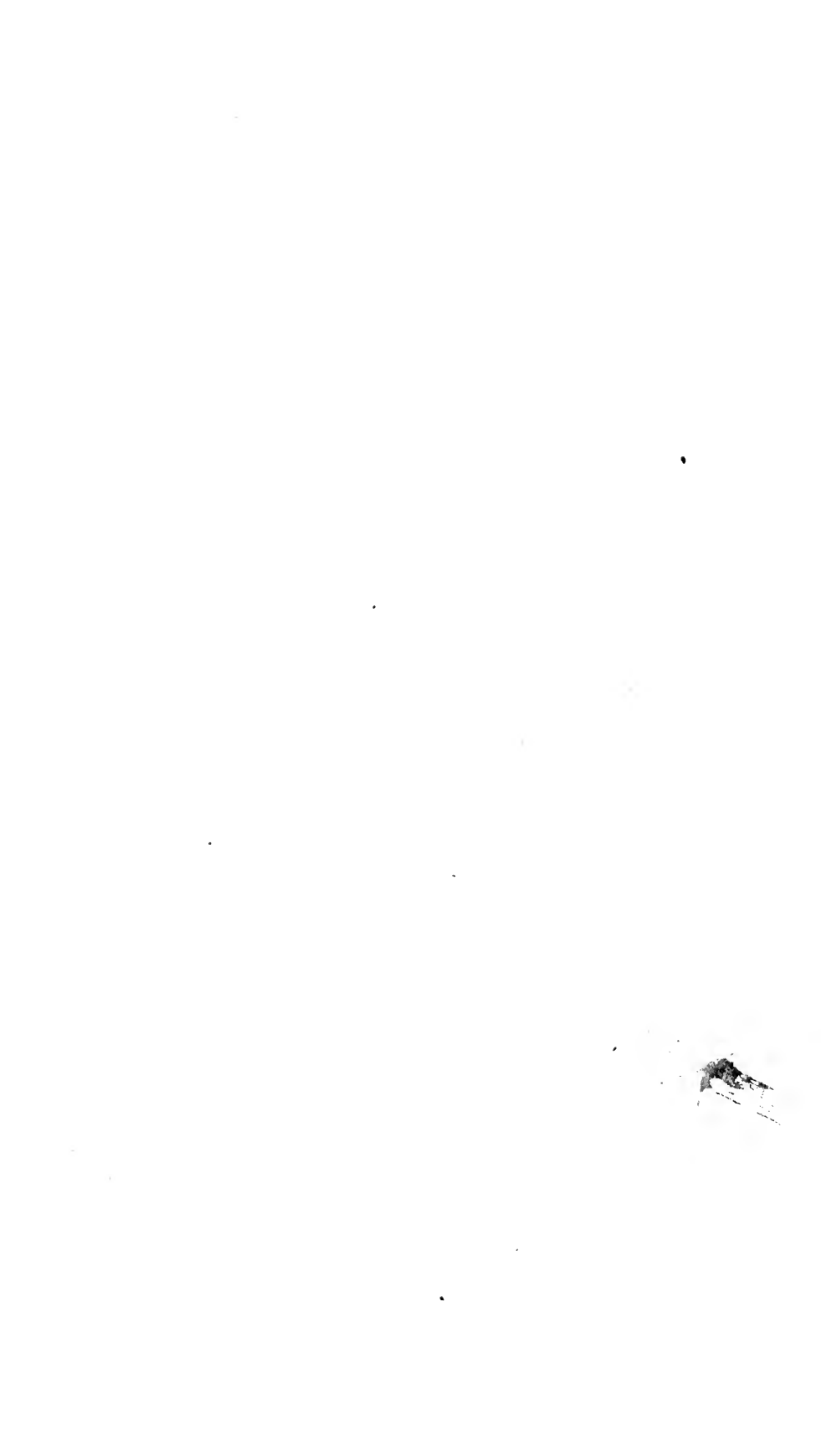
Twenty-four Studies for the Flute, or Exercises in all the Keys on both Scales and Chords, calculated for all Degrees of Proficiency, from the Beginner to the accomplished Artist; composed by Raphael Dressler. Op. 54. Pr. 6s. —(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

These studies, as the title states, consist entirely of numerous scales, cadences, broken chords, and other passages, variously devised for all the tonics, with explanatory remarks of different kinds, but more particularly calculated to exemplify the use of the extra keys on the flute. The book presents a wide field for the practice of those students who are zealously determined to strive towards eminence on an instrument, upon which mediocrity is as common as it is intolerable; and it is evident that Mr. D. in his examples and directions, has been guided by matured experience as an artist and teacher, united to sound judgment and real zeal for

the art. With some of the scales and passages in the minor keys our opinion does not coincide: they are founded upon the old doctrine of the necessity of the upper half of the minor scale, in ascent, being in all cases the same as the major scale; a doctrine against which we have often had occasion to enter our protest, and the absolute adherence to which has led to some questionable passages in Mr. D.'s book. It would draw us into more detail than our limits permit, if we were to pursue this matter at present; but we may probably soon take an opportunity of stating our sentiments more fully, and support them with proofs.

THE MELOGRAPHICON.

This curious work, which seems to have excited considerable sensation in musical circles, reached us too late in the month to receive the notice which it will be proper to take of it. In our next review therefore we shall endeavour to give some illustration of its plan and mechanism. Meanwhile we may just state, that it professes to enable "amateurs who have a taste for poetry to set their verses to music, for the voice and piano-forte, without the necessity of a scientific knowledge of the art," by furnishing them with the means of producing an interminable variety of melodies. A cursory inspection warrants us in declaring, that, in point of fact at least, the pledge is made good. The idea is very ingenious, and the undertaking must be pronounced a bold one. Its execution must have been attended with incalculable difficulties and labour, so that even a tolerable degree of success and practical utility will entitle







the indefatigable author to favourable consideration. Of this we shall have it in our power to give an opi-

nion in our next review, to which the particular analysis of the work must be deferred.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

PELISSE of *satin Turque*, or Turkish satin, of a rich myrtle-green, wadded, and lined with rose-coloured sarsnet: the *corsage* made the straight way, and full both in the back and front, and set in gathers in the band; it closes in front, and is ornamented from the throat to the feet with large mother-of-pearl buttons: the sleeves are of a moderate width, and terminated at the wrist with a plain double-corded band: double pelerine or cape deeply vandyked, and edged with very narrow chinchilli fur, to correspond with the muff and the broad chinchilli fur at the bottom of the skirt. Buttons and trimmings (when not of fur) are generally of the same material as the pelisse. Black velvet hat, of a moderate size, bent in front; the crown ornamented with a profusion of velvet bows, and a gold slider in the centre: rose-colour strings, the same as the ribbon round the throat, which ties in two bows and long ends, supporting the *collerette* of worked muslin. The hair in ringlets; and cap à trois pièces, with a narrow full border, fastened under the chin. High walking shoes of black leather, lined and edged with fur.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of geranium-colour *gros de Naples*: the *corsage* made to fit the shape; rather high in front, but

lower on the shoulders, and trimmed round the top with a notched *ruche* of the same material; a light folded drapery, in the form of a stomacher, adorns the bust. The sleeve is short and extremely full, and set in a satin corded band, with long white *crêpe lisse* sleeves inserted at the shoulder, and confined at the wrist with broad bead bracelets and ornamented *mancherons*. The skirt is made to wrap, and flows off from the left side, and is shaped circularly on the right, just above the wadded hem of the petticoat (which is of the same *gros de Naples* as the dress), and is trimmed with two double *ruches*, deeply notched, which have a very pretty effect, particularly when made of the Italian patent crape (manufactured by Noailles*), the transparency and richness of which are universally allowed. Indeed this article bids fair to resume its station for full dress among the *haut ton*, as, from its superiority in texture and appearance, it must ever be a favourite with those *élégantes* who prefer excellence to cheapness. The *ceinture* is of *gros de Naples*, edged with corded satin of the same colour, and supporting a gold watch set with rubies, and gold chain and trinkets. The hair is in large curls, and forms a kind of antique wreath round the head; a cluster of winter-flowers is placed on the right side. Ear-rings

* Manufactory at Greatness, Kent.

of pearl and gold; shaded gauze scarf; white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Davis of

Charlotte-street for the evening dress, and also for both of those of the last month.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A SOFA.

THE taste for Gothic architecture is rapidly extending; many of the mansions of our nobility and gentry, recently erected, are in this elegant style, which is not confined to the rich and romantic outline of the exterior, but is equally beautiful within. The furniture forms one of the leading features of the interior decorations: of the different styles of architecture of the middle ages, none seems so well adapted for furniture as the florid, on account of the pleasing variety and minuteness of its parts. The artist is aware that Gothic furniture has been objected to on account of the multiplicity of its angles, which (it is needless to observe) there is no occasion for.

The subject chosen for the annexed plate is a sofa, which at once proves the truth of the above assertion. In the present example it will be found that the style of the time of Henry III. has been mixed with that of the 15th century: though the writer is well aware, that unity of character should prevail, he thinks, notwithstanding, that in objects simply of fancy and fashion it may be deviated from, if symmetry and harmony of details are observed. It is almost superfluous to add, that the general colour of the room directs that of the furniture, which should be ornamented with or-moulu or rose-wood.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. J. H. DRUERY has in the press, *An Historical and Topographical Description of Great Yarmouth*, in Norfolk, including the sixteen parishes and hamlets of the half-hundred of Lothingland in Suffolk, in a post 8vo. volume, illustrated with plates.

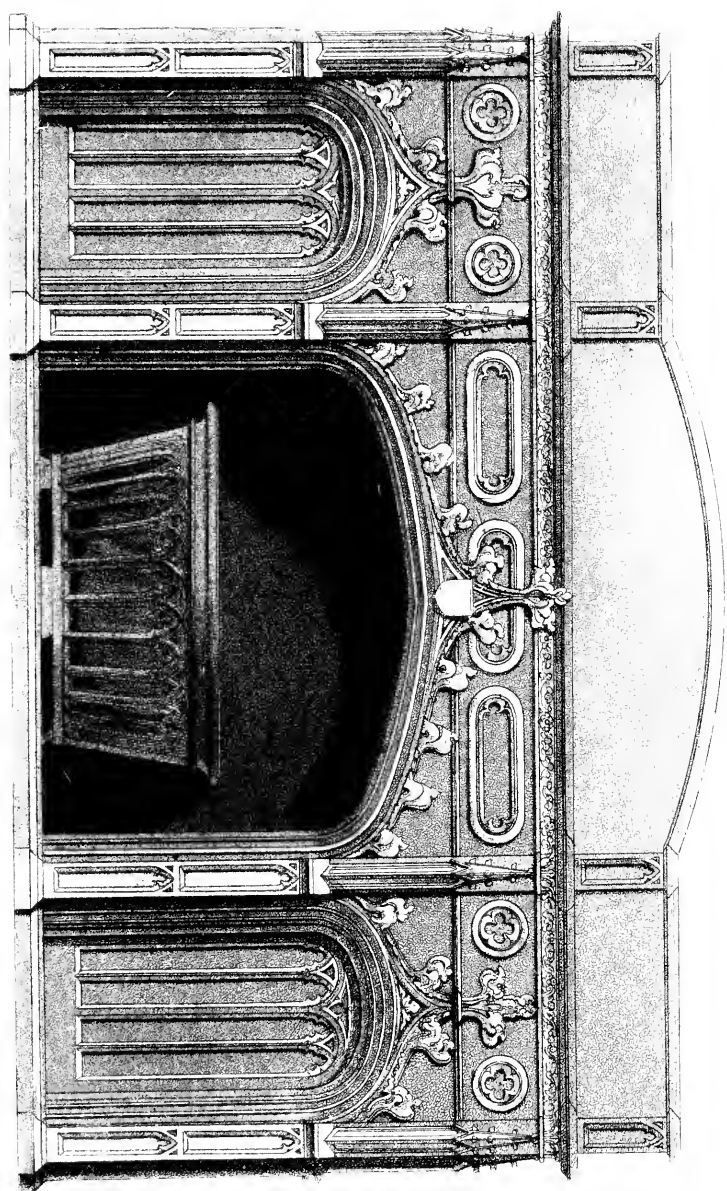
A translation of *La Secchia Rapita*, or the Rape of the Bucket, an heroic poem, in twelve cantos, from the Italian of Alessandro Tassoni, with notes by James Atkinson, Esq. is in the press, and will be comprised in two duodecimo volumes.

In the press, and speedily will be published, *Early Metrical Tales*; including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryne, and Sir Gray Steil.

Early in January will be published, *The Prospect*, and other poems, in one volume foolscap 8vo.

The Rev. J. H. Horne is preparing a new edition of *Deism Refuted*, or Plain Reasons for being a Christian, which is an analysis of the first volume of his "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures." The work will form a compendious yet full summary of the evidences of the Christian Revelation; and be enlarged with a new chapter on the incredulity of unbelief, adapted to the perpetually varying assaults of infidelity.

A work, entitled *Greece in 1825*, being the journals of James Emerson, Esq. Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys,



Esq. written during their recent visits to that country, and exhibiting a picture of its present political condition, state of society, manners, resources, &c. will speedily appear in small 8vo. with a portrait of the Greek Admiral Miaulis.

Mrs. Shelly, the author of "Frankenstein," is engaged on a romance in 3 vols. with the title of *The Last Man*.

Mr. Alaric A. Watts has announced a new volume, under the title of *Lyrics of the Heart, and other Poems*.

A Memoir of the Court of Henry VIII. including an account of the monastic institutions in England at that period, is in the press.

Shortly may be expected, in one volume post 8vo. *The English Gentleman's Literary Manual*, or a Guide to the Choice of Useful Modern Books in British and Foreign Literature; with biographical, critical, and literary notices, by William Goodhugh.

Mrs. Bray, late Mrs. Charles Stohard, author of "A Tour in Normandy, Brittany," &c. has in the press, an historical romance, entitled *De Foix*, or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the 14th Century, in 3 vols.

Mr. J. H. Wiffen has nearly ready for publication his *Translation of Tasso*, in three 8vo volumes, with a portrait and twenty illustrative engravings, from designs by Hayter and Corbould, executed by Thompson and Williams. Affixed to the translation is a life of the author, interspersed with translations of the various verses which he addressed to the Princess Leonora of Este, and a list of English Crusaders, gathered from Monkish Chroniclers.

Dr. Lyall has nearly ready for publication, *A General View of the Russian Empire*, exhibiting both the past and present state of that immense realm.

Mr. Bernard Barton has in the press, a volume entitled *Devotional Verses*.

Mr. Walter of the British Museum is

preparing a translation from the German of Niebuhr's *History of Rome*.

PANORAMA OF MEXICO.

Messrs. Burford have, during the past month, opened for exhibition in Leicester-square, a Panoramic View of the City of Mexico and the surrounding Country, painted by them from drawings taken in the summer of 1823, and brought to this country by Mr. W. Bullock. The subject is cleverly treated; and the splendour and picturesque appearance of this little-known city, with its palaces, churches, monastic and other public edifices, most of which have somewhat of the Moorish character, are rendered with powerful effect. To this effect the singular forms of the prodigious mountains that surround it not a little contribute; and the whole forcibly reminds the spectator of Robertson's description of the impression produced on the European conquerors by their first view of this city. "When, in descending the mountains of Chalco," says that historian, "the Spaniards first beheld the plain of Mexico, one of the most striking and beautiful on the face of the earth; when they observed fertile and cultivated fields extending farther than the eye could reach; when they saw a lake resembling the sea in extent, encompassed with large towns, and discovered the capital rising upon an island in the middle, adorned with its temples and turrets, the scene so far exceeded their imagination, that some believed the fanciful descriptions of romance were realized, and that its enchanted palaces and gilded domes were presented to their view; others could hardly persuade themselves that this wonderful spectacle was any thing more than a dream." Since that period the lake, in the midst of which ancient Mexico was situated, has been reduced to less than half its former size, so that a morass, not less than two miles in breadth, now intervenes between its waters and the city.

Poetry.

LINES

To a Friend on her leaving SUFFOLK.

FAREWELL! Lives there the dull cold heart
That cannot deeply feel *we part*?
Is there a word such import bears,
So fraught with wishes, prayers, and tears;
So piercing, that its softest sound
Can more than well-winged arrows wound;
So sealed with sorrow's magic spell,
That all is bitter in farewell?

Sometimes in storms of passion dressed,
Sometimes alone by looks expressed;
The quivering lip, the tearful eye,
The hurried smile of agony;
The vain endeavour to controul
The heaving anguish of the soul;
Pangs, which the heart to bursting swell,
Too full to falter a farewell.

You go—alas! that fatal word
Breaks amity's endearing cord;
The social ties of friendship sever—
Ah! say not that it is for ever:
Let Hope, in soft bewitching strain,
Whisper—We part to meet again:—
Her rainbow hues those clouds dispel
That fall in showers around farewell!

Oh! leave us but for those glad bowers
Where life is decked in thornless flowers;
And only those sweet blossoms twine,
That all of human bliss combine!
In memory's dear and hallowed spot,
Cherish the plant *Forget-me-not*!
Bid kind remembrance fondly dwell
On this low cot—farewell!—farewell!

MARIANNE FELGATE.

LINES

*Written by a Gentleman on the Anniversary of
his Wedding-Day, with a Present of a Non-
pareil.*

The God of Marriage, on this day's return,
Sees livelier incense on his altars burn;
Sees, ready to salute the morning's beam,
Love undiminished and increased esteem,
(Which in my breast, for you, enchanting
fair!
Have fixed their throne to reign for ever
there,)
And hovering o'er you, smiles, well pleased
to find
All that can charm the heart in one com-
bined.

Since then with you I've every wish attained,
Accept this token of a love unfeigned.
But do not of my annual gift complain,
Nor, half offended, deem the present vain.
The motive of my choice, to tell you true,
Was it's great similarity to you;
A likeness that with force must strike the
mind—

That, first of apples—you, of womankind.

Accept it, with these lines, devoid of art,
Which flow spontaneous from a grateful
heart;

From one, who, bending to the Power
Supreme,

Makes this his constant everlasting theme:
Whilst rolling years pursue their blissful
course,

That he may hail you still of joy the source;
That you may still continue to excel,
And be, as now, of wives the Nonpareil.

J. N.

SONNET

To * * * *

'Tis not that Luxury hath forsook the halls
Where once she ruled profuse in heedless
state,

'Tis not that now the once-bedizen'd walls
Wear a chill face all chang'd and desolate,
That I, who erst did scarcely know to sigh
(So fickle is the fortune of our fate),
Now weep salt tears of very agony!

But 'tis that thou—thou, my own summer
flower—

Who wert not wont to bide a winter's storm,
Shouldst be thus driven from out the rosy
bower,

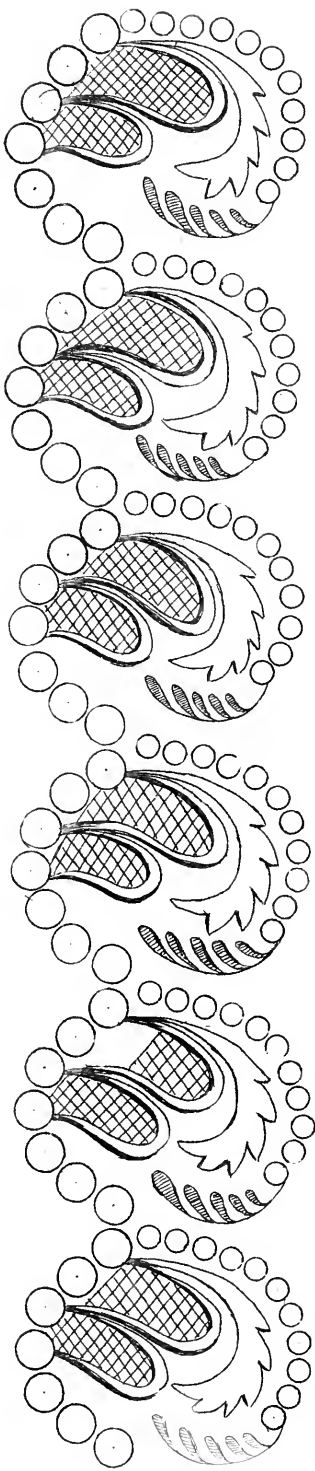
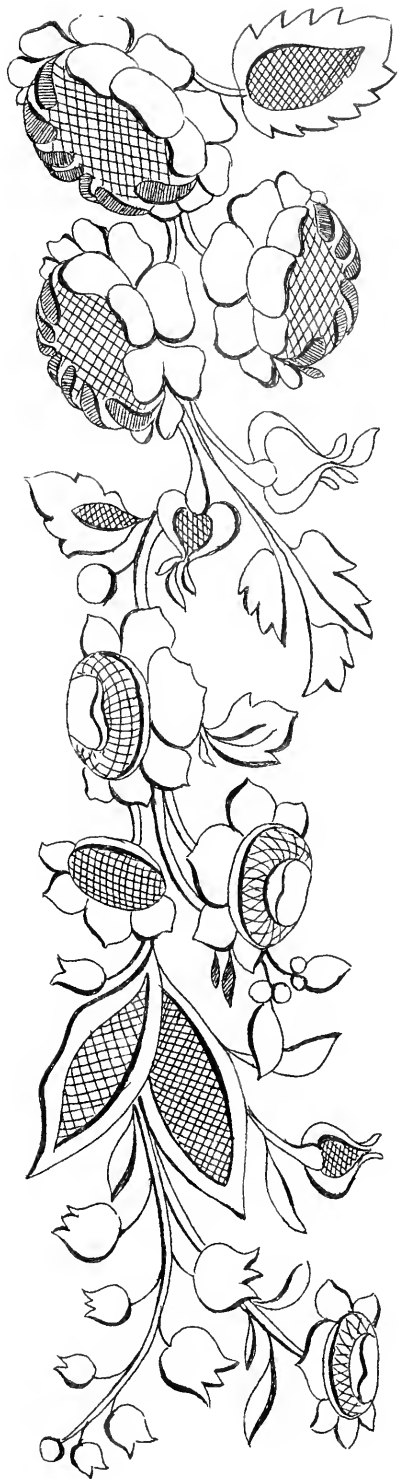
That was the parallel to thy sweet form—
For this I weep, and sigh again for power!
But, oh! 'tis folly; for my dotting eyes,
Where'er thou art, should see a paradise!

AFFECTED BLINDNESS.

Our fashionable *belles* and *beaux*,
With all their sight entire,
Stick up a glass before their nose,
And each becomes a *spyer*.

Hail, times! hail, ton! hail, taste refin'd!
Which makes e'en failings please,
And finds a joy in being blind
To every thing one sees.

(Q.)



MUSLIN PATTERNS.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 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 have been obliged to defer till our next two very interesting papers, On the Mines and Present State of Mexico, and On the Manners and Habits of the Wild Turkey of America, prepared for the present Number. Owing to the unexpected length of some of our articles, other communications must stand over.

In an early Number we shall commence a Series illustrative of the Popular Superstitions of the French Provinces, which promises much amusement.

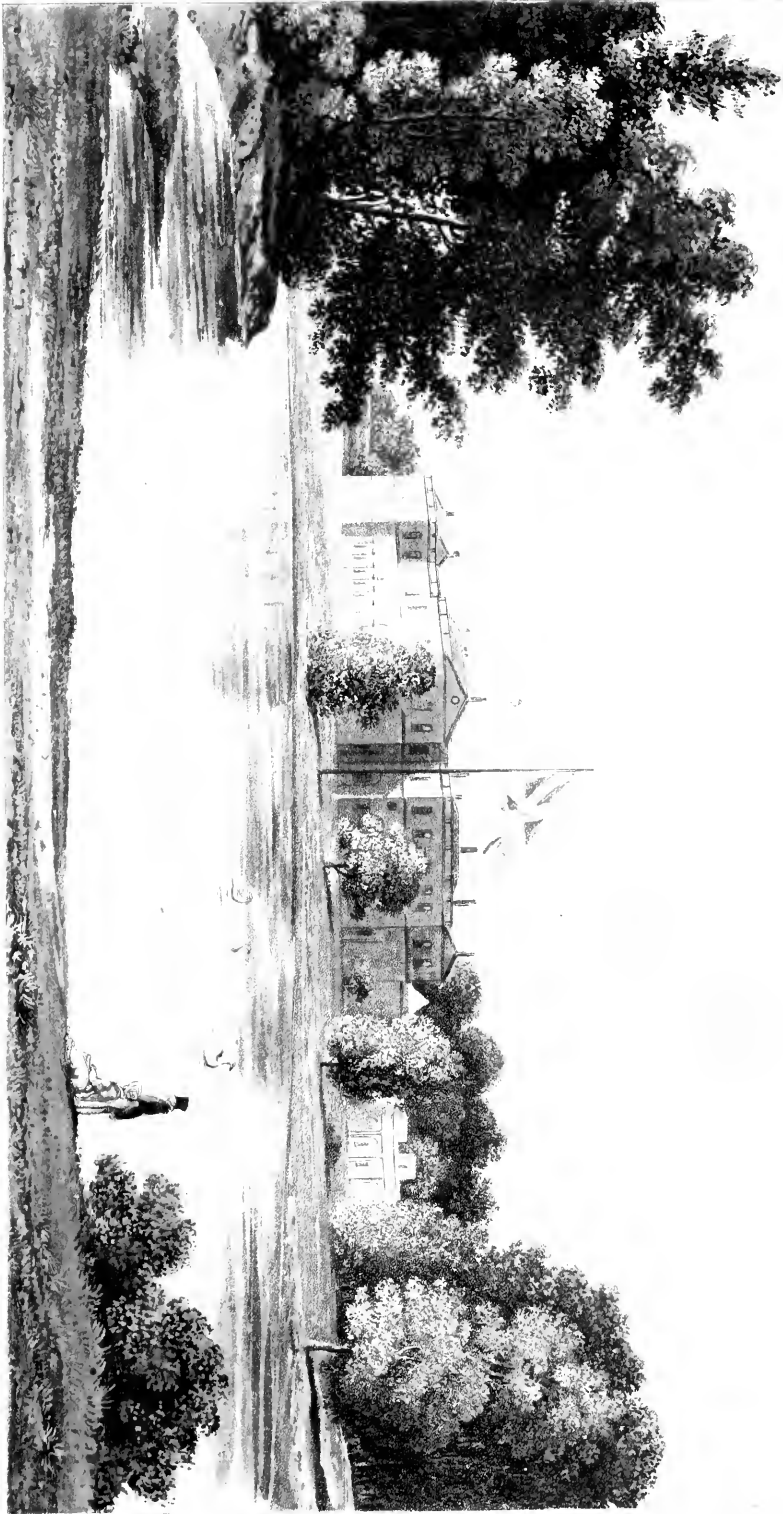
We acknowledge the receipt of several Poetical Pieces from L. J.—A Health—The Friendship of Ancient Chivalry, and some minor articles, from our indefatigable Correspondent in the North.

ERRATUM.

In the descriptive article under the head of FASHIONABLE FURNITURE, inserted in our last Number, page 60, the word SOFA in the title, and in the second line of the second column, should be SIDEBORD.

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.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY 1, 1826. N^o. XXXVIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

CLUMBER, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

CLUMBER, situated in the immediate neighbourhood of Sherwood Forest, in the county of Nottingham, about four miles from Worksop, is a spacious and modern mansion, erected in 1767 by the eminent statesman Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, who died in the following year. The designs were furnished by Mr. Stephen Wright, and the edifice is built entirely of stone supplied by the estate.

The building is quadrangular. The state drawing and dining rooms, library and kitchen, each measuring 48 feet by 33, occupy the four corners; and the total number of the apartments amounts to one hundred and five. The collection of paintings which embellish them is both extensive and valuable. The state dining-room contains four very large *Market-Pieces*, by Snyders, in his
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best style; *Dead Game*, by Weenix; and some *Landscapes*, by Zucarelli. The state drawing-room is adorned by *the Discovery of Cyrus*, by Castiglione; *the Virgin attended by Angels*, by Michael Angelo; *St. George*, by Rubens; and a *Combat between a Lion and Boar*, a painting of great excellence, by Snyders. Some of the finest productions of Guido, Corregio, Teniers, Vander Meulen, Van Oost, Old Francks, Gainsborough, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, decorate the other apartments. The grand staircase is of oval form and highly pleasing construction, but unfortunately placed for producing effect on entering.

An elegant chapel, with four large windows, painted by Peckitt, of York, which are said to have cost upwards of 3000*l.* adjoins the north-west wing of the edifice. The ge-

neral effect of these compositions, though the arrangement is not best calculated for grandeur, is very beautiful; and they display, to great advantage, the excellence of the artist in heraldic subjects and mosaic.

The gardens and stables are worthy of notice; and indeed Clumber possesses, on the most extensive scale, all the requisites for a mansion of the first consequence. The park is nearly thirteen miles in circumference; and that, as well as the house and gardens, has been greatly improved by the present noble owner.

His Grace the fourth Duke of

Newcastle is a descendant of the ancient family of Clinton, Earls of Lincoln, which title was conferred by Queen Elizabeth. Henry Earl of Lincoln, who married the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, brother of Thomas Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, succeeded to the latter title on the death of that nobleman, and was grandfather to the present duke. His grace was born in 1785, and married, in 1807, Georgiana, the only child by his second wife of Edward Miller Munday, Esq. M.P. for the county of Derby, by whom he has a numerous family.

BELHUS, OR BELL-HOUSE, ESSEX,

THE SEAT OF SIR THOMAS B. LENNARD, BART. M.P.

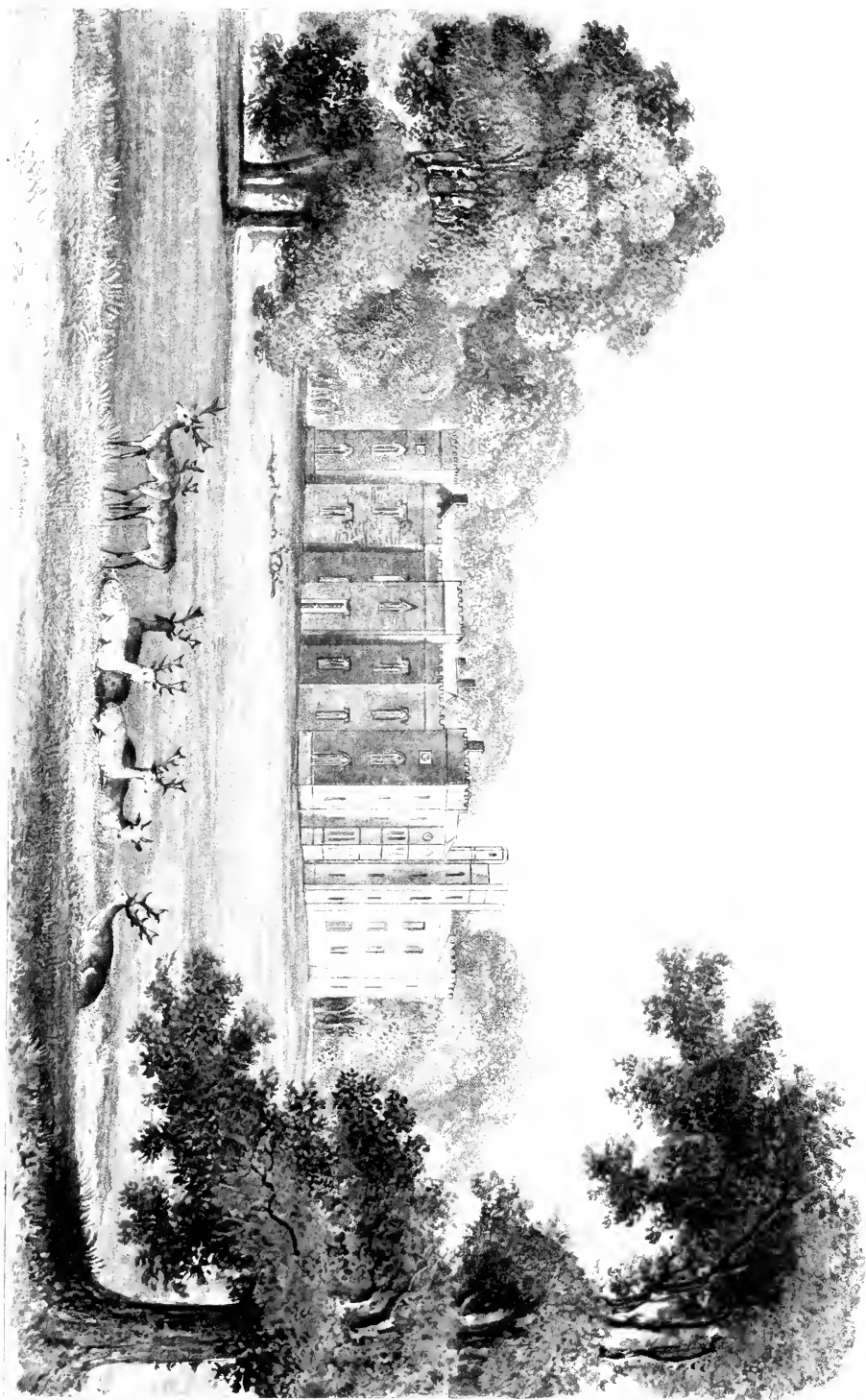
THE county of Essex may be justly said to contain some of the most perfect remains of the works of our ancestors; and considering the great rage which has existed for modern improvements, it affords us much pleasure in being able to embellish the *Repository* with a view of one of the most interesting buildings of the time of Henry VIII.

It is situated in an extensive park, near the village of Aveley, through which the road leads to Horndon, and about twenty miles from London. The plantations in the park are very extensive, and remarkable for their beautiful forms; and as there is also a considerable number of deer skipping about in all directions, the scene is very pleasing.

The house, though rather low, is a curious piece of architecture, being in the Gothic style, with small win-

dows. The interior contains a great variety of works of art, among which are many fine specimens of antique furniture, highly interesting and valuable. The paintings are very numerous, but the greater part of them are family portraits. Here is also a very valuable library of old books.

The present worthy proprietor, Sir Thomas B. Lennard, Bart. is representative in Parliament for Ipswich, in Suffolk; and, on proper application, is always ready to allow visitors the gratification of viewing the pictures, and every other object of curiosity which this seat contains. Among other privileges annexed to the manor is this—that any person, however exalted in rank, can be excluded from entering it in search of game.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

(Concluded from p. 35.)

In the year 1792, Mr. Montgomery left Wath for Sheffield, where he engaged himself with Mr. Gales, the publisher of a paper called the *Sheffield Register*, a journal in whose columns the popular politics of the day, then all in favour of the revolutionary doctrines which distracted France, were espoused with more zeal than discretion. To this paper Montgomery contributed a number of verses and essays—very few, however, on political subjects; and we may conjecture that many of these, as well as the other productions of his pen at this period, were not worthy of his future fame: for on the occasion to which we have before alluded*, he observed,

“ In the retirement of Fulneck, where I had been educated, I was nearly as ignorant of the world as those gold fishes, swimming about in the glass globe, on the pedestal before us, are of what we are doing around them; and when I took the rash step of rushing into it, I was nearly as little prepared for the business of general life, as they would be to take a part in our proceedings, if, in a fit of ambition, they were to leap out of their element upon this table. The experience of something more than two years (at the time to which I now refer) had awakened me to the unpoetical realities around me; and I was left to struggle amidst the crowd that compose the world, without any of those inspiring motives left to cheer me, under the influence of which I had flung myself amidst scenes, for which I was wholly unfit by feeling, taste, habit, or bodily constitution. Thus I came hi-

* The dinner at Sheffield, on the 4th of November, 1825.

ther with all my hopes blighted, like the leaves and blossoms of a premature spring, when the woods are spun over with insects' webs, or crawling with caterpillars. There was yet life, but it was perverse, unnatural life, in my mind; and the renown which I found to be unattainable, at that time, by legitimate poetry, I resolved to secure by such means as made many of my contemporaries notorious. I wrote verse in the doggerel strain of Peter Pindar, and prose in the strange style of the German plays and romances then in vogue. Effort after effort failed. A Providence of disappointment shut every door, in my face, by which I attempted to force my way to dishonourable fame. I was happily saved from appearing as the author of works which, at this hour, I should have been ashamed of acknowledging before you.”

Driven into the adoption of a style which his reason disclaimed, we can well conceive the struggle of a sensitive and a proud mind in such a conflict, between the desire for fame and the scorn which he must have felt at the perverted taste, which prompted the public to pamper and flatter and foster those monstrosities of the literary world, that are now as completely forgotten as if they had never existed; whilst true genius was neglected, and left

“ To bloom unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

For a time they had their natural effect. “ Disheartened with ill success,” he says, “ I gave myself up to indolence and apathy, and lost seven years of that part of my youth, which ought to have been the most active and profitable, in alternate listless-

ness and despondency; using no further exertions in my office affairs than was necessary to keep up my credit under heavy pecuniary obligations, and gradually, though slowly, to liquidate them."

When Montgomery first went to Sheffield, he was a stranger and friendless: but he soon conciliated the regard of the family with whom he was placed; a regard evinced by every member of it, in the most sedulous and unremitting attention, during an illness with which he was afflicted in 1793. He also, in a casual walk from Eckington, encountered Mr. E. Rhodes, and from that moment a friendship commenced between them, which has never been interrupted or cooled. With Mr. Aston of Manchester he has also maintained a constant correspondence and an interchange of every friendly office. He had no intention or prospect of making any long stay in that town, "much less," he says, "of advancing himself, either by industry or talents, to a situation that should give him an opportunity of doing much evil or much good, as he might act with indiscretion or temperance." Such, however, was to be his lot; and as explanatory of his views and feelings, as well as of the state of public opinion in Sheffield, we shall quote rather largely from his valedictory address upon retiring from the proprietorship and conduct of the *Iris*, on the 27th of September last.

"The whole nation at that time was disturbed from its propriety by the example and influence of revolutionized France; nor was there a district in the kingdom more agitated by the passions and prejudices of the day than this. The people of Sheffield, in whatever con-

tempt they may have been held by supercilious censors, ignorant of their character, were then, as they are now, and as, I hope, they ever will be, a reading and a thinking people. According to the knowledge which they had, therefore, they judged for themselves on the questions of reform in parliament, liberty of speech and of the press, the rights of man, and other egregious paradoxes, concerning which the wisest and best men have always been divided, and never were more so than at the period above-mentioned; when the decision, either way, was not to be merely speculative but practical, and to effect permanently the condition of all classes of persons in the realm, from the monarch to the pauper: so deep, comprehensive, and prospective was the view taken by every body on the issue of the controversy. The two parties in Sheffield, as elsewhere, arrayed themselves on the contrary extremes; some being for every thing that was old, the rest for every thing which was new. There was no moderation on either side; each had a little of the truth, while the main body of it lay between: yet it was not for *this* that they were contending (like the Trojans and Greeks for the body of Patroclus), but for those few dissevered limbs which they already possessed.

"It was at 'the height of this great argument' that I was led into the thickest of the conflict, though, happily for myself, under no obligation to take an active share in it. With all the enthusiasm of youth, for I had not yet arrived at what are called years of discretion, I entered into the feelings of those who avowed themselves the friends of freedom, justice, and humanity. Those with whom I was immediately connected verily were such; and had all the reformers of that era been generous, upright, and disinterested, like the noble-minded proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*, the cause which they espoused would never have been disgraced, and might have prevailed, even at that time;

since there could have been nothing to fear, and every thing to hope, from patriotic measures supported by patriotic men. Though with every pulse of my heart beating in favour of the popular doctrines, my retired and religious education had laid restraints upon my conscience—I may say so fearlessly—which long kept me back from personally engaging in the civil war of words then raging through the neighbourhood, beyond an occasional rhyme, paragraph, or essay, in the newspaper, written rather for the purpose of shewing my literary than my political qualifications.”

He was soon destined to fill a more important, a more responsible station. Mr. Gales, whose *private* character, there is little doubt, deserved all the praise which the grateful Montgomery bestowed, but of whose *public* one we must be permitted to think less highly, as he shewed himself the decided enemy of his country in a foreign land, having, by his violence in the cause of the Jacobin party—the radicals of that day—and in opposition to the measures of government, rendered himself amenable to the laws of his country, fled to America, and Montgomery became joint proprietor of the *Register* with a gentleman of Sheffield, to whom he was almost a stranger, except as to his character. The name of the paper was changed to the *Iris*, and the first number, by its new designation, and under the management of the new proprietors, appeared on the 4th of July, 1794. The partnership continued for only twelve months; after which period, by the kindness of his friends, Montgomery was enabled to carry on the business by himself. We shall again quote a passage from his valedictory

address, because we conceive it to contain that rule by which all public men ought to be guided; and because, from an attentive observation of his conduct for some years, we believe that, under every circumstance, he acted up to it. We know Montgomery will feel this the highest praise; and of its sincerity he can have no doubt, when we assure him that it comes from a political opponent; one who, on most great questions, has taken his stand on principles directly the reverse of those which he has espoused, but who has always been ready to bear testimony to his uprightness, his independence, and genuine liberality. The following is the passage to which we refer:

“ From the first moment that I became the director of a public journal, I took my own ground; I have stood upon it through many years of changes, and I rest by it this day, as having afforded me a shelter through the far greater portion of my life, and yet offering me a grave, when I shall no longer have a part in any thing done under the sun. And this was my ground—a plain determination, come wind or sun, come fire or flood, to do what was right. I lay stress on the purpose, not on the performance; for this was the polar star to which my compass pointed, though with ‘considerable variation of the needle.’ Through characteristic weakness, perversity of understanding, or self-sufficiency, I have often erred, failed, and been overcome by temptation, on the wearisome pilgrimage through which I have toiled—now struggling through the Slough of Despond, then fighting with evil spirits in the Valley of Humiliation; more than once escaping martyrdom from Vanity Fair; and once, at least (I will not say where), a prisoner in Doubt-

ing Castle, under the discipline of Giant Despair. Now, though I am not writing this address in one of the shepherds' tents on the Delectable Mountains; yet, like Christian from that situation, I can look back on the past, with all its anxieties, trials, and conflicts, thankful that it is the past. Of the future I have little foresight; and I desire none with respect to this life, being content that 'shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it,' if I yet may hope that at even-tide there will be light."

Mr. Montgomery entered upon the management of the *Iris* "in perilous times," and he had his full share in the troubles and vexations and crosses to which the life of an editor of a newspaper is peculiarly liable. His predecessor had rendered himself justly obnoxious to the constituted authorities of the country, and as Montgomery was supposed to have espoused the same principles, a measure of justice, perhaps, to Mr. Gales, became one of hardship to the young beginner: this was the withdrawing of all the county advertisements from the *Iris*, to which they were not restored for years afterwards. The *Iris*, however, was conducted with much greater moderation than the *Register* had been, and this very moderation was another cause of offence; for many of the former readers and supporters of the paper wished the same strain of intemperate invective to have been adopted, and the same speculative doctrines supported. Yet the judicious praised the "improved style" of the journal, and thought it had "acquired new interest in the greater degree of originality and literary merit of its more miscellaneous columns. Amongst other articles, was

one which he denominated *The Enthusiast*. This was particularly attractive to his friends, since they could not but see, that the portrait exhibited was a playfully sketched likeness of the mind of the editor himself." Accident, however, notwithstanding all his caution, in a very short period exposed Montgomery to the rigour of the laws. By the persuasions of a hawker, he was induced to print for him a few quires of a song, which had been written, in 1792, by a clergyman in Ireland, to commemorate the destruction of the Bastile in 1789. This song was, to use a technical phrase, *set up*, when the business and the materials of the *Sheffield Register* were transferred to him. It had, at an earlier period, been published in many of the provincial newspapers; and could not have the most distant allusion to the war, which did not break out till nine months after it was written. Montgomery knew nothing of the song being ready in his office for press, till informed of it by the hawker, who had, probably, procured some copies of his predecessor; and it was with reluctance that he suffered any to be printed—not because he saw any harm in the production, but because he had no desire to form any connection with the class of persons to whom the applicant belonged. A few copies were eventually taken off, and the hawker was soon after apprehended, at Wakefield, whilst in the act of selling them; when he gave evidence against the printer, who, at the January sessions 1795, was tried for the offence, and sentenced to be imprisoned three months in York Castle, and fined twenty pounds.

During his confinement, an active friend carried on his business; and he was welcomed home, on his return, by all parties. He now commenced a series of essays in the *Iris* entitled *The Whisperer*; his aim being to banish speculative politics, as much as possible, from his paper. These essays were hastily, yet cleverly written; and afforded much satisfaction to his friends, whilst they acquired some fame for their author.

A few weeks after his return from York, a riot took place in the streets of Sheffield, which the military were called in to suppress; and two men were unfortunately killed by the latter. Montgomery detailed this affair, as he believed, correctly: the paragraph, however, gave offence to a magistrate in the neighbourhood, who prosecuted him for a libel; and at the January sessions of 1796, he was again tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be imprisoned six months in York Castle, and to pay a fine of thirty pounds.

We should be the last persons in the world to justify or extenuate any seditious or inflammatory publications, either in a newspaper or any other shape. But it is due to Montgomery to say, that we never knew any publications, which could be construed into libels at all, less deserving of punishment, than those for which he suffered the penalty of the law. This seems to have been the opinion of the parties concerned in his prosecution, after the heat of party feeling had a little subsided: those parties are now dead, but he says, in the valedictory address to which we have so often referred, "without exception, they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from

each of them, distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of kindness; and from several of them, substantial proofs of good-will*." The kindness of his friends also made his legal adversities to be attended with little pecuniary loss; whilst the active interference of several of them caused his business to flourish, perhaps more than it would have done if he had not appeared in the light of a victim of persecution. The late Dr. Browne, in particular, a gentleman who differed from him in politics, and was at that period at the head of the town, and had the command of all the public business, never failed to throw as much of it into his hands as circumstances would warrant. "The resolutions and addresses of loyal meetings," says Montgomery, "he has brought away with him to me, jocularly telling me what battles he had been fighting in my behalf to obtain them. The manliness with which these favours were conferred gave them a grace and a value beyond what I could estimate at the time; and probably secured for me a measure of personal respect, which otherwise I might not so easily have obtained." This conduct was honourable to the

* The writer of his biography in the *New Monthly Magazine*, says, that a few years before the death of the prosecutor in the second action, "when presiding at the quarter-sessions, he saw Mr. Montgomery among the crowd of auditors, and instantly called to the proper officer to make way for him, inviting him at the same time to come up and sit upon the bench beside himself, where he would be less inconvenienced. Mr. Montgomery did seat himself there; and who would not, at that moment, have envied his feelings?"

good feeling of the one party, and to the character of the other: we cannot, however, refrain from expressing our belief, that few Whigs would have acted a similar part to a Tory circumstanced as Montgomery was; whilst, not unfrequently, we have known those who have conscientiously sacrificed friends, fortune, and health to the advancement of the cause they had at heart, afterwards neglected by those whom they had served, and thrown, "like a noisome weed, away," unnoticed and unregarded; and only not trampled upon, because *that* degradation they would have resented, in a manner which would have made those tremble who had thus violated the duties they ought to have felt imperatively bound to perform.

During his second confinement, Montgomery wrote his *Prison-Amusements*; he is also said to have "revised, during his seclusion, a work of greater magnitude, replete with wit and such wild sallies of humour, that no one could suppose they emanated from the same pen which traced the *Harp of Sorrow*. This work, however, has been profitless, for he could not be prevailed upon to let it meet the public eye; though it was calculated to have caused as many hearty peals of sympathizing laughter, as his melancholy tones had drawn tears." He was liberated in June 1796, and went to Scarborough, for the purpose of recruiting his health by the pure breezes wafted from the sea, which he now beheld for the first time since he was four years old. The sublime view afforded him the highest gratification; and his beautiful poem of the *Ocean* shews how deeply he was impressed with the

grandeur of that vast element. On his return to Sheffield, he revised his *Prison-Amusements*, which he published in the spring of 1787; the following year, he collected the essays that had appeared in the *Iris* under the title of *The Whisperer*, and printed them in a small volume. Both these productions were received with approbation, but he seemed quite careless of their fate. Despondency and gloom appeared to have taken possession of his mind; he had lost that ardent love of fame with which he was once so deeply imbued, and for several years he confined his literary efforts chiefly to his editorial duties; the principal productions of a different kind being, we believe, some poems under the signature of *Alcæus*, which appeared in the *Poetical Register* for 1801, 1802 and 3, and were highly praised in the *Annual Review*, conducted by Mr. Aikin. Several of these possessed great merit, particularly the *Battle of Alexandria* and the *British Volunteers*. Perhaps the following picture of himself, from the *Lyre*, is the best transcript of his feelings, during this period, that can be given:

"Where the roving rill meander'd,
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor forlorn Alcæus wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale;
Hopeless sorrow o'er his face
Breath'd a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair."

In 1803, a new era, however, in Montgomery's poetical life appeared to dawn. In that year he published a lyric poem in the *Iris*, under a signature not likely to betray him; and this production elicited that meed of approbation from all parties so dear to the young author.

“ There is a voice of magic power,
To charm the old, delight the young,
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue ;
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung
In whispers low, in poets' lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptur'd on the voice of praise.”

The friends before mentioned, Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Aston, were particularly warm in their admiration of this production; and thenceforward Montgomery, to use his own words, “ returned to the true Muses, abjured his former extravagances, and said to himself,

“ ‘ Give me an honest fame, or give me
none.’ ”

From this time, he went on writing verses at his leisure in “ the same reformed spirit,” and also attending to the concerns of his paper; in which he inserted an article weekly from his own pen, called *Facts and Rumours*, that acquired him some domestic celebrity. He also collected his various poems, and printed them at his own press. During their progress, Mr. William Carey visited Sheffield; and between him and the poet a friendship was formed, the result of which was equally honourable to both. Whatever are Montgomery's failings—and who is without some?—ingratitude is not among their number; for of all who have at any time befriended him, or aided his ascent up the steep path which leads to Fame's hallowed temple, he always speaks in terms of equal affection and respect. Of Mr. Carey, he says: “ 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;” where, till that period, Montgomery's literary celebrity had chiefly arisen from his being the writer of the article in the *Iris* before alluded to*.

The following year offers little of note in the life of Montgomery; but in 1805 he was again threatened with a prosecution for an offence connected with his editorial duties. In common with all Englishmen, he felt warmly with respect to the disgraceful issue of the campaign in Germany; and in a number of the *Iris*, published in the autumn of that year, some severe strictures appeared on this subject. Legal proceedings were threatened. “ I never knew,” he says, “ how this blow missed me, for it was aimed with a cordiality which meant no repetition of the stroke. I had made up my mind to meet it as the ‘ anvil meets the hammer’—to avow the sentiments, and stand or fall by them with a simple plea of ‘ not guilty.’ The death of Lord Nelson probably saved me; for in the next *Iris*, having to announce that lamentable event, I did it in such a strain of patriotism (in the best sense of that word), that my former week's disloyalty (in the best sense of *that* word) was thereafter overlooked. I have sometimes thought that I was

* To Mr. Carey the merit is due of first introducing Chantrey, the sculptor, to public notice. He published a series of letters in the *Iris*, pointing out and eulogizing his merits—for he was then scarcely known; and thus led to the development of that kindred genius to Bacon, Flaxman, &c. which, in sculpture, has made England the rival of ancient Greece or modern Italy.

indebted for my escape to the firmness and good sense of a gentleman in authority, who declined to countenance the conspiracy against me." From this period, as the editor of a public journal, he suffered no more molestations. He continued the even tenor of his way, always asserting what he believed to be the truth—doing good where he could; and, amidst "good report and evil report," holding fast by those principles he had imbibed, though he was not so bigoted to them as to withhold the meed of praise from such measures of ministers, or of any other public men, as appeared to him to be just and right. It may well be supposed that conduct like this did not suit the violent of either party; and, in fact, during the whole of his life he never was a favourite with party-men.

"By the 'Aristocrats,'" he says, "I was persecuted, and abandoned by the 'Jacobins.' I have found nearly as little grace in the sight of the milder representatives of these two defunct classes in late times: yet, if either have cause to complain, it is, that I have occasionally taken part with the other—a presumptive proof of my impartiality. Whatever charge of indecision may be brought against me by those who will only see one side of every thing, while I am often puzzled by seeing so many, as hardly to be able to make out the shape of the object, it cannot be denied, that on the most important questions which have exercised the understandings or sympathies of the people of England, I have never flinched from declaring my own sentiments, at the sacrifice both of popularity and interest."

In 1805 appeared the *Wanderer, in Switzerland*, to which Mr. Aikin paid a very favourable tribute in the

Annual Review; and Dr. Aikin's sister (Mrs. Barbauld) and his daughter (Miss Lucy Aikin, the highly gifted authoress of several elaborate works), by introducing his work into the literary circles of the metropolis, secured to it not only a reading, but a warm reception, which in little more than twelve months carried it to a third edition. At this auspicious moment, when his bark seemed steering into port under a favouring gale, "a critical blast came over his second spring from so deadly a quarter, that he thought his immortality once more, and for the last time, slain. The *Edinburgh Review*, which had passed over the first and second editions without comment, in the number for January 1807, adverted to the third in the following terms:

"We took compassion on Mr. Montgomery upon his first appearance, conceiving him to be some slender youth of seventeen, intoxicated with weak tea, and the praises of sentimental ensigns and other provincial literati; and tempted, in that situation, to commit a feeble outrage on the public, of which the recollection would be a sufficient punishment. A third edition, however, is too alarming to be passed over in silence."—Vol. ix. p. 347.

After this introduction, and a few general strictures, the reviewer proceeded:

"Mr. Montgomery is one of the most musical and melancholy fine gentlemen we have lately descried on the lower slopes of Parnassus. He is very weakly, very finical, and very affected. His affectations too are the most usual and the most offensive of those that are commonly met with in the species to which he belongs; they are affectations of extreme tenderness and delicacy, and of

great energy and enthusiasm. Whenever he does not whine, he must rant."—P. 349.

A selection of passages from the *Wanderer* and some of the minor poems followed, put in such curious juxtaposition as in some measure to bear out the reviewer's opinion of the work: but not a word was said of the many noble passages to be found in this production of a genuine poet, on the merits of which the public were completely at variance with the Northern literati; for it was, and continues to be, read and admired, whilst their uncandid and ill-natured tirade—for it is quite a misapplication of terms to call it a critique—is forgotten, or remembered only when called to mind by the forcible satire of Lord Byron, in which his scornful Muse lashed the *Athenian* critics almost into madness, and cowed them so far, that they never durst censure *him* again. His lordship's mention of Montgomery in this satire, however, is not very creditable either to his candour or discernment:

"With broken lyre, and cheek serenely pale,
Lo, sad Alcæus wanders down the vale!
Though fair they rose, and might have
bloom'd at last,
His hopes have perish'd with the northern
blast;
Nipt in the bud by Caledonian gales,
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails;
O'er his lost works let classic Sheffield weep:
May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!"

In a note his lordship added—"Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of considerable genius; and his *Wanderer of Switzerland* is worth a thousand 'Lyrical Ballads,' and at least fifty 'Degraded Epics.'"

This praise of Montgomery's genius was, as the poet observes, inconsistent with the sneer at his lost works, "over which, with sardonic pathos, he exhorted Sheffield to weep."

We have, in the early part of this brief memorial, adverted to a work which Montgomery planned in his early years, but did not complete. In his maturer age, he not only planned but executed a poem, entitled *The Loss of the Locks*, which was intended to take the lead of the minor pieces published with the *Wanderer*. It was printed off, and afterwards cancelled, without being allowed to circulate, from motives, we are told, honourable to the feelings of the author, though not satisfactory to his friends. It was an heroi-comic tale, in three cantos, "founded on the origin of the two curious kinds of crystal, inclosing very fine threads of *red* and *green* schorl, resembling inlaid tresses of real hair, called Venus's and Thetis's hair. These elegant stones are found in Siberia, whither, by a poet's magic, the author transports the two goddesses; and lays them asleep in a cavern, on rocks of ice, whence they escape with the loss of their locks." We regret that this work has never been given to the world, as the following extract will shew that it is not destitute of poetic fire:

"Our beauteous captives raised their heads,
And sprang triumphant from their beds;
But, dire mischance! among the rocks
Left the rich harvest of their locks;
Those locks divine, in ice inurn'd,
That ice to purest crystal turn'd,
As Berenice's beams appear,
Enshrined in heaven's own sapphire sphere,
With ringlets of celestial light,
Dishevell'd o'er the brow of night.
Lo, in that cavern's hideous womb,
Twinkling sweet splendour through the
gloom,

Those tresses, in transparent stone,
 A richer constellation shone.
 Here the bright sea-nymph's curls were seen,
 Like fairy rings of glossy green;
 And Cytherea's ravish'd hair,
 A golden treasure, glitter'd there;
 As if the Moon, enthroned on high,
 Had dropp'd her halo from the sky."

The remaining incidents of Montgomery's life are few, and chiefly connected with the publication of his works, and the charitable establishments of Sheffield, to all of which he was, and is, a most active benefactor. In 1809, his *West Indies* was published in a most splendid style by Mr. Bowyer: this work was afterwards given to the public in a less expensive form, and ten thousand copies were sold. His *World before the Flood* appeared in 1812; and he has since favoured the public with various other productions, the latest being *Prose by a Poet*, a collection of miscellaneous essays, tales, &c. in two volumes, which rose immediately to high celebrity. In 1823, he took a very active part in forming a literary and philosophical society in Sheffield; and at the election of a president, himself and Dr. Knight had an equality of votes. Montgomery, however, availed himself of his friend's absence to induce the chairman to give the casting vote to him; a mark of delicate friendship, which the worthy doctor took a public opportunity of acknowledging.

Having conducted the *Iris* for upwards of thirty years, Mr. Montgomery began to feel, that retirement from the busy scene of public life was to be desired; and a short time since he made arrangements for resigning that paper into the hands of a successor, who published the first number in his name on the 4th of October last. In private life, our

poet may reflect with pleasure upon the conduct he has pursued in public; and as the editor of a public journal, we question whether there are half-a-dozen men in the kingdom who have shewn themselves so determined to pursue *truth* regardless of the interests of party, as he has done. This is high praise; and it ought to be recorded to his honour, that he never admitted advertisements in the *Iris* which at all compromised his principles: hence, both quack and lottery announcements were sedulously excluded from its columns.

As soon as Montgomery's secession from public life as the conductor of the *Iris* was known in Sheffield, it was resolved to shew, by some public token, how much the inhabitants of that town prized and valued him. His friend, Mr. Rhodes, was one of those who originated the idea, which was soon matured and put into a tangible shape. To make the compliment more grateful, it was determined that the festival should take place upon his birthday, the 4th of November; and, accordingly, on that day a number of the most respectable gentlemen of all parties and sects met at the Tontine Inn, where a sumptuous dinner was provided, to which the poet was invited. Lord Milton presided on the occasion, Henry Moorhouse, Esq. (master-cutler), and Peter Brownell, Esq. (town-regent), being vice-presidents. The details of this meeting are, of course, not intended to be inserted here; but a few extracts from Lord Milton's speech, on proposing the health of the distinguished guest, with the conclusion of the speech of the latter, acknowledging the compliment, are worth preserving: we

have, in a former part of this article, also made copious use of this document, which breathes a spirit of pure and unvitiated eloquence, worthy the man and the occasion.

Lord Milton said,

“ Our purpose here is to do honour to an individual, who, in the whole course of his life, ever made it an object to promote peace. To whatever part of his character I turn, I find every thing to admire, and nothing to find fault with.” —“ There is not an institution of a benevolent character in Sheffield to which he has not contributed; not merely in the way in which we have all contributed, by rendering pecuniary assistance, but by his time and his talents, which I account a greater offering. Indeed, I have had recent proofs of the lively interest which he takes in the great school establishments of this town.—The town of Sheffield has been exalted by his literary attainments. A glory has been shed around his poetical talents, and there could not be a more appropriate time for entwining the laurel than the present. The day you have chosen for this festival is, I understand (though I did not know this at first), the day which gave him to the world. He was born, indeed, in a distant country; but we (I may speak in the first person) have made him our own, and long may he live to behold around him the good he has effected, standing as a *monumentum ære perennius!* From his fellow-townsmen he has received an honourable mark of distinction from all ranks in life; and I trust the kind recollection of his public services will exist when he has passed into private life.”

Mr. Montgomery, after noticing the feelings which agitated him, and tracing, with a masterly hand, his progress through life, his hopes and fears, his successes and his disappointments, wound up a speech of which any living orator with whom

we are acquainted might be proud, as follows:

“ You have brought me to this altar of hospitality. We have broken bread, we have eaten salt together. And you have done this, not merely to give me a splendid proof in the eyes of all the world, of the estimation in which you hold my general conduct and character since I became an inhabitant of Sheffield, but you have done it also, to require of me a pledge that my future character and conduct shall correspond with the past. And I give it you freely, fully, hand and heart and voice; here devoting my abilities, so far as they shall be acceptable to the service of my town-people, my countrymen, my fellow-creatures, and (through his enabling grace) of my God. But let me remind you, that you have committed to my keeping a very perilous charge. The honour awarded me is one, with all deference to your judgment (which, greatly to the credit of your hearts, may have been carried away by your liberality); that honour is one, which perhaps ought rather to have been posthumous than antedated. For particular exploits of warriors, special services of public men, meritorious acts of private citizens, similar testimonies of contemporary applause have been frequently given; but, on grounds so comprehensive as the result of the whole of public and private career of an individual like myself, such honours have rarely been conceded. And rarely ought they to be conceded, because they are not only inestimably precious in themselves, but they lay the subject under a weight of responsibility, almost too much for flesh and blood to bear. You have trusted to my discretion, whilst yet living, the very character which it ought to have been, and which it has been, the object of my whole life's labour to obtain, that I might leave it behind at my decease. Now, instead of having to look forward to this, as something to be won only with

my last breath, you have met me before the race was finished, placed the prize in my hands, and I have thus to carry it to the goal, at the risk of forfeiting it more to my disgrace than if I had never started for it, or miscarried in attempting to gain it at last. I have henceforth to take heed—and, oh! how much heed will it require!—not to lose this treasure by the way, from negligence, from error, from inconsistency, from apostacy. ‘No man can be pronounced happy till he is dead,’ said a sage of antiquity: I may say, in the same spirit, no man’s character is secure till death has set the seal of eternity upon it. Mine, however, unsealed, you have given into my own custody. Recollecting that the credit of yours is now implicated with it, I shall have a double motive to deliver safely, and in due course, this yet unratified instrument at the grave, there to be enregistered till the great day of account. If I succeed in doing this, I may with confidence leave the care of my good name to your posterity.”

This was not the only tribute of respect paid to Montgomery on the same day; two other public dinners took place, the guests at which were of a rather humbler class; and we cannot conceive a greater gratification to a mind like his, than these spontaneous tributes of affection and esteem from all ranks of his townsmen must have been.

Here then we take our leave of one who has afforded us many delightful hours of mental amusement, but we trust not for ever: we hope soon to have the pleasure of receiving from his pen another volume, which, like the former ones, will come recommended by its purity, its pathos, its patriotism, and its genius. To enter into a critical examination of his former productions would occupy too much space; but he has

well characterized them in the speech from which we have so freely quoted; and we shall again present our readers with an extract, which describes the various subjects of his “song:”

“I sang of war—but it was the war of Freedom, in which death was preferred to chains. I sang the abolition of the slave-trade, that most glorious decree of the British legislature, at any period since the Revolution, by the first Parliament in which you, my lord [Lord Milton], sat as the representative of Yorkshire. Ah! how should I rejoice to sing the abolition of slavery itself, by some Parliament of which your lordship shall be a member! This greater act of righteous legislation is surely not too remote to be expected even in our day. Renouncing the slave-trade was only ‘ceasing to do evil;’ extinguishing slavery will be ‘learning to do well.’ Again; I sang of love, the love of country, the love of my own country; for

———— ‘next to Heaven above,
Land of my fathers, thee I love;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults I love thee still.’

I sang, likewise, the love of home; its charities, endearments, and relationships; all that makes ‘Home sweet home;’ the recollection of which, when the air of that name was just now played from yonder gallery, warmed every heart throughout this room into quicker pulsations. I sang the love which man ought to bear towards his brother, of every kindred and country and clime upon earth: I sang the love of virtue, which elevates man to his true standard under heaven; I sang too the love of God, who is love. Nor did I sing in vain: I found readers, especially among the young, the fair, and the devout; and as youth, beauty, and devotion will not soon cease out of the land, I may hope to be remembered through another generation at least. I will add, that from every part of the British empire, from

every quarter of the world where our language is spoken—from America, the East and West Indies; from New Holland and the South Sea Islands themselves, I have occasionally received testimonies of approbation from all ranks and degrees of readers, hailing what I had done, and cheering me forward. I allude not to criticisms and eulogiums from the press, but to voluntary communications from unknown correspondents, coming to me like voices out of darkness, and giving intimation of that which the ear of a poet is always hearkening onward to catch—the voice of posterity.”

The character of Montgomery may be gathered from the incidents of his life, and still more from scattered passages in his works. It bears no faint resemblance to that of the amiable Cowper; a resemblance of which both the poet and his friends appear to be sensible. Benevolence and universal good-will to man appear to be his predominant feelings; and no man ever possessed a larger share of the milk of human kindness. He is small in stature, and his general appearance to a stranger is that of a sad, melancholy, but resigned man—and this idea would be formed of him from many of his productions:

“For still through all his strains would flow,
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering infant's sigh;
So sweetly, exquisitely mild,
It spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.”

To his friends, however, he is a delightful companion; his colloquial

powers are of the first order; and when animated by conversation, his features are lighted up by the radiance of his genius, and his eye speaks “unutterable things.”

This brief memorial of one whom the writer esteems and loves—without any personal acquaintance—shall be closed with the energetic lines descriptive of the fame which awaits the poet's lays, from his *World before the Flood*:

“There is a living spirit in the lyre,
A breath of music, and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language to the world unknown,
It speaks that language to the bard alone;
Whilst warbled symphonies entrance his ears,
That spirit's voice in every tone he hears;
'Tis his the magic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse,
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song.
Though graven rocks the warrior's deeds
proclaim,
And mountains hewn to statues wear his
name;
Though shrined in adamant his relics lie,
Beneath a pyramid that scales the sky,
All that the hand has fashioned shall decay,
All that the eye admires shall pass away;
The mouldering rocks, the hero's hope, shall
fail,
Earthquakes shall heave the mountain to
the vale;
The shrine of adamant betray its trust,
And the proud pyramid resolve to dust;
The lyre alone immortal fame secures,
For song alone through nature's change
endures;
Transfused like life from breast to breast it
glows,
From sire to sire by sure succession flows;
Speeds its increasing flight from clime to
clime,
Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.”

W. C. S.

THE PRIEST AND THE PHILOSOPHER, OR THE CAVERN IN THE ROCK.

THE first streaks of purple began to appear in the east as Cheneville traversed with steps alternately slackened and hastened by fear, the fertile

valleys of Auvergne. A stranger in the country, scarcely understanding the *patois* of its inhabitants, and liable every moment to be seized and

conducted to the scaffold, he saw with terror the near approach of daylight, and vainly cast his eyes around in search of some spot where he might find shelter till night permitted him to pursue his journey.

At this moment he heard a light step behind him, and turning round, saw a young peasant-girl, carrying a basket upon her head. His first impulse was to avoid her, but he strove to do so in vain; exhausted by fatigue and fasting, his strength failed him, and he sunk by the roadside. In a moment the young girl was close to him. "Poor traveller," cried she, "God help you!" Cheneville replied only by a look which shewed that he had no hope. "Be of good cheer," said the young consoler, "I have some provisions in my basket; try to eat, you will then perhaps be able to proceed."

She opened her basket, and took from it bread, fruit, and some wine of the country. Cheneville could taste only the last. After looking at him attentively for a moment, the young girl said, in a cautious tone, "Those who travel by night have need of a safe and quiet retreat during the day. Alas! there are now too many of those unfortunates: but they are still not so numerous as those who pity, and who risk every thing to assist them. If you are not afraid, follow me," continued she, clasping her hands in a supplicating attitude. Cheneville pressed them in both his, and instantly rising, they set out together. She soon led him to the base of an enormous and apparently inaccessible rock. Here Gabrielle waved the napkin with which she had covered her basket; a long cord was let down by invisible hands, and the basket immediately disap-

peared. "It is here," cried she, "that you will find an asylum."—"Here?"—"Yes, follow me!" and she began to ascend, now grasping the shrubs which grew in the fissures of the rock, now springing from projection to projection with the lightness and agility of a young antelope. Hardly could Cheneville follow the steps of his adventurous companion; but this frightful road soon improved, and they arrived in safety at a cavern near its summit.

Here they found a venerable old man, to whom Gabrielle said on entering, "Father, I bring you a companion in misfortune."—"He is welcome," cried the good priest, for such he was; "we shall console each other."—"For me," cried Cheneville, in a tone of despair, "there is no consolation." The *curé* knew too much of the human heart to press the topic at that moment; their young benefactress left them provisions, promised to bring more before those were exhausted, and withdrew.—Left to themselves, the *curé* invited his guest to repose, and, stretched upon a bed of leaves, Cheneville wooed it in vain. His evident despair moved the heart of the good *curé*, who at length succeeded in drawing from him the recital of his misfortunes. Still scarcely arrived at the middle age, he had married when very young an amiable woman, to whom he was tenderly attached. Led astray by false notions of philosophy, he had not ceased his endeavours to inspire his wife with the same; he had succeeded, and they both hailed with transport the commencement of a revolution, which promised, according to their ideas, to regenerate France. They soon became its victims. Informed that he

was upon the point of being denounced, Cheneville escaped; but Madame Cheneville and her only daughter, a girl of fifteen, were arrested, dragged to prison, and condemned to death. The property of Cheneville had been already confiscated; if his wife were executed, hers would also be forfeited, and thus Cheneville and his remaining child, an infant boy, would be left destitute. In order to spare to him still the means of subsistence, the unfortunate woman took the resolution to destroy herself, and on the evening before the day appointed for her execution, she wrote him the following letter:

“The order is arrived, my beloved; to-morrow your wife and daughter are to perish by the guillotine. If the sentence is executed, my infant and you will be reduced to penury.—There is an expedient for averting that.—Why should my hand tremble in announcing to you that I will avert it? What other way is left me to preserve you and my boy from perishing by want? The draught is now before me, which will save me and my child from the horrors of a public execution, from that terrible death inflicted in the midst of a fanatic multitude, whose savage cries of joy insult even the last moments of their victims. O my husband! pardon me, if, stifling within my heart the voice of nature, I have determined to spare my daughter those horrors! In a few hours we shall be no more. I have now but one wish. A Roman matron stabbed herself to encourage her husband to die. Cheneville, your dying wife recommends to you the last pledge of our love, and commands you to live.”

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The letter dropped from the trembling hand of the good pastor. “O God!” cried he, “praised be thy name for having given him the strength to obey her!” From that moment he bent all his thoughts to console that unfortunate; and never was being fitter for the task. Out of the seventy years which he had lived, the last forty were passed in the active discharge of the duties of a parish priest. Abstemious in his way of living, rigid towards himself, but indulgent to others, he had found in his little income the means of enjoying the only luxury for which he had a relish, that of doing good. The time came when he was to be deprived of that enjoyment: religion and its ministers were alike proscribed, and he must have perished but for the humanity and courage of Gabrielle. Some years before, a brother of hers had discovered the cavern, and from the account which he gave of it she conceived that it would be a safe asylum for the good pastor. It was she who, at the imminent hazard of her own life, had supported his feeble steps in the rough and dangerous ascent, and to her pious cares he owed the food which sustained his feeble frame.

For several days the endeavours of the good priest to sooth and console Cheneville were ineffectual. He would not turn for comfort to religion, and he found none in that false philosophy by the glare of which he had so long been dazzled. Giving himself up to despair, he passed his time in gloomy meditations, more than once regretting the chance, as he called it, which had saved his life. One evening as he was speak-

M

ing in this manner to the *curé*, their young preserver suddenly entered: the distraction of her air, and the tears which flowed from her eyes, announced some misfortune. Alas! she had just experienced the greatest that could befall her. Her parents and some other inhabitants of the neighbouring villages had been arrested, on suspicion of regretting in secret a proscribed religion; they had been dragged to the dungeons of Clermont, which they could not leave but to be led to the scaffold. Gabrielle was absent at the moment of the arrest, and the neighbour who had communicated the sorrowful intelligence added, that her mother had said, "Tell my daughter I do not fear death; I should even die happy if I could but enjoy the consolations of religion; but it is terrible to think my last moments will be unblessed by its minister."

"Let us go, my child," cried the old *curé*, seizing his stick.—"Whither?" asked Cheneville.—"To Clermont."—"What! to certain destruction?"—"God's will be done! I shall at least console the last moments of her to whom I owe so much. Can mine be better spent?" He embraced Cheneville, and taking the arm of the weeping Gabrielle, commenced his journey.

Arrived at Clermont, they hastened to the prison; but their application for admittance was rudely refused. "Those whom you ask for," said the gaoler, "are already condemned to death, and the sentence will be executed to-day." In vain did the unfortunate Gabrielle weep; in vain did the good *curé* supplicate the gaoler, he durst not admit them; but even at the moment in which he affected to repulse

them with harshness, he said, in a low tone, "Poor unfortunates! hasten hence; it is dangerous to shed tears here."

The well-meant caution was thrown away; Gabrielle and her venerable friend could not resolve to quit the spot without an effort to cheer the last moments of those to whose aid they came. The prison-doors at last opened; the victims were brought out, and placed in the fatal cart. Gabrielle fixed her straining eyes upon them; she saw neither her father nor her mother, and uttering a shriek of joy, she sunk senseless at the feet of the good pastor.

At that instant one of the victims recognised the *curé*, in spite of his disguise; in a low tone he announced the discovery to his companions; their eyes were all turned to him, as if imploring his blessing in their last moments. The pastor lifted his eyes to heaven, stretched his arms towards them, and fervently prayed to his Divine Redeemer to receive their souls. The pious gratitude which appeared in their features assured him that they were inspired by the hope of a happy immortality. The cart moved slowly on; he turned to bestow his cares on Gabrielle, and found her still senseless in the arms of Cheneville, who by a look imposed silence upon him.

When their joint attentions had recalled Gabrielle to consciousness, and a whisper from Cheneville had warned her to be silent, they set out on their return: it was then that the young peasant learned the full extent of her happiness; her parents were saved, and already on their return. At the moment when the good pastor was setting out with

Gabrielle, Cheneville had inquired the names of the municipal officers at Clermont: he was a stranger to them all, but he knew that one of them had the reputation of being an avaricious man. Cheneville had about him money to some amount, and he employed it so successfully that the parents of Gabrielle were liberated.

They arrived in the middle of the night at the cottage, which they entered with Gabrielle, to take some refreshment before they returned to their asylum in the rock. The peasant and his wife threw themselves at their feet in transports of gratitude. When their first emotions had a little subsided, the good peasant informed them, that their asylum would be shared by two other unfortunates, who had taken shelter in their cottage a few hours before they were arrested. At the approach of the soldiers they had concealed these poor people in a barn; as the instructions of the *gens-d'armes* were merely to seize the husband and wife, they had not thought of making a search, but contented themselves with hurrying them away. The poor wanderers whom they had concealed, not daring to stir from the barn, remained there during the two days of their absence, and they had found them on their return nearly sinking with terror and want of food.

When the *curé* and Cheneville were ready to depart, the mother of Gabrielle brought the strangers to join them. Cheneville cast his eyes upon them, exclaiming, "It cannot be!" but in an instant they were in his arms; and their tears, their embraces, convinced him that he in-

deed clasped to his bosom his wife and child.

On the evening that she had dispatched her letter to her husband, she had mixed the fatal potion, and was sitting conversing with her daughter, endeavouring to prepare her for her approaching fate, when the gaoler entered, followed by a little dog which Madame Cheneville had been in the habit of noticing. In order to get to her, the animal sprang upon a chair which stood before her, and in doing so upset the cup containing the poison. "O my God!" cried she, "how bitterly did I regret the opportunity thus snatched from me! How impiously did I murmur against thy providence, even at the moment it was about to snatch me from certain destruction! The next day we were released: it was your friend De la Serre who, at great hazard to himself, procured our liberation; but he advised me instantly to fly, as he feared every moment that a fresh accusation would be brought against me. My nurse, the most attached and faithful of beings, is still living within five miles of Clermont; I hoped, if I could reach her, to find a secure asylum. Disguised as you see, and provided with passports, we set out; we reached Clermont in the diligence, but fearing from the manner in which one of our fellow-travellers surveyed us that we were discovered, I was afraid to pursue my original destination, and chance, or rather I ought to say, Providence, guided me hither."

They regained in safety their asylum in the rock, where for several weeks they found shelter. It was here that, touched by the goodness

of that God, whose very existence he had in the pride of a false philosophy presumed to doubt, Cheneville applied himself to study the sacred truths of religion, and learned that its maxims were not incompatible with those of true philosophy. In a short time, the fall of the faction which then desolated France enabled the *curé* and his friends to emerge from their concealment. The good pastor had again the happiness to resume his station of humble utility, and to finish his virtuous life surrounded by those parishioners

to whom he had been a father; and the philosopher, in clasping again to his bosom his infant son, whom his wife had left in the care of De la Serre, and recovering the means of living respectably, consecrated the remainder of his days to useful and worthy pursuits. He has since risen to wealth and honours; but in the midst of his prosperity, neither he nor his amiable wife has ever forgotten, or ceased to practise, the lessons which they learned in the cavern in the rock.

DANVERS: A TALE.

GEORGE DANVERS displayed in his earliest youth those quiet and studious habits which afforded the sincerest consolation to a doting mother, who imagined that she perceived in him capabilities which must insure a rapid progress in the world. Mothers and aunts, whose sons or nephews were volatile and idle, complimented her on the habits of her child, while they kept to themselves the mental reservation of how much they preferred the more natural disposition of their own relatives, thoughtless and buoyant as children should be, to the old-fashioned precision of the young Mentor. It is very true, that George, like his contemporaries, was by no means perfect. There did appear about him a coldness and want of heart; and when he was seen poring over some elementary scientific work, while the rest of his schoolfellows were rioting in unbounded mirth, and when he slunk into corners, or refused to partake of the presents of their friends, at the same time reserving all he received

for his own gratification, we cannot wonder that he should be accused of selfishness. Notwithstanding all this, he did at times evince a contrary disposition; until at length, the boys satisfied themselves with applying to him the cognomen of the philosopher, and left him to enjoy himself in his own way. The difficulty of knowing how to please him, or when he was pleased, accompanied him through life, at least until he had completely entered into polished society; when he acquired that outward elasticity, which either disguised his true disposition, or left people at a loss to know if his temper had really altered with the appearance of improvement.

After leaving school, and becoming qualified for practising the profession to which he had been articled, he yet seemed like a man standing alone and independent of others. Amusements were resorted to as by other men, but under different circumstances; for whatever he was a participator in, he seemed more like

a looker-on than an actor; and finding that the usual routine of balls, theatres, and the opera were not capable of affording him amusement, he determined to seek pleasure in the pursuit of science alone. Advanced to maturity, he became an object of regard to the ladies; not indeed to the younger ones, to whose regard his fine form and figure naturally entitled him, but to their mammas, who regarded the length of his purse, and the quietness of his habits, as fit requisites for a son-in-law. Their daughters, however, considered him as a sort of quiz, of whom they were afraid, rather than as a man capable of returning a tender attachment. He at length refrained from that society in which he saw many a superficial coxcomb preferred to himself, and proceeded for some time in "the noiseless tenor of his way," unregarding, and unregarded by, the gay circle around him. Sometimes, indeed, from the gravity of his conduct, he was permitted to *chaperon* some youthful beauty to the ball or the play, and to receive in return smiles of gratitude for procuring her an amusement which without such a companion she could not have obtained. It was in these moments only that he heard the soft notes of flattery, and comparisons made with other men in his favour; but these gratifying intimations were all given in private, while the deference which he saw paid to men whom he despised was manifested in public. He had determined, then, never to marry, for at this time he felt no particular *penchant*, that he was aware of; but cool and self-possessed as he appeared to be, his heart, though he was unconscious

of it, had become captive to another.

Among the many houses to which he had received general invitations, was that of Mrs. M'Gregor, the widow of an officer of a high Scotch family, whose daughter Clara seemed in her disposition to possess something in common with our hero. She was of an elegant form, highly educated, and of an even temper; and, like Danvers, dedicated a great portion of her time to the improvement of her mind. She had not merely read a great deal, but she remembered all that she had read. She was rarely guilty of losing her time in any frivolous pursuit, and though by no means a *blue-stocking*, she was far superior in attainments to any of the circle of which she was the ornament.

Danvers found himself frequently at her fire-side; so frequently as at length to obtain the reputation of being her favoured lover; and much nodding, winking, and other significant inuendoes were indulged in on this occasion by their mutual friends, who grounded their surmises on these certain signs; viz. 1st. He always seemed anxious of meeting with her alone; 2dly, he had been known to leave her on the arrival of any one else; 3dly, he never ventured in if he found that any company had arrived before him; and, 4thly and lastly, at any place of amusement he was always at her elbow in time to escort her home. He was totally insensible to all this: the wish to assist Clara in gaining a knowledge of the Italian language, a study which she had lately taken up, and for which his thorough qualification induced him to offer his ser-

vices, was sufficient excuse, if excuse they wanted, to the parties concerned, for this intimacy, which continued for one whole winter.

It is of little use to detain our readers with the rise of the tender passion, or long details how love enters the heart. Danvers and Clara soon found that they entertained a mutual regard for each other—a regard only to be cured, if it could be cured at all, by matrimony. Alas! they were not the first who had reckoned without their host; they little dreamt that there did exist an obstacle to their happiness, too violent to be overcome by all the eloquence with which love might furnish them. Danvers, of polished if not elegant manners, of interesting appearance and gentlemanly exterior, in easy circumstances and highly educated, might have been supposed a fit match for a M'Gregor—but no! His parents then, what had they been? what were they? Convicted felons? reformed thieves? or to what degraded caste did they belong?—Out then with the dreadful stigma!—Alas! gentle reader, we blush while we proclaim it, the father of Danvers was a——what?——a brewer!!!

Lady Rodolpha Lumbercourt, who says, “I dinna ken that brewers’ ladies rode in a coach,” was little less ignorant than Mrs. M'Gregor, who, holding all the absurd prejudices of an *auuncient Scotch ledly*, was determined that her daughter should form no such ignoble attachment. It was in vain that she was informed that Danvers’s father thought of retiring—he was a brewer—once a brewer and always a brewer, she seemed to say; and a brewer’s daughter-in-law

must her daughter become, if Clara wedded Danvers. Old Mr. Danvers would have spurned any woman who was capable of harbouring so illiberal a feeling with regard to himself; but he too had taken a liking to Clara, on meeting her once with his son in the park—and could she be blamed for the folly of her mother? Besides, he had learned that her portion was just such a one as would enable his son to keep up the appearance he wished, without much assistance from him. But after fruitless attempts at an arrangement, the young folks were at length obliged to abjure each other’s society. Danvers, it is true, bore this separation better than most men. He was not so exact in his office-hours as he was wont to be, and becoming a member of a certain learned society, he appeared to an indifferent observer just the same as if nothing had occurred. An accidental rencontre with Clara, as she sometimes whirled past him in her mother’s carriage, would call up a hectic in his cheek; but although he then felt acutely the separation from her he loved, he neither vented his sorrows in an ode *To Regret*, nor wearied his friends with the complaint of a despairing swain: the lake was but ruffled by a breeze, and in a moment its bosom became placid.

Some time had passed, at one moment cheered by hope, and the next fevered by disappointment, when one day he encountered an old school-fellow; and although Braybrooke and Danvers were not very much attached, the associations and reminiscences of youth made them highly acceptable to each other. He was persuaded to accompany his old

friend home, and there he first met with his sister, Ellen Braybrooke. This young lady seemed altogether the very reverse of Clara; she was remarkable for a redundancy of spirits, and her mother dying when she was young, left her to the sole care of her father, whose table she now headed. He was a gay man, in the constant habit of giving large gentlemen's dinner-parties; and this society imparted perhaps a freedom and *naïveté* to her manners, which, although not absolutely masculine, was not exactly approved by her own sex, to whom indeed she was in reality as little known as she cared to be. She had acquired a vast deal of miscellaneous knowledge, which she sometimes ventured to display, when provoked to it, on subjects that are generally thought above the grasp of the female mind; she also played divinely upon the harp, was a profound critic in the arts, and a fine horsewoman. Her wit was the terror of *petit-maitres*, and her presence awed every little miss into silence: these, however, made ample amends in her absence by sundry criticisms, more keen than complimentary.

Proud of the attention, public and private, of such a woman as Ellen Braybrooke, and of the deference and respect with which she treated him, the spirits of Danvers rose to a degree he had never before known: he even surprised himself; and the fund of wit and repartee which he displayed, provoked no doubt by Ellen, who seemed delighted to draw him out, added much also to the surprise of others. At length, finding, or fancying he found—which is just as well—that there really seemed to be much *accord* of manners between

them, he took courage one day to make her an offer of his hand; which offer was, to his great surprise as well as pleasure, not refused. It is true, that in this second attachment there was not all that freshness and delight which he experienced with Clara; that his thoughts would sometimes wander on the more quiet qualities of her he once loved; and that he felt some little dread of his espousal with a woman whose inclinations he knew it would demand some effort to govern: but he would then call in his philosophy to his aid. We, however, suspect that his recollection would turn at the same time to the fascinating smile of Ellen Braybrooke, and "Richard was himself again!"

At length the day was fast approaching when he was to become the property of Ellen; to eradicate from his breast every tender emotion which regarded another; to tell his heart how impossible it was that Clara could ever have become his; when the dreadful "if she should repent" was to be drowned in the hoped impossibility of the idea. The vivacity of his spirits drooped amazingly on leaving Ellen Braybrooke for his lodgings, and his heart sunk within him as his conscience seemed to ask if he had not been too precipitate. Yes, the usually cool and collected Danvers, who in general weighed every side of a question before he acted, strange as it may appear, in this most important moment of his life suffered his passions to carry him forward without a thought of the consequence. It is true, the repeated refusals he had received from Clara, and the indignities offered him by her mother, were enough to alarm the pride of

any one: but love attempered all this. He had now put it out of his power to become the husband of Clara; but as he recalled the laughing eye and the amiable manners of Ellen Braybrooke, he buttoned up his coat, and walked with as fierce an air as if he could walk from the image of his first love. Assuming then the lively manner of a man who is determined to be supremely happy, he called up a smile, and for once determined on a stroll in Bond-street; and as he passed Hookham's he perceived his old friend Rivers. Rivers was well known to Clara; he was one of those men whom one sees every where, yet for whom nobody cares; one of the thousand, who, although they contribute to the population of the great city, yet are never missed, and when they die, we exclaim, "Poor Rivers!" He is buried and forgotten. Yet Rivers was a violent shaker of hands, and a very pretty spoken body. He had been swelled into a reflected consequence by identifying himself with Clara; but he now caught hold of Danvers rather *mal-à-propos* to say something about a reconciliation with his old acquaintance. Alas! these few words addressed to him, which would at one time have excited the most lively pleasure, were now the last he wished to hear. Assuming, however, the carelessness of a bully, who whistles to keep his courage up, he affected as much indifference to the subject as if he had been a perfect stranger to it, while Rivers acquainted him that every obstacle to a union with Clara was removed by the death of her mother, and congratulated him on the very great chance which he now had of calling her his wife. Thanks to the discernment of his friend, he per-

ceived not the disturbed manner and the vast difference in the spirits of Danvers at the commencement and *finale* of this little dialogue; or if he was surprised at the coolness with which his news was received, he probably recollected to whom he was talking, and all wonder ceased.

Danvers, however, in spite of all his philosophy, was not insensible to the miserable state to which he was reduced. It is true, he did not tear his hair, or beat his breast; he did not blow out his brains, or take laudanum, but he felt the most lively remorse at his precipitation; he almost cursed his folly, and found himself in the most private and distant part of Kensington-gardens before he could arrange one idea to relieve his mind, or form any conclusion how to act. At one time the calm and plaintive witchery of his first love determined him on thinking of her alone; she, indeed, as it may be imagined, occupied the greater part of his heart: but had he not offered his hand to another, and been accepted? When he recollected the warmth of temper which was the characteristic of Ellen Braybrooke, he expected nothing less than that a premature death would be the consequence of the indignity of rejecting her—her who seemed to adore as never woman did adore him. There seemed to be no alternative but to kill or be killed, and the couch on which he lay rocked with the violence of his feelings: yet at every turn the old love of Clara seemed to gain ascendancy, and he almost began to abhor her who had thus crossed his destiny. Sometimes he dwelt upon the consequences of an irritated brother; but these consequences soon vanished in the idea of others still more terri-

ble; and as he held a letter in his hand corroborative of Rivers's report, he trembled as to the result. At length he came to the only resolution which a man in his situation could arrive at, that of telling a plain unvarnished tale.

He was this evening to have escorted Ellen to a fancy-ball, to which she had got up her usual flow of spirits, when, instead of him whom she expected to meet her all joy and pleasure, came a letter, which deprived her of every hope of happiness. To Clara's confidante he dilated on the constant regard that he ever retained for her friend, a love which should never have been given to another while the least hope had cheered him with a return of her regard; but that now, being no longer his own master, he could only offer her a divided heart. At the same time, he could not help vaguely hinting, that should any chance be given him of retracting his promise to another, he would lose no time in throwing himself at her feet.

After dispatching two epistles, which were capable of making two lovely women thoroughly miserable, he felt, for the first moment, like a man who has done something towards extricating himself from a predicament into which he finds himself suddenly plunged. Still his sensations were far from agreeable, and he for once abandoned himself to supreme misery. Sometimes he indulged the hope, that the pride of Ellen taking the alarm, she would be content to send him a note dictated by indignation, and then leave him free: but these ideas he was soon doomed to relinquish, by the receipt of a note from her father, alternately breath-

ing invective and prayers; at one moment reproaching him as the murderer of his daughter, in the next begging him to hasten and save her life. His fate seemed now fixed, and dispatching his note to Clara, he repaired to Ellen's residence, like a man whom despair seemed to have prepared for the worst. The scene which he had there to encounter baffles description; and the hysteric screams of Ellen Braybrooke reached his ears long ere he had ascended to her apartment. At one time, in these ebullitions, his own name struck on his ear, coupled with every reproach; at another, pronounced in all the tenderness of esteem and love; and he entered to behold what was once the loveliest of Nature's works, deformed by an overwhelming passion. The habiliments of pleasure with which she had decked herself, in the expectation of his attending her to the ball, now only added to the disfigurement. The father was dumb with despair, and in his countenance were seen the feelings of prudence endeavouring to curb those of bitter indignation. No such feelings, however, restrained the passion of her brother, who was kept solely by the interfering agency of his sister from demanding the only satisfaction consonant with a soldier's ideas. To attempt to parry all these thrusts by a cool explanation of his conduct, was but like throwing oil in a burning cauldron; in vain he attempted to make them hear reason; marriage, instant marriage, was the only cure, the only course which could prevent his being branded for ever as a villain. And while the indignant flush on Ellen's cheek told how acutely she felt the humiliating cir-

cumstance which gave her all she wished, she had not the courage voluntarily to refuse the degrading terms; and this she betrayed by the reproachful looks which loomed on her unfortunate lover. Alas! Danvers needed not the reproaches of Ellen to sharpen the agonies he now experienced. Already in despair of happiness himself, it was immaterial how much suffering was heaped upon him; while the agonizing manner in which Ellen caught his hand, on his being presented to her, and pressed it to her burning forehead, left him no longer resolution to oppose all her wishes, and on the following morning he became irrevocably hers.

Matrimony, like the grave, seems to swallow up further incident, and that portion of life which succeeds it seems alike interdicted to the pen of the novelist and that of the essay-writer. A wedding is merely a nine-days' wonder at most, at the end of which conjectures even are not touched upon, and the parties are left to make or mar their own happiness,

according to circumstances. Settled in a distant part of the world, those by whom they were surrounded would have imagined that Danvers and his wife had been united under the most favourable auspices; for they ate and drank, and smiled and talked, much like other people; and the smiles that seemed to play on their countenances told not how happy one thought he might have been with Clara—to what greater point of felicity the other might have attained, had she been the wife of one who had never owned another attachment.

Of Clara, who, left alone, seemed to bear all the weight of misfortune, little remains to be said. She admitted no confidante in her sorrows, but exerting those energies which are given by Providence for a beneficial purpose, she endeavoured to be useful to all about her; and in these endeavours passed years of singleness, beloved and beloved by all around her.

SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY GENIUS. BY W. C.

No. III.

WILCOCKS HUBAND, ESQ. OF DUBLIN, AMATEUR-ENGRAVER AND WRITER ON THE FINE ARTS AND DRAMA.

(Concluded from p. 39.)

MISS EDGORTH'S presentation lines to Mr. Huband were written in 1811, and the gentleman who saw them then, and transcribed them, assured me that the copy which he gave me, and which I inserted in the preceding part of this Memoir, is correct. The Royal Dublin Society, in December 1810, deposited a copy of Mr. Huband's "Essay on the Art of Etching on Copper," in their library. That body then bore public

testimony to "the varied genius it displays, in the originality of its design, the critical elegance of its composition, and the masterly execution of its plates." The Provost and Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, in a letter from John Barret, librarian, in November 1811, conveyed to him a similar testimony of its merits, as "a production of singular ingenuity and taste." To express their sense of its rarity, they ordered it "to be deposit-

ed, for its better preservation, in the *Manuscript-Room* of the College Library." The book thus distinguished is, independently of its intrinsic merits as a work of extensive research and critical acumen, an extraordinary rarity, being "*written, printed, engraved, and bound, by the same individual.*" It also contains, according to my information, an additional rarity, in three prints etched by Joseph Huband, a son of the author's, only thirteen years of age. These prints having been etched in 1822 or 1823, must have been inserted in the College copy about that time. The first is *two Virtuosi examining a mutilated Statue*; the second, *two Pantomimical Clowns mocking each other*; and the third, the *Head of an Ass braying*. The two former are slight, and probably first attempts; from the good drawing and tasteful play of the lines in the latter, I imagine that it is a copy from a print by K. du Jardin. The Royal Dublin Society were pleased to confer a silver medal on this young amateur, "in testimony of the singular and early talent displayed by him in the art of etching."

The etchings by Mr. Huband, which I have seen, are copies from prints by Dutch and Flemish painters; but they are freely drawn, and executed so much in the spirit of the several masters, that they have more the character of originals than copies. Sixteen introductory pages of his work are occupied by "An Elementary Discourse on Judgment in the Fine Arts." In these observations, the author has used the liberty of a lively conversation, rather than followed a formal analysis of his subject; and he has rendered his pages more entertaining by this li-

cense. His illustrations are pointed and abundant; and in the sum of his reasoning, he arrives at the same conclusion with Sir Joshua Reynolds, although in different words—that a taste for the highest style of beauty and grandeur in works of art is not a natural perception, but an acquirement gained by a comparison of various performances by different schools, at different periods. This is an incontrovertible truth; at the same time, it must be admitted that unless Nature has bestowed upon an individual a refined sensibility, as a necessary organization, he may pass his life in viewing works of art, without being able to make any just comparison of their intrinsic merits, and must after all be contented to borrow his opinions of others as his guides.

The "Critical and Familiar Notices on the Art of Etching on Copper," follow the Discourse on Judgment in the Fine Arts, and extend the work to sixty pages. The author here indulges in the same lively desultory style as in the preceding essay. His critical observations on the ancient and modern engravers are proofs of his extensive research. This abundance of material drew from Comerford, one of the best miniature-painters now living, the following remark, in his published correspondence on this subject:—
"The research you manifest in the early and obscure periods of your art, and the discrimination you evince in commenting on the merits and peculiar manner of the several masters who have distinguished themselves in its practice, are really surprising in a man circumstanced as you have been, who could only snatch the hurried moments which your active employments in a laborious pro-

fession afforded you for the study of its history." These strong expressions convey the opinion of an artist whose intellectual vigour and discriminative taste confer superior weight on all his opinions. Mr. Huband intimates that he possessed some advantages in obtaining access to several foreign publications "on early engraving, and the subjects connected with that art," which he has not found mentioned by any English writer on the subject, and which he met with in the valuable library collected in Holland by the family of the Baron Fagel, and deposited as an important purchase in the library of the Dublin University, late in the last century.

Mr. Huband considers Albert Durer, "if not the inventor, the first successful practitioner, of the art of etching;" an opinion in which he is supported by the satisfactory evidence of known dates earlier than on the etchings of any other Italian or German engraver yet discovered. But the main point, the exact year when the method of corroding copper, or any other metal, with aquafortis, for the purpose of multiplying copies of particular designs, must ever remain doubtful. Many of the early engravers and etchers neglected to affix their names and dates to their prints; many that had obscure monograms are without dates, and several with dates are anonymous. An attempt to decide upon the precise time when a particular print was executed, by the primitive rudeness of its design or execution, is also very uncertain; because several painters and engravers, in the course of the sixteenth and early in the seventeenth century, either professedly imitated, or from their own taste, fell

back into what has been termed the Gothic manner of the earlier masters.

I insert the following extract for the purpose of adding an observation on it: "Joachim Sandrart, a well-known German author and artist, who flourished about a century and a half ago, attributes an *etching* to Albert Durer, of a small *Ecce Homo*, which has so early a date affixed to it as the year 1515. This print, however, has been generally deemed spurious by the most skilful antiquarians, and is thought to be one of those forgeries which are intended to support the pretensions of the Germans to the invention of the art of etching."—P. 37. From this, it appears that Mr. Huband has not seen this print; and I think if he had seen it, he would have a different opinion. I had an impression of this *Ecce Homo* some years ago in my possession, and judging from its intrinsic character, I believed it to be a genuine etching, very lightly corroded, and delicately retouched with a very fine graver. I saw another impression of it in the folio of a collector in Paris, last year, and my former opinion of it was confirmed. It has Albert's ostentatious anatomical learning, his meagre forms, and his singular lightness of hand.

Mr. Huband's treatise proves him to be free from the bigotry which forms so marked a defect in the minds of many amateurs and collectors. He speaks warmly of the prints on wood and copper by the early Germans; but his just sense of merit in those ancient engravings and etchings has not prevented him from relishing the wood-prints by the Bewicks, Austin, Nesbit, Clennel, and Lizars, of Edinburgh; or the lithographic works of Aloys Senne-

felder, the German inventor of the latter art. The beauties of the fine productions by Gerard Audran, de Poilly, and Edelinck, have not blinded him to the excellence in the works of Vivares, Woollet, Brown, and Mason, in England; or in those of Raphael Morghen, Bervic, Desnoyers, Blott, Disart, Rainaldi, and Massard, among the latest able engravers on the Continent. He expresses a high opinion of the present style of line-engraving in the British school, although, from motives of delicacy, he has not mentioned the names of the chief artists in that department.

Mr. Huband, when at the Temple in 1797, was fond of dramatic entertainments. He frequented the London theatres, cultivated an acquaintance with almost all the eminent actors in tragedy and comedy, and was admitted as an honorary member of their clubs, where he alternately acquired and communicated opinions on the histrionic art. It was at this period that he began to throw his thoughts on acting into verse, until he, at length, produced his greatest work, entitled "The Prompter; or, Elementary Hints to Young Actors, a didactic poem; to which are prefixed, Strictures on Theatrical Education, and a Prologue." He informs the reader, in an epilogue to his last edition, that "a crude anonymous sketch of the preceding criticism found its way into the world, some years ago, under circumstances to which it is unnecessary now to advert. I confess I was no less surprised than gratified, to observe that so inconsiderable a performance was noticed in several periodical publications, in terms of more than ordinary approbation." I have not seen

the "crude anonymous sketch," nor have I had an opportunity of perusing the contemporary approbation which it received from the periodical press. In the edition now before me, Mr. Huband has assumed the signature of "*David Lyddal, Esq.*" Whether he has not prefixed his own name from a motive not uncommon with authors, or from motives of delicacy, is a matter of uncertainty. The title-page conveys the fact, that in 1810 an edition was printed by the *Hibernia-Press Company*, and presented to the author; but their motive for this compliment I am not acquainted with. The latest edition, of which but twelve copies were printed, is dated 1825; and it appears that, as yet, the author has not permitted a copy to be printed and sold by the booksellers, but has presented the several editions to his private friends.

The variety of ancient and modern writers on the drama, from whom he has quoted, proves the unwearied extent of his reading, in search of the best materials. He avows his having anxiously consulted some of the most celebrated actors; and adds, that his own theatrical experience extended to thirty-five years, during which he diligently studied the manner of the most eminent performers of the day. He expresses himself with great modesty of his own object and means, although an honest confidence in his own powers is plainly discoverable in particular passages of the poem and notes.—"I am thoroughly aware of the utter futility of all quarter-begging apologies to readers, and would rather demand the approbation than supplicate the indulgence of the rational student, when I frankly avow, that it was not

so much my study to strike out smart conceits or quaint conceptions of my own, as to collect and methodize some memorable colloquial criticisms of several celebrated poets, players, and critics, whose observations, I thought, deserved to be recorded. A reader, I conceive, is justified in expecting, that a writer who proposes either to instruct or entertain him, will diligently acquaint himself with whatever works may have been already written on the subject he professes to discuss. I have more than once known an author, who, having neglected this precaution, was deeply mortified upon discovering, after the publication of his work, that the subject upon which he had written had been much better handled by a predecessor, and that he had enlarged our catalogue of books, without increasing our materials for knowledge. With this impression on my mind, I have left no ordinary source of information unexplored, from which I could expect to derive assistance for the subject I have treated upon; and have perused, with more or less attention, every criticism on the Stage from which I had reason to presume I could derive any legitimate contribution for my own."—P. 75.

The copious stores of information which he has gathered from this indefatigable examination of written authorities, from an earnest scrutiny of human nature, and a familiar observation of theatrical practice, are condensed in "The Prompter;" and they form an invaluable treasury to every actor anxious to study all the lights and shades of his profession. In this point of view, when regularly published and open to purchase, his work must hold a high rank in this

class of British composition. With this most essential recommendation, it does not require the gift of prophecy to anticipate that his poem will, when fairly before the world, become a favourite with the actors and lovers of the drama; and will continue to be so as long as the British Stage continues to be popular. The plan of a brief memoir, and the restricted limits of a periodical publication, preclude a regular review of its parts; but having borne a liberal and impartial testimony to its merits, a sincere wish for the author's poetical reputation, and a high opinion of his precepts, induce me, with much deference, to offer some further remarks. Mr. Huband has, with great judgment, adhered to his primary duty—that of conveying instruction, in which he has been eminently successful, having scarcely left an important point untouched upon in the qualifications of an actor. He has been avowedly more solicitous for perspicuity, than splendour of diction and figurative embellishment. Perspicuity is undoubtedly a first requisite in didactic poetry; and he has proved that excellence is not incompatible with the graces of style. His work abounds in satiric humour and strokes of pleasantry, in felicitous illustrations and lively turns of wit. But, as I have already mentioned, he is, throughout, more anxious to instruct the actor by the force and truth of his precepts, than to charm the reader by the manner in which they are conveyed. I do not affirm that this is not a sound and commendable principle; but the soundest principle may be sometimes carried to an extreme. If my space admitted the liberty, I could insert many passages

of striking beauty, which would prove that the spirit and elegance of his work arises from the freshness and vivacity of first thoughts, happily conceived and struck off in prompt versification, with all their original fire about them. It is the exceptions to this general observation that I would add a brief remark upon. Where beauties of expression did not present themselves, it appears that he did not in every instance allow himself sufficient time

“To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest.”

I suspect that, on these occasions, he made use of the first words that presented themselves to his mind, and, through a fear of obscurity and a love of simplicity, fell into some prosaic lines, negligent verses, and incorrect rhymes. That all works of genius are unequal is allowed; and, when critics agree that Homer nods, it is no discredit to Mr. Huband's poem to say, that it partakes of the common lot. I shall venture to suggest to him the value of Pope's remarks on one of our greatest poets:

“Even copious Dryden *wanted, or forgot,*
The last but *greatest art, the art to blot.*”

He has a just right to be proud of the value of his materials. A goldsmith sometimes dismisses ornaments of the purest gold in the rough, reserving his highest polishing for the meaner metals. Mr. Huband is rich in gold; it is a little more of the lamp and of the file that I recommend to him. As specimens of Mr. Huband's versification and talents, I subjoin the following extracts:

“Where is the dupe to vanity so prone,
As not to feel some foibles of his own?
The comic scribblers all are on the watch,
These latent failings of mankind to catch;
Some point or whim in various men they trace,
Which marks the mind as features mark
the face:

Be then your fate or foible what it will,
That part, perhaps, you first should take to fill,

Where your true character is well disclosed,
Or real temper pointedly exposed:
On my own *hobby* set me once astride,
Give me the rein, and I engage to ride.

Thus some their proper character *sustain,*
Or act *au vif* throughout a certain *scene*;
But see them *once*—you find for ever more
The same dull round of what you saw before:
Cit, soldier, lover, coxcomb, clown, or king,
No matter what—themselves in every thing.”

—P. 44.

“Tragic the mirth of some who laughter try,
But, gods! how comic their attempts to cry!
Rare is his gift who feigns the passions well;
How few pretenders to your art excel!
A first-rate actor in an age appears;
A Garrick scarcely in a thousand years:
You ask the reason—hear the simple fact—
Creatures untaught to read, assume to act;
Some craz'd apprentice that a speech can
spout,

Shines like a meteor *once*—and so goes out.
Though taste, wit, judgment, all refuse their
aid,

Dick combats nature, and forsakes his trade;
Devoid of sense, of learning, grace, or ease,
The desperate Yahoo still persists to *please*.
Though scarcely blessed with brains, his
master fears,

To learn a simple trade in seven long years;
Yet all at once this luminary bright
Starts up an actor in a single night.

Damn'd on a view, poor Dick in dudgeon then
Sneaks to his shop—“Richard's himself again,
And, wise too late, determines to discard
The player's truncheon for the tradesman's
yard.”—Pp. 46, 47.

“Since on the stage, as in the world, we find
The first impressions prepossess the mind;
Players, observe, that, with befitting mien,
You suit your entrance to the coming scene;
Nor let your ill-judg'd air, as you DEPART,
Deface your recent labours from the heart.

“Thus falls the curtain on that sober hour,
When sobs and tears evince the actor's power;
When the rapt senses feel his strong con-
troul,

And mingled passions seize the yielding soul;
Scarce is the mind absorb'd in earnest
thought,

And tragic fiction to its utmost wrought,
When some light interlude, or music gay,
Dissolves the spell, and laughs the charm
away;

Or when those actors, whom we just have seen,
With dismal visage and distracted mien,

Abruptly enter, and dismiss at once
Their recent grief, and some broad farce announce.—Pp. 66, 67, and 68.

Leaving the reader to form a general idea from the above extracts, I conclude with a hope that Mr. Huband will give some last touches to this very excellent production, and then usher it into the world through the hands of a London or Dublin publisher. I am more solicitous for this gentleman's giving the last revi-

sion and polish to this poem; because I conceive, from the mass of sound instruction which it conveys, it will, when published by the booksellers, soon establish itself as a standard authority in the canons of dramatic criticism; and will hand down the reputation and name of Willcocks Huband, as a man of talents and a profound critic, to posterity.

THE CARNIVAL.

(Concluded from p. 15.)

THE Carnival commenced; cavalry paraded the Corso; every individual wore a mask. Pozzolano sand was thrown in all directions; exhibitions, various and grotesque, solicited the admiration of the populace; but no Salvator Rosa brought forward a *Coviello** to engross the charmed fancy of all gradations, from *il principe*, to the *mendicante* of the streets. Evening came, and brought with it the *moccolo*, or the struggle of lights, which sparkled through the increasing obscurity. Everyone attempted to carry torches, and every one tried to extinguish the flame that blazed in other hands. For the more intellectual, refined, and lofty classes, *conversazioni*, masquerades, concerts, and balls, were open in all quarters of the city; and it seemed as though care and sorrow were banished from the seven hills, and all their superb edifices were temples of mirth and exhaustless gratification.

But how wore the days and nights with *Agiamento*? His pencil and palette were employed with unremitting diligence; the shock to his unconquerable spirit, though, sud-

* See the *Repository* for June 1825.

den as the levin-flash, it penetrated every fibre of his heart; yet, as a tonic to his nerves, relieved him from the pressure of listless dejection. His fate seemed to be fixed, and he resolved to sustain it with fortitude. All earthly enjoyment was lost to him; nothing remained but to create for himself a renown that might descend to future times. He hoped, and joy sprung up in the midst of sadness, in the hope that his days must soon come to a period. He would endeavour to fill up the small remnant in perpetuating his name. But his genius soared on the cloud and the storm; the creations of his hand were deeply tinctured by the gloomy and agitating impressions that coloured his feelings. One piece represented the strife of eddying winds, the thunder-darkened sky, the forked streams of electric fire darting among the wild mountains of lava, whence the torrent, swollen by water-spouts, rushes headlong upon the despairing traveller. With horror in every feature, he struggles against the impetuous foamy waves, and spreads his hands to ward off the wreck of cottages, of trees and

tumbling rocks, that, plunging from ledge to ledge in their rugged course, at length dash upon and overwhelm him. This dreadful scene Agiamento had witnessed in his last scientific tour; he nearly lost his life in attempting to succour the unfortunate man; and he now wished to have perished with him. Guy Mortimer had long studied the expressive countenance of his esteemed protector, and he perceived that unusual pangs at times discomposed the lineaments which, to his eye, were perfect in beauty, and illumined by the emanations of his exalted and amiable mind. He refused to partake in the amusements of the Carnival; the colour-boy took his holiday, and Mortimer supplied his place to the artist, who, since the demise of his father, and even before he could be of any service, had treated him with parental kindness. Agiamento worked with a facility in embodying his ideas never before experienced; abstracted from the world, and self-satisfied, since by immolating his own inclinations he could vindicate the beloved object, his powers of invention expanded, and his mind put forth all its strength.

Clement XIV. was enfeebled by lingering indisposition, but with more ease than he expected he went through the ceremonies of the Holy Week; he washed the feet of pilgrims with his accustomed gentleness and amenity of deportment. Attended by his cardinals, he appeared at one of the great windows of St. Peter's church, giving his benediction to an assemblage of more than twenty thousand persons; this immense mass of devotees kneeling down in silence, and immovable as though

the human figures were only modelled by the chisel of the statuary. The mighty fabric of St. Peter's, illumined with a blaze of wax-lights, shone through the darkness of night as a glorious habitation descended from the regions of celestial bliss; and the sublime cadences of the *Miserere* poured around as a strain of melody from the angelic choirs. The pontiff, in his richest robes, and wearing the triple crown, studded with gems of high value and brilliance, was borne on the shoulders of young ecclesiastics of the most commanding stature and fine presence; and while fire-works from the castle of St. Angelo announced his arrival at the Vatican, *he*, the principal figure and actor in the imposing ceremonial, lay on a couch, borne down by mortal disease.

One, two, three, four days passed after the conclusion of the Holy Week; every hour Agiamento expected a summons to complete the sacrifice he was still firm in purpose to make, in the purest tenderness for Vivolo. His heart sickened under suspense, but, by great exertions as an artist, he divided his thoughts from anticipations that shook every faculty almost to annihilation. Ganganelli regretted this lengthened trial of his patience, but he was not sufficiently recovered to undertake his part in the catastrophe impending over the young painter. The sultry humid atmosphere was refrigerated and cleared by soft breezes on the fifth day. Evening approached, when Guy Mortimer went out to purchase colours, and Leofante attended to carry the packets; Agiamento felt his nerves braced and his spirits lightened by a more free circulation

of air from ventilators, which the pope ordered in his suite of rooms since the unusual increase of heat in that season. "May our Father in Heaven reward the venerable father of the church for this mark of humane attention!" said he to himself; "and may this slight frame possess the elasticity which now buoys up my mind, when—when I am called to the fatal union!" A labouring respiration behind him occasioned a start, and he dropped the brush with which he was completing the foam of a torrent. Surprised, gladdened to end his suspense, yet with emotions of painful repugnance, he beheld the aged priest who conducted him to his prison. A small door he had not previously observed stood open; the priest beckoned to him—he followed; and having entered a chamber at the further end of a long gallery, his conductor put a sealed billet into his hand. In the well-known penmanship of Ganganelli, he read these words:

"To the altar—wear the garments provided—submit to the blindfolding mask. Utter no sound until permitted, and in all things obey your guide."

Agiamento gave exact compliance. The priest led him down stairs, and through labyrinthine ways that seemed unending. He was assisted into a carriage, the priest taking a seat beside him; the journey of an hour brought him to a building, the polished pavement and resounding walls of which convinced him that the consummation of his misery drew near. He was indeed beneath the roof of a church, and a lady met him at the altar. The sacred rites were performed; he must receive the trembling hand of the bride; its first

contact was abhorrent, but as the slender fingers quivered in his reluctant hold, there seemed to issue from them a communion sympathetic to his heart. He was indignant at this versatility of sensation; yet when his conductor, and another person, supposed to be a witness giving validity to the marriage, taking his arm, separated him from the lady, his relenting nature was in no haste to part from her. With pitying softness he heard her sobs as she trod after him, and the irregular steps assured him that she was, like himself, blindfolded, and dragged to and from the altar. The broken and circuitous progress was again and again recognised by the quick perceptions of our artist; he was certain the time was spun out by making them retread the same way, and he grew impatient to behold the lady, who, in spite of fonder recollections, greatly interested him; but he was obliged to wait the appointed hour. The folding-doors of an apartment were thrown open with a loud burst of creaking hinges—the lady, alarmed, uttered a faint cry—the voice of Ganganelli said, "Unmask, raise the lady's veil—behold your bride, and speak to her, Reginald!"

Forgetful of the sacred presence, unconscious that his father supported the bride, affected only by the soul-delighting tones of her exclamation, Reginald tore off his mask, threw up the thick veil that shrouded in darkness the face and person of the lady, and beheld Sozifa Vivolo!

"Vivolo is yours," said the pope: "you will take her without a fortune; her mother has spent the last sequin left to her by her father, the

Conte Vivolo. She has fled Rome for ever, with a man to whom she was married in her first widowhood; so the Conte Vivolo was not legally her husband. Will you take the daughter on these terms?"

"I would not resign her for worlds! The errors of the mother cannot impair the intrinsic worth of the daughter, and I exult in the opportunity to prove my disinterested love."

"Be not too rash, young man! Hear all, before you come to a decision. Frothschard, whom my sister married in her first widowhood, was the ostensible manager of a gambling-concern, by which she and Madame St. Aubergne amassed enormous wealth. Soon after my advancement to the pontificate, the Conte Vivolo made proposals for her. She bribed Frothschard to acquiesce, and by a vast annual payment obtained his silence, till lately that her resources failed. She squandered the fortune bequeathed to Vivolo by her father. Pride would not let her reveal those involvements to me; and Frothschard insisted she must either find the usual sum or attend him to America, where she should assist in conducting an establishment similar to that they had so prosperously managed together at Paris; and it was settled that they were to take Vivolo, and make a market of her charms, across the Atlantic. The good priest who piloted you hither suspected some intrigue on the part of the contessa, or, more properly, Madame Frothschard. Jachimo the porter seemed to be the confidant of manœuvres, suspicious because unavowed; the priest encouraged Jachimo to talk. It appears he has never-failing volubility, and great

chatterers are not renowned for keeping secrets. Darkling hints were followed up by good father Ruperto. Gold opened all the concealments; and as Reginald loved Vivolo, he was the fittest protector to shield her from an unprincipled mother and step-father, if so we should call him. Death may remove the young, and of a certainty will soon claim the aged: Vivolo has but one near relative, far declined into the vale of years. But this is not all: Reginald Waldegrave, the heir of Sir Charles Waldegrave, has been restored to his titles and estates by the King of England, on condition that he also takes the Hanoverian title of Lauenrode. The gracious distinction has been given for saving the Duke of Gloucester, when overturned in his pleasure-barge on the Tiber, and for warning the Duke of Cumberland that assassins were lying in wait for his life. A more dangerous attempt was made on the same night, when Reginald was but a short way from Nairn. The presence of mind and courage of the duke disarmed the villain; he was seized, and divulged his accomplices. I shame to say, he was an Italian. The young King of England, when he signed the patent of nobility for Reginald, said, 'Well, well, well, one adherent of the house of Stuart shall be vassal to the house of Hanover.' Reginald, will you deign to accept such a wife, and such a title?"

"Your Holiness, I take the wife for her own sake; and for her sake, I grasp at the title."

"She deserves it. She consented to give her hand to a person unseen, unknown, to save Agiamento from death; and though her father's fortune has been squandered, a larger

dowry, which she inherits from my brother the cardinal, has accumulated under my guardianship. Sir Charles Waldegrave, acknowledge your meritorious grandson in public and in private! Colonel Waldegrave, rejoice in the virtues and distinction of your son!"

Mutual gratulations followed, and the pontiff pronounced a soul-elevating benediction upon the happy

pair; and during the few months he survived, their interests were effectually secured by his wisdom and liberality. Before another Carnival came round, the monarch of the triple crown was numbered with the dead; but he will ever be remembered as the *Protestant Pope*, the Pope superior to bigotry and superstition. B. G.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XII.

The Vicar's Study.—Present, Dr. PRIMROSE, Mrs. Miss, and Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. MONTAGUE, Mr. APATHY, Captain PRIMROSE, Captain FIEDRAKE, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Dr. Primrose. Welcome, my friends, to our first meeting in the new year! Welcome, one and all; and may the ensuing year prove happy as the last! May it bring with it new joys, new pleasures; and may we remember during its progress that "all is changing;" that we are hastening to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" and in the midst of our innocent mirth, let us

"breathe low a secret prayer,
That God would shed a blessing on our heads."

Capt. Primrose. And will you replenish your wassail bowl, and

"Let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best?"

I like to keep up the good old English custom of pledging my friends

"in cups well crown'd,
Whilst friendly healths go gaily round."

So let me call in John, and order the materials, and I'll concoct you a "wassail bowl," according to the most approved method and recipe of some hundred years' standing:

"Next crown the bowle full
With gentle lamb's wool;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,

With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassail a swinger."

So

"Let mirth abound, let social cheer
Invest the dawning o' the year;
Let blithsome innocence appear
To crown our joy,
Nor envy w' sarcastic sneer
Our bliss destroy."

Counsellor Eitherside. Well said, Horace; and I will add, in the words of honest Ferguson, that,

"Tho' at odds w' a' the warl,
Among oursels we'll never quarrel,
Though discord gi' a mutter'd snarl,
To spoil our glee;
But whilst there's pith within the barrel,
We'll drink and 'gree."

The Vicar. The wassail bowl awaits your bidding, Horace; it is already prepared; the ingredients have been mixed by my good dame; Mary-Ann's talents at house-keeping are displayed in the spice-cake; and Rosina concocted the *furmetz* with which you shall all be regaled before we part. So here's a merry new year to all!

Omnes pledge the toast.

Mr. Apathy. By my faith, but that's a spirit-stirring cup, and too much

of it would neither be agreeable nor befitting; but in moderation it is calculated to enliven and exhilarate; to promote mirth, and to put us in good-humour with each other.

The Vicar. I trust we do not require the wassail bowl to do that, friend Apathy; and I hope our good-humour and good-fellowship will increase as the year advances on its journey; and that we shall not forget, in our mirth, that Time is still moving steadily on, neither hurrying nor retarding his career; and that it is our duty to improve it. My office authorizes me to moralize, my friends; and at the opening of the year, we cannot be too forcibly impressed with the evanescent nature of our earthly joys, and the fleeting nature of our tenure here:

“For though our hopes and joys be gone,
Yet Time will journey swiftly on,
Nor stay though Fancy’s brilliant flowers
Entwine our brows with rosy sweetness,
Nor yield to Pleasure’s sunny hours
One moment of his winged fleetness.”

Reginald. I am duly sensible, my dear sir, of the swiftness with which old father Time performs his evolutions. To me, it seems only as yesterday since, twelve months ago, I welcomed in the new year with a young and jovial party of lads and lasses, who were assembled to “speed the parting, hail the coming year;” and how many changes have since occurred! But *n’importe*.

“Year rolls on year, Time flies so fast,
We scarce perceive his flight, nor deem
The present moment, nor the past,
Has realized one golden dream.
Well, let us dream! to wake and mourn
For blessings lost, or sorrows borne,
Would only place us on the rack,
And would not bring one moment back.

“No! Time hath only one lock grey,
And that, alas! he wears behind;
Unless we seize the thief to-day,
He flies us like the idle wind.

Aye, *thief* I deem him, for he steals
Our youth away, which oft reveals
Visions so bright with cloudless joy,
Which nought but *Time* could e’er destroy.

“So let him fly—could we pursue,
And bring him back, we might not love him:
Time *present* shews a sombre hue,
Except to minds that soar above him!
To minds that bow not to the fate
That leaves the coward desolate;
To minds that soar above the sorrow
Which threatens to-day, or waits to-morrow!

“Yet would I not forget that all
The worldly things which charm us here,
With them that rise and them that fall,
Are passing with the passing year.
We *all* are changing! heedless Time,
E’en now, regardless of my rhyme,
Dull hovering o’er oblivion’s brink,
Blots out the moments as I think.

“Well! *other* moments follow—yes!
And why should they be deem’d less fair?
The storm that wrecks our happiness
Is often raised by dark despair!
I love to feel the hour was given
A joyous beam that lights to heaven!
I love to pluck the flowers that bloom
Between the cradle and the tomb!

“Oh! what a rich parterre is spread
Around us here! our life discloses,
Amid the trivial ills we dread,
For every thorn a thousand roses!
Away with care! come, Hope! inspire
The drooping world, and lend thy fire
To warm our hearts, and light us o’er
Life’s path—till life shall be no more!”

Rosina Primrose. Are those your own, or borrowed, Reginald?

Reginald. Borrowed. They are from the pen of my friend Mr. Bird, and were written by him on New-Year’s-day 1822. They are, I think, very appropriate to the season; the idea is beautiful, and it is clothed in numbers that fall sweetly on the ear, like the song of the nightingale. By the bye, he is employed in writing a new poem, which I hope soon to have the pleasure of reading to you.

Mr. Mathews. Where did you spend your Christmas, Reginald?

Reginald. At Heartly-Hall, where it was celebrated with all the old observances. The carols were sung, the yule-candles lighted, the yule-log burned; and the good cheer of Christmas abounded "in parlour and hall." Honest Heartly thinks it

"—a good old fashion, when Christmas is come,

To call in all his neighbours with bag-pipe and drum;

To have good old cheer enough to furnish every old room,

And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and a man dumb;"

and I perfectly agree with him. I have spent my Christmas-day at Heartly-Hall every year since I was a school-boy. This is a compact which must not be broken till I am myself the head of a family. Old Christmas-day I spend at home; and then Elmwood-Hall is the seat of mirth, and

"Jest and youthful jollity;
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleep;
Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter, holding both his sides."

Basil Firedrake. Aye, I kept Christmas with you, this year, to my cost. What with the good cheer, the dancing, and the kissing the lasses under the mistletoe, I was as completely occupied as ever I was in seeing that all was taught and right in a gale of wind, though much more agreeably, I must confess. Yet I was not myself again for a week after.

Reginald. That was because, after the exhilarating scenes of Elmwood-Hall, you could not all at once descend to the comparative insipidity of still life, and not from any excess of which you were guilty, as I can vouch.

Basil. No, not exactly excess; but for two or three days, you kept us at it yard-arm and yard-arm, scarcely allowing us even half a watch for necessary rest. And this racketing don't agree with my old bones, however you young fellows may enjoy it.

Mr. Apathy. I almost regret that the ancient mode of celebrating Christmas is wearing away. In some places, and on some estates, it is still kept up; but there is now little of that ancient hospitality observed which was wont to be the order of the day in those "good old times," when, as an old quaint author has it,

An English gentleman, at the opening of the great day, *i. e.* a Christmas-day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by daybreak. —The strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about, with toast, sugar, and nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by daybreak, or the two young men must take the maiden (*i. e.* the cook) by the arms, and run her round the market-place till she is shamed of her laziness. The tables were all spread from the first to the last; the sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the plum-porridge, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings, were all brought upon the board: every one cat heartily, and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, "Merry in the hall, when beards was gal!"

Mrs. Primrose. Pray at what era in our history did Christmas become so important a period amongst the lovers of feasts and frolic?

Mr. Montague. Why it is difficult to answer your question; but, probably, very soon after the first introduction of Christianity. There

* Round about our sea-coal fire.

is little doubt but many of the observances and ceremonies and superstitions connected with it, have been engrafted on our pure religion from the rites of our heathen ancestors.—To the custom of the Druids, who used to form shades of holly, under which they performed their religious ceremonies, the practice of decking our houses and churches with that plant has by some been traced; whilst the hanging the mistletoe in the hall is probably derived from the veneration in which the Druids held that product of the oak. Many of the practices of the Roman Saturnalia also seem to have been adopted—probably they were introduced into the British church during the period of Roman domination. That such was the case is the opinion of Selden, who says, “Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia, the same time, the same number of holy days.” The Saturnalia were held in honour of Saturn, and commenced on the 19th of December; they were ushered in by lighting a number of wax tapers in the temple of the god, which were intended as an expiatory sacrifice. The houses were decked with boughs and laurel—the servant became the master, and the latter waited upon his domestics at the festive board. A general licence was given for the commission of all sorts of revelry; and feasting and mirth continued for ten or twelve days.

Dr. Primrose. I think Holinshed ascribes the introduction of feasting and revelry at Christmas to Arthur, the British prince, who, in the early part of the sixth century, being engaged in a war with the Picts and Scots, advanced as far north as York—and indulged his army there in all kinds of banqueting, drinking, and

other voluptuous pleasure. The honest old chronicler says,

It is thought of some, that about the same time, Arthur first instituted, that the feast of Christmas should be kept with such excesse of meats and drinckes, in all kinds of inordinate banquetting and reuell for the space of thirteene daies together, according to the custome vsed still through both the realmes of England and Scotland euen unto this day, resembling the feasts which the gentiles used to keep in honour of their drunken god Bacchus, called in Latin Bacchanalia; wherein all kinds of beastlie lust and sensuall voluptuousnes was put in vse.—But whencesoever this insatiable gourmandise came vp amongst vs, suerlie a great abuse it is, to see the people at such a solemne feast, where they ought to be occupied in thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the sending downe of his onlie begotten Some amongst vs, to give themselves in manner wholie to gluttonie, and excessive filling of their bellies, with such manner of lewd and wanton pastimes, as though they should rather celebrate the same feasts of Bacchanalia, and those other which the gentiles also kept, called Floralia, &c. than the remembrance of Christ's nativitie, who abhorreth all manner of such excesse.

Reginald. I recollect Whistlecraft (alias Mr. Frere) gives us a description of one of that prince's Christmas-feasts—particularizing the good fare with all the minuteness of a Kitchiner:

“The great King Arthur made a sumptuous
feast,
And held his royal Christmas at Carlisle;
And thither came the vassals, great and
least,
From every corner of this British isle;
And all were entertained, both man and
beast,
According to their rank, in proper style;

The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The ladies and the knights sat down to table.

“The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Was suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,

With truffles, and ragouts, and various crimes;

And therefore, from the original in prose

I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes.

They served up salmon, venison, and wild boars,

By hundreds, and by dozens, and by scores.

“Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Nuttons, and fatted beeves, and bacon swine;

Hérons and bitterns, peacock, swan, and bustard,

Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine

Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard;

And there withal they drank good Gascon wine,

With mead, and ale, and cyder of our own;

For porter, punch, and negus were not known.

“All sorts of people then were seen together,

All sorts of characters, all sorts of dresses;
The fool, with fox's tail and peacock's feather;

Pilgrims and penitents, and grave burghesses;

The country people with their coats of leather,

Vintners and victuallers with cans and messes;

Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers, and yeomen,

Damsels, and waiting-maids, and waiting-women.”

Counsellor Eitherside. The festivities of Christmas were not confined to feasting. But all sorts of frolic and fun prevailed. Perhaps the most eccentric of the sports was the appointment of the *Abbot of Unreason*, the *Lord of Misrule*, who, according to Stowe, was to be found in “the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, were he spi-

ritual or temporal. The Mayor of London and either of the sheriffs had then several Lords of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholders. These lords beginning their rule at All-Hallow-eve [31st October], continued the same till the morrow after the feast of the Purification [3d February], commonly called Candlemas-day. In which space there were fine and subtil disguisings, masks, and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nayles, and points, in every house, more for pastime than for gaine.”

Mr. Apathy. Plays and holy mysteries were also represented at this season. In Warton's History of English Poetry, he notices an account existing in the wardrobe-rolls of Edward III. of the dresses used in the sports at Christmas in 1348. There “were expended eighty tunics of buckram of various colours; forty-two visours of various similitudes, that is, fourteen of the faces of women, fourteen of the faces of men with beards, fourteen of heads of angels, made with silver; twenty-eight crests; fourteen mantles, embroidered with heads of dragons; fourteen white tunics, wrought with heads and wings of peacocks; fourteen heads of swans, with wings; fourteen tunics, painted with eyes of peacocks; fourteen tunics of English linen, painted, and as many tunics embroidered with stars of gold and silver.”

Reginald. The mummings and maskings, too, were productive of much amusement, though liable to great abuse, being frequently carried beyond the bounds of decency, which probably occasioned their discontinuance. They appear to have been

most splendid in the reign of Henry VIII. when the court frequently partook of those diversions, which suited the character of that gay and gallant monarch.

The Vicar. Holinshed tells us of some Christmas mummeries, in which that prince and some of his courtiers took a part. They were held in Richmond in 1510; and the historian thus quaintly describes the sport:

In the meane season, the king, with fifteen other, apparelled in Almaine jackets of crimson and purple sattin, with long-quartered sléues, and hosen of the same sute; their bonnets of white veluet, wrapped in flat gold of damaske, with visards and white plumes, came in with a mummerie; and after a certain time that they had plaied with the quéene [Catherine] and the strangers, they departed. Then suddenlie entered six minstrels richlie apparelled, plaieing on their instruments; and then followed foureteene persons, gentlemen, all apparelled in yellow sattin, cut like Almans, bearing torches. After them came six disguised in white sattin and gréene, embroidered and set with letters and castels of fine gold in bullion; the garments were of strange fashion, with also strange cuts, everie cut knit with points of fine gold, and tassels of the same; their hosen cut and tied in like wise, their bonnets of cloth of silver, woond with gold. The first of these six was the King, the Earle of Essex, Charles Brandon, Sir Edward Howard, Sir Thomas Kneuet, and Sir Henrie Guilford.

Then part of the gentlemen bearing torches departed, and shortly returned; after whom came in six ladies, apparelled in garments of crimson sattin, embroidered and traversed with cloth of gold, cut in pomegranats and yokes, stringed after the fashion of Spaine. Then the said six men danced with these six ladies; and after that they had danced a season, the ladies took off the men's visors, whereby

they were known: whereof the quéene and the strangers much praised the king, and thus ended the pastime.

Mr. Mathews. These shows and pageants were frequently continued till after Twelfth-day. The same Chronicle records Henry's keeping

A solemne Christmasse at Greenwich in 1513, with dances and mummeries in most princelie maner. And at the twelwe daie at night came into the hall a mount, called the rich mount. The mount was set full of rich flowers of silk, and especiallie full of broome-slips, full of rods; the branches were gréene sattin, and the flowers flat gold of damaske, which signified Plantagenet. On the top stood a goodlie beacon giving light; round about the beacon sat the king and five others, all in cotes set full of spangles of gold. And foure wood-horses drew the mount till it came before the quéene, and then the king and his companie descended and danced. Then suddenlie the mount opened, and out came six ladies all in crimson sattin and plunket, embroidered with gold and pearle, with French hoods on their heads, and they danced alone. Then the lords of the mount tooke the ladies and danced together; and the ladies re-entered, and the mount closed, and so was conveied out of the hall. Then the king shifted him, and came to the quéene, and sat at the banket, which was verie sumptuous."

Many similar accounts are interspersed throughout the "Chronicle:" for it appears this festival was then always celebrated with great splendour by the court; and, on one occasion, in 1526, there being a great dearth, "the king kept his Christmasse at Eltham with a small number, and therefore it was called the still Christmasse."

Reginald. After all, there is no mode of observing Christmas which

appears to me so congenial with the true character of the festival, celebrating an event that brought "peace upon earth, and good-will to man," as that which removes for a time the distinction and difference between the classes of society; which carries mirth into the poor man's cottage, as well as joy into the great man's hall. I love to read of the celebration of Christmas in the "ancient times," ere *refinement*, as it is called, had deprived us of that honest simplicity of manners, that warmth of hospitality, that kindness of heart, which on this occasion were all called into action, to promote the general happiness, and contribute to the general enjoyment; when "the bells were rung," and the "mass was sung;" when the mistletoe was hung up in the hall, to which every retainer of the owner, "vassal, tenant, and serf," was invited to repair; when the lord mixed with his domestics in the jocund feast, and sought the hand of some bright-eyed villager in the rustic dance; when the whole tenantry of the estate were collected together, young and old, to partake of the Christmas cheer—

"When was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
When the grim boar's head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary;"

when the sirloin, king of joints, crowned the board, flanked with huge plum-puddings and delicate mince-pies; and when the wassail bowl went round to a jolly and hearty chorus! Indeed

"England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart for half the year."

The Vicar. In the north riding of our county this season is still celebrated with many ancient observances. The lads and lasses, after the feast of St. Martin, prepare a waxen image, intended to represent the infant Messiah, which they lay in a small cradle, a basket, and surround it with evergreens and flowers. With this they visit every house in the village, or town, singing at the door some such rude strain as the following:

"God bless the master of this house,
The mistress also;
And all the little children
That round the table go!"

There is a saying, that it is unlucky to turn the first party from the door without giving them some money. This is continued up to Christmas-eve; on that evening, the poorest family contrives to collect together its scattered members, if they reside at any reasonable distance. The *yule-log* is laid on the fire; a large candle, often the present of the grocer where they purchase their tea and sugar, is lighted; and a dish of furmety, made from wheat and milk, is prepared. A large *spice-cake*, as it is called, that is, a loaf sweetened and filled with plums, is also made, and a *whole* cheese is placed on the table. All who come are welcome to this fare; and in the cottages of the poor the semblance of our old hospitality is still kept up. All who are away from their own houses must return and have their doors closed before twelve o'clock; and the good housewife carefully puts away a fragment of the *yule-log* to burn on New-Year's-eve, and a portion is preserved to set fire to the "log," or "clog," on the next anniversary of the eve of the Nativity.

Mr. Apathy. There are a great many superstitions still current, and very confidently believed, amongst the peasantry, and even amongst those of a more distinguished order; chiefly relating to lucky and unlucky omens. Many people have a *dark* young man always come to their house on a Christmas-morning, as their lucky bird; and till he arrives, they will not suffer any one to enter, particularly a female, nor any of their family to leave the house. Another belief is, that it is unlucky to give a light out of the house during the whole of the Christmas holidays; another, that no female should cut up any thing on Christmas-eve. And, whilst on Christmas-eve all parties must separate, and those who do not belong to the family must retire to their own houses before twelve o'clock, on New-Year's-eve the conviviality is kept up till the clock strikes; and the new year is ushered in with singing, sometimes a hymn, at others a catch or a glee, as the humour of the moment prescribes. The pertinacity with which many of these customs are kept up, and the implicit faith which is put in their efficacy, is astonishing.

Mr. Montague. In Yorkshire, too, the custom of having "a bra' goose-pie," among the Christmas dainties, is still preserved in many parts. In this respect, Sheffield appears at present to be pre-eminently distinguished. Many of the inn-keepers

there make them to regale their customers; and this year, Mr. Roberts of that town exhibited, and subsequently distributed amongst his friends, one which, before being carried to the oven, weighed fifteen stone ten pounds; and when the weight of the pie-dish was subtracted, it left nearly two hundred pounds weight of old Christmas fare: it was composed of geese, rabbits, veal, and pork.

The Vicar. That was certainly a noble dish; but I do not think I should have much relished a dinner off it.

Counsellor Eitherside. Nor I; I am not fond of those enormous dishes—something more delicate, a puff, or a *paté*, "likes me better."

At this stage of the conversation, the servants entered, bearing salvers with refreshments, consisting of mince-pies, spice-cake and cheese—real Christmas fare. The circulation of these for a short time impeded the interchange of any other sentiment than admiration of the excellent quality of the viands; and when the conversation was resumed, it had turned into a different channel. But this paper has already extended to a sufficient length; so wishing "a happy new year" to the publisher, editor, and readers of, and the contributors to, the *Repository*, I conclude.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL.

ANECDOTES OF HOGAN. By W. C.
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,
THE first facts in this article have been already narrated in another form; but their extraordinary

consequences place them in a new light before the public, and render them of importance.

After the first letter of mine, calling on the nobility and gentry in the city and county of Cork to raise a fund to send this young artist to Italy, had appeared in the "Cork Advertiser," I received a warm letter of acknowledgment from him, requesting me to accept a *grand old Head of an Apostle* and a *Male Torso*, both cut in pine-wood, in token of his grateful feelings. The letter and carvings were brought by one of his younger brothers, a youth who has evinced an exquisite taste in his drawings, in the Royal Cork Academy. I returned a kind answer, and expressed my sense of the beauty of these performances, but declined accepting them; at the same time I advised him to write to Sir John Leicester, to present these two specimens to him, and to use my name for this liberty, and promised to take charge of their delivery to Sir John. Hogan took my advice, and his first act of gratitude turned out to be the foundation of his advancement in life. That princely-minded man, by return of post, sent twenty-five pounds to Hogan; and, on my arrival in Dublin, I called a meeting of amateurs at my lodgings, and exhibited the *grand old Head* and the *Male Torso*, the two tokens of Hogan's gratitude to them. Having thus made his merits known by these specimens, I sent them to the Royal Irish Institution, and submitted them to their inspection, with a motion, that was carried, to grant the sum of one hundred pounds to him, in aid of the fund for sending him to Italy. I then sent the two specimens to Sir John Leicester at Tabley-House; and that discriminating judge was so struck by their excellence, that he wrote to me to give Hogan

a commission to execute a female figure in marble for him, as soon as his preparatory studies would enable him to undertake it. Sir John, with a true liberality, made no stipulation for remuneration or time; but I induced Hogan to fix a remuneration in the outset. Thus a simple act of gratitude from Hogan to me enabled me to obtain him the twenty-five pounds from Sir John Leicester, and the one hundred pounds from the Royal Irish Institution; and these two public acts set on foot the subscription in Cork, by which another hundred pounds were gained in that city.

These good consequences of the reciprocal good wishes with which he felt my efforts in his favour, were not the only benefits resulting from the grateful principle that actuated him. Immediately after my arrival in Dublin, a case, containing some of his admirable anatomical studies, cut in pine-wood, was delivered at my lodgings, with a letter from him in Cork, warmly entreating my acceptance of them. I wrote to him in reply as before, kindly and affectionately declining them; but I immediately displayed those fine productions to some members of the Royal Dublin Society. I next wrote a letter to that Body, which then voted twenty-five pounds to him; and with these several sums, the fruit of his own gratitude, he journeyed to Italy. But his gratitude, by a signal instance of Providence, was also made the instrument of another more momentous benefit to him: it rescued this extraordinary young man from the devouring jaws of the ocean. I hasten to narrate the singular interposition in his favour.

When Hogan was about to em-

bark for England on his passage to Rome, having taken leave of his relations and friends in Cork, he was advised to take shipping in a vessel at that port which was on the eve of sailing for England. He was on the point of yielding to these solicitations, when his heart sunk at the thought of going away without calling on me, to take his leave of me also, although I was then in Dublin. It was in vain that he was urged not to lose time, but to avail himself of the vessel at hand, and then weighing anchor, ready to sail with a fair wind. He resisted all entreaties, came up to Dublin to see me, spent an evening with me and my family there, and pressed my hand, while his eyes filled with tears as he took his leave of me. He embarked the next day at the port of Dublin for Liverpool.

Within two or three days after, news arrived in Dublin that the vessel in which he, at first, had intended to embark at Cork, was shipwrecked, and every soul on board perished.

This was in February or March 1824, and the name of the vessel will be found by a recurrence to the newspapers of that time.

I am no *fatalist*; but I am firmly of opinion, that this young sculptor will one day rise to a distinguished eminence in his profession, and confer honour on his country.

The following Contributions to the Subscription for Mr. HOGAN have been paid in at Messrs. HAMMERSLEYS', up to Jan. 16.

Sir J. Fleming Leicester, Bt. Tabley-	£. s. d.
Hall	25 0 0
Wm. Carey, Esq. <i>Honorary Member of the Royal Cork Society, and Royal Irish Institution, Dublin</i>	10 0 0
R. Ackermann, Esq. 101, Strand	5 0 0
George Hammersley, Esq. Pall-Mall	10 0 0
Thomas Hope, Esq. Duchess-street	10 0 0
Hy. P. Hope, Esq. New Norfolk-street	10 0 0
M. A. Shee, Esq. R.A.	2 2 0
—————	
Royal Irish Institution voted Jan. 3, but not yet remitted	25 0 0
Received by Mr. Hogan in Rome, from Mr. Oliver Latham, in London, by an order on Torlonia and Co.	25 0 0
R. Hamilton, Esq. Verville, county of Dublin, subscribed	5 0 0

ON THE USE OF RAW COFFEE AS A REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

As I am not aware that the medicinal properties of coffee for rheumatic affections are at all known in this country, I have transmitted to you a short extract, translated from a letter recently inserted in a periodical work conducted by the celebrated German astronomer, Baron Zach, which you may possibly deem worthy of being submitted to your readers. The extreme simplicity of the reputed remedy might render the knowledge of the circum-

stances here stated, acceptable to sufferers by that painful disorder; I should rejoice to learn that experiment had confirmed the virtues attributed to it by the writer, who seems to be quite in earnest, notwithstanding the pleasantry with which he concludes his epistle.

I am, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER.

—————
Last winter I continued my airings on horseback, but in the town I was obliged, as well on account of the

pavement as the police-regulations, to proceed at a foot-pace: as soon as I had cleared the gate, however, I made amends by starting off at the rate of a courier bringing intelligence of a victory. By this violent exercise I threw myself into a general and most profuse perspiration. The consequence was, that in returning home through the many long streets of the city, which are frequently exposed to strong currents of air, and where I was forced to keep the same slow pace as before, I regularly took cold. This I did not mind at first, as the perspiration caused an agreeable sensation; but I was soon punished for my indiscretion. It was not long before I experienced a sort of paralysis in both arms, which, as I afterwards found, were most exposed to these chills. I imagined at first that this complaint would be removed by riding and the violent perspiration which it produced: I therefore continued my rapid excursions, but without observing any precautions against taking cold.

The result was, that my complaint grew worse and worse, and in the end I could not put on my coat without assistance. I sent for a physician, who told me that I had the rheumatism in my arms, and recommended the use of the flesh-brush for an hour every night before going to bed. This operation was so unpleasant to me that I soon left it off, and determined in the summer, which was approaching, to try the effect of warm baths.

One morning, I chanced to call on B—, a well-known sufferer by the gout, and seventy-five years of age. On my inquiry after his health, he replied, "I am quite well; since I have drunk raw coffee, I have not

had any attack of my old disorder." "And what do you mean by raw coffee?" asked I.—"What!" he exclaimed, "is it possible that you can be a stranger to that excellent remedy? You take the same quantity of raw as you would of roasted coffee to make an ordinary cup. The beans must be pounded in a mortar, and simmered in half a pint of water down to two-thirds of that quantity. You take half of this dose in the morning before you rise, and continue in bed for about half an hour after it. The other half is to be drunk after you have risen; but in both cases without milk and sugar. An hour later you may take your usual breakfast, and there is no occasion to observe any particular diet either at dinner or supper. This is the way to drink raw coffee."

Well, well, thought I, if it be really the rheumatism that has settled in my arms, I can make trial of this beverage.

On the evening of the same day I went to the theatre, and on entering the box of Count P—, he received me with the usual inquiry of how I did. "I am not well," I replied; "my arms refuse me their services, and I verily believe they will soon renounce obedience to me altogether."—"Why, then, you must try my remedy."—"Your remedy! what is that?"—"Raw coffee. You know that I formerly suffered dreadfully from the gout*, both in hands and feet; but since I began drinking raw coffee, about half a year ago, I have not had any attack of my complaint." I then asked how this

* It may not be amiss to remark, that the Germans have but one generic appellation for gout and rheumatism.

coffee was prepared, and received the very same directions that B—— had given me in the morning.

Well, said I to myself, there must be something providential in this, or the very same remedy, which I never heard of before, would not have been recommended to me twice within twelve hours. This is not mere chance.—As soon as I reached home, I ordered the raw coffee, and described the method of preparing it in the most particular manner.

Next morning my valet woke me with a cup of raw coffee. I swallowed it according to the prescription, but never in my life did I take any thing so tasteless and insipid. It is neither sweet, sour, nor bitter; tastes of grass, and has a great deal of grounds: in spite of all this, I persisted for six weeks in drinking this scarcely drinkable coffee.

This victory over myself was at-

tended with benefit. My left arm began to manifest some amendment, and gradually became quite well. But the right—you must know it is that with which I pull out and open my purse—continues obstinate. The pain in it is still rather acute, and whenever my wife comes to ask for money—which, by the bye, is a too frequent occurrence—and I am obliged to use my poor arm to take out my purse, the pain, I do assure you, is so violent, that it forces me involuntarily to make a wry face. She to be sure insists that this grimace is purely the effect of my intolerable stinginess; but, upon my honour, that is not the fact. I trust that, after I have persisted in the use of raw coffee for six weeks longer, I shall be so completely relieved, as not to feel any pain, even when it is necessary to put my hand in my pocket for money.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

THE LATE DUKE OF BERRY.

THIS amiable and unfortunate prince was in the habit of walking about with his duchess without attendants. One day, just as they had left the gardens of the Tuileries, a shower came on: the duke asked a gentleman who was passing to lend him his umbrella; the other could not as a gallant Frenchman refuse to accommodate a lady, and he walked on with them patiently enough for a little while, but when he saw them pass a stand of hackney-coaches, he began internally to murmur at their shabbiness in taking him out of his way in the rain for the sake of saving fifteen pence. "Have you much

further to go, sir?"—"Not a great way."—"But I hope we do not put you to any inconvenience?"—"Why, to say the truth, I have an appointment, and it would be of great consequence to me to miss it." The anxiety of his tone raised the duke's curiosity; he sounded him about the nature of the appointment; and the young man, who was extremely communicative, told him that he was the son of an emigrant. He had returned with his father, who was far advanced in life, at the time of the restoration, and finding there was no hope of recovering any part of his property, had applied to the minister, to whom he had been strongly recommended,

for a place in a public office; it had been promised him a year before, but he seemed to be as far from obtaining it as ever. "Why don't you represent your situation to some of the royal family?"—"O God bless them! they have applicants enough; and, besides, we have no peculiar claim; our case is that of hundreds, and they can't provide for all. No, I shall dangle a little longer after Monsieur —, and if I find that he still shuffles with me, I shall try some other means to get bread. I should have done it long ago, only my father is so sanguine, always repeating that he is sure we shall succeed."—"He is right; you must choose a lucky day; go to him to-morrow, and I predict you will be successful."—The young man stared. "What, sir, do you think I would venture to trifle with a man like that? I must go to him to-day, and directly too, or I shall be too late. Good morning! Here is my address, that you may send my umbrella."—"Stop! take it, with thanks—we are at home." And before the young man could reply, the royal couple had entered the palace of *Elysée Bourbon*. The stranger instantly surmised whom he had been talking to; the duke's words inspired him with the liveliest hope; it was speedily realized, for the next day the minister presented him with the place which he had so long solicited in vain.

NECROMANCY.

Above a hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the reputed necromancer, Major Weir, underwent the cruel doom assigned to persons convicted of the black art; but no person has ventured to open his house at Edinburgh. His sister,

Jean Weir, was also accused of sorcery. In the record of Major Weir's trial, it is noted, that though execrably vicious, he pretended to the endowments of piety; attending with apparent zeal the sick and dying, to assist them with his prayers. On those occasions, he leaned his mouth against a certain staff, and then spoke with great fervour and fluency; but if the staff was removed, his elocution failed. This circumstance, which may be explained by the force of habit, was ascribed to occult influence, and operated to the condemnation of that unfortunate prisoner. The staff was formally condemned to the flames along with the wretched owner.

About the middle of the last century, an herbalist, of the name of Murray, was as solicitous to obtain the reputation of a necromancer, as in preceding ages the practitioners of magic were anxious to conceal their spells or incantations. Murray fixed his residence in the ruins of Learmont's Tower, the ancient abode of Thomas the Rhymer. He had a musical clock, an electrical machine, and a stuffed alligator, which, severally and aggregately, made a vast impression upon the ignorant; and believing that he held communion with the spirit of the long-deceased prophet, our herbalist obtained, among the lower classes, unbounded credit as a wizard.

SUPERSTITION AT LISBON.

At the distance of a few miles from this city, says Mrs. Baillie, is a certain field, in which a peasant-boy was chasing a rabbit; the animal crept into an aperture in the side of a bank, closely followed by a dog: the boy, surprised to find that the latter did not return, determined to

ascertain what had happened to prevent it; and accordingly groped his way into the bank, through the same narrow entrance. What was his astonishment upon finding himself in a sort of cave, or hermitage, at the upper end of which he beheld an image of the Virgin! The discovery was soon made public, and the miracles affirmed to be worked by this image go on daily increasing; all ranks of persons are hastening to the spot; and it is asserted, among other popular tales, that when the boy first entered the cave, he found the rabbit and dog upon their knees, in devout adoration of the image. A few days after the opening of the shrine, this treasure unaccountably disappeared, and an active search immediately commenced, which was happily terminated in the following manner:

“A peasant was ploughing in the neighbouring fields, when suddenly the oxen stood still; nor would the sharpest application of the goad induce them to move: the peasant, after vainly puzzling himself to account for their obstinacy, chanced to cast his eyes upon a tree overhead, whereon hung the identical image for whose recovery all hearts were anxious. No sooner had he beheld the phenomenon, than the animals began to turn round and round the tree in mystic dance, and completed the ceremony by falling upon their knees, like the rabbit and the dog!

“Every creature in Lisbon and its environs is hastening to pay due adoration at the shrine of the newly discovered Virgin, who is about four inches long; and being found, as I before mentioned, in a cave near this place, is consequently denomi-

nated *Nossa Senhora da Barraca*, our lady of the cave.”

THE MIMOSA NILOTICA.

This plant, which grows in Caffraria, is there esteemed one of the most valuable productions of the earth. The natives collect its gum as the most nutritious food. Its leaves are the principal food of the cameleopardalis, and a species of *loxia* builds in the branches a congeries of nests, so remarkable as to deserve a minute description. They form, as it were, a town of nests, built close to one another, like the houses of men in a city; the whole structure being covered with one common roof, that protects every individual habitation from the inclemencies of the weather. This town is arranged into many streets, with nests opening into them on every side; all the inhabitants of each street being obliged to pass and re-pass into it through the common entry or gate-way, if you please to call it so. The particular city examined by Mr. Paterson, he thought could not contain fewer than from eight hundred to a thousand, and many he saw of much larger dimensions. He thinks that when a town is founded, they continue to join new habitations to it, as the number of birds increase, by gradual additions, till the branch being entirely covered and overloaded with them, breaks down, when they are under the necessity of deserting their ruined town, and building themselves a new one.

NEBONNE THE MISER.

Nebonne, who was a miser, had such an aversion to the word *give*,

that it had nearly caused him a serious misfortune. His horse stumbling, threw him into a ditch, and his servant, wishing to assist him, said, "Sir, give me your hand!" This expression totally disconcerted Nebonne. "Give what?" said he. The servant felt his mistake. "Shall I give you my hand?" extending it as he spoke. "Oh certainly!" said his master, and he was soon extricated; but if the man had not altered the form of his expression, the miser would have remained in the ditch.

D'ASSCHOU, ARCHBISHOP OF AUCH.

This prelate being informed that a fire had broken out, instantly quitted his palace to give orders in person for any assistance which could be afforded to the sufferers. On reaching the spot, a room was

shewn him surrounded by the flames, in which he was told that two children yet remained. The humane prelate loudly and energetically entreated the bystanders to attempt to save them, offering a reward of two thousand francs. Nobody stirred. "A thousand crowns!" exclaimed the enthusiastic prelate; "a pension of twelve hundred livres!" Still no one durst accept even this munificent offer at such increased hazard. No time was to be lost. The intrepid archbishop tore off his cassock, rushed amid the flames, and brought off the children in safety. To crown this act of heroic self-devotion, this worthy apostle of religion and humanity settled his promised pension of twelve hundred livres on the two children whom he had saved.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THE MELOGRAPHICON, a new Musical Work, by which an interminable number of Melodies may be produced, and young People who have a taste for poetry enabled to set their Verses to Music for the Voice and Piano-forte, without the necessity of a scientific knowledge of the art. Pr. 21s.—(T. Lindsay, Regent-street.)

THE idea of compounding music by chance, that is, by a random association of ready-made musical phrases of one or two bars, is not new. We have seen musical dice made for that purpose; various sets of musical cards have been invented with that view, among others, those of Mr. Mazzinghi published many years ago; and a similar apparatus, contrived by Mr.

Kuhlau, has been spoken of at some length in the *Repository of Arts* for April 1822.

But all these inventions ventured no farther than the compounding of waltzes, minuets, or marches. Nobody, as far as we know, ever thought of applying the contrivance to vocal music, until the anonymous author of the present work conceived the bold idea; and, with infinite labour and ingenuity, carried it into effect. The way in which he has accomplished this Herculean task will best be understood from the following brief notice of the arrangement of the work:

The music which it provides is, as the author himself states, not applicable to every species of poetry,

the most usual and useful metres having been selected. Nor is the work intended for professional men (although some might possibly help themselves here without being the worse for it); the book is modestly presented "as an amusement for the amateur." As such we wish to consider it; and as such, it is entitled to a very favourable reception; as it is likely to afford an endless source of the most rational entertainment.

The metres to which the book has been limited are as follows:

1. Iambic metre of two lines of 4, with an alternate one of 6, 7, or 8 syllables.
2. Iambic metre of 8 and 6 syllables to each line, with alternate rhymes.
3. Anapestic metre in couplets of 12 syllables, or 12 and 11 to each line.
4. Trochaic metre of 8 and 7 syllables to each line, rhyming alternately.

In correspondence with these four kinds of metre, the work is divided into four distinct parts, so perfectly similar in construction that a description of the first will suffice for the purpose of illustration. The vocal melody is here (as well as in the other three divisions) destined to consist of sixteen bars, to which four bars are added by way of concluding symphony. Each of these twenty successive bars has twelve changes; so that there are twelve varieties for the first bar, twelve varieties for the second, as many for the third, &c. Now as any one of the twelve changes for one bar may be associated with any one of the twelve changes of the other bars (in due order of succession, of course,) it may easily be imagined, or rather, it is scarcely to be imagined, what an immense number of different melodies may thus be compounded: we would use the term *composed*, as being literally correct, did it not ap-

pear to us indecorous towards the profession.

To give our readers some faint idea of the number of changes, we may inform them, that the small remuneration, to the publisher, of the thousandth part of a farthing for every different melody of sixteen bars (we waive the symphonies,) thus to be produced, would yield to Mr. Lindsay the comfortable competency of a capital of £192,500,000,000 sterling. Nay, if all the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe, young and old, from the beginning of its creation, had each been provided with a Melographicon—what an impression!!!—and had had no other occupation than that of melographizing, at the rate of fifty iambic tunes per diem, and had never produced a duplicate, their work up to the present generation of 1826 would have arrived at little more than one-third part of the tunes which the first division of the work alone is capable of producing; for the total number of melodies (of sixteen bars only,) is expressed by the sixteenth power of twelve, *i. e.* 184,488 billions.

With regard to the sort of melodies which this tuneful lottery is likely to yield, it can hardly be expected that every one will prove a capital prize; but we believe, from inspection as well as some practical trials, and from the proofs given in the work, which seem to have been fairly constructed, that none of the chances are likely to produce useless blanks. Here and there an occasional want of connection may present itself, the correction of which, as it will be but very inconsiderable and by no means difficult, may moreover afford an opportunity for exercising a little taste and ingenuity. Besides, as the book

very properly recommends, if a bar here and there should appear ineligible, there are plenty of others to be substituted in its place. Indeed, as the sixteen bars, howsoever drawn by lot, are all different, and as an occasional repetition of previous ideas is more a charm than a blemish, such melodic repetitions may advantageously be resorted to.

The object of the work, as we have already stated, seems, like that of the *Myriorama*, to be to afford a source of rational amusement to young people. As in the *Myriorama*, the higher aims of effect and expression cannot be expected in any great degree from an affair of chance. A fair cantable melody is all we can reasonably look for, and that we are inclined to think will, with perhaps a trifling help, be obtained in almost every instance.

"*La petite Babillarde*," a brilliant Rondo for the Piano-forte; composed, and dedicated to Mrs. Fleming, by J. Moscheles. Op. 66. Pr. 3s.—(Cramer and Co.)

Overwhelmed as we are with piles of new publications, on the one hand, and on the other, restricted as we feel by the nature of the *Repository of Arts*, within very narrow limits, which, with all the arrear we leave behind us monthly, we are almost always transgressing, it becomes impossible to enter into detailed analyses of works which otherwise would demand such attention; and we must content ourselves with noticing in very general terms the most obvious features of the productions of our prolific musical press.

This remark, made once for all, is suggested not only by Mr. Moscheles' "*Babillarde*," with the title of which our laconic notice must appear in

absolute contrast, but by many other valuable publications that are, from necessity, doomed to the like brief record. *La Babillarde*, ushered forth by a flourish of successive diminished sevenths, is a charming rondo, of no deterring difficulties, with a motivo full of freshness and spirit, with numerous traits of buoyant fancy, guided by an able and experienced pen, not without some Rossinisms, which Mr. Moscheles has no need to resort to; with modulations and digressions of the most classic cast, with—in short, with every thing that can render the "little prattler" infinitely entertaining.

A Third Polonoise for two Performers on the Piano-forte; composed by Ferdinand Ries. Op. 138. Pr. 4s.—(Cramer, Addison, and Beale, Regent-street.)

The very elegant theme of the Polonoise (in E b) contributes in no small degree to the general attractiveness of this composition; but it presents, moreover, other features which cannot fail to add to its recommendation. The ideas are select, without being so profound or abstruse as is sometimes the case in Mr. Ries's writings; there is great variety and freedom of imagination in the more active evolutions; and, upon the whole, first-rate skill is not necessary in the performance. We observe with much gratification the luxuriance of thought in which Mr. Ries seems to have indulged, in various minor keys, in pp. 13, 15, and 17, which betray the hand of the master.

But what struck us most forcibly in the consideration of this duet is, the excellent arrangement of the score. The functions assigned to the four staves are so well disposed

and distributed, that in this respect the present Polonoise may be viewed as a model of compositions for four hands. Every thing is in its right place, every thing announces previous plan and mature reflection.

Useful Extracts for the Piano-forte, consisting of Scales and Exercises, intended as an Introduction to the celebrated Studies of Clementi, Cramer, Woelfl, &c. arranged and fingered by J. B. Cramer. Book. I. Pr. 5s.—(Cramer and Co.)

Without underrating the value of Mr. Cramer's didactic works of a higher aim, and above all, his unrivalled Studies for the Piano-forte, we doubt whether, in point of real utility and range of circulation, the present small volume will not do more for the art he has so much at heart, than all his other instructive publications. These extracts are precisely what was wanted *from such hands*; they are truly invaluable in their way: first of all, because they present a great mass of instruction in a small compass. Great books it requires great courage to attack, and indefatigable zeal and perseverance to stick to them: whereas, here the dose is gentle, and when it has done the good that is expected from it, another, we suppose and trust, will be ready to be administered. In the next place, the examples are short, and they begin with the most elementary practice, the scales; and progressively include the most essential digital manœuvres in a series of forty-eight portions, ending with that most important and beneficial drill, the proper execution of double notes, in every variety of position and grouping.

If pupils would but be sensible of

what they can do *for themselves*, their instruction would stand them or their friends in no great expense, and the rapidity of their improvement would astonish them. By way of trial, let us recommend to them the practice of one of these short exercises, in succession, each day, with proper care and diligence; and at the end of the two months, they will, with due acknowledgments to Mr. C.'s devotion in their cause, be convinced that they never laid out five shillings to greater profit.

Petit Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by S. F. Rimbault. No. I. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

A slender article of two pages, sufficiently agreeable and easy to be put before beginners, who will scarcely experience more trouble in its execution, than Mr. Rimbault must have had in composing it.

ARRANGEMENTS AND VARIATIONS.

1. *Favourite Romance from the Opera, "Une Folie;" with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by J. Moscheles.* Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
2. *"Ricordanza Fantasia," for the Piano-forte, on the Airs in the Opera of "Maçon," composed by Frederick Kalkbrenner.* Op. 76 Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)
3. *Hungarian Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, composed and arranged by F. J. Klose.* Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)
4. *Erm's Legacy, a Divertimento for the Piano-forte (founded on favourite Irish Airs), composed by T. A. Rawlings.*—No. II. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)
5. *Air Ecossais varié pour le Piano, par E. Onslow.* Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)
6. *"Cruda Sorte," Theme favori de Rossini, arrangé en Rondeau pour le Piano-forte, par Camille Pleyel.* Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)
7. *"Zitti, Zitti," Theme favori de Rossini, arrangé en Rondeau pour le Piano-forte, avec Accompagnement de Flute, par Camille Pleyel.* Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co.)

8. *Mélange on popular Airs from Auber's celebrated Opera, "The Mason," for the Piano-forte*, by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)
9. Mozart's "*Giovinetta che fute*," from *Don Juan*, arranged as a *Rondino for the Piano-forte*, by J. P. Pixis. Op. 87. Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co.)
10. *Capriccio, for the Piano-forte, founded on the celebrated Round in the Opera of "Turare," arranged by J. B. Cramer*. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co. 201, Regent-street)
11. "*Spring Flowers*," a *Set of Tyrolese Airs, arranged for the Piano-forte*, by Samuel Poole. Pr. 3s.—(T. Lindsay.)
12. *A Set of Popular Airs, arranged as Lessons for Juvenile Performers on the Piano-forte*, by Samuel Poole. No. 1. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll, 45, High Holborn.)
13. *Weber's celebrated Overture to "Euryanthe;" arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.)* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.—(Hodsoll.)
14. *Select French Romances, No. 11. "Le Baiser du Matin;" arranged, with Variations for the Piano forte*, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)
15. *Select Italian Airs, No. 10. "Giovinetto Cavalier;" arranged for the Piano-forte* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)
16. *Select Italian Airs, No. 11. Salieri's popular Martial Air, performed in the Opera "Turare," arranged for the Piano-forte* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)
17. *God save the King, with Variations for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for Flute and Violoncello (ad lib.)* by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)
18. "*Gentille Annette*," a *favourite French Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Piano-forte* by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
19. *A Second Series of Caledonian Airs, arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.)* by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. 13, and 14. Pr. 3s. each.—(Chappell and Co.)
20. *A Series of Hibernian Airs, arranged for the Piano-forte* by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. 1. and 2. Pr. 2s. 6d. each.—(Chappell and Co.)

The foregoing formidable catalogue of arrangements and variations, rendering the utmost brevity

a matter of absolute necessity, a few words must suffice, merely to characterize and appreciate the respective publications.

1. Mr. Moscheles' variations on the singular theme from the opera "*Une Folie*," are such as might be expected from his experienced and spirited pen. Var. 6. proclaims the master in his art, and the disciple of Beethoven; the adagio, No. 9. is beautiful. The whole production is full of the highest brilliancy and effect.

2. The fantasia of Mr. Kalkbrenner introduces several very attractive airs from the French opera of *Maçon*, among which, the subject in p. 1, and the andante, p. 3, are particularly soft and melodious. The digressions and deductions from these themes are of the most diversified character, and devised with great freedom, and occasionally with daring boldness. It is altogether good music.

3. Performers of moderate abilities will find in the Hungarian divertimento of Mr. Klose, a useful and very pleasing lesson. It is written in an agreeable and very natural style, and presents some points of striking interest.

4. The second number of "*Erin's Legacy*" is entitled to unqualified commendation. The introduction is particularly good, and so are the Irish tunes, as well as the manner in which Mr. Rawlings has handled these subjects.

5. Mr. Onslow's variations, like all his productions, are of classic workmanship. There is a fine minore, and a march of the most spirited energy. The music requires players of matured ability.

6. 7. 8. Mr. Pleyel's rondo upon

"Cruda Sorte" is excellent in its kind; natural, melodious, and highly effective, without being difficult. The same characteristics apply to his "Zitti, Zitti." Both pieces are sure to find numerous admirers. Of the *mélange* from the opera of "The Mason," we likewise cannot speak otherwise than favourably. Mr. Pleyel has a happy tact of treatment in things of this kind.

9. The rondino of Pixis upon Mozart's "Giovinette" is of a superior cast. It is a masterly production, fit for the higher order of amateurs, to whose special notice we would wish to recommend it in the strongest manner.

10. Mr. Cramer's capriccio upon a subject in *Tarare* contains a great variety of classic ideas, strung together with the desultory freedom warranted by the title. As the theme has only been the means of rearing on it this fanciful structure, we should have been justified in classing this publication under the original compositions. It presents excellent food for practice.

11. Mr. Poole's "Spring Flowers" are evidently intended as lessons for beginners. The airs are simple and pleasing, and the accompaniments very plain of course. The latter might occasionally have been more apt and select, without trenching upon the object in view.

12. The popular airs (No. 1.) of the same gentleman are precisely of the same tendency; pretty little tunes for the earliest practice, with a questionable harmony or two.

13. Weber's overture to *Eury-anthe* is a work of true musical genius, of which the piano-forte, alone, can only yield a shadow. With the accessory instruments called in aid

by Mr. Rimbault, and with the attention he has bestowed on the adaptation, a tolerable idea may be formed of its effect.

14. 15. 16. In the 11th No. of Mr. Rimbault's French Romances, three agreeable variations are made upon the French air *Le Baiser du Matin*, which present good practice for the left hand. Of the 10th and 11th Nos. of that gentleman's arrangements of Italian airs, we prefer greatly the former, perhaps owing to the more recent date, and indeed to the superior attractions of the subject, which is Meyerbeer's "Giovinetto Cavalier," transferred from E b to the easier tonic F. It is treated with much taste and brilliancy. The march in *Tarare*, in No. 16. though good, is already ancient, the opera being not less than forty years in existence. The arrangements and digressive portions, however, are very satisfactory.

17. 18. 19. 20. The various publications of Mr. Burrowes comprised in these numbers, are all deserving of the student's attention. The variations upon "God save the King," (17.) although brilliant and showy, do not surpass the capabilities of a moderately advanced performer. *Gentille Amette* (18.) forms as pretty a rondo as one could wish for, neat, and of elegant workmanship altogether; a smart, and certainly amusing study for youthful fingers. Of the second series of Mr. Burrowes' Caledonian airs (19.) we have inspected Nos. 13. and 14. containing the "Yellow-haired laddie," and "My love she's but a lassie yet," "Bonny wee thing," and "I ha' laid a herring in salt." The arrangement of all is extremely interesting. The same praise is due

to Mr. Burrowes' Hibernian airs (20.) of which Nos. 1. and 2. only have been under our eye as yet; the 1st including "Planxty Connor," and the 2d "Gramachree" and "Planxty Kelly," all good music. To write so much and so well is truly a matter of astonishment.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *A Selection of original Spanish Melodies, arranged, with Accompaniments, by W. West; the Poetry by the Right Hon. Lord Nugent.* Pr. 12s. 6d.—(R. W. Evans, 146, Strand.)
2. *"Follow to the elfin bowers," a Duet, written by Miss Barber; the Music by John Baruct.* Pr. 2s.—(Cramer and Co.)
3. *"What is love?" a Song, written by Miss Barber; the Music by John Baruct.* Pr. 2s.—(Cramer and Co.)
4. *"Dear native home," sung by Mr. Duruset, adapted to a favourite French Romance, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte; the Words by W. Ball.* Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
5. *"The sun on the lake shines serene," a favorite Ballad; the Poetry by D. A. O'Meara, Esq; composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by John Davy.* Pr. 1s.—(Chappell and Co.)
6. *A Selection of French Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by W. Eavestaff; the Words by W. N. Bellamy, Esq.* Nos. 3. 4. 5. Pr. 3s. each.—(W. Eavestaff.)

1. "The profits arising from these Spanish melodies are to be applied to the relief of some of the Spanish emigrants." This pledge, we fear, may interfere with our critical functions; for who would not, after this, heartily wish the work the greatest possible success? The English verses written by Lord Nugent are satisfactory, occasionally written with great neatness, and often much too fine in language; far different in that respect from some of the simple and really charming Spanish texts, of which they serve as substitutes, but to which they bear no relation whatever as to contents. The melodies are unquestionably Spanish;

they breathe all, more or less, a certain originality of character quite peculiar to authentic Spanish airs. They are six in number, three of which have been harmonized in parts. The first, second, and fourth airs are most to our liking, and no doubt will find numerous admirers. Mr. West's symphonies and accompaniments are fair enough upon the whole, but we have seen harmonies and passages among them which would certainly bear improvement.

2. 3. Both the above compositions by Mr. Barnett, are eminently entitled to the amateur's attention. "Follow to the elfin bowers" is a charming duet, rich in select thought, presenting several touches of good contrapuntal working, replete with melodies of a fascinating stamp, expressive of tender and at times deep feeling. Had we less on hand, we should delight in analyzing its detail. "What is love" also deserves our warmest praise; it offers some beautiful ideas, of decided originality. 'Tis quite a treat to find occasional opportunities of travelling out of the beaten ballad-path.

4. Mr. Ball's text of "Dear native home" is fair enough, but it lacks simplicity, the first requisite of lyric poetry: phrases like "signal radiance bright'ning" are too fine for music. The French air to which these words have been adapted, and really well adapted, is one of great sweetness.

5. Mr. Davy's ballad is made of satisfactory materials, and supported by an active and full accompaniment. An interesting passage occurs p. 2, l. 4; and p. 3, l. 1; but the conclusion is rather in the common routine way.

6. Mr. Eavestaff's collection of French melodies, of which the two



C. T. W. & S. B. S.

first numbers have received prior and very favourable notice in our miscellany, has been augmented by three further Nos. (3. 4. and 5.) which do not yield in interest to their predecessors. No. 3. contains the fine French air just adverted to, and two others, in one of which we recognise our old friend "Malbrouque," with a new text.—"Once more, good night," is the pride of No. 4. This is a charming song. Another, "Oh! think of me," must also be numbered among compositions of real merit. In No. 5. we have "To-morrow," which is decidedly good; then comes another very old acquaintance, "Ah vous dirai-je;" and the number concludes with a song, at first of rather serious complexion, with some good accompaniments, but which, in its progress, assumes a vein of greater animation. The collection altogether, as far as it has proceeded, is deserving of decided encouragement, and its typographical neatness and reasonable price form additional features of recommendation.

HARP AND FLUTE.

1. *Petit Mélange on three favourite Airs from "Il Crociato in Egitto,"* composed by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)
2. *A second Mélange for the Flute and Piano-*

forte, arranged from "Der Freyschütz," by T. Lindsay. Pr. 4s.—(Lindsay, Regent-street.)

3. "*The Wreath,*" a choice Collection of Operatic Airs and National Melodies, arranged as Solos for the Flute, by T. Lindsay. No. 1. Pr. 3s.—(T. Lindsay.)

1. Mr. Bochsa's *mélange* includes the favourite march of the Crusaders, Giovinetto Cavalier, and the Christians' Chorus. These pieces are treated with Mr. B.'s original good taste and tact in matters of this sort; and, as they are not very difficult, will no doubt be welcome to harp-amateurs.

2. In Mr. Lindsay's *mélange*, we find the Polacca, Adagio, and Huntsman's Chorus from the Freyschütz. The flute here is altogether principal. The accompaniment for the piano-forte is written very effectively by Mr. Cutler, and the publication deserves decided approbation.

3. The first No. of the Wreath, which is brought out with great neatness and on excellent paper, contains a very good selection of about a dozen airs from the "Crociato" for the flute, *solo*. The melodies are told with great taste and fidelity. There is no emptiness or flagging in the progress of the airs, a defect often met with in operatic extracts for one flute only.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

TRUTHFUL satin dress of lemon-colour, closed in front, and ornamented with buttons of the same material, placed very near each other; the *corsage* rather high, but declining from the shoulder; a rou-

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leau "*en serpent*," fastened by a circlet in the front just above the *ceinture*, rises to the shoulder, where another circlet confines it, and passing over, ornaments the back in a similar manner. The sleeve is short and full, with a band of the same

R

width as that at the top of the *corsage*, and is prettily decorated with five trimmings formed of double plaits, regulated by a rouleau in the centre, extending the length of the sleeve. The skirt has a light and elegant border, composed of two rouleaus, placed in a waving direction; and from a circlet that encompasses the lower part of the wave, proceeds an ornament corresponding to those on the sleeve; the rouleau in the centre is terminated by a button, and arranged semicircularly, so as to fill the space formed by the rising of the rouleau; beneath is a broad wadded hem. The sash is long, and of the same colour as the dress, but richly adorned with shaded leaves of a deeper hue, and fastened on the right side with a highly wrought gold buckle. White satin hat, edged with chenille, turned up in front, and confined by a loop of citron-colour Italian crape, proceeding from the crown, and fastened by an elegant pearl ornament, with a large ruby in the centre; bird of Paradise on the right side, and bows of citron-colour Italian crape. The hair slightly parted and arranged in one row of neat curls, and a full-blown China rose on the right side. Pearl necklace, fastened by a ruby clasp; medallion bracelets, outside the long gloves; shoes of the same material as the dress.

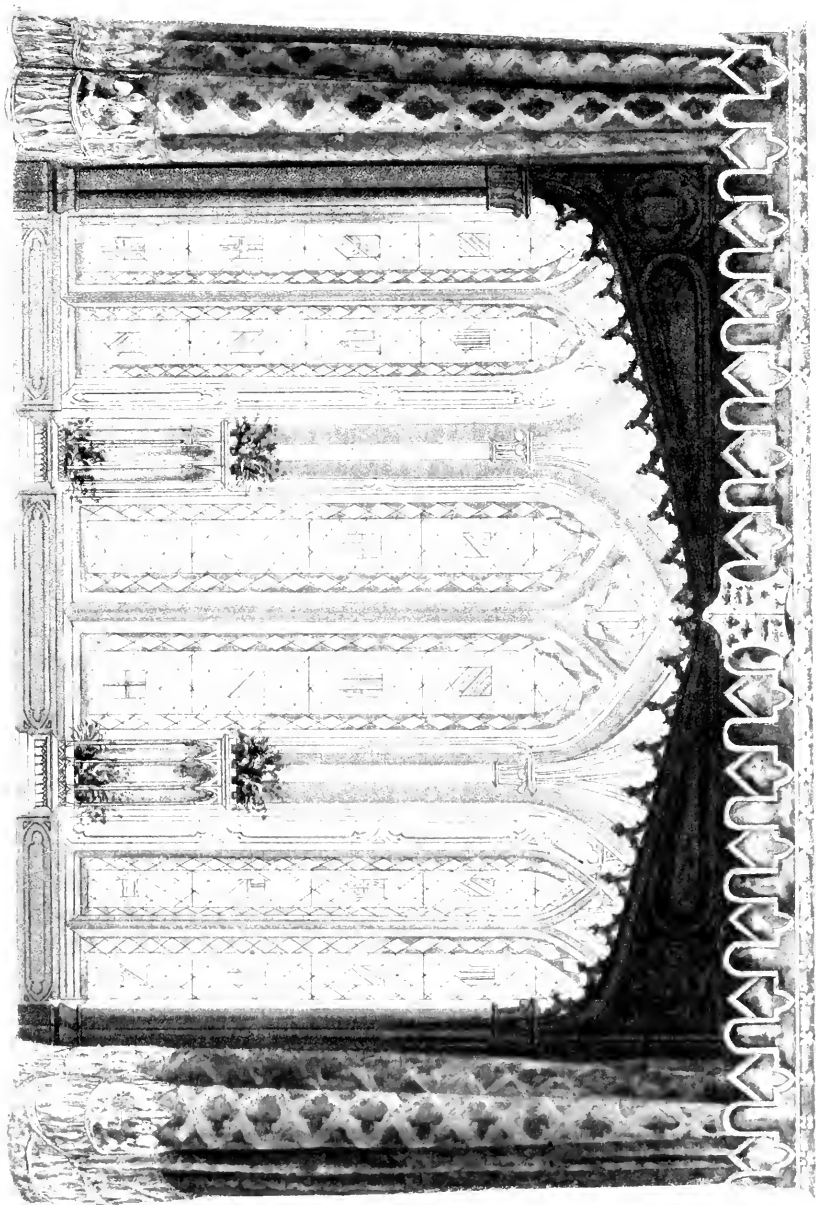
EVENING DRESS.

Pale scarlet Italian crape dress over a white satin slip; the *corsage* full, and confined with a band, high in front, but lower in the shoulders:

it is ornamented in a new and elegant style. From the centre of the bust to the right shoulder are three rouleaus of shaded scarlet satin; they commence with a palmatum, or ornament of four shaded satin leaves pointing upwards, and the rouleaus extend across the bust in a waving direction to the left side, where they unite with six satin rouleaus, descending to the trimming of the skirt, which consists of a very deep and full drapery of crape; here they are nearly a quarter of a yard apart, and sustain the drapery in festoons, each division having three palmatum ornaments equidistant. The drapery in front reaches to the white satin rouleau of the slip, but rises considerably at the sides. This rouleau is ornamented with stripes, placed at regular distances, and attached by buttons on the upper side; beneath is a wadded hem. The short sleeve is full, and resting on the band; in the centre is a palmatum ornament. The long sleeve of white *crêpe lisse* is very full, but fitted to the wrist with three bands and broad bracelets of gold studded with amethysts. The *ceinture* is richly embroidered. The head-dress is composed of two rows of Italian crape *en bouffants*, with a bow and embroidered end on the right side, and supported in the centre with a band of plaited hair and a beautiful oval gem. Ear-rings and necklace of gold and amethysts; short white kid gloves; white satin shoes.

The above are from the tasteful fancy of Miss Davis of Charlotte-street.





FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOTHIC WINDOW-CURTAIN.

IN the annexed plate is given a representation of an oriel window, well adapted for the termination of a gallery or drawing-room; and as this elegant part of Gothic architecture was never employed in ecclesiastical buildings, it may be introduced with the greatest propriety in modern Gothic houses. But to enable the architect the better to place this decoration, it may not be amiss to enter into a few historical particulars respecting it. It has been supposed, and with very good reason, by men of great antiquarian knowledge and research, that the oriel is derived from the Moorish and Persian styles: they allege that *oriel* means *east*, and that as those nations were worshippers of the sun, they constructed small projecting cabinets, where they might pay their early devotions to that rising luminary. Most certainly it was first introduced in this country as an oratory, or place of prayer; it was then built upon a richly carved bracket projecting from a bed-chamber, and containing just space enough for one or two persons: but in the reigns of Henry the Seventh and Eighth it took a different character, and became the accompaniment of halls and places of festivity, when it was, without exception, built upon the dais, and projected from one of the sides of the building. It was then considered as the place of ho-

nour; and in the universities it was the usual seat of the master and as many of the fellows as could conveniently sit within it. By the occasional introduction of stained glass, a most pleasing effect is produced by the rays of the sun; and this will give a cheerful appearance to a room which otherwise might appear gloomy. In fine, it may be considered as one of the great beauties with which the style of architecture of the middle ages is replete.

In the accompanying plate the window takes the whole width of the room, and shews three sides of an octagon; and in order to admit the whole of the light, the curtains are placed at a little distance from it.

It is well known that the brilliant colours and richness of ornament of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries never were surpassed: it is attempted to be imitated in this design, by introducing velvet curtains, enriched with appropriate ornaments and coloured glass. With the surrounding decorations, it is adapted for a boudoir on the east or south side of a private mansion.

ERRATUM.

In the descriptive article under the head of FASHIONABLE FURNITURE, inserted in our last Number, p 60, the word *SOFA* in the title, and in the second line of the second column, should be *SIDEBOARD*. With this alteration, the reader will perceive that the description corresponds with the plate.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, *The Father's Guide in the Selection of a School for his Son*; being a short account of all

the schools in England from which students have a claim to fellowships, scholarships, exhibitions, and other honours

and emoluments in the two universities, by a member of the University of Cambridge.

Sir John Byerley is preparing for the press, *The Life and Times of Napoleon*. It is expected to form three 4to. volumes; and from the author's long residence in Paris, and his acquaintance with many of the leading characters of the time, is likely to possess much new information.

Mr. Ellis is engaged in the collection of a second series of *Original Letters*.

Dr. Lyall will speedily publish, *Memoirs of the Life and Reign of the late Emperor of Russia, Alexander I.*

Mr. Thelwall announces a new monthly magazine, to be conducted by him, with the title of *The Panoramic Miscellany*.

Our readers are already aware, that a prose romance left by the late Mrs. Radcliffe is in the press. We understand that it will be accompanied by a poetical story, entitled *St. Albans Abbey*, for the publication of which some arrangements had been commenced during her life, but were suspended by accidental circumstances. To this Gothic tale Sir Walter Scott has alluded in the preface to one of the volumes of Ballantyne's *Novelist*.

The author of "Don Esteban" is about to produce another work, to be called *Sandoval, or the Freemason*.

Mr. T. Roscoe is engaged on a translation of *The History of Painting in Italy*, from the period of the revival of the fine arts, to the end of the eighteenth century, by Luigi Lanzi, in five 8vo. volumes, two of which will be speedily published.

A translation of the *Travels of the*

Russian Mission through Mongolia to China and Residence in Peking in 1820 and 1821, by G. Timkowski, will speedily be published, in three vols. 8vo. illustrated by maps, plates, &c.

Mr. J. H. Wiffen is preparing *The Spanish Anthology*, being a translation of the choicest specimens of the Spanish poets, with Biographical Notices of them, in one 8vo. volume, uniform with the works of Garcilasso.

The Rev. T. Morell has in the press a continuation of his *Studies of History*, containing the Elements of Philosophy and Science, from the earliest authentic records to the commencement of the eighteenth century, in one volume 8vo.

Mr. H. Hallam is preparing for publication, *The Constitutional History of England*, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II. in two vols. 4to.

Two new works by Dr. Southey are announced: *Sir Thomas More*, a Series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, in two vols. 8vo.; and *Vindicia Ecclesie Anglicanae*, the Book of the Church vindicated and amplified, in one 8vo. volume.

Mr. Murray is about to publish, in monthly numbers, a cheap, but at the same time elegant, edition of the accounts of the great discoveries made in consequence of the voyages and travels undertaken of late years, chiefly by direction of the British government, under the general title of *Modern Discovery*. The first series will embrace *Voyages for the Discovery of a North-West Passage*.

Poetry.

OBSTIPUS: An *Egotistical Poem*.

PART VII.

I DRANK the maddening draught of love:
I hid me in the gloomy grove;
Wandered beneath the moon's pale light,
And roam'd the wild at dead of night:

I did all things that lovers do—
Wept, smiled, and kneeled, and kiss'd her
shoe;
Frowned at my rivals—wrote a sonnet;
She smiled, and I presumed upon it:
I hoped—despaired—then hoped anew—
Despaired again, and madly flew,

Determined to forget her quite,
 Where "the deep bowl prolongs the night;"
 Called her strange names, yet lov'd her still
 Most fervently, against my will;
 Raved, sang, and wished that I were dead,
 And clapt a pistol to my head;
 But felt my resolution falter,
 Thinking that she her mind might alter,
 And grieve, like Charlotte, for her Werter:
 So I resolved I would not hurt her
 Soft feelings, nor inflict a pain
 Out of my power to cure again.
 These feverish freaks of youthful blood
 Are better known than understood.
 Where are the men who have not felt
 Love's dear, delicious punishment?
 Nay, is there *one* alive? I doubt it:
 Few pass the morn of life without it.
 It is a sort of toll we pay
 For journeying in life's highway;
 And very often is collected
 From travellers when least expected.
 A leg, a foot, a hand, a nose,
 A mouth, an arm, cheeks like the rose,
 Eyes blue, black, hazel, grey, or green,
 A fairy trip, tread like a queen,
 Rude health and interesting languor,
 Eyebrows or arched or knit like anger,
 And haughtiness or condescension,
 With trifles too minute to mention,
 Like other magic charms have power
 To rule us in their ruling hour.

No man can tell when or by what
 He shall be smitten, for there's not
 So hideous a deformity,
 But it hath charmed some human eye.
 Teeth black as jet in China please;
 They gild them with the Japanese.
 The Persians hate red hair—Turks love it;
 Mysians with melted wax improve it,
 And, that it straight behind may trail,
 Use a deal board for a pig-tail.
 With red the Turkish lady dyes
 Her nails, and tints with black her eyes.
 The long, fringed lash we deem a beauty,
 They pluck in China as a duty;
 Small, pig-like, winking eyes are there
 Esteemed most killing by the fair:
 And ladies' noses of Peru
 By rings their husbands' greatness shew;
 The higher he, the more they carry
 Suspended there—yet great men marry!

Then Fortune favoured me, and I,
 Like most she favours, foolishly
 Believed her face would never change;
 So, widely I resolved to range
 Through life in pleasant paths,—and Pride,
 As usual, came my youth to guide.
 But Pride's a grumbler, teasing us
 For ever, never pleasing us;

And seldom gratified herself,
 Till she persuades the luckless elf,
 O'er whom she sways, to sit resign'd
 The laughing-stock of half mankind.
 Her wants are undefin'd, for never
 Can Pride from inconsistency sever.
 In lolling ease awhile she'll lull us,
 Then rise and shout, "Cæsar aut nullus!"
 She wants a coach, a house, a park,
 Then all the beasts in Noah's ark.
 She bids the mandrake-like abortion,
 Though "curtail'd of man's fair proportion,"
 To load himself with seals and rings,
 Brooches and other glittering things,
 And strut up Bond-street with his glass,
 Ogling the lovely as they pass:
 Their kind hearts would not give him pain,
 So, as he smiles, they smile again;
 He grins delight, and struts away,
 Th' unconscious monster of the day.
 'Tis as Catullus doth remind us,
 Our faults hang in a bag behind us;
 We cannot see them if we would,
 And few would see them if they could.
 Alas! deception is a trade,
 At which mankind so long have played,
 That all are dupes, and all deceive,
 And we can scarce ourselves believe,
 With notions false and whims have we
 Cheated ourselves so frequently;
 And, spite of all his firm resolves,
 As surely as the globe revolves
 Upon its axis day by day,
 And hides one half from Phœbus' ray,
 E'en so man's mind, from earliest youth,
 Alternate shrinks away from truth.

THE WISHED-FOR RETURN.

By the late SARAH CANDLER, of Ipswich.

The beauteous orb, whose smile is day,
 Below the western wave reclin'd;
 And Philomel's harmonious lay
 Sooth'd, sweetly sooth'd, the pensive mind.
 The evening star, with heavenly light,
 Announced the hour of calm repose;
 But Mary pass'd a sleepless night,
 And fondly thus bewail'd her woes:
 "Twelve anxious hours, to sorrow due,
 Have slowly pass'd in silent woe,
 Since Henry wav'd his last adieu,
 And taught these bitter tears to flow.
 "With sails unfurl'd, in stately pride,
 The vessel steer'd from Albion's shore;
 With heartfelt anguish wild, I cried,
 Perhaps we part to meet no more!
 "But, gracious heaven! my grief assuage,
 In trust of thy preserving care:
 Though war alarm, and tempests rage,
 Perhaps we meet to part no more!

“ For, ah! should fate my woes increase,
 And death our hearts relentless sever,
 A last adieu to balmy peace!
 Adieu to each delight for ever!

“ No more could Nature’s beauties please;
 The purling rill, the shady grove,
 The waving corn, the whispering breeze,
 Would call to mind departed love.

“ The trees would lose their verdant hue;
 The oak, the willow, elm, and holly,
 Would all appear before my view
 Array’d in garb of melancholy.

“ Though earthly bliss has much alloy,
 Yet what is life from friendship free?
 And where is solitary joy?
 Then, Henry, haste to love and me!

“ Yes, quick return to Albion’s isle,
 And heaven’s propitious gales shall play;
 Again to meet thy Mary’s smile,
 And chase her anxious fears away.

“ Again shall joy illumine her eye,
 Again her heart with rapture glow;
 No more her breast with anguish sigh,
 No more these tender tears shall flow.”

She ceased, for heaven had calm’d her mind;
 The sun with orient lustre rose:
 Thus, gentle Hope, thy beams we find
 The sweetest cordial to our woes.

Though fear may cause a mental night,
 And dismal clouds obscure the skies;
 Yet thou wilt charm the wretch’s sight,
 And with the peaceful morn arise.

THE WANDERER.

He’s gone far o’er the mountain-top,
 He treads the distant valley’s plain;
 We know not where his course may stop,
 Nor where to meet his form again.

But ever o’er him may the sky
 Be blue and clear where’er he roves,
 And never may the mem’ry die,
 Of days now past and friends he loves!

And never may a hill oppose,
 To lead his steps to pain or strife,
 But fields and flow’rs, where’er he goes,
 To cheer and smooth his path through life!

And if his track be on the sea,
 Oh! ever like a summer’s day
 May all upon that ocean be
 That bears the Wand’rer far away!

W.

SERENADE.

From “*Poems*,” by EDWARD C. PINCKNEY,
 published at BALTIMORE, U. S.

Look out upon the stars, my love,
 And shame them with thine eyes,
 On which, than on the lights above,
 There hang more destinies.

Night’s beauty is the harmony
 Of blending shades and light,
 Then, lady, up—look out, and be
 A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
 Within my watching breast;
 Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly,
 Who robs all hearts of rest.

Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
 And make this darkness gay
 With looks, whose brightness well might
 make
 Of darker nights a day.

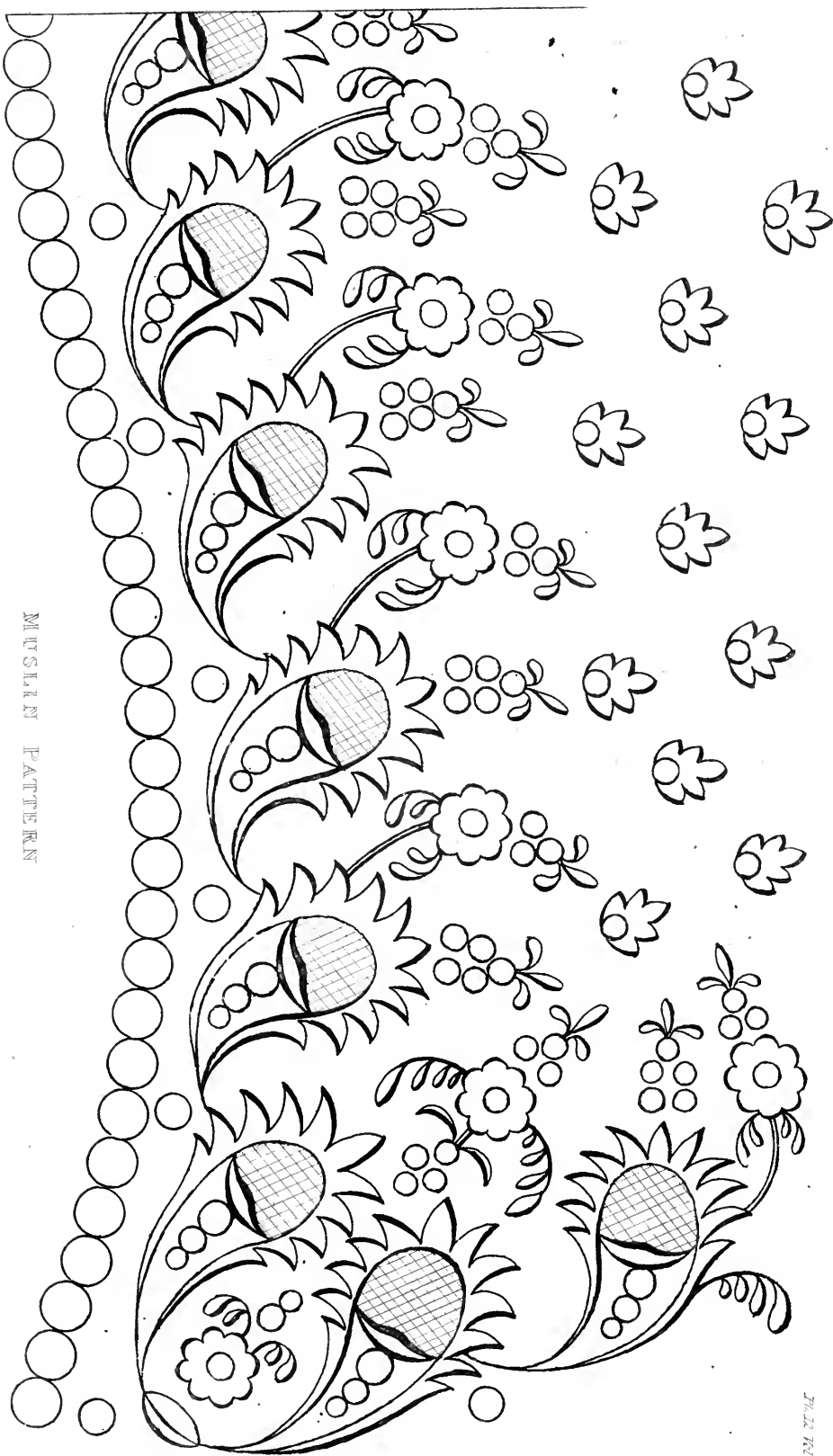
LINES

Written on receiving a Communication from
 a highly esteemed FRIEND*.

As gems o’er di’mond caverns shew
 The dazzling wealth that lies below;
 So in this welcome note I find
 Bright tokens of thy gifted mind:
 Not favour’d Sevigné could trace
 A sentence with such winning grace;
 Nor round the forms of language throw
 A charm so pure—so sweet in glow:
 Each duetile word, with import fraught,
 Here flows to paint the hues of thought,
 In closing harmony revealing
 The magic spells of soul and feeling;
 While Fancy twines her wreath divine,
 And soft persuasion rules the line,
 Where wit with temper’d radiance shines,
 And breathing eloquence combines
 With high-ton’d sentiment to yield,
 A priz’d impress by Genius seal’d.

ELIZABETH S. C****.

* Miss C. D****, a lady to whose valued and early friendship I feel more than peculiarly indebted. The graces of her manner, and the sparkling brilliancy of her conversation, aided by her diversified talents and accomplishments, made an impression upon the minds of her pupils, which her amiable and endearing qualities have stamped with permanence.



MUSLIM PATTERN

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THE THIRD SERIES.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 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 have to apologize to our respected Correspondent, W. C. for being obliged to defer till next month his Memoir of Sir John Leicester, by the great length of several articles which had stood over from the preceding Number. Our Poetical Contributors will please to accept the same apology for the omission of their favours.

The Adventures of a Morning will not suit us. The manuscript is left at the Publisher's.

We consider the Extract transmitted by Mr. Breton as not quite unexceptionable. Will he favour us with another?

Anecdote of the late Mr. Whitbread—Crimora and Connal—and Night, a Fragment, shall have a place in our next Number.

Acrostic on the Infant Lyra—W. F.—Emilia—Lines to A. H. are not adapted to our pages.

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

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VII. MARCH 1, 1826. N^o. XXXIX.

VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

ASTON-HALL, WARWICKSHIRE, THE RESIDENCE OF JAMES WATT, ESQ.

THE records of the manor of Aston are carried back to a period anterior to the Norman conquest, when it belonged to Edwin Earl of Mercia; but William, in rewarding his captains, bestowed it, with many other possessions, on William Fitz-Ansulph, whose seat was at Dudley Castle, in Staffordshire. At the time of the Domesday survey it was certified to contain eight hides of land, with a church and a mill; as also woods extending three miles in length and half a mile in breadth. It was afterwards the property of the family of Erdington, and in the fourth year of Edward III. became by purchase the residence of John Atte Holt of Birmingham. In the possession of the Holt family Aston continued upwards of four hundred years, till in 1794, on the death of Sarah, relict of Sir Lister Holt, it

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devolved to the Hon. Heneage Legge, fourth son of the third Earl of Dartmouth. The present owner is James Watt, Esq. whose father, of the same name, conferred on his country benefits scarcely to be appreciated, in the important improvements which he made in the steam-engine, and by means of which he acquired for himself a splendid fortune.

Aston-Hall is situated on an eminence on the bank of the river Tame, about two miles north of Birmingham. It was built between the years 1618 and 1635, by Sir Thomas Holt, who was created a baronet by James I. and who originally inclosed the park. The mansion is described by Dugdale as "a noble fabric, which for beauty and state much exceedeth any in these parts." Sir Thomas was one of the faithful adherents of King

Charles I. in all his misfortunes, and about a week before the memorable battle of Edgehill, in 1642, his Majesty passed two nights at Aston-Hall, where the room in which he was concealed on the advance of the Parliament army is still shewn. The owner of this mansion afterwards suffered severely for his loyalty: his house was plundered, his estate decimated, and himself imprisoned. In the wanton rage for destruction, several cannon-balls were fired at the building: one of these is preserved, and the marks made by it on the unusually massive balustrade of the staircase are still exhibited. The total damage sustained by Sir Thomas was estimated at not less than 20,000*l*.

The building consists of a large handsome centre, with projecting wings, forming three sides of a court open to the east, and having a circular grass-plot in the middle. Each

side of the building is surmounted by a lofty square tower, which impart to the edifice an air of considerable importance. The east ends of the wings are adorned with high bay windows with mullions, above which is a rich perforated parapet. The entrance-porch is of the Doric order; and over the ornamented entablature, supported by two columns on pedestals, is an inscription, with the arms of the Holt family.

In the rear of the house a gallery of great length and width was formerly decorated with portraits of the Hols, as was also the dining-parlour, which contained a large picture of King Charles I. sitting, with his children. The great hall, which is old and handsome, was similarly adorned.

The building appears to great advantage from the high-road, as seen through an avenue of trees.

PENCARROW, CORNWALL,

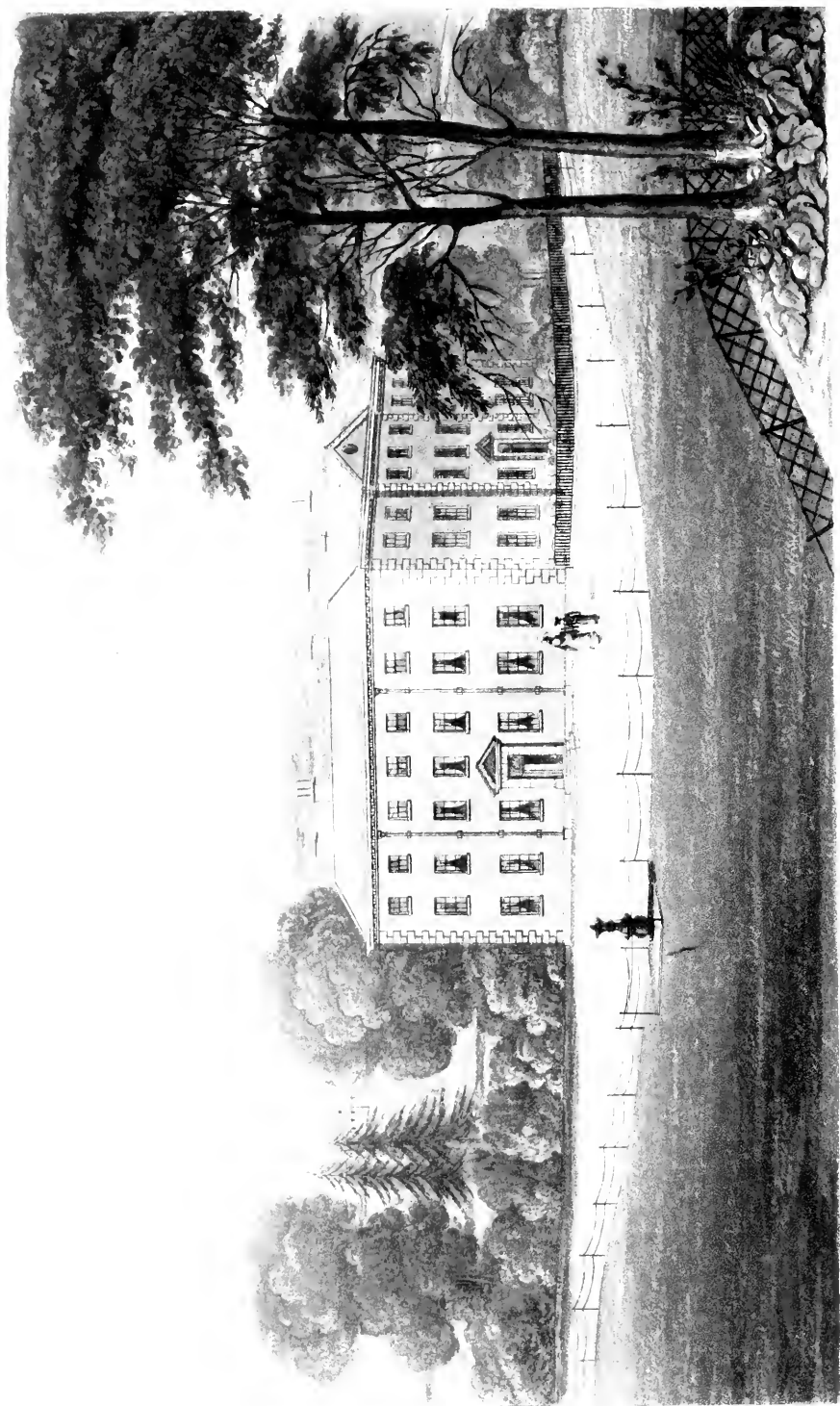
THE SEAT OF LADY MOLESWORTH.

THE county of Cornwall, although of considerable extent, contains but few noblemen's and gentlemen's seats; and such old ones as still exist are become exceedingly interesting. The spirit of modern improvement has been the cause of the most extensive dilapidations; for, two centuries ago, almost every parish in the county contained a handsome baronial residence; but since the time of the learned Dr. Borlase most of them have either been destroyed, or their remains converted into farm-houses. It is also to be lamented, that similar havoc has been made among many valuable remains of antiquity.

The demesne of Pencarrow is one of the most valuable in the county,

and has been in the possession of the Molesworth family for many years; but the present mansion has been almost rebuilt, and rendered more agreeable in every respect. It is the residence of Lady Molesworth, relict of Sir Arscott Molesworth, Bart. whose recent decease in the prime of life is deeply regretted by all who enjoyed his society.

Pencarrow is situated in the parish of Egloshayle, about five miles from the county-town of Bodmin. The park, which is very extensive, contains some fine plantations, and which in a few years will become very valuable, as the county is not so well stocked with timber as most other parts of the kingdom.



The interior of the mansion is elegantly fitted up with numerous apartments, and a very handsome library and billiard-room. Among the few works of art which it contains, is a fine portrait of the grandfather of the late Sir Arscott Molesworth, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and which has lately been engraved. Much praise is due to Lady Molesworth for many of the improvements, particularly in the grounds; also for the cultivation of many choice plants and shrubs.

The gardens are very extensive, and most advantageously planned, with hot-houses, which produce as fine fruit as any place in the county.

In the church of Eglshayle is an elegant memorial of Sir John Molesworth and his lady, the parents of the late baronet. It contains also a remarkably handsome carved stone pulpit, of which Mr. Lysons has published a delineation in his work on Cornwall.

Near the church is Wade-bridge, which was erected in the year 1485, and contains seventeen fine Gothic arches. In a commercial point of view, the construction of this bridge was a most valuable improvement to this part of the county, as the ferry over the river Camel was formerly not only very dangerous, but extremely inconvenient to travellers. Since its completion, the roads to Padstow, St. Columb, and other places in the northern parts of the county, have been much improved. A very considerable trade is now carried on here, in the exportation of corn and timber. Immense quantities of sea-sand are also landed at Wade-bridge, and used as manure in the interior.

For the above particulars, as also for the loan of the drawing from which our view was engraved, we are indebted to Mr. Fred. W. L. Stockdale.

A MONARCH'S JUSTICE AND A HUSBAND'S REVENGE:

AN HISTORIC TALE.

IN the beginning of the thirteenth century, King Andrew of Hungary, a prince renowned for his virtues, and above all, for his strict love of justice, determined to join the Crusaders. Full of zeal and courage, believing himself inspired by heaven, he prepared cheerfully to renounce for a time the exercise of his sovereign power, and to quit a young and beautiful wife whom he tenderly loved. One only concern weighed upon his mind—how to provide for the happiness of his people during his absence. After much thought, he determined to confide it to the care of a Palatine, in whose virtues he believed he should have a guarantee

for the performance of this sacred duty.

After having announced to the Palatine his intention to constitute him regent of the kingdom during his absence, the monarch thus continued: "Thou knowest that since it has pleased Providence to call me to the throne, my only study has been to render all my subjects happy by the impartial administration of justice. If I know my own heart, it has never yet been swayed by affection, or influenced by rank. In my eyes, the meanest of my subjects is as the greatest, and my sole desire is, to render strict justice to all. It is thus, Reginald, that thou must act; I be-

lieve thee capable of it, but examine well thy heart; for if, on my return to Hungary, I find that but one of my subjects has a just complaint against thee, thou shalt answer it with thy life."

The Palatine accepted the conditions. The king departed for Constantinople, to proceed from thence to the Holy Land, and while the regent bestowed all his attention on the duties of his high office, his young and lovely lady devoted herself to solace the bitter grief with which the departure of her august consort had overwhelmed the queen.

Isabella herself, the truest and tenderest of wives, could well appreciate the feelings of the royal mourner, and ceaselessly strove to sooth her regrets. She painted the monarch returning crowned with laurels, covered with the benedictions of those whose wrongs his valour had redressed, and consecrating the rest of his virtuous life to the happiness of his queen and his people. As she listened to the fair consoler, the royal Fredegonda's tears ceased by degrees to flow; hope once more imparted to her eyes their wonted lustre, and the smile of peace began to play upon her lips. The arrival of a brother whom she tenderly loved completely restored her to tranquillity. He was welcomed with all the honours due to his rank; feasts and rejoicings succeeded each other to amuse him; and Isabella saw, with surprise, that the queen was not merely tranquil, but happy.

Alas! the virtuous wife of Reginald, judging by her own spotless mind, could ill appreciate the character of Fredegonda. Light, fickle, and voluptuous, she was incapable of that true and pure attachment

which lives only in the bosom of innocence and truth. Her sorrow was as short-lived as it had been violent, and in the feasts and sports with which she welcomed the arrival of her brother, the absence of her royal husband was soon forgotten.

Obliged by her duty to be constantly near the queen, the wife of the regent appeared the brightest ornament of these splendid festivities. The Count of Moravia, in whose honour they were given, beheld her at first with admiration, but soon a more dangerous sentiment took possession of his heart. For some time he struggled against it, but naturally haughty and licentious, and unused to controul his desires, he at length yielded to the violence of his criminal passion. He did not indeed dare to betray it to its object in words; but his ardent looks, his incessant attentions, spoke a language which the virtuous Isabella trembled to understand. She made a pretext of indisposition to absent herself from court. Fredegonda penetrated her motives; but so far from looking with horror upon the criminal passion of her brother, she strove, without betraying her consciousness of it, to procure him the satisfaction of seeing Isabella, who, not daring to feign continual illness, was obliged to return to court; but the count perceived clearly, in her averted eye, and the involuntary shudder which ran through her frame if he chanced to touch her hand, that his criminal passion had inspired her with horror. Despairing of being able to touch her heart, he fell into a deep melancholy, confined himself entirely to his apartments, and would not suffer even his sister to break in upon his solitude.

Giving himself up entirely to the government of his passion, it soon affected his health. He fell dangerously ill, and obstinately refused all medical aid. Exceedingly fond of the prince, who was her only brother, the queen at first tried to rally him out of his melancholy; but when she saw that his health was declining through it, she had the baseness to lend herself to his unhallowed love. She advised him to appear at court as usual, to be guarded in his behaviour to the Lady Isabella, and to trust to her to find some opportunity of gratifying his desires.

The count followed this advice so well, that Isabella, deceived by the alteration in his manners, believed that he had conquered his criminal passion, and no longer sought to avoid him. The entertainments of the court were resumed, and all was again mirth and gaiety.

Shortly afterwards, the regent was obliged to quit the capital for a short time. A sad presentiment weighed upon the heart of his wife when he announced his determination to her. "Might I not accompany thee, love?" said she, timidly.—"Impossible, my Isabella! How couldst thou leave the queen, to whom thy presence is so necessary? and soon she will have still more need of thee, for the count has told me that he must forthwith return to Moravia."

As Isabella, in spite of herself, still felt a secret dread of the count, the news of his intended departure rejoiced her. She parted from her lord with firmness, yet was her cheek of an ashy paleness; and the icy chill of death seemed to seize her heart when he folded her in a last embrace.

"No feasts, no ball to-morrow!"

said the queen to her that evening; "we will devote it to solitude, and, shutting out all intruders, converse together of our absent lords." Touched with this mark of the regard of her royal mistress, tears of gratitude started to the beautiful eyes of Isabella, as she respectfully kissed the hand of that shame to womanhood who had plotted to betray her.

The next day, the wife of the regent repaired, at an early hour, to the queen's private apartments. Shortly afterwards, Fredegonda made a pretence for retiring to her cabinet for a moment. Isabella remained lost in thought till she heard the door of the cabinet again open, and turning to address the queen, she saw the Count of Moravia approach her. "I am betrayed!" exclaimed she, springing to the door, but it was fastened. Vain were the cries, the tears, the struggles of the victim. Overcome by brute force, she sank at last insensible; and happy had it been for her, if she had not revived to the consciousness of shame and misery.

As her senses slowly returned, she strove, with her burning hand pressed upon her forehead, to recall her still wandering ideas. Ah! how terrible was the despair which the full consciousness of her situation brought with it! How fervently did she pray that death would deliver her from her shame, and spare her noble husband the knowledge of it! Hard was the struggle in the poor victim's mind, when the thought crossed it of washing out her dishonour in her blood; but the grace of God prevailed, and her humble and heartfelt prayer was heard and answered. There was now no obstacle to her quitting the theatre of her shame.

She retired to her own mansion, where, giving herself up to the grief that consumed her, she wept in secret her irreparable misfortune.

Joyfully did the regent picture to himself the soft welcome of his Isabella, but she met him not. He hastened to her chamber; but, oh! what ravages a few short weeks had made! The paleness of death overspread that cheek, which, when he saw it before, outvied the rose; and its dim shades seemed to have settled upon those eyes, whose soft radiance was the light of his life. He would have folded her to his bosom; gently, but firmly, she withdrew herself from his embrace. Ah! who can describe what that young and tender female endured, while revealing to him her shame and his dishonour? Often did her tongue refuse its office, while a dew, cold as that of death, settled upon her brow. But when the dreadful truth broke upon Reginald, he heard it as though he heard it not. He gazed upon his injured wife with the wild and fixed look of one under the influence of a horrid dream. At last the anguish of his soul found vent in tears, the first that he had ever shed.

“O my beloved, my innocent Isabella! for in my eyes, as in those of Heaven, thou art innocent,” cried he at length, “revenge not thus upon thy virtuous self the crime of those monsters! Think that he who knows the secrets of all hearts, knows that thine is spotless; and console thyself with the thought of a just revenge.”

The lovely victim replied not; her only consolation was the thought that the grave would soon cover her injuries. Reginald's purpose was to hasten to Moravia, either to perish or to avenge himself; but, as if the

count had foreseen the rage of the injured husband, he had privately quitted the country, nor was it known whither he was gone.

Disappointed in the vengeance dearest to his heart, Reginald turned his thoughts to punish the queen, from whom he had hitherto concealed his knowledge of her perfidy. Obtaining a private audience upon pretext of having intelligence to communicate from the king, no sooner was he alone with her, than, upbraiding her in the bitterest terms for the ruin of his happiness and honour, he plunged his poniard into her heart; then rushing from the cabinet with the blood-stained dagger in his hand, he proclaimed aloud his shame and his revenge.

The courtiers, struck with horror and surprise, made no attempt to impede his flight. But the idea of seeking his safety thus ignominiously was far from the soul of Reginald. He knew that the king had not yet quitted Constantinople, and thither he hastened with the utmost speed. Calm and fearless was his air when he addressed these words to the monarch: “My liege, in receiving your last orders I swore to obey them. I have obeyed them, and I am here to answer it with my life. The queen, your wife, has betrayed mine into the hands of a monster; he has eluded my vengeance, but she has expiated her crime with her life. Send me if you will to the block; but remember, also, that I have only executed strict justice, and that it is by my life or death that your people and posterity will judge of your equity.”

The monarch listened in silence; his countenance betrayed what he suffered, but not a word passed his

lips. He closed his eyes, and during some moments appeared to be engaged in mental prayer. "If it be indeed as thou hast said," he at length cried with calmness, "return to Hungary; continue to administer justice to my subjects as strictly as you have done in your own cause: it will not be long before I shall judge, in person, whether my wife has been sacrificed or justly punished." With these words he dismissed the regent, who, returning with the same speed, to the astonishment of all, resumed the duties of his high office.

A gleam of joy shone in the eyes of Isabella when the unhopèd-for tidings that her husband was returned in safety reached her ear. For herself her resolution was taken, to pass the remainder of her days in religious retirement; and her wasting form announced that they could not be many. Divided for ever from his hapless spouse by the laws of honour, the Palatine could not combat her resolution. She waited the return of the king to execute it. Three months only elapsed before he arrived. The first thing he did was to examine into all the circumstances of this mysterious tragedy. He interrogated separately the husband and the wife, and examined himself, with the most scrupulous minuteness, into all the circumstances. To obtain direct proof was impossible; but the presumptive evidence satisfied him of the queen's guilt, and he had the magnanimity to acknowledge that her punishment was just.

This sentence was heard with joy throughout Hungary, where the fate of Reginald and his injured wife was much compassionated; but it roused almost to madness the Count of Moravia, who deeply resented the death

of his sister, though the consequence of his own crime. It was not from cowardice, but from feelings of horror and remorse, that he had shunned the injured husband, whom he would gladly have seen perish, though his guilty soul shrunk from striking the blow. He knew that the Palatine could produce no direct proof of his sister's guilt; he hoped that the king's love for her would have been stronger than his sense of justice, and that Reginald would have expired upon the block. Disappointed in his hopes, he sent a challenge to the Palatine: "Thou shalt not murder me treacherously," wrote he, "as thou didst my unfortunate sister; but meet me in arms, and I will prove, as a true knight, that thou art a foul murderer and liar."

Deeply did the blood burn on the cheek of the wronged husband as he read this proud vaunt. "Yes," cried he, "destroyer of my honour and my peace, I will meet thee, and my Isabella shall be fully avenged!"

At the feet of his sovereign, the Palatine supplicated permission to meet the challenger in a plain near the palace: it was granted. The king himself was present at the combat, and many of the nobility thronged to see it. The injured lady, clothed in the deepest mourning, was seated alone, near the spot marked for the fatal encounter; presently the champions appeared, each attended by a train of friends; and then the spouse of Isabella, approaching her, as was the custom, and bending his knee, said in a loud and solemn tone, "Lady, before I peril my life in mortal combat in your quarrel, I do adjure you, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, to declare, is the cause good and true?" At these words the blood

of Isabella ran for an instant ice-cold at her heart, but it was for an instant only: she rose, threw back her veil, and, with a serene and fearless countenance, replied, "Sir knight, the cause is just; fight then fearlessly, and may our Lady and the saints aid you with their prayers!"

Oh! how angelic was at that moment her look! The exultation of her spirit sparkling in her eyes, and glowing in her cheeks, disguised the ravages of sorrow. She seemed like some celestial creature whose purity it would have been sin to question; and many of the spectators fervently joined in her just prayer.

The fight began; Isabella durst not look at the combatants, but as she heard the blows they showered upon each other's armour, her very life seemed to depart from her. Suddenly the shouts of the spectators informed her that one of the knights was unhorsed; she could no longer refrain from casting her eyes upon

the work of death. O God! it was her husband! She started up — one long loud shriek of despair burst from her. Moravia heard that shriek, and, in spite of himself, his eye followed the sound; it met that of Isabella: he started back, and in that moment, with the quickness of lightning, Reginald regained his seat. He pressed upon his adversary, but his blows were no longer met with firmness; Moravia's arm had lost its strength; he fell under the weapon of the injured husband, and his last words were, "My guilt, and not the sword of Reginald, conquers me."

From the time that the Palatine was thrown, till the fall of his adversary, Isabella had remained with her straining eyes fixed upon the combatants; but when she saw her lord in safety, nature could hold out no longer; the excess of joy overpowered her feeble frame, and, with an ejaculation of gratitude to Heaven, her pure spirit fled for ever.

JAMES GRANT, OTHERWISE SHAMUS NA TUIM.

JAMES GRANT, nephew to the laird of Caron, was the Rob Roy of the northern Highlands. He was the most generous and intrepid freebooter of his day. He concealed himself among the inaccessible rocks of Invernesshire and Banfshire, and thence received the appellation of Shamus na Tuim, or James of the Hills. His depredations, or as they were then called by a softening term, *sprailths*, were so frequent and formidable, that the parliament of Scotland offered a reward for apprehending him. A person of the name of Macintosh bribed the landlord of a public-house to betray him; but so

extensive was his intelligence, so powerful his influence, that notice of the plot soon reached him. He not only avoided the snare, but, attended by a posse of his adherents, seized the innkeeper in his own house, and hung him on a tree.

There is still extant at Castle Grant, a letter from the privy council of Scotland, thanking the chieftain of the Grants for his public spirit in securing and delivering up to justice a freebooter of his own clan. He was confined in the castle of Edinburgh. His wife craved the indulgence of paying him a last visit, and permission to give him a kit

of butter—the only testimony of affection she had to offer him who was ever kind to her and a fond father to their children. Humanity could not refuse such a petition: she was admitted to the castle, was punctual in bidding adieu to her husband at the expiration of an hour, leaving with him the kit of butter, in which she concealed a ladder of ropes.

Shamus na Tuim escaped and fled to Ireland. He had not been long there, when he performed an important service by an act of desperate bravery. The county of Antrim had been for some time kept in continual alarm by a robber, who, with his gang, seldom spared the lives of the persons whom he plundered; and his boldness and rapacity produced frequent and cruel outrage. Shamus na Tuim asked

for a small party of men from Lord Antrim, and with these he traced the robber to his haunt, and made him prisoner with several of his accomplices. In recompence for this achievement, Lord Antrim obtained a free pardon for the Scottish freebooter, who never shed any blood, *except the blood of cattle, or of dastards who endeavoured to circumvent him, and had not courage to meet him hand to hand like men.*

Thus pleaded Shamus na Tuim in his application to Lord Antrim, and he did not plead in vain. He returned to his own country, and supported his wife and family by honestly dealing in cattle, and died in peace. So true it is that calamity has made many villains, who would reform if they could find the means of honest subsistence.

REMARKS ON THE GOLD AND SILVER MINES OF MEXICO,

And on the Present State of that Country in General.

[THE following remarks, suggested by a report on the expediency of augmenting the duties on the exportation of gold and silver, presented to the Congress of Mexico, by the Committee of Finance and Mines, and inserted in the last number of the *North American Review*, evince so accurate an acquaintance with a subject of deep importance to the English reader, owing to the large amount of British capital now employed in working the mines of Mexico, that we need no other apology for transferring them to our pages.—EDITOR.]

Before the breaking out of the revolutions in South America, the whole product of the precious metals yearly, in the Spanish colonies and

the Brazils, was forty-three millions of dollars, and of this amount twenty-three millions were produced in Mexico. The product of the eastern continent was less than five millions annually, so that one-half of the annual supply of the precious metals of the whole globe was derived from the Mexican mines. It is obvious, that articles produced in such abundance, and commanding so ready a sale as gold and silver, must exercise a wide influence over the commercial prosperity of a country, and are thereby special objects of the fostering attention of the government.

Aware of this fact, the General Congress, which assembled immediately after the abdication of Iturbide, took the subject into consideration.

Under the colonial system, the duty on silver required by the Spanish government was eleven and a half per cent. By a previous law of Congress, it had now become reduced to three and a half. Some of the representatives, whose minds were not yet released from the trammels imposed in the days of oppression, thought this duty too low, and were alarmed at the facility with which the precious metals might slide out of the country. They proposed to raise the duty on exportation up to the old standard, and even higher, and thus strengthen the revenue, at the same time that they obstructed the channels through which they feared, what they deemed the most effective branch of the nation's wealth would escape too easily.

Among the most enlightened statesmen of the south, may be ranked Lucas Alaman, who has for the last two years been Secretary of State for the Home Department and Foreign Affairs in Mexico. He was born in the city of Guanajuato, the capital of the rich mining district of that name, and is now thirty-four years old. Till the age of nineteen, he lived in his native city or province, and had early imbibed a taste for the sciences, particularly mineralogy. At this age he removed to the city of Mexico, where he devoted himself to his favourite studies, and became distinguished as a mathematician. To obtain a more thorough education than his native country afforded, he went over to Europe, and after residing for a time in the schools of Madrid, he spent five years in travelling through the different countries of the Continent, examining carefully the modes of government, laws, and institutions of each. At

the end of seven years' absence, he went back to Mexico in 1820, prepared to take such a part in public transactions as the exigencies of the time demanded, or as the voice of his countrymen might indicate. He was immediately chosen in the province of Guanajuato to be one of the Mexican deputies to the Cortes in Madrid, for which place he and his colleagues speedily took their departure. In the Cortes he was bold, independent, and unwearied in representing and defending the claims of Mexico to the privileges of self-government, and the character of a separate nation. The unsuccessful efforts of the Mexican deputies, and the succeeding events in Spain, are well known.

From Madrid, Alaman proceeded to Paris, where he endeavoured to form and organize a company for working the mines in Mexico. Failing in this attempt, he revived the project in London, and a company was soon established under the name of the *United Mexican Mining Association*. To encourage the undertaking, Alaman promised to assume the direction of the company's concerns in his own country. Operations are already commenced; and thus far the anticipations of the company are fully realized. At the end of the year 1822, he returned to Mexico, just in time to witness the overthrow of Iturbide's mock-imperial dynasty; and under the provisional government, which was erected in the March following, consisting of the old Congress, and Bravo, Guadalupe Victoria, and Negrete, as the executive, Alaman was appointed secretary for the home department and foreign affairs, which post he has ever since held. His

report, at the time of his first appointment, to the old Congress then in session, and his report in January last to the Congress assembled under the new constitution, are proofs sufficient of his ability to fill with dignity and wisdom the high and responsible office to which he has been called.

It is a favourite opinion of Alaman's, and unquestionably a correct one, that the mining interests are at present of greater importance to Mexico than any other. In both his reports he has set this subject in a strong light. According to Humboldt, there are three thousand mines in New Spain, from which the precious metals have been extracted. It is remarked, also, of the Mexican mines, that the ore is poor in quality, although abundant in quantity; and hence it must require a great amount of manual labour to work them. The persons employed in the celebrated mine of Valenciana alone were upwards of two thousand. This mass of population devoted to the mines must draw its support from the products of the surrounding country, and thus give an impulse to agriculture, manufactures, and all the mechanic arts useful in the common purposes of life. Industry will be quickened, and an active, enterprising population increased, in proportion to the demand for the results of different kinds of labour; and, moreover, these same agriculturists and manufacturers, who supply the wants of the miners, will themselves want articles of foreign growth, which will be paid for by the produce of the mines. In this way a healthful circulation will be kept up through all the veins and arteries of the republic; external commerce and

internal trade, industry and wealth, will flourish together. This truth is confirmed by the present state of the mining districts, which enjoyed a high degree of prosperity, while the mines were worked, even under the restrictions of the old oppressive government, but which have become depopulated and miserable as the mining operations have ceased. In short, the precious metals in Mexico are to be regarded in the same light as the great staple commodities of other countries—the cotton, tobacco, and flour of the United States, and the coffee and sugar of the West Indies. And such is the aspect in which Alaman and the enlightened statesmen of Mexico, after conquering old prejudices, now view them; and on this principle the business of mining is beginning to be renewed with vigour, and under auspices that ensure success. By the secretary's last report, it appears that three companies have been formed in England, and one in Germany, for mining operations in Mexico. A large capital is already made effective for the purpose, and the mines of Guanaxuato, Valenciana, Del Monte, Rayas, Cata, Sirena, and Catorce, are now in action. The mine of Conception has also been drained by a steam-engine, and another is set up at Temascaltepec. These machines have fully answered expectation, and where fuel abounds, may be used to great advantage; but the secretary accounts the introduction of them generally as a question difficult to be solved. In what the difficulty consists he leaves us to conjecture.

But it is time to return to the report of the committee on finance and mines, with which we set out. We have

given way to these remarks on the labours of Mr. Alaman, because we believe him to have been chiefly instrumental in establishing among his countrymen the liberal and sound policy on which the report is founded, and because he has been a zealous promoter of the projects for improving the mining interest. As above stated, it was proposed in the Congress to fix a higher duty than three and a half per cent. on the exportation of silver and gold; and to the expediency of this measure the attention of the committee was called.

Two objects only could be aimed at in imposing such a duty: first, an increase of the revenue; and, secondly, the retention of a larger amount of the precious metals in the country. The subject is to be examined with reference to each of these particulars.

First, in regard to the revenue, it is important to keep in mind a very definite and obvious principle, which is, that in raising a tax of this nature, the simplest machinery should be put in action with which the end can be attained. By a fundamental axiom in political economy it will appear, that whatever amount of imports are brought into a country, the same amount of the products of that country in exchangeable value must be sent out. Mercantile intercourse can be kept up only where this equilibrium exists. Since this is the case, the effects of a duty on the price of articles, or the means of the community to pay it, are the same, whether it be wholly levied on imports, or divided between articles imported and those produced in the country to be exported. If a duty of ten per cent. be laid on a foreign article when brought into port, and the ar-

ticle of home production given in exchange for it be allowed to go free, it will be the same thing, in regard to the amount of the revenue, as if five per cent. were levied on each. But in tracing the operations attending the collection, we shall find a very essential difference between the two modes. An impost on the articles of home production becomes odious, from its being more immediately felt by the people, and from the means necessarily used in ascertaining and collecting it. Besides, there must be the expense of two sets of officers, one for the internal, and one for the impost, or custom-house duties; and these expenses will diminish the revenue in proportion to their amount. On general principles, therefore, it would seem that a tax on the exportation of gold and silver would be injudicious.

It is moreover to be considered, that coin cannot be exported at all, except in exchange for goods of equal value imported from other countries; but the duties on these goods have already been raised so high, in the various shapes of tonnage, importation, and inland duties, as to leave but a moderate profit to the importers, at the present prices of the precious metals; and if this price were raised ten per cent. or more by a duty as proposed, it would be necessary to reduce the duty on imported goods in the same ratio, or else the regular course of commerce must stop. The value of gold and silver in Mexico must be regulated by their value in other parts of the world; and if, by any forced measures, the price there be raised above this level, no purchasers will appear to take them away. Hence, in the present com-

mercial state of Mexico, such a duty would derange rather than benefit the revenue. The usual commerce could only be carried on, either by reducing the tariff on imported commodities, or by raising the price of them to a level with the new duty on the articles received in exchange. In either case nothing could be gained.

The encouragement to smuggling and frauds on the revenue by an excessive duty are not to be forgotten. This is worthy of particular notice, when we take into view the long habits of colonial commerce under the ancient oppression, and the facilities of sending out of the country, in a secret manner, articles of so little bulk, compared with their value, as the precious metals. There is such a thing as raising a tariff till the revenue disappears; and when such a temptation is held out to a violation of the laws, the loss sustained in the public finances is not the worst evil; the morals of a portion of the community are vitiated, and the exertions of honest merchants are deprived of a just reward by the competition of illegal traffickers.

On grounds like these the committee decided that it was not expedient to fix a duty on the exportation of gold and silver, with the view of aiding the revenue.

The second branch of the subject, namely, the expediency of a duty for the purpose of retaining the gold and silver in the country, may be considered under various aspects. In examining this topic, the precious metals are to be taken either as coin for circulation, or as a product of the soil to be exchanged as such for other commodities. Sil-

ver and gold, in the character of money, are valuable only as a medium of exchange; they cannot be consumed, nor appropriated to gratify, by their own use, any personal want or desire. The value of money is not determined by its quantity alone, but by this in connection with the rapidity of its circulation. When trade is dull, or in other words, when exchanges are very few, money is cheap; but when exchanges are quick and numerous, money becomes in demand and rises in value. If in a given period, a thousand dollars will effect a certain number of exchanges, and if at another time, five hundred dollars, by a more rapid circulation, will effect double the number of exchanges in the same time and in the same amount of property, it is obvious, that the five hundred dollars in one case will have performed the same service as the thousand in the other. It is obvious also, that the value of the money will be higher when it is performing this rate of service, than when it is doing only half as much. Hence, money has not a fixed intrinsic value, but one that fluctuates in proportion to the demand for it as a medium of circulation. Suppose there is just money enough in a community to carry on with convenience all the operations of mercantile exchange; and in this state of things, suppose the amount to be increased one half, the quantity of goods and the demand for consumption remaining the same—what will be the consequence? The yard of cloth, that was before sold for a dollar, will now be sold for two, and money will have fallen one half in value; or, if you choose to view it in another light, the value of the cloth will be doubled, so as to produce the

equilibrium with the money. But take it which way you will, the community gains nothing by the process. It adds nothing to the wealth of a nation, to have the mass of circulating coin increased twofold, if all the commodities purchased with it are enhanced to a double price; in fact, it is a waste, because money is forced into the useless office of circulation, which might be sold for its full value as a product.

Carry this principle a little farther, and we shall find not only a useless, but a positively injurious effect. By a restrictive duty, a larger amount of coin is kept in the country than is needed for circulation; its abundance diminishes its value, or, in other words, causes the relative price of articles for which it is given in exchange to rise; more money will be given for a commodity than it would command, if coin were suffered to flow into its natural courses, and find its natural level. This state of things will only happen, however, in the country where the restrictive duty on exportation exists. And when goods are introduced, which have been manufactured in another country, where money is dearer because scarce, and where the goods are cheaper because the cost of production is less, they can be sold to a great advantage over the same kind of goods manufactured in the country where the restrictive duty operates, because the cost of production is there in proportion to the forced relative value of the coin. Hence, such a law would act as a check to manufactures, and make a nation dependent on foreigners for some of the commonest articles of consumption, which its best interests require

to be produced by its own resources, capital, and labour.

It is, moreover, greatly for the interest of a country like Mexico, whose mineral treasures are so abundant, to afford all possible facilities for the exportation of coin. Where the production is so great, the natural tendency is to overstock the market, and to give a forced value to the circulating medium, which can only be truly profitable when it sustains nearly the same relative value to other commodities that it holds in commercial countries generally. It is important to Mexico that money should be dear there, and then there will be a quick demand; the imported commodities will be at a low price, and manufactures and numerous branches of industry will flourish, which could not otherwise be sustained, and the wealth and prosperity of the nation will be increased. Such results can only be brought about by opening every channel to a free departure of the surplus coin.

In the last place, if gold and silver be regarded merely as a product of the soil, one of the great staples of the country, the false policy of a duty on exportation will be equally apparent. In this point of view, the working of the mines, or the producing of this staple, becomes a most important branch of industry, which it is the part of a wise government to foster and protect. It has been mentioned above, that although the mines in Mexico are inexhaustible, the ore is not rich, and in most cases yields but a moderate profit to the miner. It follows, that any unnecessary burden upon this species of industry will prevent its being prosecuted, and thus paralyze a large

amount of capital, and throw out of employment a numerous class of citizens, who can engage in no occupation so advantageous to the state; we say none so advantageous, because this staple is more valuable to the state than any other. If the price of gold and silver be reduced by an unnatural increase of quantity, the cost of labour and all the materials requisite for working the mines, such as provisions, quicksilver, iron, and machinery, will be increased in the same ratio. Hence all these mines, which under favourable circumstances would do little more than meet the expense of working, must stop, when the price of silver and gold is reduced, and that of the articles necessary for subsistence and use is raised. If, for example, a thousand pounds of ore yield ten ounces of silver, and these ten ounces of silver be just enough to pay all the charges of production, the mine may be worked without a loss; but if the value of silver fall, by an increased quantity in the market, since the same amount of labour and other materials are requisite to produce the silver as before, and these at a higher price, it is manifest that the mine can no longer be worked; and that a duty, which should end in this result, would be most impolitic and ruinous. The only effectual laws for increasing production, and consequently a profit to the nation, will be those which afford the strongest encouragement to exportation. The great political economist, Ricardo, in his chapter respecting taxes on gold, has some remarks touching this subject which do not seem to us altogether sound.

To make their views the more easily apprehended by those mem-

bers of the Congress not well versed in studies of this nature, the committee illustrate them by referring to the old regulation under the Spanish system. They affirm that it is the same thing in effect, whether a tax be laid on the precious metals in the hands of the miner, as formerly, or a duty on exportation, which is supposed to be paid by foreigners. If the miner were now obliged to pay a tax of twenty per cent. or give one-fifth of all he produces to the government, he would immediately find that he could not pursue his business without ruining himself. But the result would not be varied, although it would come less direct, if the same amount of duty were laid on exportation. The foreigner would pay it in the first instance, it is true, but he would pay it in goods at a price advanced in proportion to the duty, and these goods the miner must purchase at this advanced price, by giving one-fifth more gold for them, than he would have done had no duty been laid; which is just the same to him, as if he had paid one-fifth of his gold in a tax, and bought the goods at a proportional price. The same will hold true of all the goods he purchases, whether of domestic or foreign production, because the prices of all will be raised alike. The effect of these principles has already been seen in Mexico. The freedom of commerce now enjoyed has reduced the price of foreign goods one-half below that which they maintained under the old restrictive system of Spain. The consequence has been a corresponding reduction in the price of home manufactures, notwithstanding the prejudices of the people in favour of their old

habits, the impulse of interest, and the exertions of native enterprise to give the goods of home production an ascendancy in the market.

The committee close their report with two observations, in the nature of precautions, in one of which it is hinted, that a constitutional question is involved in the subject.

They state that such a measure as the one contemplated in the proposed duty on the exportation of the precious metals would derange the negotiations, which have been instituted in forming companies abroad for working the mines, and by which the fidelity of the government was virtually pledged to ensure as favourable prospects at least as those which existed when the engagements were made. The mining companies of Europe, employing in Mexico the capital of Europe, are conferring a great benefit on the nation, and actually providing the means for paying the interest on the loans which the government has contracted abroad. Thus a mutual interest is growing up between Mexico and the European governments, by reason of the facilities afforded in Mexico for a profitable employment of capital, the consequent stimulus given to industry and enterprise, and the new and intimate commercial relations that must necessarily be established. But impose this duty, and a check will be given to the companies already formed; it will prevent others from forming, and create jealousy and a suspicion of the good faith of the Mexican government, and a distrust of its future wisdom and firmness.

The objection to the duty on constitutional grounds arises out of the local situation of the mines. The constitution of the Mexican republic

provides, as in the United States, that all taxes should fall as equally as possible on each part of the union. Now the principal mines are situated in a few only of the provinces or states. A tax on silver, therefore, would not be equally borne, but settle most heavily on the states where it is produced. This is deemed unconstitutional.

We have thus presented, in as perspicuous a manner as we could, the principles contained in the report of the committee on finance and mines, together with such illustrations and remarks as have occurred to us in pursuing the subject. The sound policy and just views of the committee must be obvious, and a clearer proof of the wisdom of the Mexican Congress could hardly be adduced, than the fact that this report was unanimously adopted, and no additional duty was laid on the exportation of gold and silver. The committee state explicitly, that in their opinion the nation would be benefited by taking off the existing duty of three and a half per cent.; but as this subject was not referred to them, no specific measure to that effect is recommended. This duty will doubtless soon be removed by the same enlightened policy which has prevented its being increased.

Mr. Alaman's last report to the Congress shews the Mexican government to be sedulously devoted to the best interests of the nation. Vigilant attention is bestowed in affording all the encouragement which the present state of the country will possibly admit, to every branch of industry, to the means of education, to agriculture, manufactures, and internal improvements. During the disasters of the revolu-

tion, many of the old colleges have been neglected, and have gone to decay, by reason of their revenues being withheld or diverted to other channels. Some of these will be immediately restored, and others established anew. A spirit begins already to prevail in a few places, which promises good results. In San Luis Potosi there has been a voluntary subscription of forty-two thousand dollars for establishing a college; measures are adopting to restore another in Guanajuato; and in Celaya one is now in operation in which scholarships are endowed. Primary schools are formed, and the governments of some of the states are preparing to establish them in all the towns and villages, by passing laws and appropriating funds for the purpose. Schools on the plan of mutual instruction have been successfully established in San Luis Potosi, Guadalaxara, Guanajuato, and other places. It is an omen in the highest degree auspicious for the future liberty and prosperity of the southern republics, that their rulers apply themselves with so much zeal in advancing the cause of education. Colombia has set a brilliant example, both by her laws and her practice; and the recent munificence of Bolivar, in aiding the schools of his native city, Caraccas, has added a lustre to his name which can never fade away, even if the glory of his conquests in defence of justice and liberty should perish.

It is a laudable effort which the Mexican government are making, to restore and preserve all the ancient documents in the archives of the viceroalties, and also the relics of antiquity now remaining. Several

persons are constantly engaged in this work, and the arrangement of some of the branches is already completed in alphabetical order. Mr. Alaman relates, that the index alone to the documents pertaining to the branch of tobacco, which have been assorted and arranged, comprises two folio volumes. The branch of excise has an index, which, together with the printed tracts on the subject, extends to eighty-two volumes. The number of documents which have been transferred to the secretary's office in three branches alone, namely, finance, ecclesiastical benefices, and indulgencies, amounts to four thousand five hundred and ninety-six. All these are so arranged, that by the aid of the index any document can be immediately found. A curious history of the oppression, folly, and superstition of the old Spanish government in Mexico, will probably be one day drawn from this mass of materials. Many specimens of antiquity are still preserved. A museum to contain the whole is proposed.

Improvements are taking place in the manufactures of Mexico, caused chiefly by the abundant introduction of foreign fabrics, and the necessity of making articles nearly as good, to secure for them a market. Cotton spinning-machines have been erected with entire success. Privileges and monopolies for cotton-manufactories have been solicited from Congress, but as yet these have not been granted. A paper-manufactory is established at San Luis Potosi, and another is erecting in the vicinity of Mexico. At Durango a glass-house is in successful operation. Agriculture is pursued with more advantage than

formerly; olive-trees, vineyards, silkworms, and coffee, are cultivated, and promise to open a wide and profitable field for future industry.

In short, the prospects of Mexico never shone so brightly as at the present moment. A form of government is adopted, which has been the deliberate choice of the people; internal commotions are quelled; the arts and enjoyments of peace are taking place of the distractions, privations, and sufferings of war; habits conducive to a new and better state of things are rapidly forming; and the benefits of the change will soon be understood, and deeply felt. The government is in the hands of men whose patriotism and virtue have been tried by a long and bitter experience. Guadalupe Victoria and General Bravo, the President and

Vice-President of Mexico, have been conspicuous actors through the whole revolutionary scenes; they have always been found on the side of humanity, justice, and liberty; skilful in war, brave in battle, and true at all times, they have resisted tyranny with equal firmness, whether in the person of a Spanish viceroy, or a self-styled emperor; their ambition has been to see their country independent, enlightened, and happy. With such men as these, aided by the political wisdom of others less known, but not less worthy, the liberties of Mexico are secure. Whatever intermediate events may occur, the result is certain; the Mexican people are fully qualified to govern themselves, and they will soon learn to do it in the best way.

THE GRECIAN BRIDE.

“UNAVAILING are our applications! no human effort can prolong his life! He faints—he dies! My—I dare not call him friend—I dare not, since there he lies slaughtered by this accursed hand!” exclaimed Captain Rivers, in frantic grief, as the Italian Count Sessa, and Mr. O’Connor, an Irish refugee, the seconds in his duel, were bandaging a wound in the chest which proved mortal to Lieutenant Humberstone. “There!—O God! I have heard his expiring groan! and do I live to execrate the ferocious pride that turned a weapon against the bravest comrade in the fields of danger—the most agreeable companion for social hours? O all-seeing Arbiter of life and death, am I a murderer? Could I have believed when I left

England that thus Humberstone and I should part?”

“Faith, it is more than time to part!” said O’Connor; “my two eyes have seen repeated signals from the felucca, and the men that rowed the little skiff to put us on shore have hallooed again and again, to warn us that they must be after obeying their commander.”

“The young gentleman is dead—dead,” subjoined Count Sessa; “the people of this island will bury him decently if his purse be left. So, Captain Rivers, let us go on board; the wind is fair—no time to be lost!”

“Can you suppose me the monster to leave these remains unburied?” answered Captain Rivers, springing upon his feet in the wildness of remorse. “The laws of honour al-

lowed no alternative but to accept his challenge; the dreadful mandate has been obeyed in bloody submission. I am now free to consult my own feelings; and what feelings are mine no words can describe, no heart conceive, that has not known their bitterness. I am riveted here, to pay the last duties, and, if needful, to enforce respect to these dear remains."

The last sentence was unfinished, when Count Sessa said, "The boatmen halloo for us again; I am sorry we can stay no longer."

"And by *Jasus*, I am sorry too!" hurriedly cried O'Connor, and scampered after the count.

"Sorry!" repeated Captain Rivers in a tone of indignation. "Misceants! caitiffs! bloodhounds! You fomented into rage the angry vehemence of my young countryman; he lies a corpse—and what have you made me? a homicide! Your absence is a relief, and I shall never forgive myself for allowing utterance to my agonies in your presence; but they had unmanned me and deranged my judgment. Will the pangs of compunction ever cease to haunt me? Never. Would to God that in place of Humberstone I had died! Yes, the duellist must be a ruffian, if, from every vein in his heart, he does not wish to have fallen in place of the slain, when he sees before him the sanguinary work of his hand."

Captain Rivers stood gazing upon the dead in petrifying remorse; then, with irregular steps, paced the greenward, which was stained with the gore of a bewailed antagonist. He instinctively shunned that spot, but, impatiently looking on all sides for some inhabitant of the isle to call

others for the performance of sepulchral rites, he trod upon a mass of blood, and fell across the stiffened corpse. Claspings in his arms the inanimate clay, he groaned forth expressions of repentant anguish. A violent paroxysm completed the exhaustion of his physical powers. The preceding night had been consumed in making a destination of his property, and in writing to some dear relatives and friends, in case he should not survive the combat: this day he had undergone a variety of harassing emotions; and after the fatal event, he had walked long and rapidly in every direction within sight of the corpse, impelled by anxiety to obtain the necessary co-operation in rendering the last offices to his lamented victim, and a sultry evening contributed to relax his wearied frame. The sun finished his course to western skies; twilight gave place to deep obscurity; the myrtles, the roses, the orange-blossoms, and a profusion of meadow-flowers, emitted fragrant effluvia to the humid air; while nightingales warbled in notes of soothing melody; responsive to the soft murmurs of a river heard in the distance, but unseen, beyond the intervening woods. The moon and stars gave their mild radiance to illumine a cloudless horizon, and disappeared. Amidst the gloom which precedes early dawn, a splashing of oars sounded near the beach; but all excitations to his senses, all transactions around him, passed unnoticed by the soul-stricken duellist, when awake; and though his torturing self-reproaches gradually subsided into drowsy stupefaction, he was still haunted by indistinct impressions from the catastrophe which involved all his future

years in gloom, tinctured by horrors almost of conscious guilt. The orb of day spread a faint shade of crimson through pale vapours in the east, when a rustling noise recalled Captain Rivers from the temporary oblivion of his situation. His heavy eyes met the gaze of a radiant female figure, clothed in Oriental vesture. Her stature appeared more lofty from the dazzling flow of a silver gauze *baracan* appended to a circlet of pearls fastened on the crown of her head by pins of embossed silver, and streaming to the yellow slippers wet with the dew from the spangled herbage she had trodden as she came from the shore. The rustling of this veil in the morning breeze awoke Captain Rivers. He rose confused, and, hardly knowing what he said, addressed the lady. "Fair vision! if you are a superhuman intelligence, I need not say why I am thus; if, like myself, you are of this lower world of woe, I ought to explain, that yesterday my friend—my countryman, fell—O misery! fell by my hand! The seconds in that unhappy affair have left me, but never shall I abandon this corpse until burial rites are performed."

In English, pronounced with a foreign accent, the lady replied, "I have heard so much of English customs as to convince me, sir, that you are more unfortunate than culpable in the fate of your friend."

"Lady! lady!" interrupted Captain Rivers, "I beseech you to forbear the use of a term which once implied the dearest satisfactions—a term now my anguishing reproach."

"Sir," replied the lady, "you are too severe to yourself; and if I could enter upon any subject foreign to my own urgent concerns, I hope you

might be comforted by my feeble arguments; but my all is at stake while I speak to you. Not six-and-thirty hours have elapsed since I stood at the nuptial altar, and was torn from thence by barbarian invasion. I have been miraculously rescued; but I have yet to know if my bridegroom survives. He drew his sword in my defence against fearful odds; Providence has sent yours to aid me until I rejoin him, or meet some of my countrymen. Britons are valiant and generous, and you will, at my entreaty, take these weapons, which I see must have been yours. Charge one pistol for me, and I have *this*," she continued, shewing a poniard which had been covered by her drapery. "These are times to revive the long-dormant spirit of Grecian heroines."

Captain Rivers charged and primed the pistols, saying, "Lady, you may be assured of my utmost services. A man reckless of life may be valorous even to desperation. This precious load I will relinquish in a moment if we are attacked."

As Captain Rivers spoke, he lifted the dead body on his shoulder: the lady undertook to guide him in ascending a gradual elevation, which, sloping to the beach, formed the "flower-enamelled mead" where the hands of two friends and countrymen were raised against each other's life. The lady struck into a pathless wood; in several places the effects of a mortal conflict were visible. "Lady," said Captain Rivers, after they had proceeded about five hundred yards, "it is now obvious that the Greeks have prevailed; they have inhumed the slain, whether of their own people or of the enemy. I have been unwilling to shock you by pointing

out the bodies of several Turks, in different places, as we threaded the trackless thickets of pomegranate, orange, and almond-trees. The wounded enemy seem to have taken refuge where nature offered a supply of cooling or nutritious fruits: if they had been masters of the isle, concealment would not be necessary. I mention these circumstances now, because I perceive you are still taking bye-ways."

"I thank you, sir, for the information. We may now go the direct and shortest course, which will soon bring us in sight of a fountain, the morning resort of our young damsels," continued the lady, walking with the utmost speed. "I see them with their pitchers—our dear countrymen have vanquished the barbarians!"

Captain Rivers, chained to the dead by riveted affection more powerful than the iron bands that held Mezentius, toiled after the lady, and could hardly keep sight of her. He heard shouts of joy and amazement from the fair water-carriers, and his bright companion called aloud, "I beseech you, do not judge of me by this dress; I am the unchanged Delina, though my garments are foreign. Oh! tell me, if my dear, dear Filippo survives; and run, in mercy run, and say to him, his bride returns, uninjured, and thrice happy, if he is safe!"

"He is wounded, but your return will cure him," said a young girl, throwing her arms round the neck of Delina. Several women came to salute her, and on observing a man laden with a dead body, they threw away their water-vessels and fled.

"Stay, stay!" said Delina. "Here is a gentleman of England; he

wishes for some of our friends to perform burial rites for the corpse he has borne from the shore. The service will be richly paid."

"They that officiate shall be paid to their full satisfaction," said Captain Rivers, in the Greek language. Lena, a pretty little nymph, shot over the path with the celerity of Atalanta. Gold inspires the heart, the head, and the heels; and Lena was eager to secure the funeral remuneration for her brothers. Sooner than Captain Rivers expected, he was disencumbered by the attendance of men with a bier, and a cotton sheet to spread over the body; but his eyes were fixed upon the mournful object, and during the last solemn ceremonial, he stood the image of grief. A demand for payment reminded him that he was not alone. He gave all that they asked, and begged to be left in solitude. Anxiety to preserve for Mr. Humberstone's friends his repeating-watch and other valuables, taken from his person by the Greeks, now excited Captain Rivers to collect them in a silk handkerchief, which he tied round his waist. "And this is all that remains for thy fond father and affectionate brother—besides these—these detestable weapons!" He examined the pistols that had belonged to Humberstone, withdrew the charge from that which had not been fired, and rolling them in another handkerchief, bound them to his arm. He spurned his own weapons with his foot, and threw himself on the newly covered grave. "Yes," said he to himself, "it is the survivor in a duel who dies a thousand deaths, in compunctious sorrow. Would to God that I could change my self-upbraiding existence

for the repose of the dead and buried youth! Why did I accept his challenge? I am several years older, and should have had more forbearance with his boyish impetuosity. I attempted to reason with him: I reminded him that the magnanimous Henry IV. made a law subjecting duellists to the construction and penalties of high-treason; that Marshal Turenne made answer to a challenger, that he fought only with cannon-balls; and I urged that my companions in arms and I had faced death in the service of our country often enough to establish our reputation for valour."—"That is no criterion of true courage," he replied, with a contemptuous sneer: "a coward may fight *en masse*, through a sense of shame, or supposing it will be as dangerous to fly as to keep his ground; and none but a coward will refuse gentlemanly satisfaction, demanded according to the laws of honour."—"O'Connor and Sessa enforced this opinion; and, in an evil hour, false shame influenced me to say I was ready to stake my life against their inuendoes. It is all my consolation that I did not provoke the fatal catastrophe—alas! it is a slender palliative for shedding the blood of a friend!"

This last thought produced a burst of agony. Captain Rivers called to mind the amiable qualities, the agreeable manners, the fine accomplishments, and high spirit, which had so endeared the deceased. "He was at this hour yesterday in health and full animation—and I extinguished all his brilliant endowments. Do I yet breathe—do I retain my senses—and know myself to be a foul murderer?"

The mourner had taken off his

hat at his approach to the grave prepared for Humberstone. He lay with his head uncovered, though the sun poured on him with scorching ardours, increasing the thirst which since he awoke at a very early hour parched his throat and consumed his vital energies. Yet, though a stream purled and murmured very near, he stirred not to relieve the most inopportune craving of nature; and unmoved by personal considerations, he either perceived or regarded not the numerous idlers that gathered at a little distance, and climbed a wall to obtain a better view of the spectacle he presented to them—his hair disheveled, his apparel covered with dust, and his gestures indicating the painful sensibilities that agitated his mind.

Let us change the scene to a very large chamber, where joy, transporting as unexpected, rewarded the courage and constancy of Filippo and Delina. We must figure to ourselves a large cottage of the better sort, which was the habitation of Delina's parents in one end, and of Filippo's in the other—two dwellings under the same roof. Several partitions in both had been taken down to accommodate a large bridal party, and this hall of festivity was converted into an hospital for the wounded. During an engagement with the Turks, many of the females of Castel Rosso attended in the field to carry off the wounded; another party made up beds for their reception; and a third dressed and bandaged the wounds of their countrymen. To this house Delina's messenger winged her way, and by some minutes anticipated her return. The glad tidings threw Filippo into violent emotion, and caused his principal wounds

to bleed afresh. Delina's mother had applied a styptic, and was binding up the parts when, panting, overheated, and in tremors, Delina sunk before her bridegroom. He held her back with his left hand—the right was disabled in the late conflict—his eyes were averted: yet affection vibrated in the tones of his voice, as he said, "Would I had died ere I saw Delina in this dress!"—"Ah, Filippo!" she replied, "think you that Delina would appear before you if she came not back wholly yours? and if I had suffered injury, I still should have been guiltless: yet never could I shew myself to you or to my parents. In some wild retreat should I hide my wretchedness, there to pine and die. The Pasha's Arabian wife saved me, and she bestowed this dress as an emblem of protection."

"Forgive, dearest Delina, the alarm, the scruples dictated by frantic despair and ardent love! Most precious balm that ever appeased the throbbings of a fond heart! Rise—I cannot aid thee."—"I require no aid but your encouraging words, my Filippo; and you are reduced to this pain, this weakness, in my defence. O my love, you have bought me too dear!"—"I am not the only warrior in your cause, my Delina. Your own father and mine, and your brother, with many of our neighbours, will have scars to shew in remembrance of Delina."—"God bless and restore them to health! Let me go to each, and offer my poor though grateful thanks."

Delina made a tour of the hospital, expressing to each and all of the patients a fervent sense of obligation. Her father gave his benediction; and Filippo's father, whose wounds were

the most dangerous, said in a feeble voice, "Dry your tears, my beloved daughter! I pray that every drop of blood I have lost may bring moments and years of happiness to you and my son. The sight of you relieves my pain, and gives me new strength."

Delina's brother reminded her it was time, and more than time, to inform Filippo circumstantially how she escaped from the ravagers. She returned to seat herself beside the couch where Filippo lay, and said, "My Filippo, this garb and this *baracan* I received from the Princess Shavasha, the Arabian wife of Yusuff Pasha. Ten days ago, you laughed at me for preparing billets to send by the carrier-pigeons; but the attempt succeeded, as I shall relate minutely when we have offered hospitality to an English gentleman. He lies at the grave of a friend, who was slain in single combat."

"An Englishman," said Filippo, "has every claim to our best services. Delina, my love, unwilling as I am to let you out of my sight, will you go with your mother to invite the stranger?"

Pheobaba, Delina's mother, gave orders to have some refreshments in readiness for their guest, and went in search of him. The gazers on Captain Rivers dispersed: these movements were not without noise; yet his attention was not excited, and Pheobaba spoke to him repeatedly before he gave heed to the address. She knew the common English phrases; Captain Rivers could converse in the modern Greek with tolerable fluency, and Delina was qualified to act as interpreter to either. She made signs to her mother to take Captain Rivers's hand; and pointing

to his head, bared to the sun's rays, indicated the risk of continuing in that exposed situation. Pheobaba at length recovered him from stupor; he made an effort to rise, gave a bewildered look, and having recollected his resplendent guide from the beach, offered incoherent apologies for trouble, and permitted himself to be led to a place of shelter. Though an intrepid soldier and experienced traveller, characters seldom incomed by bashfulness, he felt disconcerted when his disordered raiment occurred to him; and he endeavoured to explain the afflicting cause. The Greeks listened with intense interest; nor could some repress symptoms of impatience, when he stopped to repeat a long draught of water, the only beverage he would accept. As to food, he begged to have it removed; the sight of it was repugnant, until the overpowering heat of the day should abate. He treated his entertainers with respect, according to their conversation and manners; which were indeed far superior to the architecture and furnishing of their houses, and the extreme simplicity of their attire. Indeed, he had only entered their abode, when an unequivocal proof of respectable rank came under his notice, by the servants retiring backward; and this deference was manifested each time they left the hall. Pheobaba waited the conclusion of Captain Rivers's narrative, and busied herself "on hospitable deeds intent;"

then returning, found the stranger occupied in applying the lessons of experience for the benefit of her wounded friends. He had not been educated to the theory of medicine or surgery; but he had seen enough of the treatment of our brave sufferers during the peninsular war, to afford him more practical knowledge in curing wounds than the Greek surgeons seemed to have acquired. He was shocked to observe the pain and peril of valiant patients aggravated by improper applications. Filipo interpreted his countenance, and in English expressed a wish that British surgery could be translated to Greece; or that some officer, accustomed to observe their hospital system, would in mercy confer instruction upon the pretenders to the healing art in his country. Captain Rivers was averse to interference, but his humanity overcame all delicate scruples; and two surgeons feeling themselves overloaded with a charge which one British Esculapius could have managed with perfect ease, they took a hint from Filipo, and begged the stranger to assist them. Any employment was salutary to divide the thoughts of a mourner, and a very few days evinced the skill that regulated his prescriptions. Filipo became his first patient, and his rapid convalescence inclined all the wounded to solicit the curative attentions of the gifted British officer.

(To be continued.)

OBSERVATIONS ON THE SPIRIT OF INDIVIDUALITY AS DISTINGUISHED FROM PUBLIC SPIRIT. BY W. C.

A PERSON of a truly benevolent disposition would feel the same impulse in administering aid to a fellow-creature dying of hunger on the shores of a desert island, where no possibility existed of his conduct

being witnessed or applauded, as he would if the same distress were to meet his eyes in the midst of a crowded capital. His primary motive is an intuitive sensibility, strengthened by the comprehensive christian precept, "Do as you would be done by." But surely it would be an error to suppose, that his motives for action in this instance would be impaired, or his gratification, either then or subsequently, lessened, by the approbation of his fellow-creatures. Yet this is among the errors of Pharisical refinement. It would be a counteraction of the fine feelings implanted by Providence in the human breast, for the diffusion of reciprocal benefit in society, if we were to act from a belief that our benevolent desires were designed by Heaven to be indulged in privacy and loneliness, without an eye to witness or a tongue to give our actions utterance as an example to the world. The force of example, and the influence of the divine precept, "Go thou and do likewise," in its comprehensive sense, must be lost in darkness. As examples of dishonesty, gluttony, cruelty, and every other vice and crime spread their contagion through whole districts, so noble and generous actions operate as patterns, which inspire those who witness or hear of them with a laudable emulation; and, by their publicity, become the means of multiplying the virtues in an unlimited circle. It is an important truth, which we every day see realized, that the honourable report of one good action makes many.

These sentiments are in perfect agreement with the characters of those who, according to the words of the poet,

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"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

The diffidence which prompts an individual to this sort of stealth, may arise from a delicate state of the nerves; but cannot be supposed to proceed from an indifference to, or contempt for, the good opinion of others. An indifference or contempt of this kind is, in itself, an anti-social and irreligious pride, the very reverse of modesty, charity, and brotherly love. It is not only unbecoming and dangerous to the individual who falls into this plausible vanity, but it is also injurious in all its external relations. Few men are really indifferent to public opinion; and they are very unsafe guides,

*Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken and all glories sink.*

Pope's Essay on Man.

A diffidence like that alluded to may exist in a breast replete with a laudable desire to merit the good report of mankind by praiseworthy actions. A very virtuous man may, from constitutional sensibility, blush to find his fame, as the most modest woman blushes at a declaration of love from the chosen object of her affections; but it would be a strange contradiction of human nature, in either case, to infer that the *blush* is a suffusion of offended feelings; that the maiden is offended by the love of her beloved; or the benevolent man displeased by the esteem and regard of his fellow-creatures, whose good-will he is bound to conciliate, and whose mind it is his duty, as a man, a christian, and a member of the community, to instruct by example, where the task of instruction by

precept is not within the scope of his talents or vocation.

It is one of the great ends of society, that each shall instruct and aid the other by example. The trite school-boy rhymes are no less true than homely—

“ Examples oft prevail
Where arguments fail.”

The miracles wrought by Christ and the Apostles were not performed in darkness and secrecy; they were performed in the open light and in public, to produce their effect upon the multitude.

There are some persons with a morbid appetite for public approbation who affect an heroic indifference to it; but how far their affecting a feeling or sentiment the opposite of that by which they are influenced can be termed a humility, or be considered safe or honest, may be easily determined. Affectation in manners is offensive, even when practised by beauty; but affectation in morals is still more so, and is pernicious in all its tendencies. Some censors of this class reason against the weight attached by individuals to public opinion; but, even according to maxims of mere worldly policy, where public commendation, justly bestowed, operates as a stimulus to private and public virtue, it is unwise to weaken its effect, and discourage others from pursuing so salutary a course, by the envious trick of maligning their motives. To cavillers of this class we may reply in the spirit of the text already quoted, Go thou and labour likewise for the improvement and benefit of thy fellow-subjects; we will honour thy good actions, and leave it to God to judge of thy motives. Next to the sin of doing evil that good may come, we may reckon

the sin of those drones in the public hive, who seek, in the petty vanities and paltry jealousies of their own little minds, for an unworthy motive to charge upon the well-doer: By such malevolent misrepresentations they return beneficence with evil, and injure the community by deterring men of a good disposition, but diffident temper, from following a salutary example. These railers, who will neither take the oar in their own hands, nor permit others to use it without braving aspersion, are worse than useless. Their envy of all public applause bestowed upon the deserts of their contemporaries, arises from a mean and angry apprehension, that these testimonies of esteem, when publicly paid as a just debt to others, are a detraction from their own pretensions to consequence.

This contracted spirit, which may justly be termed the morbid spirit of *individuality* or *rank egotism*, is anti-social, and calculated to retard the progress of improvement. It is the reverse of that public spirit which elevates the man into a benefactor of his country; turns the force and bearing of his better passions and private interests into a parallel direction with the interests of the state, without loss or injury to himself; delights in multiplying the excitements to benevolence and philanthropy, by conferring public applause on the deserving; and is, in all its tendencies, actuated by the good of the whole people.

I reject from my present view all those popular censures and applauses which are little more than the watchwords of party, and are rarely heard except in times of public effervescence. But it is not to be disproved, that, next to the influence of religion and the laws of the state, combined

with the influence of the state itself, the sober and deliberate approbation and censure of the people are the greatest moral force of the British empire. The former, in this third degree, is the most powerful incentive to public and private virtue; the latter, the greatest preventive of immoral and depraved practices, which elude the reach of legislation. In this just estimate, every omission of honest commendation is a decrease of the excitements to virtue, and a lessening of our moral force; as every attempt to smother or hush up a just censure has been, at all times, condemned as a reprehensible encouragement of vice and crime. It may be laid down as an axiom, that to blazon merit deservedly, is to invigorate the excitements to the public service, to increase the moral means of the state, and to multiply the number of candidates for approbation by a liberal patronage of the sciences and fine arts. The fair praise bestowed on the hero, the patriot, or the munificent patron of native genius; on the genuine poet, painter, sculptor, or actor, cannot, with any justice, be looked on in the jealous or confined view of a mere compliment from a polite friend or an interested flatterer; nor can it be considered, with truth, an isolated personal advantage, or gratification to the single person only, on whom the applause is conferred. So narrow and mistaken a conception would be an aspersion on the eulogist, an injustice to the object of his deserved eulogium, and an injury to the public; because, in rousing a noble emulation, and multiplying competitors for celebrity in the public service, the *just applause bestowed on one becomes a good to all.*

Before the invention of printing, public opinion, however strong, was necessitated, through the want of an organ of speech, to vent itself tumultuously, and could only make itself known on rare occasions. But although the press has not a hundred thousand hands, it speaks at once from a hundred thousand mouths; and its approbation or rebuke is, every day, peaceably promulgated in all parts of the British empire. A journalist, whose opinions have no ordinary influence, has justly appreciated the powers of the press and of public applause, in the following remarks:

"It is due to Lord Camden, and still more to an age that stands in need of high incentives, that his claim upon the honest gratitude of his countrymen SHOULD BE FREQUENTLY RECALLED TO MIND, and that so fair an example of public spirit should not sink into utter forgetfulness, either as a recompence, or as a lesson."*

The writer of the above just and seasonable remark, alluded to the surrender of the profits of the Teller of the Exchequer by the noble Marquis. The salutary practice of *frequently bringing the merits of their benefactors before the public, as examples for others to follow*, in a spirit of national emulation, is an advice pregnant with sound political and social wisdom; it is also the discharge of a grateful obligation, a duty which cannot be too often impressed upon the conductors of the periodical press, whose particular duty it is to pay this just debt. It accords with the whole reasoning of this communication, in which I have

* *Times*, Dec. 18, 1824.

endeavoured to shew, that public commendation, justly bestowed on a meritorious individual, excites others to imitate his public spirit, and operates like a rich manure on a cold or exhausted soil, producing abundance in the ensuing harvest.

THE CASTLE OF CAERLEON.

By W. C. STAFFORD, Esq.

IN the fertile county of Montgomery, on the summit of a gentle declivity, stands the castle of Caerleon. It is a superb structure, the outer ballium of which incloses an area of considerable extent. It commands a prospect of a finely variegated country. A beautiful vale is extended at the bottom of the hill, through which the Severn winds in graceful meanders; whilst on either side the rising mountains tower in sublime majesty and grandeur. An humble church, which raises its modest roof at a short distance, affords a striking contrast to the splendid baronial residence; and still further removed, is seen the picturesque village of H—, consisting of a number of cottages, with little gardens in front, and here and there a house of rather a better description. A light and fantastic bridge, thrown over the Severn, is also a pleasing object in the prospect, which is rarely excelled, even in Wales, the country of the grand, the sublime, and the picturesque.

The grounds and works of the castle are of considerable extent. A broad ditch once ran round the whole; its remains are still visible: the greatest part, however, has been filled up, and the barbican is entirely demolished. The old wall is modernized, and the keep, by the addition of several apartments of a comparatively recent date, is divested of much of its antique appearance. This building forms nearly a square, with tur-

rets at the north and south ends, and a lofty corridor runs along the whole front, connecting them with each other. The great hall alone remains in its ancient state: the raised dais still marks the spot where kings and princes sat and feasted, and banners still wave where puissant barons talked of deeds of war; where bards sang of love and of victory; and where the beautiful dames of chivalry dispensed their favours to their true knights; favours for which these gallant warriors were always ready to contend, either in the mimic joust, or the dreadful fray. Such of the outer buildings as were, in the olden time, the residence of the subordinate officers of the castle, are now converted into coach-houses and stables; the court in front is preserved in beautiful order, and the pavement kept in complete repair; whilst the gardens behind are laid out with taste and judgment, and furnished with all that art can invent, or money purchase.

In this splendid mansion once resided a man of eccentric and misanthropic habits; who, amidst all the pomp and circumstance of an establishment sufficient for the family of a noble of the first rank, maintained his solitary state, and never, by any chance, was a visitor admitted within its walls, nor was he seen beyond them. Strange rumours were in circulation as to his early history, and the reasons for his seclusion; and

many strictures were passed upon his conduct. It is not likely these ever reached his ears; if they did, they produced no effect, but passed by "like the idle wind which we regard not." It was rumoured that he was not the rightful owner of the domain, but one who, having fraudulently obtained possession, kept it, to the exclusion of the right heir, who was supposed to be confined in a lonely turret, at that extremity of the castle most remote from the part occupied by the domestics. At the dead hour of night, lights had frequently been observed flitting about in this turret; and one Richard Evans, better known as Dick the Poacher, had seen from the park, where he was pursuing his illegal occupation, old Humphrey, who had been the steward of the former lord, and was now the confidential servant of the *Sieur Venati* (such was the name by which the occupier of the mansion was known in the neighbourhood), pass the window of the corridor leading to this turret, with a lamp and a covered basket in his hand. Soon afterwards he returned, but he had then no basket, though the lamp still cast its "fitful gleams" along the walls; and hence it was shrewdly argued that some one must be there, to whom Humphrey had been carrying provisions. Such was the tale Dick told among his companions; it soon spread through the village, and, as no one thought it worth while either to contradict or inquire into the circumstances, the fact of an individual being there kept in "durance vile," began to be believed as firmly as the Gospel, amongst the inhabitants of H—.

These rumours gained the more credence from the fact, that no-

thing decisive was known as to the fate of the former inhabitants of the castle. Amongst the old residents of H—, the remembrance of the "days of other years" brought back with it dim visions of its being once the scene of extensive hospitality, and the seat of every virtue. They spoke of the owner as of one who was "the observed of all observers," the very pink of courtesy, the true mirror of gentility; uniting in himself all the qualities of high birth, extensive accomplishments, unbounded benevolence, and singleness of heart. His lady was "a thing of life and light," whose sylph-like form seemed united to a spirit of too ethereal a cast for this abode of selfishness and vice. "She was too good for this world," said an old villager, who was retailing his knowledge of the castle and its inhabitants to an inquisitive traveller, at the period at which my tale commences—"she was too good for this world, sir; and she died a few weeks after master Edward came of age. O there were rejoicings on that day! the tenants dined in the hall, and the gentry in the great state-room; and after dinner, master Edward came amongst us, leaning on the arm of his mother, of whom he was dotingly fond. We all rose as he entered, and led her to the head of the table; and she spoke to us so kindly, and expressed so many good wishes for our happiness; and then she took a glass of wine, and drank all our healths, with such condescension, that it won every heart. We would any of us have gladly died for her, sir; and when the news came that she whom we so loved and honoured was no more, it was scarcely believed: but we could not doubt long, and there was not a

dry eye in the village on that sad day when she was carried to the grave. We all followed her to her last home, and when the clergyman came to that awful part of the service, 'ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' and we heard the earth drop upon the coffin, there was a wail of grief that would have struck horror into any heart. There have been no rejoicings at the castle since. The old lord went abroad, taking master Edward with him, and no one was left in the castle but Humphrey, and a man and his wife, just to see that it was not entirely overrun by desolation. From that time till about twelve months back, no one came near it, except a passing stranger who was attracted by its romantic appearance. Then the *Sieur Venati*, as he calls himself, arrived; and he was received by Humphrey as the lord. Workmen were immediately employed to repair and beautify the edifice, servants were hired, and we thought the old days were returning; but no. All is still and silent as the grave in those walls where mirth and festivity once reigned; and we have never seen the face of him who has come to succeed the ancient race of *Caerleon* in their own home!"

The old man paused. His feelings were evidently greatly excited; and the remembrance of what *had been*, and what *was*, seemed to agitate him more than might have been expected in one who had no other connection with this noble house than that of humble dependence: but the *Welch* 'are a sensitive people, warm in their attachments as in their anger; and whilst the latter is frequently fleeting and evanescent as the meteor which suddenly dazzles the eyes of the traveller, and is then

no more seen, the former takes a firm hold on the mind, and endures till the thread of existence is snapped in twain.

"Ah!" said the old man, after recovering from his agitation, "it was a sore visitation when the lady died, though we were all prepared for it!"

"Was she ill previously, then?" inquired the stranger.

"No. The stroke was sudden, and death instant. But, several nights previously, the corpse-candles were seen flitting in the gloom, and even passing from room to room in the castle; and the night before—oh! well do I remember that awful night! You have noted the little church, with its inclosed burial-ground, scarcely one hundred paces from the boundary of the castle-wall?"

"With the solitary yew-tree standing in the midst, like an emblem of man when lonely, forsaken, and deserted by all he holds dear or cherishes with fond affection?"

"The same. Well, I had been spending a merry evening with *Phil Davis*, who lives in the glen about a mile beyond our village. I now be-think me it was the christening of *Phil's* child, and we had had songs and dances, and the *cwrw* went briskly round. It was about half-past eleven when I left, and as I reached the castle the clock in the western turret chimed the hour of midnight. At that instant, I saw the postern through which the family always went to church thrown open, and a funeral procession issued forth. A hearse, drawn by six coal-black horses, was followed by a train of coaches and attendants, whose torches cast an unearthly light around. It proceeded towards the church. I followed; for though my limbs shook with ter-

ror, an irresistible impulse urged me on. What was my astonishment to find that not a footfall could be heard! All was still as death, though the hearse and coaches kept advancing, and the attendants followed in mournful array. Then the truth flashed at once upon me. Then I knew that this was the sure sign of the approaching dissolution of some one in the castle; for such appearances are frequently known to foretel the death of the good and the great, and they are never noted at any other time. I groaned aloud as the thought came across my mind, and fell to the earth. When I recovered my senses, all had vanished; the moon, which before had been hid behind great masses of clouds, was now shining with unusual brilliance. The inhabitants of the castle were buried in sleep; yet, as I caught a glance at the windows in passing, methought they were lit up by the fearful *canwyllan cyrph**. I shud-

* Amongst the popular superstitions of the Welch, the belief in the appearance of the *canwyllan cyrph*, or corpse-candles, holds a distinguished place.—“In many parts of Wales, more particularly at St. David’s in Pembrokeshire, the death of an individual is supposed to be announced by the appearance of a light somewhat like that of a candle, which moves about from place to place, in the vicinity of the house in which the doomed person is residing. Sometimes it proceeds in the direction of the church-yard; and frequently it appears in the hand of the spectre of the person whose fate it foretells.”—“There is another forerunner of death which has sometimes appeared in South Wales before the decease of some person of more than ordinary rank; namely, a coffin and burial-train proceeding from the house, in the dead of

dered, and hurried home; my old dame—she was young then though—chid me for staying so late. But when I told her what I had seen, her anger was turned to sorrow, for dearly she loved all within the castle-walls. The next day passed over. I told my tale in the village, and we were all prepared for some horrid event; and the following morning, my dear lady, without any previous illness, or without uttering any complaint, fell down and died!”

The traveller here seemed as much agitated as the old man himself, and as nothing so soon excites a kindly regard as a sympathy in feeling and in opinion, the latter became interested for his companion, and pressed him so warmly to accept the hospitality of his cottage for the night, that the stranger acquiesced; and with “melancholy steps and slow” they wended their way to the village.

The residence of Hubert was situated at the entrance of H—. It was an humble dwelling, almost buried in the profusion of shrubs and flowers which adorned the garden, and ornamented the front of the cottage. A little porch over the entrance, formed of branches of the osier, was delightfully shaded with the woodbine and jessamine; whilst the clematis and the rose twined round the windows, and shed a grateful perfume around. An air of neatness, of order, and superior intelli-

night, towards the church-yard. Sometimes a hearse and mourning-coaches form the cavalcade, which moves in gloomy silence. Not a footstep is heard as the procession moves along, and the terror of the person who happens to see it is soon communicated to all the neighbouring peasantry.”

gence, not often seen in the dwellings of the poor, reigned around; and the stranger started, as he heard a sweet voice carolling forth gay and lively strains from the dwelling, with such correct taste and good judgment, as convinced him that the warblings were not wild wood notes, but the result of native genius and science, united with a clear and musical voice, the tones from which fell on the ear like the gentle breathings of the Æolian harp, as she (for it was a female) sang a simple ballad, the words of which were not half so beautiful as the melody.

On entering, a young girl was flying with eager steps to welcome Hubert; but the sight of a stranger checked her ardour, and she retired, blushing and confused.

"Nay, come hither, Lilla!" said the old man; "this is a friend come to partake of some of thy housewifery, child. She takes all the household affairs off my dame's hands," he continued, turning to the stranger; "and we have reason to bless the day when she came to our cottage."

"Is she not your daughter, then?" eagerly inquired the stranger.

"No; but she is as dear to me and my dame as though she were. Her's is a tale of mystery, as far as I am acquainted with it, and I will relate it after supper."

Whilst he was speaking, Lilla had left the room, but soon returned with dame Gillian, who welcomed the stranger with that frank hospitality which, though banished from the haunts of refinement and civilization as they are termed, is still to be met with in the farther recesses of our isle, where the genuine dictates of nature have not yet given way to artificial feeling; but where

the mind beams in the face, and the heart ratifies the welcome which the cordial grasp of the hand imparts. A rustic table was soon set out, and covered with a cloth, the whiteness of which rivalled the snow that often crests the summits of Snowden or Caer Idris, while the meadows beneath are clothed with verdure. Goat's milk whey and cheese, with new-laid eggs and wheaten bread, formed the evening repast.

The group formed an interesting *tableau*. The room was completely rustic in its architecture and in its furniture, but every thing was scrupulously neat and in order. Hubert, who now sat at the head of the table, was one on whom age seemed to have laid a lenient hand. His hair was grey, but his countenance beamed with the ruddy glow of health; and his whole frame was elastic and firmly knit together. He used a staff in walking, but it was more through custom than necessity; and as he was now seated in his oaken chair, clothed in a suit made of homespun blue cloth, blue worsted stockings, the yarn for which was spun by Gillian, the stockings being also of her manufacture, and shining black shoes, with large silver buckles, which nearly covered the instep, he looked like one of the patriarchs of old, and was well calculated to inspire feelings of reverence and respect.

Opposite to him sat dame Gillian. Her sharp good-humoured face peeped from beneath an immense mobcap, tied under her chin with a bow of parti-coloured ribbons. Her hair was tightly bound up, but a stray lock would sometimes escape from its confinement, and shew that age had "silvered her auburn tresses;" whilst the "spectacles on nose" in-

dicated that dame Gillian's sight had also begun to fail. Her jerkin and petticoat were made of a dark stuff, and she wore an apron which matched in white her cloth that decked the table. She looked a worthy partner of Hubert; and that age had not chilled the affections of the heart was visible in their every word and action. It was a pleasing sight to see this humble couple so cheerful, so affectionate, so hospitable.

On one side of the table was placed the stranger, whose manners and attire bespoke the gentleman. His complexion was pallid, but whether it was the effect of ill health or of constitutional temperament could not be ascertained; and a settled melancholy obscured the expression of a countenance, which, from the contour of the features, a disciple of Lavater would have said, denoted that his mind was the seat of benevolence and virtue. This melancholy was never dissipated for an instant, except when he gazed on Lilla, who sat on the other side of the table, and whose cheek was frequently covered with burning blushes, called forth by the ardent gaze which the stranger ever and anon darted upon her from his dark bright eyes: yet, even her lively sallies could not cause a smile to chase the clouds of sorrow from his brow, and, young as she was, and incapable of defining the various feelings which evidently passed across the stranger's mind, she felt a painful interest growing up in her bosom for his fate, and a tear frequently started to her eye as she looked upon the noble form and features of her guest, and thought how much he must have suffered before despondency could have so com-

pletely established its empire over his mind.

But Lilla, herself, how am I to describe her? She was not tall, and her figure inclined rather too much to *embonpoint* to be elegant: yet there was a grace in every motion that enchanted the beholder, and imparted an indescribable charm to all she did. She was not beautiful, yet her countenance had an expression so angelic, that he who looked upon it once was in danger of thinking all other faces insipid; her complexion was fair as the lily, but on her cheek the rose strove for mastery; her hair was of "a golden hue," and curled around her face in beautiful ringlets. She wore a simple white frock, with a silk ribbon tied round the waist; and a rose-bud placed in her hair constituted her only ornament. She was evidently of a superior race to Hubert and his wife: yet she waited on them with so much assiduity, she so eagerly anticipated their wants, and was so affectionate in her whole deportment, that an attached child could not have excelled her. The stranger watched her every motion; an undefinable sensation came across his features as he gazed upon her, and his countenance at times assumed an expression almost of despair, which alarmed Hubert and his wife, though, with innate politeness, they forbore questioning him upon the cause of his emotion. Lilla, also, was reciprocally interested by this rather mysterious stranger; she seemed to hang upon his accents when he spoke, and gazed upon him, when unobserved, with an earnestness remarkable in one innately so retired and so reserved to strangers, though wild and frolicsome

as the mountain kid when with those she loved and esteemed.

Supper over, Lilla retired into the garden that skirted the cottage, and which owed all its attractions to her tasteful care. Then the stranger

eagerly reminded Hubert of that tale of mystery which he had said was attached to her, and of his promise to relate those incidents of her fortunes with which he was acquainted. *(To be continued in our next.)*

SUBSCRIPTION FOR MR. HOGAN.

THIS young artist stood, in the calm independence of his struggles, collected to meet all the difficulties of his lot in life, without looking out of his own mind for their remedy. In Cork in 1823, and in Rome in 1825, *he simply explained his situation.* At neither time did the thought of a subscription originate with him. That responsibility belongs to another: this good came to the young sculptor as the spontaneous act of his country; as the voice of hope; and the trumpet of emulation, spurring him on to overcome every obstacle by days and nights of toil, and putting into his hands the weapon with which he is to contend for the crown of victory. Would it be wise for any great nation, in an age of refinement, to stand by and suffer the lights, sent to shine in the land, to be blown out by the raw and chilling gusts of adversity, in the first dawn of their lustre? Assuredly not. It is the duty of every community to be true to itself, and to protect and encourage its most imperishable means of public glory.

It has long been remarked, that, owing to events which affected society some centuries ago, all subscriptions within the field of the fine arts are very slow and uncertain, although the British people are liberal beyond any other nation when their public spirit is called upon for other objects. This subscription was com-

menced in December, when the nobility and gentry had left town; in a season of unprecedented *panic*; amidst the blowing up of speculations, and the fall of capitalists; when every purse-string was tightened, and every heart struck by the alarm of bankruptcy. The pecuniary plethora, which had glutted every safe and known channel of trade for two or three years before, had led to an extreme of desperate scheming and credulous infatuation, during which the most improbable and impossible projects found crowds to part with their money, in the certainty of realizing their most extravagant expectations. The bursting of these bubbles was followed by an opposite extreme of distrust and despondency, when Fear and Suspicion stalked through the money-market, paralyzing commercial enterprise, and dissolving public and private confidence. At such a time, the attention of all ranks was called away from the interests of genius, to the security of their own property. When individuals who had stood for years as the pillars of public credit, and who were in high trust, worth hundreds of thousands in the morning, became the topics of reproach and were insolvents before mid-day, few could think of the fine arts, or their advancement in the person of a very young man, without name or note, friendly connection or propin-

quity, in England; one born as it were in a remote corner of the united empire, and a total stranger in the British capital. When so unparal- leled a crisis fell on the first days of this subscription, like a whirlwind and thunder on the approaching harvest, there was nothing to be expected but a closed hand and a deaf ear to any abstract claim or distant concern. In such a sudden change, where nothing was to be hoped for, to have done any thing was to do much indeed. Yet, modest as the amount is, the progress has been speedy and successful, if we compare it with another subscription laudably attempted not long since, in a season of prosperous public credit, and supported by a mass of great names and imposing interests. After many months of anxious and praiseworthy exertions, by circular letters, advertisements in the public journals, and a numerous committee of noblemen and gentlemen, that subscription ended in failure, and did not produce much more than double the sum already raised in a few weeks for Hogan, by the sending out a few circular letters, without noise or bustle, or any advertisement in the public journals. The salutary and moderate object of this subscription (*as*

originally intimated in the printed circular letter) was meant to be limited to one hundred and fifty pounds, as a necessary extension of his present insufficient income; and that object is now nearly accomplished: but the amateurs who think fit to extend the subscription further will contribute at Hammersleys' for that purpose.

W. C.

The following Contributions to the Subscription for Mr. HOGAN have been paid in at Messrs. HAMMERSLEYS'.

Sir J. Fleming Leicester, Bt. Tabley- Hall	£. s. d. 25 0 0
Wm. Carey, Esq. <i>Honorary Member of the Royal Cork Society, and Royal Irish Institution, Dublin</i>	10 0 0
R. Ackermann, Esq. 101, Strand	5 0 0
George Hammersley, Esq. Pall-Mall	10 0 0
Thomas Hope, Esq. Duchess-street	10 0 0
Hy. P. Hope, Esq. New Norfolk-street	10 0 0
M. A. Shee, Esq. R.A.	2 2 0

Royal Irish Institution voted Jan. 3, and paid into Messrs. Ball and Co.'s Bank, Dublin	25 0 0
Received by Mr. Hogan in Rome, from Oliver Latham, Esq. in Lon- don, by an order on Torlonia and Co.	25 0 0
R. Hamilton, Esq. Verville, county of Dublin, subscribed	5 0 0

Total of the subscription to Feb.
12, 1826 £127 2 0

MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE WILD TURKEY OF AMERICA.

From *American Ornithology*. By CHARLES LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

A FEW years since, we took occasion to introduce to the readers of the *Repository* the excellent and splendid work which, by the title of *American Ornithology*, reflects high credit, as well on the American press, as on its industrious author, the late Alexander Wilson. His work extended to nine volumes, with beau-

tifully coloured engravings: that from which the following extract is made, is the first of three supplementary volumes, which are intended to embrace the natural history of the birds inhabiting the United States, not given by Wilson.— This collection, when complete, will be a monument truly worthy of the greatest

nation of the American continent; and in this continuation, the benevolent mind will behold with pleasure the near kinsman of him, who lived, seemingly, but to spread the horrors of war and desolation over the surface of the earth, engaged in cultivating one of the most delightful pursuits of peace.—EDITOR.

THE native country of the wild turkey extends from the north-western territory of the United States to the isthmus of Panama, south of which it is not to be found, notwithstanding the statements of authors, who have mistaken the curassow for it. In Canada, and the now densely peopled parts of the United States, wild turkeys were formerly very abundant; but, like the Indian and buffalo, they have been compelled to yield to the destructive ingenuity of the white settlers, often wantonly exercised, and seek refuge in the remotest parts of the interior. Although they relinquish their native soil with slow and reluctant steps, yet such is the rapidity with which settlements are extended and condensed over the surface of this country, that we may anticipate a day, at no distant period, when the hunter will seek the wild turkey in vain.

The wild turkeys do not confine themselves to any particular food; they eat maize, all sorts of berries, fruits, grasses, beetles; and even tadpoles, young frogs, and lizards are occasionally found in their crops: but where the pecan-nut is plentiful, they prefer that fruit to any other nourishment. Their more general predilection is, however, for the acorn, on which they rapidly fatten. When an unusually profuse crop of acorns is produced in a particular section of country, great numbers of

turkeys are enticed from their ordinary haunts in the surrounding districts. About the beginning of October, while the mast still remains upon the trees, they assemble in flocks, and direct their course to the rich bottom lands. At this season they are observed in great numbers on the Ohio and Mississippi. The time of this irruption is known to the Indians by the name of the *turkey-month*.

The males, usually termed gobblers, associate in parties numbering from ten to a hundred, and seek their food apart from the females; whilst the latter either move about singly with their young, then nearly two-thirds grown, or, in company with other females and their families, form troops, sometimes consisting of seventy or eighty individuals, all of whom are intent on avoiding the old males, who, whenever opportunity offers, attack and destroy the young by repeated blows on the skull. All parties, however, travel in the same direction, and on foot, unless they are compelled to seek their individual safety by flying from the hunter's dog, or their march is impeded by a large river. When about to cross a river, they select the highest eminences, that their flight may be more certain; and here they sometimes remain for a day or more, as if for the purpose of consultation, or to be duly prepared for so hazardous a passage. During this time the males *gobble* obstreperously, and strut with extraordinary importance, as if they would animate their companions, and inspire them with the utmost degree of hardihood; the females and young, also, assume much of the pompous air of the males, the former spreading their tails and moving silently

around. At length the assembled multitude mount to the tops of the highest trees, whence, at a signal-note from a leader, the whole together wing their way towards the opposite shore. All the old and fat ones cross without difficulty, even when the river exceeds a mile in width; but the young, meagre, and weak, frequently fall short of the desired landing, and are forced to swim for their lives: this they do dexterously enough, spreading their tails for a support, closing their wings to the body, stretching the neck forward, and striking out quickly and forcibly with their legs. If, in thus endeavouring to regain the land, they approach an elevated or inaccessible bank, their exertions are remitted, they resign themselves to the stream for a short time, in order to gain strength, and then, with one violent effort, escape from the water. But in this attempt all are not successful; some of the weaker, as they cannot rise sufficiently high in air to clear the bank, fall again and again into the water, and thus miserably perish. Immediately after these birds have succeeded in crossing a river, they for some time ramble about without any apparent unanimity of purpose, and a great many are destroyed by the hunters, although they are then least valuable.

When the turkeys have arrived in their land of abundance, they disperse in small flocks, composed of individuals of all sexes and ages intermingled, who devour all the mast as they advance: this occurs about the middle of November. It has been observed, that, after these long journeys, the turkeys become so familiar as to venture on the plantations, and even approach so near

the farm-houses as to enter the stables and corn-cribs in search of food: in this way they pass the autumn and part of the winter. During this season, great numbers are killed by the inhabitants, who preserve them in a frozen state, in order to transport them to a distant market.

Early in March they begin to pair; and for a short time previous, the females separate from, and shun their mates, though the latter pertinaciously follow them, uttering their gobbling note. The sexes roost apart, but at no great distance, so that when the female utters a call, every male within hearing responds, rolling note after note, in the most rapid succession; not as when spreading the tail and strutting near the hen, but in a voice resembling that of the tame turkey, when he hears any unusual or frequently repeated noise. Where the turkeys are numerous, the woods from one end to the other, sometimes for hundreds of miles, resound with this remarkable voice of their wooing, uttered responsively from their roosting-places. This is continued for about an hour; and on the rising of the sun, they silently descend from their perches, and the males begin to strut, for the purpose of winning the admiration of their mates.

If the call be given from the ground, the males in the vicinity fly towards the individual, and, whether they perceive her or not, erect and spread their tails, throw the head backward, distend the comb and wattles, strut pompously, and rustle their wings and body-feathers, at the same moment ejecting a puff of air from the lungs. Whilst thus occupied, they occasionally halt to look out for the female, and then resume their

strutting and puffing, moving with as much rapidity as the nature of their gait will admit. During this ceremonious approach, the males often encounter each other, and desperate battles ensue, when the conflict is only terminated by the flight or death of the vanquished.

This pugnacious disposition is not to be regarded as accidental, but as resulting from a wise and excellent law of Nature, who always studies the good of the species without regard to the individuals. Did not females prefer the most perfect of their species, and were not the favours of beauty most willingly dispensed to the victorious, feebleness and degeneracy would soon mark the animal creation: but, in consequence of this general rule, the various races of animals are propagated by those individuals who are not only most to be admired for external appearance, but most to be valued for their intrinsic spirit and energy.

The male does not confine himself exclusively to one female, nor does he hesitate to bestow his attentions and endearments on several, whenever an opportunity offers. One or more females, thus associated, follow their favourite, and roost in his immediate neighbourhood, if not on the same tree, until they begin to lay; when they change their mode of life, in order to save their eggs, which the male uniformly breaks if in his power, that the female may not be withdrawn from his society. At this time the females shun the males during the greater part of the day; the latter become clumsy and careless, and meet each other peacefully.

The cocks, even when on the roost, sometimes strut and gobble, but more

generally merely elevate the tail and utter the *puff*, on which the tail and other feathers suddenly subside. On light or moon-shining nights, near the termination of the breeding season, they repeat this action, at intervals of a few minutes, for several hours together, without rising from their perches.

The sexes then separate; the males, being much emaciated, cease entirely to gobble, retire and conceal themselves by prostrate trees, in secluded parts of the forest, or in the almost impenetrable privacy of a cane-brake. Rather than leave their hiding-places, they suffer themselves to be approached within a short distance, when they seek safety in their speed of foot: at this season, however, they are of no value to the hunter, being meagre and covered with ticks. By thus retiring, using very little exercise, and feeding on peculiar grasses, they recover their flesh and strength; and when this object is attained, again congregate and recommence their rambles.

About the middle of April, when the weather is dry, the female selects a proper place in which to deposit her eggs, secured from the encroachments of water, and, as far as possible, concealed from the watchful eye of the crow. This crafty bird spies the hen going to her nest, and having discovered the precious deposit, waits for the absence of the parent, and removes every one of the eggs from the spot, that he may devour them at leisure. The nest is placed on the ground, either on a dry ridge, in the fallen top of a dead, leafy tree, under a thicket of sumach or briars, or by the side of a log: it is of a very simple structure, being composed of a few dried leaves. In this recep-

tacle the eggs are deposited, sometimes to the number of twenty, but more usually from nine to fifteen; they are whitish, spotted with reddish brown, like those of the domestic bird. Their manner of building, number of eggs, period of incubation, &c. appear to correspond throughout the Union; as I have received exactly similar accounts from the northern limits of the turkey-range, to the most southern regions of Florida, Louisiana, and the western wilds of Missouri.

The female always approaches her nest with great caution, varying her course so as rarely to reach it twice by the same route; and on leaving her charge, she is very careful to cover the whole with dry leaves, with which she conceals it so artfully as to make it extremely difficult even for one who has watched her movements to indicate the exact spot: hence few nests are found, and these are generally discovered by fortuitously starting the female from them, or by the appearance of broken shells, scattered about by some cunning lynx, fox, or crow. When laying or sitting, the turkey-hen is not readily driven from her post by the approach of apparent danger; but if an enemy appears, she crouches as low as possible, and suffers it to pass. A circumstance related by Mr. Audubon will shew how much intelligence they display on such occasions. Having discovered a sitting hen, he remarked that, by assuming a careless air, whistling, or talking to himself, he was permitted to pass within five or six feet of her; if, on the contrary, he advanced cautiously, she would not suffer him to come within twenty paces, but ran off twenty or thirty yards with her tail

expanded, when, assuming a stately gait, she paused on every step, occasionally uttering a chuck. They seldom abandon their nests on account of being discovered by man; but should a snake or any other animal suck one of the eggs, the parent leaves them altogether. If the eggs be removed, she again seeks the male and recommences laying, though otherwise she lays but one nest of eggs during the season. Several turkey-hens sometimes associate, perhaps for mutual safety, deposit their eggs in the same nest, and rear their brood together. Mr. Audubon once found three females sitting on forty-two eggs. In such cases, the nest is constantly guarded by one of the parties, so that no crow, raven, or even polecat, dares approach it.

The mother will not forsake her eggs, when near hatching, while life remains; she will suffer an inclosure to be made around and imprison her, rather than abandon her charge. Mr. Audubon witnessed the hatching of a brood, while thus endeavouring to secure the young and mother. "I have lain flat," says he, "within a very few feet, and seen her gently rise from the eggs, look anxiously towards them, chuck with a sound peculiar to the mother on such an occasion, remove carefully each half-empty shell, and with her bill caress and dry the younglings, that already stand tottering and attempting to force their way out of the nest."

When the process of incubation is ended, and the mother is about to retire from the nest with her young brood, she shakes herself violently, picks and adjusts the feathers about her belly, and assumes a different aspect; her eyes are alternately in-

clined obliquely upwards and side-wise, she stretches forth her neck, in every direction, to discover birds of prey or other enemies, her wings are partially spread, and she softly chucks, to keep her tender offspring close to her side. They proceed slowly, and, as the hatching generally occurs in the afternoon, they sometimes return to pass the first night in the nest. While very young, the mother leads them to elevated dry places, as if aware that humidity, during the first few days of their life, would be very dangerous to them, they having then no other protection than a delicate soft hairy down. In very rainy seasons wild turkeys are scarce, because, when completely wetted, the young rarely survive.

At the expiration of about two weeks, the young leave the ground on which they had previously reposed at night under the female, and follow her to some low, large branch of a tree, where they nestle under the broadly curved wings of their vigilant and fostering parent. The time then approaches in which they seek the open ground or prairie-land during the day, in search of strawberries, and subsequently of dewberries, blackberries, and grasshoppers, thus securing a plentiful food, and enjoying the influence of the genial sun. They frequently dust themselves in shallow cavities of the soil or on ant-hills, in order to clean off the loose skin of their growing feathers, and rid themselves of ticks and other vermin.

The young turkeys now grow rapidly, and in the month of August, when several broods flock together and are led by their mothers to the forest, they are stout, and quite able

to secure themselves from the unexpected attacks of wolves, foxes, lynxes, and even cougars, by rising quickly from the ground, aided by their strong legs, and reaching with ease the upper limbs of the tallest tree. Amongst the numerous enemies of the wild turkey, the most dreadful are the large diurnal and nocturnal birds of prey, and the lynx, who sucks their eggs, and is extremely expert at seizing both parent and young; he follows them for some distance, in order to ascertain their course, and then, making a rapid circular movement, places himself in ambush before them, and waits until, by a single bound, he can fasten on his victim.

The following circumstance is related by Bartram: "Having seen a flock of turkeys at some distance, I approached them with great caution; when, singling out a large cock, and being just on the point of firing, I observed that several young cocks were affrighted, and in their language warned the rest to be on their guard against an enemy, whom I plainly perceived to be industriously making his subtle approaches towards them, behind the fallen trunk of a tree, about twenty yards from me. This cunning fellow-hunter was a large fat wild cat, or lynx; he saw me, and at times seemed to watch my motions, as if determined to seize the delicious prey before me; upon which I changed my object, and levelled my piece at him. At this instant my companion, at a distance, also discharged his piece, the report of which alarmed the flock of turkeys, and my fellow-hunter, the cat, sprang over the log and trotted off."

These birds are guardians of each other, and the first who sees a hawk

or eagle gives a note of alarm, on which all within hearing lie close to the ground. As they usually roost in flocks, perched on the naked branches of trees, they are easily discovered by the large owls; and when attacked by these prowling birds, often escape by a somewhat remarkable manœuvre. The owl sails around the spot to select his prey; but, notwithstanding the almost inaudible action of his pinions, the quick ear of one of the slumberers perceives the danger, which is immediately announced to the whole party by a

chuck. Thus alarmed, they rise on their legs and watch the motion of the owl, who, darting like an arrow, would inevitably secure the individual at which he aimed, did not the latter suddenly drop his head, squat, and spread his tail over his back; the owl then glances over without inflicting any injury, at the very instant that the turkey suffers himself to fall headlong towards the earth, where he is secure from his dreadful enemy.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XIII.

The Vicar's Study.—Present, Dr. PRIMROSE, Miss and Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. MONTAGUE, Captain PRIMROSE, Mr. APATHY, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

THIS evening the conversation began, after the usual routine of inquiries and compliments, by

Counsellor *Eitherside's* asking—Which are the most popular fictitious writings at the present moment?

Reginald. Why I suppose we must so style, or else be voted complete ignoramuses, those which have lately been introduced to the public as the productions of “persons of quality.”

Mr. Mathews. The most fashionable novels are certainly *Tremaine*, *Matilda*, and *Granby*: they are clever productions, I admit, though I think they are indebted more to certain adventitious circumstances for their popularity, than to their own intrinsic merit.

Mr. Montague. I have never read the whole of *Tremaine*: I confess I am no friend to religious or didactic
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novels, those that are professedly so at least. The excellent tales called *Body and Soul* are almost the only works of this description I ever read with any degree of pleasure. I like a good sermon, and can digest a moral essay; but I dislike sickly sentiment on the stage, and canting morality in a tale of fiction.

The Vicar. But the end and aim of the story—

Mr. Montague—Ought to be moral, no doubt. No precept should be inculcated, no lesson taught, not sanctioned by the strict rule of religion and morality: but this can be done without sermonizing, which I always think completely out of place on such occasions. Now with respect to *Tremaine*, it has been read because it is fashionable; but I question whether the elaborate arguments scattered through its pages will succeed in reclaiming one infidel, or in

convincing one sceptic. Still, the moral is unexceptionable, and the general effect of the work cannot be bad. With respect to *Matilda*, I fear it is ill calculated to convey the moral lesson which the noble author intended to inculcate.

Reginald. But *Granby*?

Mr. Montague. *Granby* has been ascribed to Lord Normanby and to Mr. Leycester. I do not believe it was written by either. It contains no internal indication of emanating from one of high birth, or who has passed the best part of his life in those fashionable circles, the admission to which it is so difficult to obtain, and the manners of which have been so grossly caricatured by most writers who have undertaken to describe them. The author of *Granby*, whoever he may be, is a man of tact and observation. He has contemplated the "fairy-land" from a distance, he has mixed with the stragglers on the outskirts, but I really think he has never been admitted into the precincts. If he has, he certainly has not made the best use of his advantage. The best drawn character is that of Trebeck. This is evidently a portraiture of a once celebrated leader of the world of fashion, now expatriated. It is cleverly done; so striking, that the likeness is clearly discernible; yet not so strongly marked as to be decidedly personal. You (*turning to Mr. Mathews*) knew Beau B—1?

Mr. Mathews. O yes! I knew him when he was the acknowledged leader of the *haut-ton*; when no man would wear a coat or sport a phrase which he condemned; and when no lady would adopt a new fashion till it had received the meed of his approbation. Knew Beau B—1!

Why who did not know him, whom not to know, argued yourself unknown?

Mr. Montague. Well, then, what do you think of the following portraiture? (*Reads.*)

Vincent Trebeck was the only son of a gentleman of good family, and handsome, though not large, independent fortune, who had followed the example of a long series of respectable ancestors, in faithfully fulfilling the few and unobtrusive, but honourable and useful, duties of an English country-gentleman. [By the bye, the duties of an English country-gentleman are *not* few: but we will let that pass.] But the enterprising subject of our present narrative was early visited with higher aspirations, and soon learned to despise the undistinguishing praise of humble utility. He was sent at an early age to Eton, where he soon gained that precocious knowledge of the world which a public school will generally impart, even to the dullest comprehension; and where his vivacious talents, well-assured confidence, and ready address, always gave him a considerable ascendancy over his associates. From thence, with matured views of the art of advancement, he repaired to Oxford; and never did any one glide with more ease and rapidity from the blunt unceremonious "hail-fellow well-met" manner of the school-boy, into the formal *non-chalance* and measured cordiality of the manly collegian.

Nobody carried farther that fashionable exclusiveness which prescribes the narrow local limits of gentility, and denounces all as Vandal beyond its bounds. He immediately cut an old school-fellow because he had entered at a minor college, and discontinued visiting another, because he had asked him to meet two men of—Hall. He was a consummate tuft-hunter, with an air of the most daring independence, to the preservation of which he usually sacrificed a friend a

term. He systematically violated the regulations of the collegiate authorities, and paid their penalties with contemptuous cajolery; he always ordered his horse at hall-time; was author of more than half the squibs that appeared upon the screen; and turned a tame jackdaw into the quadrangle at ——, in a pair of bands, to parody the master.

To the gracefulness of indolence Trebeck contrived to add the reputation of being able to do a great deal, if he would but condescend to set about it. He wrote one year for the Newdigate prize; it is true, he was unsuccessful, but his copy was considered the second best, and it was even whispered among his friends, that he would have succeeded if he had but taken the trouble to count his verses.

The opening world now presented an ampler field for the development of his talents. Fortunately, at his outset he was taken up as a sort of pet by some fine people, of whom he had tact enough to make a convenient stepping-stone in his fashionable nonage, and not too much gratitude to prevent him from neglecting them when he began to move in a higher sphere, and found it useful to assert his independence.

There are many roads to notoriety. Trebeck began with dress; but he soon relinquished that as unworthy or untenable. He scorned to share his fame with his tailor, and was moreover seriously disgusted at seeing a well-fancied waistcoat, almost unique, before the expiration of its honey-moon adorning the person of a natty apprentice. He sickened soon of giving names to cloaks, hats, buggies, and pantaloons; and panted for a higher pedestal than a coach-maker's show-room, or a tailor's shop-board. His coats and carriages were copied by others almost as soon as they were exhibited by him; and as it was his ambition to be inimitable, he found it much better to shun those outward peculiarities, and trust alone to the "nameless grace of polished ease," which he really possessed in a remarkable degree.

He had great powers of entertainment, and a keen and lively turn for satire; and could talk down his superiors, whether in rank or talent, with very imposing confidence. He saw the advantages of being formidable, and observed with derision how those whose malignity he pampered with ridicule of others vainly thought to purchase by subserviency exemption for themselves. He had sounded the gullibility of the world, knew the precise current value of pretension, and soon found himself the acknowledged umpire, the last appeal, of many discontented followers. He seldom committed himself by praise or recommendation, but rather left his example and adoption to work its way. As for censure, he had both ample and witty store; but here, too, he often husbanded his remarks; and where it was needless or dangerous to define a fault, could check admiration by an incredulous smile, and depress pretensions of a season's standing by the raising of an eyebrow. He had a quick perception of the foibles of others, and a keen relish for bantering and exposing them. No keeper of a menagerie could better show off a monkey than he could an "original." He could ingeniously cause the unconscious object to place his own absurdities in the best point of view, and would cloak his derision under the blandest cajolery.

Imitators he loved much; but to baffle them—more. He loved to turn upon the luckless adopter of his last folly, and see him precipitately back out of the scrape into which himself had led him.

In the art of cutting, he shone unrivalled; he knew the "when," the "where," and the "how." Without affecting useless short-sightedness, he could assume that calm but wandering gaze which veers, as if unconsciously, round the proscribed individual; neither fixing, nor to be fixed; not looking on vacaney, nor on any one object; neither occupied, nor abstracted; a look which perhaps excuses you to the person cut, and, at any rate, prevents him from accosting you.

Originality was his idol. He wished to astonish, even if he did not amuse; and had rather say a silly thing than a common-place one. He was led by this sometimes even to approach the verge of rudeness and vulgarity; but he had considerable tact, and a happy hardihood, which generally carried him through the difficulties into which his fearless love of originality brought him. Indeed, he well knew that what would, in the present condition of his reputation, be scouted in any body else, would pass current with the world in him.

Such was the far-famed and redoubtable Mr. Trebeck.

Mr. Mathews. It is admirably drawn, and if there are many more such portraits in the novel, it must be a clever production.

Mr. Montague. It is the best of the three I have mentioned; and will, I predict, outlive the others in the estimation of the judicious few, whose good opinion, with men of real taste, will always outweigh the senseless applause of the million.

Miss Primrose. Has any new poet made his appearance in the literary world?

Reginald. I have seen a volume, entitled *Characters and other Tales*, by Alexander Balfour, whose name is new to me, and who really seems to be imbued with a portion of poetic inspiration, not unmingled with a sense of the ludicrous. In fact, the volume is worth reading; and I shall be glad if you will recommend it as the production of a young man, whose native genius has subdued many obstacles which opposed themselves to his progress.

Mr. Mathews. Talking of poetry, I have been much pleased with a sketch of the comparative merits of contemporary poets, prefixed to a

very neat, well arranged, and admirably selected volume, called Carey's *Beauties of the Poets*, lately published. The writer assigns the first place to Byron, "the master of the soul," the "wizard of the lyre;" and in the concluding apostrophe to his memory, every heart will sympathize: "Peace to thy manes, thou morning star of verse! and may the records of thy genius live in marble, thy errors in sand!" Of Coleridge, who is placed next to Byron, it is said, that "no one, who has a mind to understand, and a heart to feel, the beauty and the majesty, the sweetness and the comfort of true religion, can peruse the page of this pure and heavenly-gifted poet, without becoming a better and a happier being." Campbell, Moore, Crabbe, and Proctor, follow—I suppose, according to the relative rank which the writer considers they ought to occupy, with regard to the comparative merits of their productions. Something pretty is said of each of them; and a due compliment is paid to Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Mrs. Joanna Baillie, &c. The whole is a brief, but vivid sketch, of some of the "the master spirits" who adorn our age; and I only differ from the writer as to the place assigned to Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, and Milman. In a view of contemporary poets, certainly these distinguished individuals should not have been all lumped together at the end, like a make-weight, when Proctor and Moore are selected as subjects of eulogy.

Reginald. Have you read *The Subaltern*, Captain Primrose?

Captain Primrose. Yes; I have perused its pages with great avidity. It is one of the most spirit-stirring

narratives I have yet seen of some of the eventful days spent by our army in the Peninsula; and every thing is so graphically described, that it brings back to my recollection, as vividly as if they were only the occurrences of yesterday, scenes and events, in which I felt a deep, though at times a painful, interest. Like the *Sketches of the Peninsula*, it well describes the pleasures and the pains—the joys and the sorrows—the changes and privations of a soldier's life.

Reginald. Yes; but, as a literary composition, it is far superior to the *Sketches*.

Captain Primrose. I am no judge of its literary merit, but of its military excellence I can speak very highly. It opens with the marching of the regiment to which the writer was attached for Dover, to embark for the Peninsula; and every officer will bear witness to the felicity of the sketch. (*Reads.*)

It is now something more than twelve years ago since the — regiment of infantry, in which I bore a commission, began to muster one fine May morning on the parade-ground at Hythe. An order had reached us two days before to prepare for immediate service in the Peninsula, and on the morning to which I allude we were to commence our march for that purpose. The point of embarkation was Dover, a port only twelve miles distant from our cantonments, where a couple of transports, with a gun-brig as convoy, were waiting to receive us.

The short space of time which intervened between the arrival of the route and the eventful day which saw its directions carried into effect, was spent by myself and my brother-officers in making the best preparation which circumstances would permit for a campaign. Sundry little pieces of furniture, by the

help of which we had contrived to render our barrack-room somewhat habitable, were sold for one-tenth part of their value; a selection was made from our respective wardrobes of such articles of apparel as, being in a state of tolerable preservation, promised to continue for the longest time serviceable; canteens were hastily fitted up, and stored with tea, sugar, and other luxuries; cloaks were purchased by those who possessed them not before, and put into repair by those who did; in a word, every thing was done which could be done by men similarly situated, not even forgetting the payment of debts, or the inditing of farewell letters, in due form, to absent friends and relations. Perhaps the reader may be curious to know with what stock of necessaries the generality of British officers were wont, in the stirring times of war, to be contented. I will tell him how much I myself packed up in two small portmanteaus, so formed as to be an equal balance to each other when slung across the back of a mule; and as my kit was not remarkable either for its bulk or its scantiness, he will not greatly err if he esteem it a sort of medium for those of my comrades.

In one of these portmanteaus, then, I deposited a regimental jacket, with all its appendages of wings, lace, &c.; two pair of grey trowsers; sundry waistcoats, white, coloured, and flannel; a few changes of flannel drawers; half a dozen pair of worsted stockings, and as many of cotton. In the other were placed six shirts, two or three cravats, a drawing-case completely fitted, one undress pelisse, three pair of boots, two pair of shoes, with night-caps, pocket-handkerchiefs, &c. &c. in proportion. Thus, whilst I was not encumbered with any useless quantity of apparel, I carried with me quite enough to load a mule, and to ensure myself against the danger of falling short for at least a couple of years to come; and after providing these and all other necessaries, I retained five-and-

twenty pounds in my pocket. This sum, indeed, when converted into bullion, dwindled down to seventeen pounds eighteen shillings; for, in those days, we purchased dollars at the rate of six shillings a piece and doubloons at five pounds; but even seventeen pounds eighteen shillings was no bad reserve for a subaltern officer in a marching regiment; at least I was contented with it, and that was enough.

Mr. Apathy. Aye, Horace, the "contented mind's a kingdom in itself," and the "contented man's a king."

Captain Primrose. Faith, "the Sub's" stock exceeded mine when I left dear England on foreign service. I was a wild, harum-scarum fellow, always more ready to spend my allowance as soon as it was received, than to hoard up a reserve "for a rainy day;" and when our marching orders came, my stock of clothes consisted of two changes of regimentals, a dozen shirts, made by my two fair nieces there—nay, never blush, girls, it is true—half a dozen pair of boots and shoes, two black stocks, a great-coat, an old hat, and ten pounds in my pocket. Thus equipped, I embarked one beautiful morning, with my gallant comrades, and the scantiness of my wardrobe or the lowness of my purse never gave me a moment's uneasiness.

Counsellor Eitherside. How did you feel just before you were going into battle, Horace?

Captain Primrose. "The Sub" shall answer that question for me, as the feelings which he so eloquently describes, certainly were similar to those I have experienced when waiting for the commencement of that dreadful strife, out of which no man knew whether he should return with life.

It would be difficult to convey to the mind of an ordinary reader any thing like a correct notion of the state of feeling, which takes possession of a man waiting for the commencement of a battle. In the first place, time appears to move upon leaden wings; every minute seems an hour, and every hour a day. Then there is a strange commingling of levity and seriousness within him—a levity which prompts him to laugh, he scarce knows why, and a seriousness which urges him, ever and anon, to lift up a mental prayer to the throne of grace. On such occasions, little or no conversation passes. The privates generally lean upon their firelocks, the officers upon their swords; and few words, except monosyllables, at least in answer to questions put, are wasted. On these occasions, too, the faces of the bravest often change colour, and the limbs of the most resolute tremble, not with fear, but with anxiety; whilst watches are consulted till the individuals who consult them grow absolutely weary of the employment. On the whole, it is a situation of higher excitement, and darker and deeper agitation, than any other in human life; nor can he be said to have felt all which man is capable of feeling who has not filled it.

Reginald. And the battle?

Captain Primrose. Oh! in the battle we are too much occupied to think; the excitement which animates us, the bustle around us, the roar of the cannon, the swift darting of the flashes of light from the guns, irradiating for a moment the gloomy atmosphere of smoke in which both armies are enveloped; the impulse which urges every man to do his best, to conquer for his country; and if he cannot do that, impels him to die for her—all combine to banish every thought of danger, every apprehension, every sense of fear. But, the victory won, the enemy retired,

and a deathlike stillness, only broken by the groans of the wounded and the dying, succeeding to the noise and clamour of the battle. Then come the most painful moments of a soldier's life; then war is divested of all its glorious "pomp and circumstance;" then the soldier feels that he is a man; and in the scenes of desolation and death which surround him, views his occupation in all its horrid deformity.

Basil Firedrake. Come, come, no baby-work here, Horace! Zounds, man, I have witnessed all this in the contest between two hostile fleets, when the red cross of Britain has triumphed over the pale lilies of France, when our decks have been drenched in the life-blood of our brave crews, and the cockpits have been filled with the wounded, whilst the body of many a brave fellow was committed to the deep; but, though I have felt more keenly the thrill of agony at those moments than at any other of my life, yet if my king requires my services, why I will encounter all these scenes of strife and commotion and horror, again and again, as long as this weather-beaten carcase can stand at its post.

Captain Primrose. And so would I, Basil; but still war is an evil, and has a very different appearance when attired in her really warlike habiliments, from what she wears when dressed out for holiday show at parades and reviews.

Dr. Primrose. War is an evil at all times, and *offensive* war will bring a curse upon the heads of all who wage it. A *defensive* contest is, however, justifiable, by every law, human and divine; and though we should seek to divest even defensive war of its horrors, and deprive it of as many

of its painful features as possible, yet no man ought to consider himself exempt from the call of his country on such an occasion; all ought to be ready and eager to serve her when a proud and haughty enemy threatens her with destruction. But this is not a very pleasant subject, let us change it.

Reginald. Which of you has read *Waterton's Travels*?

The Vicar. I read them a few weeks back, and laughed immoderately at some of his tales.

Counsellor Eitherside. Why he is a veritable Major Longbow. Sir John Mandeville or Baron Munchausen were no matches for him. He must laugh heartily in his sleeve at the gullibility of those readers who credit one-half of his wonderful narratives.

Reginald. Why it is rather astounding, certainly, to hear him gravely talking of riding on a crocodile's back, and making a bridle of his fore-legs; of his conquering large serpents by pinning them to the ground with a lance, or ramming his hat down their throats; and of various other marvellous adventures in which he has been engaged. I know him to be a gentleman of strict honour in private life; but I cannot divest myself of the opinion, that in his *Wanderings* he has been joking with the public, to see how far their credulity would go.

The Vicar. One of the most unaccountable things in the book is, the portrait and account of what he terms a "non-descript;" which, if really one of the monkey kind, approaches more nearly to the human species, than any known variation of those singular animals. The face is quite human.

Reginald. There are strong suspicions abroad, that Mr. Waterton manufactured the "non-descript" himself. It was placed in a respectable tradesman's shop in York a day or two during last summer, when Mr. W. was passing through that city. Several persons saw it, and one professional gentleman was allowed to introduce an artist to take a sketch of it. But for the quantity of red hair surrounding the features, they had all the appearance of a man's. If it be a composition, however, we must allow that Mr. Waterton is as skilful in the art of moulding the "human face divine," as he is in preserving specimens of natural history; in which he is, perhaps, unrivalled. I have seen a case of birds presented by him to the Leeds Philosophical Society, and placed in their

museum, which are superior to any I ever saw before or since.

Counsellor Eitherside. Whatever may be his merits in that respect, in telling a story he is certainly unrivalled.

Reginald. Why, I think he fairly exceeds any traveller that I know; and you may derive as much entertainment from his *Wanderings*, as you possibly can from the gossiping of Mr. Cradock, the chit-chat of the Margravine of Anspach, the egotism of Madame de Genlis, or the amusing recollections and reminiscences of honest Mich. Kelly.

Here the clock gave notice of the lateness of the hour, and our party broke up.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE British Institution has opened this year with a collection of the works of our own artists; and those who have watched the progress of the fine arts in this country, for the last quarter of a century, have the satisfaction of seeing, that complete success has, with few exceptions, attended the patronage of them; and that, of late years, each succeeding Exhibition more decidedly stamps the justice of their claims upon the public, and the durable value which they are calculated to confer in return for its fostering encouragement. This gallery is at length outgrowing its limits; it has not space enough for the demands which are annually making upon it, by the meritorious artists

whose talents it has cherished and rewarded; its Exhibitions are becoming too crowded with pictures, and the selection must soon be restricted, or the better alternative be resorted to (if possible) of extending the area of the building.

In the present Exhibition there are four hundred and six pictures, and eight sculptural works: they are composed from every variety of subject, and executed with every degree of merit, from the early aspirations of the promising student, to the matured and finished excellence of the incorporated academician. Pretending and unpretending names are mixed together in the throng, and though we miss some of high

fame, who are preserving their latest productions for Somerset-House, we have here others who will acquire distinction by the diligence which they evince in their compositions, and the taste and skill which they have acquired by that diligence in all the executive branches of their art.

It is not only difficult, but impossible, within the space which our limits allow us to assign to this Exhibition, to do justice to the artists individually, by whose works it is composed. We are therefore compelled to make a hasty selection, as it were on the spur of the occasion, hoping that our friends will take "the will for the deed," and not suppose that our sense of the merits of the pictures is confined to those alone which we are about to specify; for there are many others well deserving the public notice, though they cannot receive ours in more detail, from the restrictions which are necessarily enforced upon us by the nature of our Miscellany.

Several royal academicians have as usual sent in some of their works; among these are Mr. Ward, Mr. Northcote, Mr. P. Reinagle, Mr. Westall, Mr. Mulready, Mr. Jones, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Oliver and Mr. Etty, the associates.

Mr. Ward has some paintings of horses, including one of a favourite charger of his Majesty's, which in the freedom and spirit of their composition equal Rubens's best sketches, while they far exceed them in strict fidelity of execution, and their beautifully correct delineation of animal symmetry.

Mr. Northcote has a large scriptural subject, *Christ falling under the Weight of his Cross*; Mr. Reinagle has several landscapes; Mr.

Westall has some compositions (poetical and scriptural), which denote pathos and feeling. Mr. Mulready again exhibits his *Convalescent*, and it cannot be seen too often; Mr. Jones pleases us by his excellence in architectural drawing; Mr. Hilton's picture of *Christ crowned with Thorns* has already received a more substantial reward than our praise; Mr. Oliver's fruit and flower drawings are very pleasing; and Mr. Etty evinces a poetic feeling and power in the greater number of his compositions. Among other works of Mr. Hayter, whose name ought to follow those of our own academicians, because he has the foreign honour of St. Luke, we have here *Lord Russell's Trial*, and seen to more advantage than it was last year at Somerset-House; for its minute and elaborate excellencies can be better examined and appreciated in the Institution. Mr. Haydon exhibits a scriptural subject, *Pharaoh's Submission*, which has a good deal of merit in the composition and execution.

We shall now take a cursory review of the general works in the Exhibition, nearly in the order in which they meet the eye in the catalogue.

Summer.—A. Geddes.

We cannot say with our poet Thomson,

"He comes attended by the sultry Hours;" for the artist personifies the season by a figure of feminine cheerfulness and beauty, imparting to us at the same time all the charms and delicacy of the subject:

"Every beauty softening, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed,
As shines the lily thro' the crystal veil;

A A

Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from Aurora's hand, more sweetly
glows."

The Deluge.—John Martin.

This representation of the universal inundation of the earth comprehends, according to the intention of the artist, that portion of time when the valleys are supposed to be completely overflowed, and the intermediate hills nearly overwhelmed; and the people who have escaped from drowning there, are flying to the rocks and mountains for safety. To describe the breaking up "of the fountains of the great deep," and the opening of "the windows of heaven," is a task at once sublime and awful. The human eye is not quite prepared to see these terrible dispensations of divine power depicted by the human hand; something more tremendous and appalling is suggested to the mind from the mere perusal of the awful record which history leaves us of the deluge, than has ever been, or we believe ever can be, furnished by pictorial art. It is not the artist's fault that he fails in the attempt to represent such subjects; nor can we blame him even for selecting it, when we see the excellence of execution which he has evinced in the attainable parts of his work. The depth and grandeur of his composition, the curling and sweeping force of the waters, the concourse of objects which he has flung together to perish in the impending catastrophe, denote great powers of imagination and execution; but in the portraiture of such subjects, we repeat, the artist must fail: either the public eye is not sublimated enough to receive a palpable representation of them, or the artist mistakes the capabilities of his art. We believe the latter.

Contemplation.—Mrs. J. Browning.

This lady evinces much poetic feeling in this picture. We like the subject, for we prefixed Mr. Westall's fine delineation of it to the last *Forget-Me-Not*; and we like Mrs. Browning's picture because it resembles our own. Can we say more?

Landscape.—John Stark.

We have always a correct view of nature in this artist's landscapes; his trees are very carefully finished, his perspective is always good, and the general effect is in careful keeping.

A Scene on the Beach West of Hastings.—James Burton.

A very natural view of an old fishing-town; the houses are very well painted.

His Majesty's Entrance into Cowes Castle.—John St. John Long.

An agreeable representation of an event which imparted much gratification on the spot, and afforded the artist an opportunity of displaying considerable merit in the composition of his work.

A Cottage-Scene near West Cowes, Isle of Wight.—Patrick Nasmyth.

This is a clear and well painted landscape; the tints are natural, and the distant view pleasing. The Sussex view is equally good.

A lucky Fisherman.—Alex. Fraser.

The artist has taken his subject from Crabbe's lines—

"The weary husband throws his freight aside,
A living mass, which now demands the wife,
Th' alternate labours of their humble life;"

and has worked it up into a very pleasing picture. The colouring is light, and in some parts with a clearness not much inferior to Cuyp. The figures are well placed and drawn with accuracy.

The Vale of Keswick.—Wm. Linton.

A pleasing landscape, with great

truth of character, and finished with care.

Wine-Street, Bristol.—Chas. Deane.

A clever street-view, and in good perspective.

The Entombment of Christ.—J. and G. Foggo.

There is a great deal of merit in this composition; and though the eye is accustomed to the finest productions of the old masters upon these sublime subjects, yet, thanks to the proficiency of our living artists, we can turn to their works with satisfaction to contemplate their mode of treating them.

A View at Hastings.—Miss H. Gouldsmith.

This lady is always successful in her landscapes; there is in them a pleasing representation of nature, and considerable taste in the choice of subject.

Italian Boy.—R. Edmonstone.

This figure has the air and truth of one of Murillo's boys; there is an openness and intelligence in the features which cannot fail to be admired, and ought to lead to a better office for him than being an "image"-bearer, to endure the scoffing of the idle London boys who infest the streets of the metropolis.

Raphael's Dream.—William Brockedon.

The vision is beautifully composed, but it is a copy from similar figures by more than one of the old masters.

Mary Stuart's Farewell to France.

—E. D. Leahy.

The historical description of a touching event, which has given more than one chapter to the great author of the Scotch novels, is here expressively portrayed. The sad anticipations, afterwards so dreadfully realized, are depicted in the features of

the Scottish queen; the fallen and neglected guitar shews how her thoughts are withdrawn from indulging in those accomplishments in which she excelled in the gay court of the Dauphin; and an equal contrast is suggested between the tasteful costume and chivalrous and gallant air of the courtier who attends her, and of those ruder and more boisterous nobles into whose protection she must prepare to throw herself on touching the shores of Scotland.

Study of a Head.—G. S. Newton.

A calm, expressive, and finely finished study. The *Deep Study* has some very rich tints of colouring.

The Daughters of Œdipus restored to him by Theseus.—H. P. Bone.

The subject is well conceived, and there are many parts of the picture very well painted.

A Market-Boat on the Scheldt.—C. Stanfield.

A very clear and transparent representation of a familiar and interesting perspective.

The French Coast, with Fishermen.

—R. P. Bonnington.

This view is very well executed; the landscape is agreeable, and the grouping well drawn and composed.

Taking a Buck.—E. Landseer.

This artist displays a great deal of merit. The buck is admirably drawn, and the effort to get disentangled from the captor's noose, and the latter's counteraction, are just specimens of natural action. Mr. Landseer has many other works of great merit in this gallery.

Christ dispossessing the Demoniacs.

—W. C. Ross.

The composition of the group is fine, and the divine dignity express-

ed with care, and contrasted with the various emotions of the attendant figures. The artist is also successful in the different expression which he has given to the two demoniacs: the one nearer the Saviour appears as if about to pass under the influence of the supernatural restorative; while the other, not yet susceptible of the intended relief, rages with unmitigated frenzy. The subject is managed with great skill, which redeems some partial defects in the colouring. Mr. Hoffland has some very beautiful landscapes.

Mr. Danby, Mr. Stephanoff, Mr. Fradelle, and a number of other artists of established reputation, are also contributors to the British Gallery; but we have not room for further detail. The merits of the general collection are, however, so obvious, that a visit to the Institution must strike even the casual observer with an interesting proof of the pro-

gress which our fine arts are making in every department. We regret particularly that we have not room to notice more at large the contributions of our fair artists, which are excellent, and display great taste and application. The public are, however, familiar with the names of Miss Anne Beaumont, Miss E. Jones, Miss Nasmyth, Miss Smith, Miss Wroughton, Mrs. Henderson, and the other ladies whose works grace this Exhibition; and must have a still higher opinion of their merits, from the present opportunity of beholding so many admired productions of their skill and accomplishments.

There is not much worth remark in the Sculpture. The works are few, but good; and Mr. Garrard and Mr. Henning sustain their wonted reputation. Mr. Sievier, Mr. Carew, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Physick, and Mr. Dinham, have also added to the attractions of this department.

MR. DAY'S GALLERY.

MR. DAY'S Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture is again open at the Egyptian Hall: the fine casts from the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and from the ancient equestrian group on the Monte Cavallo, are arranged to advantage for the study and contemplation of the admirer of art. Some interest attaches to the position which the last group occupies, for the figures stand as they were placed by Canova. They are the finest casts in this country, and cannot be too

often studied by those who wish to acquire a perception of the higher beauties of sculpture. There are some good pictures of the old masters; but we have noticed on former occasions the principal of these, and shall reserve our further observations until the enlargement of this Exhibition, which is, we understand, intended by Mr. Day, who is now in Italy collecting works of ancient art, which are spoken of in terms of high commendation.

PÆCILORAMA.

A NEW Exhibition has just been opened at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, which is a successful attempt to give to the pictorial delusion, known by the name of the *Cosmorama*, the more natural and

aërial effect of the *Diorama*, which has been so great an object of popular attraction. The present Exhibition, in size resembling the one, and imparting much of the effect of the other, is very well

prepared. The paintings, which are of course adapted to the optical effect, and therefore in a great degree not susceptible of the minute and delicate touches which we look for and admire in finished productions, are well selected, and the scenery diversified, so as to increase the attractions by giving a variety of views. There are already eight or nine; the principal is a beautiful view of Rouen, and the enchanting and rich scenery of that neighbourhood: the near view of the city, with the towers of its fine cathedral, the prospect of the Seine, and the immense variety of objects which meet the eye in every direction, cannot be too much admired. The varied effect of light upon the view, from the lighter and more evanescent tints of clear atmo-

sphere to the lowering obscuration of a storm, is very skilfully managed, and makes the delusion complete.

The view of Old London, with the crest of its bridge encumbered with houses overhanging the water, and the rich Gothic architecture of St. Paul's, which occupied the site of the present cathedral, together with the general prospect of the city, is also a very well executed picture. The foreign scenery is also carefully portrayed; and the rich tracery of the ruins of Netley Abbey, with its ivy and mossy mantled walls, is well seen by moonlight effect. The Castle of Chillon is a good architectural view.

On the whole, this Exhibition is novel and striking, and does credit to the skill of the artists employed in its formation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Musical Grammar, comprehending the Principles and Rules of the Science, by J. F. Danneley, Professor of Music and Author of the new Musical Encyclopædia. Pr. 5s.—(Preston, Dean-street.)

A LESS comprehensive title would have been preferable, inasmuch as the book merely contains the usual elementary instruction, more or less amply to be met with in most guides and treatises of piano-forte playing. Numerous as these publications are, and some of them by authors of established reputation, new works of this description can scarcely be expected to propound new matter: it is on the arrangement of the contents, their general treatment, the propriety of the definitions, and the perspicuity of the language altogether, that new competitors must found their claims on public patronage; and in these respects Mr. Danneley's book bids fair to be very successful. It is a little volume of

about one hundred pages, letter-press and note-type intermixed, of an open, clear, and very neat print; and within this limited space, Mr. D. has succeeded in condensing every thing in the shape of rudiments that a careful master would wish, and ought, to teach a beginner, by way of elementary instruction. Indeed, the style is such, and the explanations, generally speaking, are so clear and apposite, that the book may even serve the purpose of self-instruction. Among the subjects which gave us particular satisfaction, the portions relating to musical time and to the scales of the several keys stand foremost. What is said upon accent also claims unqualified approbation.

Mr. D. has made use of several technical terms which are more or less uncommon, but which we deem very proper. In order to limit the word "key" exclusively to its appropriate meaning, viz. the designation of a tonic and its scale, the divisions

of the finger-board on the piano-forte are no longer called by the ambiguous word "keys:" the long ones Mr. D. names "pallets" (a very appropriate term), and the short ones "fientes" (somewhat outlandish to be sure). The finger-board is very properly termed "clavier." "Binary" and "ternary measure" are the terms employed for common and triple time; and we have nothing to say against their adoption.

In treating of the minor scale, Mr. D. follows the beaten path, by making it one thing ascending and another descending, by making the sixth in ascent a *major* sixth, &c.; and as he has most of the books and professors on *his* side of the question, we are naturally and greatly in a *minority* of opposition in objecting to the doctrine altogether, as we have done on several previous occasions. But we, nevertheless, shall persist in maintaining, and be at all times ready to prove, that the sixth in the minor scale (although frequently occurring in ascent as major sixth *when a mere passing note*) is essentially minor *as an harmonic note; i. e.* cannot be employed in any other way when such sixth occurs as an essential note in the minor scale, and as such demands harmony for support; its natural harmony being the minor harmony of the subdominant with *minor* third, which minor third *is* the minor sixth of the minor scale. But as this is not the place for discussing the question, and we have regularly entered our protest, we drop the subject.

A few trivial inaccuracies, probably typographical ones, will no doubt receive correction in the event of a second edition; in which case some few questionable passages will also

demand the author's attention. The object of *rests* is not "to separate musical phrases, sections of phrases, and periods," p. 8. This is the office of melodic or harmonic cadences; and although rests may casually be resorted to on such occasions, their usual and simple functions are to enjoin silence to one or more of the parts of a score for a defined space of time. A slur upon two notes, p. 43, does not "require the last of the two to be held down to vibrate through its whole time." Indeed the case is generally the reverse, particularly when several successive pairs of notes occur with slurs*. We are well aware, that when "the triplet accompanies *two* notes, three are," by many persons, "played to two," in the manner stated p. 37, "the centre note being played by itself, and the outer ones together:" but it is much better, and more effective, not to resort to such a make-shift expedient, but play the notes precisely as they are written; or as, in fact, two hands not guided by the same mind will not hesitate to execute such passages. There is a little difficulty, we are aware, for *one* performer to throw simultaneously one hand into "binary" and the other into "ternary" movement; but a little practice soon overcomes the apparent contrariety: we have seen many players execute such passages with a mathematical correctness, and with the greatest ease. It was, and always should be, as if one hand did not

* Mr. Griesbach, in the book forming our very next article, says, "When two notes are slurred, the first must be played with emphasis, the second *staccato* and softly."

know or care what the other was doing.

The Piano-Forte Student's Companion, containing all the Scales, Major and Minor, in four Positions, &c.; with General Rules for Fingering, Expression, &c. &c. by John Henry Griesbach. *Second Edition, considerably enlarged and improved.* Pr. 14s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

This valuable work, the first edition of which had not come to our cognizance, is not an elementary compendium of the rudiments of piano-forte playing in general. It may fitly be termed a code of instructions for fingering in all its varieties, consisting of general and special rules, founded on the formation of the hand, as well as on the demands of the art in its present advanced state, and illustrated by an infinite variety of scales, exercises, passages, phrases, &c. Our readers must content themselves with this general description of the nature of the book, our limits not admitting of even an insertion of the comprehensive chapter of contents; and the same reasons will, we trust, induce them to waive any critical exposition of its merits, and to take our word at once, if we assure them, that Mr. Griesbach's industry, good sense, and practical skill, have prepared for them a mass of instruction, the proper use of which cannot fail to advance them speedily to the rank of finished players on the piano-forte; especially if they will follow the author's advice to proceed, in the next place, to the classic *Study* of Clementi, Cramer, and other great masters, to which Mr. G.'s book forms precisely the preparatory introduction which those celebrated treatises require.

A brilliant Rondo for the Piano-Forte, composed, and dedicated to Mrs. J. Moscheles, by J. P. Pixis. Op. 84. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co. Holles-street.)

This rondo belongs to the limited number of compositions which are likely to be in request for years to come. The subject is excellent, and many beautiful thoughts present themselves afterwards, which constantly keep the interest of the hearer alive. These, as well as the numerous modulations deduced from them, are in the most classic style; and the work altogether may be pronounced a model of piano-forte composition. An able performer, of course, will do most justice to compositions of such value; at the same time, we have not met with any portions that are likely to discourage a zealous student of moderate experience and proficiency. Such things always require a certain degree of study, and excellent studies they are.

ARRANGEMENTS AND VARIATIONS.

1. *Handel's celebrated Overtures, newly arranged for the Piano-forte by J. B. Cramer.* No. 1. Price 2s. 6d.—(Cramer & Co.)
2. "*Le bon vieux tems*," *Air varié pour le Piano-forte* par Fred. Kalkbrenner. Pr. 3s.—(Cramer and Co.)
3. *Divertimento, consisting of an Introduction, March, and Air from "La Donna del Lago," arranged for the Piano-forte by G. Kiallmark.* Price 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)
4. *Fanfare and German Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte by G. Kiallmark.* Price 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
5. *Pleyel's celebrated Symphony adapted for the Piano forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad libitum), by S. F. Rimbault.* No. 3. Price 5s.—(W. Hodson.)
6. *Paer's favourite Overture to "Achilles" arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault.* Pr. 2s.—(Hodson.)

7. *Six Voluntaries, arranged and composed, in a familiar style, for the Organ or Piano-Forte*, by T. Costellow. Pr. 5s.—(Longman and Bates.)
8. "*The Bells of St. Petersburg*," with Variations, composed for the Piano-Forte by E. Solis. Pr. 3s.—(T. Lindsay.)
9. "*Divertimento Rossiniano*," arranged for the Piano-Forte, from the most admired Subjects in the Operas composed by G. Rossini. Pr. 3s.—(T. Lindsay.)
10. *A second Series of Caledonian Airs, arranged for the Piano-Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.)* by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. 15 and 16. Pr. 3s. each.—(Chappell & Co. and Goulding & Co.)
11. *Hibernian Airs, for the Piano-Forte*, by J. F. Burrowes. Nos. 3 and 4. Pr. 2s. 6d. each.—(Chappell & Co. and Goulding & Co.)

1. Mr. Cramer deserves our thanks for devoting his distinguished talents to the laudable object of rendering some of the overtures of Händel more familiar and accessible to the present generation, rapidly as they are sinking into oblivion. After all, Händel, with all the stiffness, forms, and formalities of his age about him, is a very giant in harmony. In the present overture to *Berenice*, what a store of counterpoint, what a labyrinthic and yet digested and systematic interlacement of fugued structure! When such artificial harmonic wefts were the fashion of the day, what a treat must they have afforded to the amateurs, who considered them as the *ne plus ultra* of musical beauty! We can well conceive *their* delight; but what has often surprised us is, how the *mass* of the public could understand and relish the incessant hunt of identical musical periods in pursuit of each other, arrayed in systematic confusion, innumerable passing notes hobbling across each other in all kinds of dissonance, next to a Dutch medley! But relish they did these things; and, what is more, at this moment the untutored mass lis-

ten to these compositions with great satisfaction, with as much, perhaps, as is felt by the adepts in the art; while a certain intermediate class, a sort of half-learned crew, alone turn up their noses at such contrapuntal combinations. Here, then, is an æsthetic problem to solve; and, did our space admit of it, we should willingly offer our ideas in explanation. But we have a pile at our left—not over-contrapuntal, to be sure—and before us, the measured number of a few more blank pages, which forbid all speculative indulgence. At some other time we may, perhaps, resume the subject. We therefore dismiss Mr. C.'s valuable arrangement with but one more observation, which consists in a strenuous recommendation of his labour to such players as make the piano-forte their zealous study. Here they will meet with excellent practice for the movement of both hands independently of each other; and, generally, for playing distinct parts on the piano-forte. The concluding andante affords sufficient evidence, if such were wanting, of Händel's talent for chaste and flowing melody. The whole arrangement is excellent, no where overloaded, clear and uncommonly effective.

2. Mr. Kalkbrenner's variations upon *Le bon vieux temps* are appositely enough dedicated to an individual of the old French nobility, the Marquis de Noailles, who, we dare say, likes Mr. K.'s labour infinitely more than the variations which have been performed upon *le bon vieux temps* in France. There is good counterpoint in the commencement of Mr. K.'s introduction, which in its progress assumes a more modern, but not less interesting complexion. In the

theme itself there is rather a little too much deviation from simple harmony. The variations, four in number (besides a polacca by way of conclusion, which is uncommonly neat and clever), are of very superior workmanship, and deserve the marked attention of advanced performers.

3. Mr. Kiallmark's divertimento from "La Donna del Lago," represents the material portions of three or four airs in that opera; although the middle movement, an andante, seems to us to be taken from the introduction to "La Semiramide." The concluding march, "La mia Spada," is effectively propounded. The whole is creditably put together, and free from difficulties; on which account, as well as from its melodic attraction, it will form a very entertaining lesson.

4. The "Fanfare and German Air," also by Mr. Kiallmark, owes its existence mainly to the German waltz, "Ach du lieber Augustin," the triple time of which has been cast into common time. There are five variations, all very easy and pretty; and the whole duet is so devoid of any intricacies, and so truly agreeable, that moderate players are likely to take it into special favour.

5. 6. Of Mr. Rimbault's arrangements, referred to under these numbers, the symphony of Pleyel, No. 3, in B b major, is well known, and has been a favourite for many years. The sudden neglect which Pleyel's compositions have suffered form a remarkable feature in musical history, and is perhaps chiefly attributable to the slightness of his later labours, upon which the innocent seem to have been condemned to oblivion with the guilty. This ought to be a warning to composers and authors;

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to Rossini among the former, and to a popular writer of our days. The present symphony surely is a brilliant and interesting composition, more so than many that we hear now in our concerts. It is sure to tell well under the adaptation of Mr. Rimbault, the more so as it is of easy execution. Paer's overture to *Achilles*, although less captivating at first aspect, is very good music, and forms a valuable addition to the collection of operatic overtures which Mr. Hod-soll has been publishing for some years past, and which has met with deserved encouragement.

7. Of the voluntaries bearing Mr. Costello's name, the subjects of four are taken from some of Kent's most favourite anthems, amidst which there are several compositions from Mr. C.'s own pen. In the latter, as well as in the treatment of the anthems of Kent, Mr. C. has evinced much feeling and good taste, and a considerable store of harmonic knowledge. The fugue, No. 6. by Mr. Costello may be quoted as a proof of the latter assertion; it is of skilful structure, and presents several ideas of decided interest.

8. The variations made by Mr. Solis upon "The Bells of St. Petersburg," are very commendable, especially Nos. 2. and 3. and the polacca, which is fresh and of good harmonic colouring. The piece, moreover, is easy and clear, and, generally, pleasing to the ear. But, if we had an advice to offer, we should suggest to Mr. S. not to throw much of his time away upon variations. Mr. S. has more melody and harmonic tact in him than many writers of the present day, whose compositions are in a higher style of musical diction, and whose repute stands universally ac-

B B

knowledge; and with such advantages, and with corresponding cultivation, much may be achieved. In the few things of Mr. S.'s that have met our eyes, we have never failed to observe many scattered and striking traces of a truly musical mind. This was particularly the case in that gentleman's duet for the piano-forte, in E \flat , which is still fresh in our recollection, and which, we hope, will soon be followed by a similar production.

9. The Divertimento Rossiniano forms the beginning of a series which is to include pieces from the most popular operas of Rossini. Some of the favourite airs of "La Donna del Lago" are inserted in the present number, the arrangement of which is easy and satisfactory, so that a continuation, treated in this manner, has a fair chance of making its way among the numberless publications of a similar nature, past, present, and, no doubt, to come.

10. 11. The 15th number of Mr. Burrowes' Caledonian Airs has "Duncan Gray" and "Jenny Nettles;" and in the 16th we observe "Kelvin Grove." Of the Hibernian Airs, No. 3. presents us with "My lodging is on the cold ground;" and No. 4. propounds "Erin go Bragh" and "St. Patrick's Day." The lovers of variations will meet here with abundance of wholesome, and, at all times, well-seasoned and delicate food; calculated for every taste, not of too difficult digestion, yet far from being quite homely fare. How Mr. B. contrives to indite all the store of music he brings forth in constant succession, baffles our conception. If it were done in a different style, we should suspect it to be the result of some mechanical secret, some such thing as the *Componium*, or *Melo-*

graphicon; but the product is too intrinsically good to owe its origin to any other source than a combination of matured talent and industry the most indefatigable.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *Twelve Original Venetian Canzonets, arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Guitar*, by J. A. Nüske. In Two Books. Book II. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey & Co.)
2. "The rose which I gathered," a favourite Ballad, as sung by Miss Stephens, by W. F. Crouch. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell & Co.)
3. *The Lord's Prayer, versified and set to Music for a single Voice and Piano-forte, and also harmonized for four Voices*, by A. Voigt. Pr. 2s.—(T. Lindsay.)
4. "Softly rise, O southern breeze," a favourite Anthem, composed by the late Dr. Boyce, adapted for one, two, or three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte, by John Purkis, Organist of St. Peter's, Walworth. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)
5. "Love is not a mere name," a Song, written by J. W. Cundy, Esq. the Music composed by E. Solis. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(E. Solis.)
6. *The Negro-Slave, a favourite Song, written by Thomas Mashow, Esq. composed by David Everard Ford*. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Longman and Bates.)
7. *Sacred Music for the Organ or Piano-forte, selected, composed, and arranged by Frederick Lemare, Organist*. Second Edition.—(Longman and Bates.)

1. Referring to our very favourable critique on the 1st book of Venetian Canzonets, arranged for the guitar by Mr. Nüske, we have only to add on the present occasion, that the 2d *cahier*, now before us, contains six further airs, in the same attractive and graceful style as the former. Upon the whole, however, we should prefer the first book; for, taking the twelve altogether, there is a vast family-likeness between some of the airs: but when there is grace and beauty in the features of the parent stock, a little resemblance under certain shades of variation cannot be found fault with. We have since our last been informed, that Mr.

Nüske resides among us, and gives instruction on the guitar.

2. "The rose which I gathered" is a pleasant ballad enough, without any feature to which we could fairly object, except, perhaps, the very common *minore* formulas in the 2d stanza; while, on the other hand, there is nothing sufficiently select or striking to impress itself deeply on the memory. The harmonies and accompaniments are satisfactory.

3. It was on a recent occasion that we stated what *we* thought with regard to compositions on the Lord's Prayer. In the present instance, the text has moreover undergone versification, which does not better the matter, however trifling the alterations are that have been resorted to. The music, upon the whole, is commendable; without decided originality of invention, the melody proceeds in pathetic and pious strains, the harmonic support is full and forcible, and its interest occasionally enhanced by appropriate touches of modulation.

4. Mr. Purkis's arrangement of the anthem of Dr. Boyce is very satisfactory; but we have been at a loss to find the adaptation "for one, two, or three voices," mentioned in the title. There must be some mistake here. The chorus, *a 3*, at the end, can hardly be meant by it.

5. The song of Mr. Solis, "Love is not a mere name," is airy and fresh and pretty; there is no whining and mouthing about it. The melody is compact and clear, and the harmony and symphonies are in proper style.

6. "The Negro-Slave" is very properly dedicated to Mr. Wilberforce; and the endeavour to further the cause by the aid of music and

poetry is so laudable, that we feel disposed to take the will for the deed; for the poetry must be deemed very homely which admits of such lines as "Reason and policy both answer no!" and "If married, still he's parted when interest interferes." The music is somewhat better, and will do upon the whole.

7. Mr. Lemare's compilation of Sacred Music forms a very elegant little volume, containing about sixty tunes, of good selection, and very judiciously adapted to texts analogous to the character of the melodies. We meet with many of the approved old tunes, and with others of decided interest; so that in point of variety, Mr. L.'s labour distinguishes itself favourably before many similar publications. The harmonic arrangement is so simple as to be within the reach of every class of players: here and there we have observed certain inaptitudes in the accompaniment, but these are rather exceptions. There are two or three tunes of Mr. Lemare's own composition, with which we have every reason to be well satisfied.

FLUTE MUSIC.

A second Concertino, in an easy and brilliant Style, for the Flute and Piano-Forte, composed by Charles Nicholson. Pr. 4s.—(Lindsay, Regent-street.)

Consists of a leading movement in G major, followed by the airs, "The maid of Lodi" in C, and Caraffa's "Fra tante angoscie" in G; both varied and otherwise commented upon. The whole is precisely what a flute-player of moderate proficiency would wish for; good and very tasteful music, well calculated for advantageous display, and yet carefully kept within the bounds of convenient execu-

tion. The piano-forte, with some trifling exceptions, is mere accompaniment; but devised and diversified with freedom and much good taste.

“*Giovinetto*” (*nel Crociato*), *Fantasia pour la Flute, avec Accompagnement de Piano, dédié à Mr. Charles Saust*, par son ami Tulou. Op. 40. Pr. 4s.—(London, published by Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)

Italian, French, and English on one title. Another composition by an equally distinguished flutist, and similar in character and value to the above, although a degree more ad-

vanced in point of instrumental execution. In the present instance, the “*Giovinetto Cavalier*,” who seems never to get old, is treated first as a whole-length, transposed to C; we next have part of it in G, with various amplifications; and the composition ends with a $\frac{4}{4}$ th movement of great interest. That in a work of Mr. T.'s, the capabilities of the instrument are called into the most tasteful and effective display, need not be mentioned; some of the passages are quite of a novel character. The piano-forte is not sparingly provided for.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

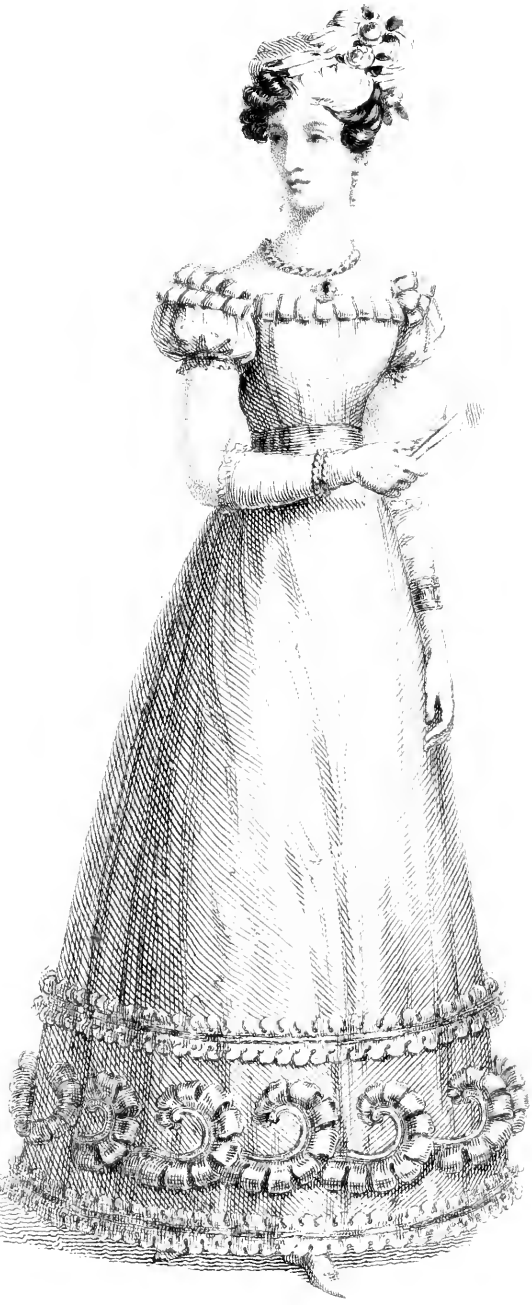
A BRIGHT fawn-colour dress of English *gros de Naples*, trimmed round the top of the bust with ribbon of the same colour *en tuyau*, with a second row on the shoulder. The sleeve is short and full, and furnished with a band and narrower trimming. The *corsage* is rather long, a little full, confined by a *ceinture*, which has a rosette and short ends behind of the same material as the dress. The skirt has an elegant yet simple border of the same colour, either of Italian crape or English *gros de Naples*, consisting of a rose *en tuyau*, with a satin piping passing along the centre, forming a double narrow flounce, one standing up, the other falling downwards; the same is repeated at the edge of the dress, and between is a trimming *à l'antique*, composed of satin scrolls, ornamented on the outside with se-

parate bows placed close to each other.

The head-dress is of white Italian crape, entwined with gold lace, and red China roses interspersed tastefully; and the hair in large regular curls. Long white kid gloves; a broad gold bracelet on one arm, and on the other a fancy chain of gold and emeralds corresponding with the necklace, which has a beautiful emerald locket in the centre: drop-earrings to suit; jocko fan; white satin shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Dress of fine tulle over a white satin slip; the *corsage* high across the bust, but lower in proportion in the shoulders, and bound with white satin, from which falls a deep blond scalloped lace, doubled on the shoulders, and forming a kind of epaulette to the short full sleeve, which fits tight round the arm, and







GO'THIC TABLE

PLATE 27. PL. III.

is finished with a narrower scalloped blond lace. A Provins rose is placed on the left side of the bust, and a satin corkscrew trimming in the form of a stomacher regulates the fulness of the *corsage*, which is longitudinal. The skirt is ornamented with two rows of festoons, edged with three narrow pipings of cherry-coloured satin, the centre of the upper festoon being attached to the points of the lower by a full-blown Provins rose, suspended by a narrow white satin corkscrew trimming; in the lower festoon the roses are attached to the broad white satin rouleau at the bottom of the dress; a bouquet of Provins roses and Eastern hyacinths is placed at the termination of each festoon of the upper row. Broad satin sash of cherry-colour, tied (in two short bows and long ends fringed) on the left side. The hair is divided in the Madonna style, and ornamented with an elegant wreath of French pearl beads and full-blown Provins roses, brought from behind the right ear to the front, and entwining a

bow of hair on the crown of the head. Elegant blond spotted scarf; long white kid gloves, with bracelets outside. Necklace and ear-rings of white cornelian and embossed gold; white satin shoes.

YOUNG LADY'S DRESS.

Frock of white *crêpe lisse*; the *corsage* full and edged with ethereal blue satin, and a narrow trimming of blond lace beneath; the sleeves short and full. The skirt is ornamented with four pipings of blue satin; three rise circularly half way up the left side, and are terminated with blue satin bows. Blue satin slip, the length of the frock; white cambric trowsers, finished with delicately scalloped work, and ornamented with two pipings of blue satin; broad blue satin sash tied behind. The hair parted in front, and in ringlets *à la Vandÿke*. Pearl necklace, gold chain, and cornelian heart; gold bracelets outside the long white kid gloves; white silk stockings; blue satin shoes, with sandals.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOTHIC LIBRARY-TABLE.

IN the accompanying plate is given a representation of a Gothic table, adapted for a library or place of study. As the workmanship of tables is carried to a greater degree of perfection in this country than any other, this specimen it is hoped will be useful to the upholsterer.

Tables indisputably are of great antiquity; those used by the Romans were stone or marble, of which several examples have recently been found in the excavations of Pompeii and Herculaneum. But we may even trace them to higher antiquity, since

Moses, in the Book of *Exodus*, chap. xxv. verses 23, 24, 25, mentions the table of show-bread as being made of shittim-wood, overlaid with plates of pure gold.

In the earlier part of the middle ages, from the few examples now remaining, they are supposed to have been constructed in iron; but in the more refined æra of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the materials employed were oak or chesnut-wood, carved with great delicacy and taste. It is from this period that our design has been formed. Beneath the top,

the artist has introduced the square quatrefoil, an ornament greatly in vogue at that time, and which forms a pleasing variation to the eye from the usual circular quatrefoil. The griffins to support the base are taken from that most elegant Gothic edi-

fice of the latter end of the fifteenth century, the *Palais de Justice*, at Rouen. The shape of the table is circular; and in this respect it differs from ancient examples, which are generally of the parallelogram shape.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SHORTLY will be published, *The Labours of Idleness*, or Seven Nights' Entertainments, by Guy Perseval.

Dr. Ure, of Glasgow, is preparing for the press, *A System of Natural Philosophy*, comprehending Mechanics in Theory and Practice. This work will be published in monthly parts, the first of which will be ready in March, and completed in two volumes 8vo. illustrated with thirty engravings.

A quarto volume, entitled *British Ichthyology*, is in preparation. It will contain five engravings of the principal fishes of Great Britain, after drawings from nature, by Sir John F. Leicester and some of the first artists; with a preface and occasional remarks by Wm. Jerdan, Esq.

A Picturesque Tour of Spain, Portugal, and the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan, by Mr. J. Taylor, is in the press. It will be comprised in twenty-two parts, each containing five engravings, with descriptions.

Mrs. Wilson, author of "Astarte," &c.

announces a new volume of poems, entitled *At Home*, for speedy publication.

The Tourist's Grammar, or Rules relating to the Scenery and Antiquities incident to Travellers; including an Epitome of Gilpin's Principles of the Picturesque, by the Rev. T. D. Fosbrock, is nearly ready for publication.

A new work, by the author of the "Journal of an Exile," entitled *Recollections of a Pedestrian*, in three volumes, will speedily appear.

Mr. J. Skelton is preparing for publication, upwards of fifty *Etchings of Antiquities in Bristol*, from original sketches taken by the late Hugh O'Neill, illustrative of Memoirs of that city by the Rev. Sam. Seyer, or to form a separate volume.

The Bishop of Bristol, who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, is engaged upon *The Ecclesiastical History of the Second and Third Centuries*, illustrated from the writings of Tertullian.

Poetry.

THE NATURAL AND MORAL SKY COMPARED.

From the German of HERDER.

VAPOURS into the clouds arise,
Thunders and lightning fill the skies,
Or fall condensed in rain:

Vapours of discontent may shroud
The mental sky, and passion's cloud
Dissolve in floods of tears:

Thy soul's pure atmosphere, my friend,
Mayst thou from mental storms defend,
The sunshine of thy brow!

VALERIA.

PARODY.

Fly not yet, 'tis now the hour
When fairy elves display their power,
And wanton round in circles bright,
Illumined by the pale moon's light,

Weaving their mazy dance.

Seldom is a scene so fair,

Seldom is the midnight air

So sweet, so stilly found—

Oh stay! oh stay!

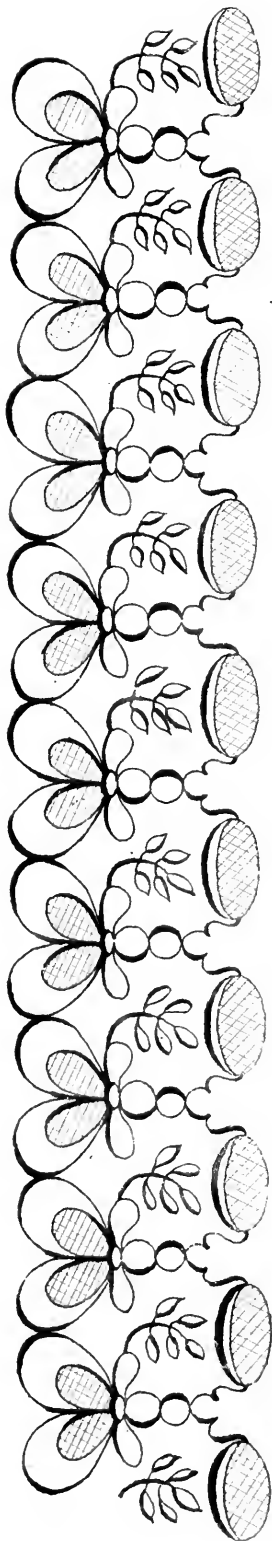
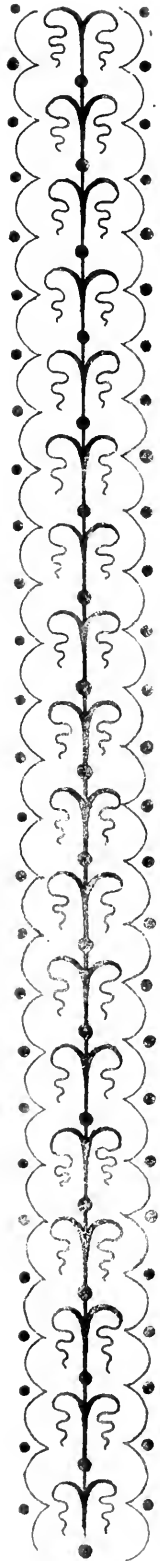
Still wander o'er the dewy green,

And still enjoy the festive scene,

For this is fairy ground—

Oh stay! oh stay!

A. I.



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THE THIRD SERIES.

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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.

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NO. XL.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

MOUNT-EDGCUMBE, CORNWALL, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MOUNT-EDGCUMBE.

MOUNT-EDGCUMBE, from which the family of its noble proprietor derives its title, is a bold promontory at the south-eastern extremity of the county of Cornwall, extending a considerable distance into the sea, and forming one of the barriers to the Hamoaze. It is nearly five miles long and three broad, rising in the centre, but gradually sloping to the sea on each side.

The seat of the ancient family of the Edgcumbes is a low embattled structure, in the castellated style, with octagonal towers at each angle; the centre is raised and flanked with turrets, which impart a peculiar and pleasing appearance to the building: it was erected by Sir Richard Edgcumbe about the year 1550. It stands in a commanding situation on the side of a low hill. The entrance,

of granite curiously wrought, communicates with a fine hall or saloon, originally Gothic, and reaching to the roof, but since modernized, having galleries supported by columns of Devonshire marble. Its architectural decorations are pleasing; the chimney-pieces, tables, and terms are of Cornish granite, displaying the various specimens, and supporting busts of Italian workmanship copied from the antique. From the peculiar adaptation of this hall to music, a fine organ has been erected in one of the galleries: the whole has a noble and striking effect.

The house has undergone many alterations and additions, and the west wing in particular, which now contains a fine library and dining-room. The new wing presents a striking, though not regular, eleva-

tion; care has been taken to preserve in it the air of antiquity that pervades the rest of the mansion. The house contains some fine family portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The principal or northern front, as shewn in the annexed plate, is approached by a stately avenue of considerable extent, the lawn extending down to the entrance-lodge at Cremill-passage. The park has scarcely its equal in the kingdom, possessing within itself all that is delightful in form of ground, variety of woods, and luxuriance of growth. The views from it are most extensive, varied, and beautiful, embracing the boundless ocean, the Hamoaze, and the course of the Tamar, as high as the town of Saltash; the town of Devonport, the dock-yards, fortifications, and government-house; the church and village of Stoke; the military hospital; Stonehouse, with its naval hospital and marine barracks; Plymouth, with its citadel and churches; Saltram, the seat of the Earl of Morley; Plymouth harbour, with its shipping, and all its life and bustle; St. Nicholas's island; the Sound and Halton heights beyond, bounded by a range of lofty hills, among which are distinguished the round top of Hingston, the peaked head of Brent-Tor, and the broken summits of Dartmoor. The sea-view is by no means a secondary object, comprehending as it does the Breakwater, backed with the Mew-stone (so grandly portrayed in Turner's *Coast Scenes*), and at times Eddystone lighthouse in the offing is visible; while to the right is seen Penlee point, under which lies Cawsand bay, with its little town of the same name. Nor is the opposite side of this beautiful Mount

deficient in views; for here are seen the rivers and estuaries branching out of the Hamoaze; the village of Milbrook and Whitsand bay, in the distance, are discernible over the narrow isthmus that connects the peninsula of Mount-Edgcumbe with Cornwall; while the eye takes in the long range of elevated coast that forms the further boundary. The church of Maker, on the brow of this Mount, with its high tower, is a land-mark, and in time of war a signal-station for giving notice of ships of war coming into port, or passing along Channel.

The drives and walks form bold terraces, the sea being seen at an immense depth dashing against the rocks below. Plantations of the finest flowering shrubs grace portions of the way; the arbutus laurustinus, Portugal laurel, and other evergreens, which grow to an uncommon size, cover the abrupt cliff to the very rocks. Some tremendous paths along the precipices are adorned by trees of stately growth; while the grounds can boast of tulip-trees, Oriental and Occidental planes of a remarkable size, with cedars of Libanus and Carolina poplars of extraordinary height. The beautiful woods are continued along the edge of the cliff, which forms a succession of coves, overhung with the finest old trees, whose boughs almost touch the sea.

Many picturesque buildings and rustic seats are placed in appropriate spots. The temple of Milton, an Ionic rotunda, partly closed and supported in front by four columns, is situated at the bottom of an amphitheatre of wood; within is a bust of the poet, with lines from his *Paradise Lost*, so accurately delineating the surrounding scenery, that we

cannot better describe it than by copying them:

“Overhead up grew,
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and fir, and pine, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.”

The *Block-House* forms a picturesque ruin, partly covered with ivy. It was built by Queen Elizabeth for the defence of the port, and stands on a point of land jutting into the harbour, commanding pleasing and animating scenes from the continual passing of vessels of all descriptions, from the first-rate man-of-war to the smallest boat.

The *Ruin*, standing on a commanding brow, and partly covered with ivy, is made up of old moorstone arches, niches, and pinnacles; the whole representing a dilapidated chapel.

The *Arch*, with its stone seat, is at the edge of an almost perpendicular precipice overlooking the Sound.

The *Cottage*, expressing what its name imports, is situated at the foot of the wood, and overhung by a number of beautiful evergreen oaks; it contains a resting-room, and commands pleasing views.

The *English Flower-Garden* contains a fine pavilion, besides a sitting-room, dressing-room, &c. It has a bath with hot and cold water, poured from the mouths of two bronzed dolphins into a capacious basin.

The *French Flower-Garden* has an octagon room pleasingly furnished, and opening on each side into conservatories. This garden, though but a small inclosure, possesses many pleasing embellishments; one of which is an elegant urn bearing the name SOPHIA, commemorative of

the late Countess of Mount-Edgcumbe, who died in 1806, and on the pedestal of which is the following inscription:

To the memory of her
whose taste embellished,
whose presence added charms
to these retreats,
(Herself their brightest ornament)
this urn is erected
on the spot she loved.

Proceeding from this to another garden, is *Thomson's Seat*, a Doric alcove, with a quotation from the poet's *Autumn*, so applicable to the view it commands, that in giving it we describe the scene most happily:

“On either hand,
Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
Shot up their spires; the belying sheets be-
tween
Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
Row'd regular to harmony; around
The boat, light skimming, stretch'd its oary
wings:
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increased; whence, ribb'd
with oak,
To bear the British thunder, black and bold,
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.”

At the end of the lawn before this seat, is the entrance to the *Italian Garden*. It is encircled with evergreens, among which the arbutus is pre-eminent. This place might be called the orangery, from the number of fine orange-trees that form avenues, running in every direction, and meeting in the centre of this charming spot, where a beautiful marble fountain is seen throwing the liquid element to the winds. Four cariatides, representing mermaids, of Italian workmanship, stand on a square pedestal, supporting a large basin, into which the water is received. On one side of the garden is a terrace ascended by slopes; the walls are inlaid with tablets and panels of marble, and surmounted

by a balustrade, on the top of which stand copies of the Apollo of the Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, and Bacchus. Statues of Flora, Ceres, the Discobolus, and Antinöus, decorate the lower ground. On the other side of the garden is a noble building of the Doric order, of considerable length and fine proportions, erected for the purpose of containing the orange-trees in winter.

We shall conclude our brief sketch of this beautiful place with a few

lines by David Garrick, expressive of his admiration on his first view of Mount-Edgecombe:

“ This Mount all the mounts of Great Britain surpasses ;
 ’Tis the Mount of the Muses, the Mount of Parnassus.
 Fame lies—’twas not Stratford—this, this is the spot
 Where Genius on Nature our Shakspeare begot ;
 This only the birth-place of Shakspeare could be,
 Whose wonders can e’en make a poet of me.”

ORCHARD-COTTAGE, ISLE OF WIGHT,

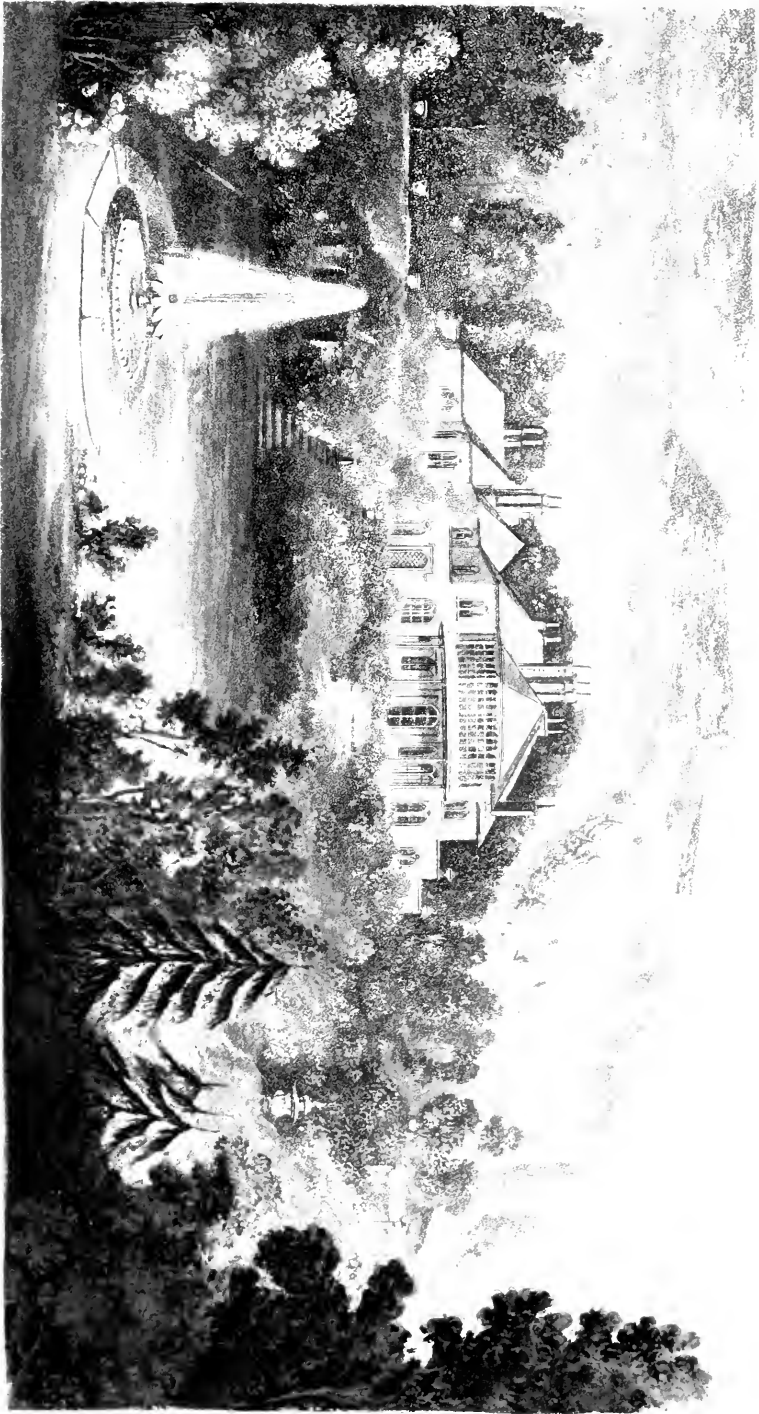
THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL SIR WILLOUGHBY GORDON.

THIS delightful villa is situated at the back of the island, on that portion of a wild but beautiful tract called the Underway or Undercliff, which is one of those superb scenes that Nature alone in one of her most powerful efforts is able to create. The upper part of this wild region, which may be said to extend from Blackgang Chine to St. Boniface Down, presents a mass of bold cliffs, accessible only to the wild fowl that here assemble in great numbers, and from its being partly overgrown with evergreens and creeping plants, it has not only a bold but beautiful appearance.

Orchard-Cottage, or rather Villa, is one of the many elegant buildings which add to the beauty and variety of this sequestered spot, decorated with all the fair variety that fancy can imagine. The gushing fountain, rocky fragments, verdant slopes, with shrubs of every hue embellishing the winding lawns, and picturesque cottages, all meeting the eye at once to captivate the senses, are backed by the gigantic wall of Cliff; for this varied tract, though far below the

beetling cliff, stands high above the broad blue ocean that eternally moves beneath.

Orchard, as will be seen by the annexed view, is rather in the style denominated Italian: its orange-walks of considerable extent, its terraces and richly sculptured vases, its fountains and various other embellishments, give it an air that would seem to say, the luxuriant in art shall blend with the grand in nature. The building is irregular, and though perfectly a whole, bears the stamp of continual additions. The entrance is a pleasing vestibule, which communicates with the hall, breakfast-room, and library, pleasingly fitted up with rich carved furniture. The dining-room is in the same taste, and of fine proportions: connected with the latter are several small apartments, containing cabinets of rare shells, &c. A circular stone staircase leads to a very elegant small room, containing richly inlaid cabinets and rare birds, and which room forms a vestibule to the drawing-room. Over against this entrance, a corresponding entrance-room or





vestibule, fitted up in a similar manner to that just mentioned, has a pleasing effect. The drawing-room is richly furnished, and contains some rare and fine pieces of china, with alabaster figures after Canova. Three French windows, of large dimensions, open into a verandah, which, being furnished with glass, forms a sitting-room, commanding beautiful views of nearly the whole of the Undercliff. The roof, projecting considerably over this verandah, throws a bold shadow, which, in the summer season, renders it truly delightful.

Plants and shrubs of all descriptions grow here with the utmost luxuriance; and this portion of the Undercliff is rich in timber, of which the island generally is rather scanty; though it is said, that in the time of Charles II. timber was so plentiful, that a squirrel might have travelled on the tops of the trees for miles together. If this tradition be correct, there is no question but the greater part has found a market in the dock-yards of Portsmouth. The wood that remains, where not too much exposed to the sea-blast, is not only healthy but fine, particularly the elm.

The quantity of organic remains found in the immediate vicinity of Orchard is worthy of notice. Echini and cornua ammonis abound; and here are dug up various species of the bivalved and turbinated shells, many of which are never found in a living state, and those which do exist have hitherto been found only in tropical countries; thus proving, with what is otherwise known of the general structure of our globe, the changes that must have taken place with the destruction of its surface.

We ought not to omit mentioning the very pleasing bathing-house constructed by Sir Willoughby on the shore: it is composed of immense stones piled on each other, their rough ends forming dressings to the deep windows and doors. It is most pleasing in its general appearance, and so happily blends with the rude fragments which surround it, that, were it not for the very complete internal arrangements, we should have supposed it to have been merely designed to harmonize with the picturesque and wild scene around it.

THE CASTLE OF CAERLEON.

By W. C. STAFFORD, Esq.

(Continued from p. 158.)

“It is now twelve years,” said Hubert, “since Lilla was brought to us, then a blooming infant, seemingly about four years old. It was one night in December; the wind was high, the rain was falling, and the Severn had overflowed its banks. My dame and I were sitting cosily in the chimney-corner, talking of old times, when all of a sudden a tremendous knock was heard at the

door, so hard and forcible, that we expected to see it fly from its hinges, and something terrible enter. We sat for a few minutes trembling with fear, but the noise was not repeated; and after a few minutes, we mustered courage to see what it was had thus alarmed us. No person was near, but a large basket, curiously wrapped up in green baize, was placed on the threshold. ‘Here’s a godsend, Gil-

lian!" said I; "let's have it in at any rate." With her assistance, for it was very heavy, I dragged it into the room, and we eagerly began to undo the fastenings. What was our surprise when we found the basket contained a sleeping child! It was Lilla, then not more than four years old, dressed in a white tunic, with beautiful bracelets on her arm, and a rich pearl necklace round her neck. A letter was laid on her breast: here it is, you shall hear it."

The old man drew a leathern pouch from the inner pocket of his waistcoat, and taking out a paper carefully folded, he read as follows:

"Hubert,—You and your dame are known to be humane and good people. The child left with you is of high birth, and will most probably eventually become heir to large estates. She is motherless, perhaps fatherless; and a villain has obtained possession of her property. I have apparently fallen into his scheme, with a view to serve the orphan; but not even to you dare I breathe a syllable which could lead to a knowledge of her family, lest in an incautious moment you should reveal it, and it should lead to a discovery that might end in her ruin. She must have all the advantages that education can bestow, and inclosed is what will defray the expenses of her maintenance for some time. Before that is expended, more shall be sent. Invent the best tale you can for her residence with you; and, as you value your future happiness, guard and cherish her carefully. Call her Lilla—or by any other name you please."

Hubert paused when he had read the letter; but the stranger, who had

listened with intense interest, exclaimed, "Go on! go on!"

"Well, sir, you may be assured it was long before we recovered from our surprise; but after a short time, we examined the contents of the basket, and found two hundred guineas in gold deposited in one corner, and at the bottom several changes of clothes for the little stranger. She did not awake for some time, and when she did open her eyes, she cried sadly, and talked a great deal in a language unknown to us. She soon, however, cried herself to sleep again, and we went to bed, but not to sleep, for which the occurrences of the evening had deprived us of all inclination. We consulted together about the best method of accounting for the appearance of Lilla. I could devise none, but Gillian suggested, that we should say she was the child of English parents, who were abroad for some time, and wished their little girl to have the advantage of the pure air of Wales, and the instruction of a celebrated teacher, Mrs. Marchmont, who then resided in H—, and had already several English boarders. I did not relish telling this story, even though the end was good; but there was no alternative that I could suggest. The truth never was suspected by the villagers. Till within the last twelve months we received remittances regularly, but since then they have stopped. Lilla, however, has ever since enjoyed the benefit of Mrs. Marchmont's instructions, and has grown up to be the lovely kind creature you see her. She often inquires for her parents, and it is only when the thoughts of them come over her that she is melancholy or sad. We love her as our own child,

and often say she was sent by Providence to cheer our downhill of life, and smooth our passage to the grave."

The stranger had listened with breathless attention to the narrative of Hubert. When he found it was concluded, he said, in a hurried tone, "Have you preserved the jewels? will you let me see them?"

"I have both the jewels and the clothes safe, together with the basket; we have preserved them as the means of hereafter restoring the dear child to her rank and station in society. This is the first time we have ever related the incidents connected with her history; but an unaccountable impulse urged me to promise to acquaint you with her mysterious story, and my word once passed could not be recalled. Gillian, fetch the packet from our room, and let the gentleman see it."

Gillian obeyed, and soon returned, bringing a large wicker basket, tied up in a green baize cloth, which being removed, the articles of apparel and the jewels were found, carefully wrapped up. Eagerly did the stranger gaze upon the latter, and, after minutely examining them, he touched a secret spring in one of the bracelets, and disclosed the miniature of a most beautiful female: "Yes, shade of my sainted Antoinette! these are thy lineaments!" he exclaimed; "and Lilla! where is she?—she is my child!"

"Gracious powers!" said Gillian, "who would have thought it? Well, sure, I always said she was of gentle blood, and would be restored to her kin in time. But,"—and she began to weep—"we shall lose her now, and sadly shall we miss her dutiful care and kind attentions."

"But you shall not want her care nor attention, worthy Gillian. You, who have protected my dear Lilla when she was deprived of her natural guardians, shall never want any thing that money can purchase, or kindness bestow."

Hubert, who had left the apartment, now entered with Lilla. "Lilla," said he, and his voice faltered with emotion, "you know that we are not your parents, and we have always endeavoured to cherish in your breast a love for the authors of your being, and to prepare you for the discovery that has now taken place. This gentleman has recognised the jewels in which you were dressed when deposited at our door, and claims you for his child."

I shall not attempt to describe what was done, or to relate what was said, for the first ten minutes after this discovery was made. Lilla, agitated and embarrassed, still felt that uncontrollable affection which nature plants in the human breast towards the authors of our being; this impelled her to rush into her father's arms; and the next minute, a fear of being too bold, of having been too precipitate in the avowal of her filial emotions, brought her to his feet. She was soon raised and clasped to his heart. A short interval elapsed, and the whole party, feeling that they were too much agitated to converse calmly, after spending a short time in the silent indulgence of their feelings, retired for the night; the stranger fervently recommending his child to the care of that Almighty Being who had hitherto preserved her, and promising an explanation of all that appeared dark and mysterious in the morning.

On the death of the late Baroness

of Caerleon, her lord, too keenly feeling the loss of one who had been the grace and pride of his heart, to remain in a house where every room reminded him of the happy hours spent in her society, resolved, with his son, to pass a short time on the Continent, till the bitter recollection of his loss was a little abated. He left an attached domestic, Humphrey Williams, in care of the castle, and having dismissed all his establishment, retaining only a man and woman-servant to assist in keeping the castle in order, he embarked with his son, a fine young man, just arrived at what the law terms years of discretion, at Holyhead, for Calais, and thence proceeded to Paris, and took a small house in one of the most retired parts of that metropolis. Here he soon sickened and died, leaving the young baron a stranger in a strange land, and without one friend on whom he could rely for comfort, advice, or assistance. The very day on which he had followed his father to the grave, when his heart was softened with grief, and alive to every feeling akin to tenderness and love, it was his misfortune to become acquainted with one who was destined to be the bane of his future existence. The Sieur Venati was an Italian by birth, but he had long resided in Paris, and was deeply initiated in all the intrigues and crimes of that city. With a show of attachment to his person, and of sympathy for his sorrows, he contrived to wind himself round the unsuspecting heart of Caerleon, and induced him to prolong his stay in Paris, contrary to his original intention, which was to depart for Wales immediately after he had seen the re-

mains of his loved father committed to the tomb. Venati, knowing he was rich, marked him out as a fit object for plunder; and at the gaming-table, to which he allured his victim, Caerleon not only lost his money, but what was of far more consequence, he lost that fine and delicate sense of honour, which would, only a few short months before, have caused him to shrink with horror from the society of such depraved and abandoned wretches as he now constantly associated with. In vain did his attached and faithful servant, when he returned from the bacchanal orgies of which he became a constant frequenter, remind him of his native home; in vain did he point out to him the duties he had to perform, and the pleasure which a performance of them must impart. He refused to be counselled, he dashed the cup of repentance from his lips, and grasped the Circean bowl, filled with deadly poison, in its stead. It is painful to contemplate the wreck of a noble mind, and I hasten over this part of my tale.

When Caerleon was in the very hey-day of his delirium—for surely it is a species of delirium which can lead a young, a noble, and one who had been a good and virtuous youth, into such society and such practices as he now joined in and followed—another victim was introduced by Venati to those associates who had aided him in the plunder of the young lord. This was a young French nobleman, the Marquis of Clermont, who with his sister, the lovely Antoinette, had just arrived in the capital; Clermont being resolved to make himself amends for the coercion he had experienced

from his late father, by an unrestrained enjoyment of all the gaieties and pleasures of the metropolis.—The villain not only contemplated the ruin of the brother, but, impelled by a passion the very reverse of that divine feeling, which prompts the lover to aim only at the happiness of his beloved, he resolved to lure the sister also into his toils. Thinking Caerleon was now as completely debased in mind and depraved in principle as he was himself, he made him acquainted with his purpose; but dwelt so much on the personal beauty of the lady—the only species of beauty he was capable of estimating, having neither taste for, nor perception of, the more delicate graces of the mind—that Caerleon's curiosity was excited, and he resolved to see her. For this purpose he availed himself of an invitation given by her brother; and, at his first interview with Antoinette, love took possession of his soul; his whole frame of mind appeared changed; he looked back upon himself with abhorrence, and shuddered to think of the precipice on which he stood. From that moment he resolved to effect a total change in his mode of life, to break off the connections he had formed, and to abandon the pursuit in which he had too long been engaged. To those who are inclined to doubt this quick and sudden transformation, I would observe, that they are unacquainted with the power of woman, and the magic effects of love, which soon change the nature of its votaries, and cause the voluptuous sensualist, or the disciple of vice, to become the admirer of Virtue, and the strict observer of her golden rules.

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Caerleon was handsome, young, and accomplished; the society of the gaming-table had never entirely deprived him of his native dignity and grace; nor had the contaminating pursuits in which he had so long indulged, extinguished all sense of virtue or of honour. He, therefore, soon made himself an acceptable companion to the young and innocent Antoinette; and a passion fervent as his own sprung up in her guileless breast. Venati, quick-sighted and observant, detected the change in Caerleon's feelings, and the bent of his inclinations, almost as soon as he was aware of them himself; and when he found him engaged in an honourable pursuit of her whom he had doomed to be the victim of his own disgraceful passion, he ever and anon uttered threats of some deed of vengeance which he would execute, and insinuated something of power which he had over Caerleon's destiny; so that, although not used to give way to vain fears, the latter felt awed and depressed in his presence, and avoided his company with as much solicitude as he once sought it. In the mean time Venati carried on his designs against Clermont, whom Caerleon in vain warned of his approaching ruin; he pursued pleasure's mad career, till detecting one of Venati's companions in the very act of defrauding him, a challenge ensued, and the unfortunate young nobleman received his death from the hand of the villain who had wronged him.

The grief of Antoinette was not violent, but it was fervent and sincere. She found the greatest consolation in the society of Caerleon, who soon gained her consent to unite

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their fates and fortunes. She became his wife; and Caerleon conducted his young and blooming bride to a splendid hotel he had hired for their residence, till he should take her to the hall of his fathers.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MANNERS AND HABITS OF THE WILD TURKEY OF AMERICA.

From *American Ornithology*. By CHARLES LUCIEN BONAPARTE.

(Concluded from p. 165.)

ON hearing the slightest noise, wild turkeys conceal themselves in the grass, or among shrubs, and thus frequently escape the hunter, or the sharp-sighted birds of prey. The sportsman is unable to find them during the day, unless he has a dog trained for the purpose. It is necessary to shoot them at a very short distance, since, when only wounded, they quickly disappear, and accelerating their motion by a sort of half-flight, run with so much speed, that the swiftest hunter cannot overtake them. The traveller, driving rapidly down the declivity of one of the Alleghanies, may sometimes see several of them before him, that evince no urgent desire to get out of the road; but, on alighting, in hopes of shooting them, he soon finds that all pursuit is vain.

In the spring, when the males are much emaciated by their attendance on the females, it may sometimes happen, that in cleared countries they can be overtaken by a swift cur-dog, when they will squat, and suffer themselves to be caught by the dog or hunter who follows on horseback. But from the knowledge we have gained of this bird, we do not hesitate to affirm, that the manner of running down turkeys, like hares or foxes, so much talked of, is a mere fable, as such a sport would be attended with trifling success. A tur-

key-hound will sometimes lead his master several miles before he can a second time *flush* the same individual from his concealment; and even on a fleet horse, after following one for hours, it is often found impossible to *put it up*. During a fall of melting snow, turkeys will travel extraordinary distances, and are often pursued in vain by any description of hunters; they have then a long, straddling manner of running, very easy to themselves, but which few animals can equal. This disposition for running, during rains or humid weather, is common to all gallinaceous birds.

The males are frequently decoyed within gunshot, in the breeding season, by forcibly drawing the air through one of the wing-bones of the turkey, producing a sound very similar to the voice of the female: but the performer on this simple instrument must commit no error, for turkeys are quick of hearing, and when frequently alarmed, are wary and cunning. Some of these will answer to the call without advancing a step, and thus defeat the speculations of the hunter, who must avoid making any movement, inasmuch as a single glance of a turkey may defeat his hopes of decoying them. By imitating the cry of the barred owl, the hunter discovers many on their roosts, as they will reply by a gobble to every repetition of this sound, and

can thus be approached with certainty, about daylight, and easily killed.

Wild turkeys are very tenacious of their feeding-grounds, as well as of the trees on which they have once roosted. Flocks have been known to resort to one spot for a succession of years, and to return after a distant emigration in search of food. Their roosting-place is mostly on a point of land jutting into a river, where there are large trees. When they have collected at the signal of a repeated gobbling, they silently proceed towards their nocturnal abodes, and perch near each other: from the numbers sometimes congregated in one place, it would seem to be the common rendezvous of the whole neighbourhood; but no position, however secluded or difficult of access, can secure them from the attacks of the artful and vigilant hunter, who, when they are all quietly perched for the night, takes a stand previously chosen by daylight; and, when the rising moon enables him to take sure aim, shoots them down at leisure, and, by carefully singling out those on the lower branches first, he may secure nearly the whole flock, neither the presence of the hunter, nor the report of his gun, intimidating the turkeys, although the appearance of a single owl would be sufficient to alarm the whole troop: the dropping of their companions from their sides excites nothing but a buzzing noise, which seems more expressive of surprise than fright. This fancied security, or heedlessness of danger, whilst at roost, is characteristic of all the gallinaceous birds of North America.

The more common mode of taking turkeys is by means of *pens*, constructed with logs covered in at top,

and with a passage in the earth, under one side of it, just large enough to admit an individual when stooping. The ground chosen for this purpose is generally sloping, and the passage is cut on the lower side, widening outwards. These preparations being completed, Indian corn is strewed for some distance around the pen to entice the flock, which, picking up the grain, is gradually led towards the passage, and thence into the inclosure, where a sufficient quantity of corn is spread to occupy the leader until the greater part of the turkeys have entered. When they raise their heads and discover that they are prisoners, all their exertions to escape are directed upwards and against the sides of the pen, not having sagacity enough to stoop sufficiently low to pass out by the way they entered; and thus they become an easy prey, not only to the experienced hunter, but even to the boys on the frontier settlements.

In proportion to the abundance or scarcity of food, and its good or bad quality, they are small or large, meagre or fat, and of an excellent or indifferent flavour. In general, however, their flesh is more delicate, more succulent, and better tasted, than that of the tame turkey; they are in the best order late in the autumn, or in the beginning of winter. The Indians value their flesh so highly, when roasted, that they call it "the white man's dish," and present it to strangers as the best they can offer. It seems probable, that in Mexico the wild turkey cannot obtain such substantial food as in the United States, since Hernandez informs us, that their flesh is harder, and, in all

respects, inferior to that of the domestic bird.

The Indians make much use of their tails as fans; the women weave their feathers with much art, on a loose web made of the rind of the birch-tree, arranging them so as to keep the down on the inside, and exhibit the brilliant surface to the eye. A specimen of this cloth is in the Philadelphia Museum; it was found enveloping the body of an In-

dian female, in the great saltpetre-cave of Kentucky.

The weight of the hen generally averages about nine pounds; the males differ more in bulk and weight. Fifteen or twenty pounds may be considered as a fair medium of the latter; but birds of thirty pounds are not very rare; and I have ascertained the existence of some weighing forty.

THE PREVALENCE AND PUNISHMENT OF INSINCERITY.

"ONE would be tempted to think," said my friend Sam Snarl, the other day, "that the devil when he seduced Eve, had inoculated her with a love of lying, which she had transmitted to all her daughters; for it is impossible to find a woman who constantly speaks truth." As Sam is one of those privileged railers who may say what they please, because nobody thinks it worth while to be at the trouble of answering them, his speech was received by the circle of fair-ones to whom it was addressed with a laugh. One of them, however, who was a stranger to him, took up the cause of her sex, and insisted, with much wit and spirit, that the want of sincerity which women are in general reproached with, was the natural consequence of their education, and of the treatment they received from the men. Sam argued stoutly, that it was caused by neither, but was the effect of nature. I was much amused by the dispute, and it is to the impression it made upon my mind that I attribute the following dream:

I was, methought, transported to the banks of the river Styx, and beheld before me, as far as the eye

could reach, the most frightful desert, without the least appearance of vegetation. Sulphureous gleams of light, more horrible than total darkness, shewed me that I was surrounded by an immense multitude of women, who wandered about, some in tears, others in apparent rage; but all complaining loudly of the treatment they met with.

Surprised at what I saw, I demanded of a lady, who stood near me, what was the reason of it. "Rason!" replied she, in a tone which betrayed that she belonged to the sister kingdom; "no rason at all at all: it proceeds entirely from the unreasonableness of a cross-grained ould judge, Rhadamanthus I think they call him."—"Oh! *la grande bête*," cried another lady, who stepped up at that moment, "*quelle sottise il a fait!* Only conceive, sir," addressing herself to me, "the monster makes good-breeding a crime!"—"Good-breeding!" cried I, with astonishment.—"Ah! you may well be surprised; but it is positively true. He will only admit into Elysium those women who have never deviated from truth. Thus you see that there is not the least hope for any of the

beau monde ever to enter it.”—“*Ma foi!*” said a pert-looking *soubrette*, who stood behind her, “I am afraid that the poor will not be much better off than the rich.”—“I would have forgiven him,” observed a grave-looking old lady, “if he had shewn any discrimination; but to apply the odious name of lie to those necessary subterfuges which one is sometimes obliged to have recourse to even for good purposes, is abominable.”—“Oh! the wretch has no toleration,” said sharply a middle-aged woman, with a very masculine air; “he punishes not only those who tell falsehoods, but those who deny what he calls truths, as if one could be sure that any thing is true of which one has not ocular or auricular demonstration.”

“What punishment then,” cried I to my French neighbour, “has Rhadamanthus decreed for those unhappy shades?”—“A very singular one,” answered she: “he has ordained that those whose lives were spent in deceiving others, shall themselves be deceived through eternity.”—“But surely,” cried I, “they must be deceits of the most pernicious kind that he punishes so severely?”

“Not at all,” replied my obliging informant; “many of them are mere trifles, as you may judge by what I shall tell you. Turn a little to the right—there, do you see that lady who appears so old—I mean her whose skin is the colour of parchment and covered with wrinkles. She was a celebrated beauty, and died under forty. She is here for what our barbarous judge calls a practical lie. She used cosmetics all her life, and between ourselves they caused her death: *au reste*, she was a woman of strict veracity in word and deed; but that could not save her.”

“The lady who stands next to her is a victim to the spirit of party. She made a point of saying all the good she could of her own party, and all the bad that was possible of the other side; and in neither the one nor the other had she ever the least regard to truth.”

“That severe-looking woman almost close to her was an austere prude; she tore every female to pieces without mercy who was ever known to be guilty of the slightest indiscretion; though she had at one time three favoured lovers, each of whom believed that he alone had been able to vanquish the severity of her virtue. You will not wonder after that to find her here.

“That shade who stands near her, I mean the one with a fine Roman cast of features, was an Italian, passionately fond of her husband, and not less so of her reputation. Now, you know, that in Italy it is absolutely necessary to a lady’s reputation that her *cavalier servente* should to all intents and purposes take the place of her husband. Fiametta devised a method of preserving her character by deceiving the world: she selected the ugliest man in Naples for her *cicisbeo*, upon the express condition that he should enjoy the reputation, but not the reality, of her favours. It is this arrangement that has brought her under the wrath of Rhadamanthus. Do you see that lady on the left? she aspired to the reputation of a *bel-esprit*. She surrounded herself with people of wit and learning, passed her days in conversations which wearied her to death, and her nights in studying *bons-mots*, that were to be uttered extemporarily when she could find an opportunity. Poor woman! her fate

is really hard; during forty years she dissembled to get a reputation which she never was able to obtain, and that dissimulation is the sole cause of her being here. The shade close to her is pretty much in the same predicament. She affected all her life a taste for rural pleasures; though enjoying in winter all the gaieties of London, and hurrying in summer from watering-place to watering-place. She wearied every body who would listen to her with harangues upon her love of the country, and her regret at not being able to sit down and end her days in some retired cottage. That shade whom you see her talking to with such a menacing air, was formerly her favourite woman, who died about the same time, and is here for having pretended to be the dupe of her mistress's dissimulation.

“Do you see that ghost who turns incessantly, first to one and then to the other of those two shades who are speaking to her? She was toad-eater to a woman of quality, and so strong were her habits of dissimulation and servility, that she cannot lose them even here. Thus you see her endeavouring to divide her attention between that dandy-looking shade on her right, who is haranguing on the duties of housewifery, and the half-naked figure in ball dress on the left, who is descanting on the beauties of the bonnet *à la neige*. The first placed her happiness in being considered a buyer of bargains, and made a point of telling her acquaintance that she got things for two-thirds or even one-half of what they really cost her. The other had such a passion for being thought young, that, during the last twenty years of her life, she never acknow-

ledged herself older. It is to this absurd fancy that she owes her appearance among us so soon; for, in order to support her pretensions, she was obliged to dress in a very youthful style, and a white gauze dancing dress sent her here some years before her time.”

“And you, madam,” cried I, “you who appear so reasonable, and so fully convinced of the folly of these people, what is it that can have conducted you into this place?”—“Alas! sir, it is the reward of my politeness.”—“How! can that be possible?”—“It is indeed too true: I wished to be considered the best-bred woman of the age, and it was necessary for that purpose that I should have something kind and polite to say to every one who approached me. Of course, you can conceive very easily that in Paris, and especially in my time, one was not surrounded by saints; but I never was rude enough to find fault with any body. I thought it the fairest way to take people's words for their own good qualities; and thus, all the men of my acquaintance were brave, wise, patriotic, and full of probity; and the women abounded in wit, beauty, and sensibility. I had always something good to say of, and agreeable to, every body; and by this means I succeeded in establishing upon solid grounds the reputation I coveted. Would you believe, sir, that this brute of a judge should have so little *savoir vivre*, as to call this the most dangerous kind of falsehood, because it confounded virtue and vice! He had not even the politeness to suffer me to speak in my own defence, but hurried me off before”——At that moment, a dazzling light surrounded us; the prospect suddenly changed; the delight-

ful groves and gardens of Elysium appeared in full view. All the shades thronged towards it, and my fair informant darted off among the rest. I followed her with an eye of anxious curiosity, and saw that she was in the first rank, and just upon the point of reaching the widely opened gate.

But at that moment, the same sulphureous light that I had first witnessed took place of the radiance that had just dazzled us; the abodes of bliss vanished at the same instant, and the bitter and piercing shrieks of the deceived shades awoke me.

E.

THE GRECIAN BRIDE.

(Continued from p. 148.)

FILIPPO often attempted to give Captain Rivers a sketch of his story, but was always prevented by him from entering upon a subject, which, by agitating his mind, would retard his recovery. But when he could sit up the greater part of every day, he said, "Allow me to assure you, Captain Rivers, that a delay in acquainting you with our romance creates more inquietude to me, than I can possibly undergo by accounting for the predicament in which you first beheld Delina, and that in your peaceful country might be attributed to imprudence on her part or mine."

"You need not fear uncandid constructions from a witness to the vicissitudes of life, so frequent while foreign invasion and civil dissension overthrew the very foundations of social order in the Peninsula," answered Captain Rivers. "However, I hope you may now favour me with your narration. Time appears tedious to an active spirit at the stage of convalescence, when confinement is no longer necessary, and yet the strength is not sufficiently restored to engage in employment."

"Besides vindicating my wife," said Filippo, "I am impatient to submit an outline of Grecian affairs, and the characteristic traits of our national disposition and manners, in the hope of exciting your pity for the de-

scendants of mighty warriors, celebrated philosophers, and men of genius, sunk into degeneracy, more by a train of misfortunes, than by their own fault. We are making strenuous efforts to redeem the errors of our forefathers; and if we are not always wise and humane in our struggles, will not your generous nation allow for the mistakes of a people emerging from semi-barbarism, the consequence of oppressive bondage? How could the blood of Codrus, Theseus, Miltiades, Cymon, Solon, Lycurgus, Agesilaus, find a passage through the veins of men that in successive generations endured to be called *rayas*, or slaves of slaves? I have mentioned but a very few of the illustrious names which ought to have inspired our immediate ancestors with a firm determination to abide by the alternative of freedom or death. The spell of ignominious submission is broken, and, by the blessing of God, we shall crush to atoms every fragment that remains. The Ottomans destroyed our libraries, and their authorities in every part of Greece and the Isles were sedulous to get information whence books found a way to us, that they might seize and commit them to the flames. But the munificence of Englishmen has supplied us with volumes, and furnished means for teach-

ing numbers to profit by their contents. With the cultivation of intellect the flame of liberty rekindled in our souls, and the faint sparks preserved by tradition were fanned to, I hope, immortal fires.

“Some time previous to actual insurrection, we excited each other to great achievements, by mingling with the divine fervours of piety many allusions to the former glories of our country, and the enthusiastic hopes of restoring her faded laurels. Our religious hymns, our prayers, were associated with ideas of meditated enterprise and appeals to those lofty sensibilities, to which all hearts are responsive, if but once awakened by their electric power. The most cultivated Greek hated the Moslems, and felt their oppressions. We called upon each and all to stand forth as champions of Christianity, and to redress their own wrongs; and yet the invocations were expressed in terms so ambiguous, that they were not understood, nor even suspected, by the Turks. We revived, in a great measure, the discipline of the Klephts. I do not pretend to say we attained the vigour, the strength, and agility, which enabled our mountaineers to support a combat for three days without food, drink, or rest; nor did we think it indispensable to leap like them over seven horses, or over three waggons laden with thorns. However, we certainly exalted our mental energies, and stimulated our physical faculties by persevering exercise, and we were emulous of surpassing each other in the endurance of fatigue, privation, and pain. Those habits were of the most important use to me and to my fair companion in the crisis of our fate. We could not

boast of equalling the Klephts in hitting an egg, or a ring of no wider circumference, or unerringly to return the fire of an enemy in the dark; but both sexes became excellent rifle-shots. It was requisite that our training should take place with very little light, to elude discovery; and we could strike an object at night, when less practised eyes could hardly discern it. I professed to give you a love-tale, Captain Rivers, and I have involuntarily launched out into the history of Greece.”

“Which proves you more a patriot than an egotist,” said Captain Rivers, with the first smile that had cheered his countenance since the unhappy quarrel with his friend. “I have travelled over great part of the main land, and visited several of the Isles of Greece. A stranger may form some tolerably just opinions concerning the scenery, climate, soil, and productions of the country; but to estimate the character of a people requires long residence among them, unless we can procure the leading traits from an intelligent native. Besides, in a state of high and universal excitement, it will be impossible to separate the private adventures of prominent individuals from the history of public transactions; and if they could be disjoined, I cannot think their disjunction would make either narrative more amusing. Let me, then, prevail on you to resume them in their natural connection. I have heard your father say his tribe have twice emigrated from their ancient locality.”

“According to tradition, the ancestors of our family and Delina’s were brothers, distinguished in the defence of Athens against Sylla, the

Roman general. Their humanity to the enemies that fell into their hands procured for them more favourable treatment than the rest of the prisoners, when the citadel was taken and the tyrant Aristion slain. They were permitted to go free, and in a little bark to seek a resting-place among the uninhabited isles. Sailing southward, they, with their wives and children, settled in an islet north-west of Crete, which their industry rendered productive; but the submarine eruption that formed the island of Old Santorin, forced their offspring to abandon the colony; and terrified by repeated shocks of earthquakes so near, they fled to Mytelene. The descendants of the two brothers still maintained an hereditary attachment; the eldest son of each family always residing under one roof, though the building was divided into two houses. My father, representing the elder brother, held the office of *Armatole*. The badge of this office and the type of seniority was a sword transmitted by heads of tribes from father to son, as the most valuable heir-loom of the family; and in proportion to the dignity conferred by the rank of *Armatole*, their duties were arduous and multifarious, since we struck a blow for inherent rights. I was in England when my countrymen first asserted their independence. I was about fourteen years old when an English gentleman came to Mytelene. My proficiency at school was honoured by his notice; he asked my father to let me reside with him, for the advantage of conversing with an educated Greek in his own language; and he undertook to teach me English, and to initiate me in the literature and sci-

ence of Great Britain. He continued a year at Mytelene; his house was near the dwelling of Delina's father and mine; and in my frequent visits, I communicated to my dear young playfellow, the lessons in English I owed to Mr. Turner's condescension. I attended that gentleman to his land of bliss, and probably should have been there now, if hostilities between my country and the Ottomans had not summoned me to the post of duty.

“Returning to Mytelene, I had the happiness to find Delina persevering in her English studies. I took it as a proof that the teacher was not forgotten; and, after seeing the finest women in Italy, France, and England, I preferred my simple maid of Mytelene; nor did she absolutely deny, though she but half confessed, a partiality for Filippo, until she was informed that my father required me to go to Athens on a political mission. I carried with me the assurance that my passion was more than coldly accepted by Delina, and I endeavoured not to allow to love an influence paramount to the interests of Greece. The dissensions amongst our chiefs threatened a subversion of order and prosperity. The Fanariotes and Hetairists, sprung from the noblest blood of Greece, assumed a superiority over the mountain-chiefs, whom they considered as barbarians and bandits; but these leaders asserted that their arms alone delivered and preserved the Morea. I laboured to effect a friendly approximation of all those dignitaries; and the slaughter of our heroic youths at Dragaschan afforded me a touching plea. I implored all to beware of the self-reproach and general odium that must be incurred

by sons of Greece, whose private jealousies might inflict more fatal injury than the perfidious Wallachians, who betrayed to death so many of her rising heroes, and I prayed them not to be the cause that the precious young blood should be shed in vain. I waited on the Lady Bobolina at Spezzia, and having expressed my admiration of her munificence, valour, and conduct, in fitting out so many ships, and commanding them in person, I besought her co-operation in recommending unanimity of views to our commanders.

“At Athens, my ancestral country, I was admitted among the Blamides or chiefs, with the appropriate ceremonial, oaths, and immunities; and soon after returning to Mytelene, an attack from the Ottomans called upon me to sustain a part becoming my sacred engagements. We repulsed the enemy. I was disabled by wounds; and, perhaps, impatience to recover the use of my arm retarded the cure. Rumours were frequently circulated that a fleet was equipping, or at sea, to avenge the late discomfiture. We prepared to encounter them on either element. They might overwhelm us by superior force; but if we could not conquer, we could die, and were resolved to sell our lives dearly. Our women determined to follow the example of the Souliote wives, mothers, and daughters, who, to the number of sixty, with infants at their breasts, or leading youth and beauty by the hand, commenced the Romaika dance on the bank of a precipice, and to escape dishonour plunged voluntarily into the unfathomable abyss of the Achelous.

“Delina’s father, her brother, and my father had been deputed to so-

licit succours from the other isles. I was the only relative near my dear chosen one at this crisis of horrors. I could not wield my sword, but was able to give some assistance in making up cartridges and other warlike preparations. However, I forgot pain, weakness, disability, when informed that the hostile fleet was nearly touching our shores. Pheobaba, Delina’s mother, was ill in a fever; I had her conveyed to a place of safety, and though surprised not to see Delina in attendance upon her parent, I did not suspect the cause. The women kept their purpose a secret from the men, unwilling to aggravate their load of cares; but as I returned from seeing Pheobaba lodged in a fastness of the hills, I accidentally glanced to the spot where, with a resolution more worthy of Spartan virtue than of christian principles, a lovely train were whirling through the evolutions of the Romaika dance. The fate of the Souliote self-immolated victims instantaneously occurred to me: I flew to snatch Delina from perishing like the heroines of Tolongos; I tore her from the hands of her cousins; I heard the shouts of the enemy as they drew up their forces on the beach; I fled; I intended to lodge Delina with her mother; she had swooned in my arms, and before I reached Pheobaba’s retreat, a musket-ball tore my shoulder. I have no recollection how I gained the entrance to a small cave, nor can I pretend to compute how long we lay there quite insensible. Delina regained consciousness sooner than I; she tore her linen gown, and banded the wound, from which the blood was oozing. Having performed this service, she sunk into profound sleep, being fatigued by exer-

tion. When she awoke, the moon was risen, and alarmed by the continuance of my syncope, she ventured to crawl out of the cave, in search of wild fruits, the only restorative she could hope to find among rocks almost sterile: little fruit could be found, and very little served for our temperate habits. As soon as I could crawl from this den, my tender helpmate supported me to the cave where I left her mother, and whether I was conducting her when the Turkish carbines wounded me again, and another ball passed through my arm, yet imperfectly cicatrized. I think they were random shots, for if our foes had taken aim, they would have pursued us to our retreat. We arrived at Pheobaba's cave in a critical moment. Our parents and Delina's brother, after an absence of three weeks, could procure no auxiliaries to second our design of expelling the Turks. All the isles being menaced, each required even more than their own population for local defence. But a few well appointed war-boats were provided to carry off the Greeks who had taken refuge in the hills. By an easy stratagem, these resolute fugitives harassed the enemy, and concealed their own rocky asylums. They kindled fires on dangerous peaks and pinnacles, the most remote from their own shelter. The Turkish soldiery had orders to scale, as was supposed, the habitable fastnesses; several terrible falls and loss of lives disheartened and irritated the Moslem climbers, who, at all times, are averse to fatiguing duties. At Pheobaba's cave a party of strangers were collecting her little property to take with her to the shore. Some of them had been looking for me; but

the affectionate mother was flattering herself that Delina was safe with some of her friends. The fever had spared her the killing apprehension that her daughter had followed the example of the heroines of Tolongos.

"Pheobaba and her daughter were obliged to repress the joy which they felt when restored to each other, as the utmost precaution and dispatch were necessary in making our way to the boats from Castel Rosso. The strangers could not be doubted; they were furnished with tokens from my father, and we obeyed. He met us near the shore. Delina's father and brother, who knew the retreats of our fugitives, only waited to point them out, left a band of strangers to remove such as were unable to walk, and hastened to seek out the rest of their friends, still accompanied by men of Castel Rosso, to aid the wounded or feeble. Not a word was spoken—no sound was emitted that could be guarded against, till all were conveyed to the boats, and all the boats cleared from the harbour of Mytelene. Then commenced anxious inquiries for parents, husbands, wives, children, and other dear relations. Moments of the most intense excitement were followed, in many instances, by the certainty of afflicting bereavements; but all that mourned for the heroines of the Romaika dance felt, and their latest posterity will feel, themselves ennobled by consanguinity to females, who, by one courageous effort, shunned the worse than mortal stigma, of mingling the christian blood of a long line of worthies in a race of barbarian infidels. The God of mercy will pardon their suicide, on account of the horrible extremity to which they were reduced.

“ We were welcomed at Castel Rosso with all demonstrations of sympathizing and hospitable kindness. All the neighbouring isles sent us needful supplies, and a few months rolled along in peace. But Yussuff Pacha, a licentious oppressor, sent emissaries to hire the prettiest girls of all the isles to wait upon his supreme wife, an Arabian princess. I had heard, from authority not to be questioned, that the Lady Shavasha would receive no attendants excepting Moors; and indeed the knowledge of this fact was not wanting to deter the Grecian females from the service of an infidel, though of royal origin. The principal agent of Yussuff Pacha was exceedingly importunate with Delina to try for a month, or even for a week, the splendid and easy task of serving a lady who behaved to her damsels with maternal indulgence. She declined every incitement to leave her parents, and the emissaries departed. A renegade Venetian, who fell a prisoner into our hands in the late conflict, confessed that the agent, with whom he had recently visited Castel Rosso, was the conqueror of Patras, Yussuff Pacha himself. It seems he intended to effect by force the conquest he had failed in gaining by stratagem; and I confess there was a sinister expression in the face of the *soi-disant* agent that made me very wretched. A juncture of public danger and occasional distress was peculiarly unfavourable for bridal festivities; and, on that account, I had delayed to urge Delina's consent to our immediate union. Yet, impressed with fears for the safety of my best-beloved, the being who had risked her own life to preserve mine, I could not resist the wish to

acquire hallowed rights as her protector. Our parents assented with joy. All our neighbours testified warm gratulation; and, according to ancient usage, the women of Castel Rosso, even from the most distant parts, brought ornaments to decorate the bride; and the loan is believed to bring good luck to the owner.— Frankincense and other perfumes, wines, fruits, and choice viands, were liberally given; the nuptial feast was prepared; the sacred ceremonial performed; our rings and crowns exchanged; relations and friends crowded near us with kind felicitations. If there are any who have loved so long and so ardently, and in whom passion has been exalted to the highest esteem and tenderness by situations of interest seldom paralleled, they may imagine my ecstasies, and perhaps conceive my rage, my anguishing despair, when a host of Turks broke into our joyous assemblage. The renegade, furious as a tiger, pounced at Delina; I cut him down; I was assaulted by numbers, and my adored bride, with presence of mind I shall ever revere, snatched a dagger from its sheath as it hung on the side of an assailant, and made a noble stand for liberty and honour. We were but as a handful of men against a savage and numerous band. A dimness came over my eyes with loss of blood; but I rallied all my spirits on hearing Delina's mother exclaim, that the light of her life was borne away, and would be extinguished in shame. I sprung up, broke through the enemy, and with the help of some friends, who just came in time to join in the combat, a war-boat was launched; the blue and white flag hoisted; we pursued the boat in which Delina was captive, and should

have rescued her, but the villains artfully directed their course where the guns of two frigates were brought to bear on us. My companions would not listen to my frantic commands to persist in the chase. I now see they were right; for our boat must have been blown out of the water, and Delina gone irrecoverably. I wished to throw myself into the sea; in short, I was for some hours

a maniac. The violent hemorrhage from several wounds laid me insensible. Delina's situation I cannot yet think of without fancying my brain is on fire. I shall ask her this evening to relate her adventures, if you wish to hear them. How I felt at the recital, you will infer from the sentiments I have avowed in regard to her merits."

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR. WHITBREAD.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I AM not aware that the following anecdote of the late Mr. Whitbread was ever made public; it is undoubtedly authentic, and is certainly as well worth being given to the public as many other matters which have lately been put forth. It was recalled to my mind by reading the tale of *Danvers*, in your number for February, where the proud Scotch *leddy*, Mrs. M'Gregor, is made to object to the union of her daughter with the hero of the tale; because, forsooth, he was the son of a *brewer!*

Many years ago, the late Mr. Whitbread happened to be at Bury St. Edmund's in the month of October, when the subscription-assemblies take place. The members of the *haut-ton* are there very particular as to whom they admit, and the doorkeepers have especial and peremptory orders to exclude *all tradesmen*. Mr. Whitbread, being without any of his family, presented himself alone at the door for admission, well knowing that he should find many of his friends within. He was first asked his name, which he gave, but which, strange to say, was not known to the stupid doorkeeper. The next question was, "What are you?" Mr. Whit-

bread, with his usual plainness and like a true Englishman, thought nothing about his being a member of parliament, though the two magic letters M. P. would of themselves have been a talisman to enforce admission; but adverting rather to the good old establishment in Chiswell-street, he answered, "*I am a brewer.*"—"Then, sir, you cannot go in," was the short but conclusive answer.

Mr. Whitbread, as may be supposed, was a good deal confounded by such an abrupt refusal, and was beginning an expostulation, when his old and particular friend, Sir Charles Bunbury, who resided at Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's, came up to the door, and seizing Whitbread by the hand, expressed his pleasure at seeing him. Whitbread now explained to Sir Charles the dilemma he was in, when the doorkeeper began to suspect that the box he was in was the wrong one. Sir Charles, being a subscriber, of course soon settled the business, by telling the man he must be a fool not to know Mr. Whitbread, the member of parliament, who was immediately admitted with the baronet.

I am, &c.

J. M. LACEY.

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION, AND ROYAL CORK SOCIETY OF ARTS. *By* W. C.

THIS liberal patron of the fine arts derives his birth, by his father, Sir Peter Byrne, and his mother, Lady Leicester, from ancient and distinguished families in the sister islands. Sir Peter Byrne was a native of Ireland, and the head of the very old and high-blooded sept of the Byrnes, a chief branch of which possesses great landed property in that country, and their family mansion is at Cabinteely, near Kingstown, in the county of Dublin. Sir Peter, on his marriage with the heiress of the Leicester estates at Tabley, in Cheshire, obtained an act of parliament for adopting the name of Leicester. He possessed talents and spirit for local improvements. That tasteful and magnificent building, the modern Tabley-House, was erected by him in the fine park near Knutsford. The old hall is still standing, close to an extensive sheet of water, and, with its woody appendages, forms a striking contrast to the new edifice, and a picturesque object in the landscape. Sir Peter was an amateur who possessed a liberal taste. When Wilson and his works were misunderstood and neglected by his contemporaries, that great artist found a welcome, and employment for his pencil, at Tabley-Hall; where Barret also was a visitor, and there painted two of his best landscapes.

The estates of Nether-Tabley were vested in the Leicesters long before the reign of Edward I. Sir Nicholas Leicester was in favour with that monarch, who, in those troublesome times, when the county palatine was exposed to the incursions of

the Welsh, created him Lord Keeper of Chester. In the reign of Charles II. the learned antiquarian Sir Peter Leicester, a descendant of Sir Nicholas, and great-great-grandfather of Sir John Fleming Leicester, married Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Gerard of Gerard's Bromley, by the sole heiress of the Duttons of Dutton, in Staffordshire. Sir Peter was also allied by marriage to the family of Lord Byron, in Nottinghamshire.

Sir John Fleming Leicester was born at Tabley-House, and he derives the christian name of Fleming from the ancient family of that name at Rydall, in Westmoreland, to whom the Leicesters are related. When he was a boy, the pictures in the family mansion, and the artists who occasionally visited and painted there, awakened his taste for the arts. His father procured him the instructions of an artist named Marras, who has left some slight etchings behind him marked with his name. This artist was succeeded by a teacher of more merit, Thomas Vivares, a son of Francis Vivares, the admirable landscape-engraver; and Paul Sandby was his last instructor in drawing. At the University, he obtained his degree of Master of Arts in Trinity College, Cambridge. Sir John lost his father at a very early age; and when out of his minority he embarked for the Continent, and travelled through France, Flanders, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain. In this tour he enjoyed ample opportunities of indulging his passion for music and painting, and of refining

his taste in both these arts, by a study of the master-pieces of painting and sculpture, and attending the performances of the best vocal and instrumental performers in Italy. Chance introduced him to the acquaintance of Sir Richard Colt Hoare, at Rome, and the similarity of their taste for the arts gave a double relish to the enjoyments of their tour; they continued to travel together, and have maintained an intimate friendship and correspondence to this day.

The taste of Sir John for landscape scenery was much influenced by the diversified prospects of Italy and Switzerland. He had made a considerable proficiency in drawing under his early English masters; but he lost all traces of their manner, and formed a style of his own, suitable to the quickness of his ideas and the vivacity of his spirit. With all the warm feelings of an artist, his gay fancy and pleasurable turn rendered him indisposed to any practical essays in the arts which called for close application, or required any length of time. His own conceptions, and the multitude of fine works by the most celebrated masters which he had seen, enabled him to strike out beauties with singular facility; but those beauties which are the result of much reflection and of often-repeated laborious re-touches, he left to professors. By a never-failing breadth in his light and shadow, and a happy eye in his linear composition, he was enabled to produce a picturesque effect with very slight materials and little trouble. After having composed his masses, he lighted them up with a few rapid strokes of the pen and pencil, which gave a sparkling character to every object, and an agree-

able airy negligence to the whole. I have seen a great number of his landscapes, but not one in which he attempted detail. His choice of subject was generally so good, and his hand so ready, that his sketches, without either depth or force, appear to want little of either. Few artists can use the pen with more lightness or elegance. He imbibed his passion for designing after nature from Paul Sandby, his last drawing-master, whose practice and whole conception of his art were limited to locality. This talent proved a continual fund of delight to the baronet in his travels. He never failed to sketch some of the grand and picturesque views in every romantic country through which he passed, so as to bring home with him, in his folios, the most remarkable features of its scenery. These views, which are very numerous, are sketched on paper, touched with a delicate pen and ink, and washed with a slight tint of bistre and Indian ink. They are well selected, and dashed over, with much freedom, in a broad manner and a good taste. I have two of them now before me: one, a mountainous view, of great grandeur in the forms, and a noble disposition of the light and shadow; another, a sea-coast, with a castle, boats and figures, very clever, but not so noble a prospect as the preceding, nor so felicitously handled.

Sir John's liberal fortune, his gaiety and spirit, enabled him to appear to advantage in the select foreign circles in which he moved; and the high polish with which he returned to England shewed the refined manners of the various courts which he had visited, set off by the manliness that forms the essential character of

an English gentleman. His unclouded temper, his pleasantry, his accomplishments, his taste and skill in music and painting, the elegance of his manners, and the splendour of his style in town and country, rendered him an object of distinguished *éclat* in the gay rounds of fashion. With these endowments and acquirements, his introduction to the Prince of Wales took place under very flattering circumstances, and was attended by a gracious reception. He was a frequent visitor of his Royal Highness, shared in his field-sports, and became a favourite in his select parties. Where the elements and the seasons joined their most delicious offerings to furnish the viands for the banquet, and the most shining spirits of the age combined the force and freshness of fancy to give an intellectual relish to the entertainment, it is more easy to imagine than to paint the scenes from report. At that memorable period, Carlton-House and the Pavilion at Brighton concentrated the chief wit and talents in the empire; and the flashes of genius, the song of pleasure, and the fascination of beauty, gave a zest and brilliancy to those assemblies which had never been equalled in any royal palace in this country. Few of the splendid characters of the time but occasionally moved within that maze of enchantment, and were personally known to Sir John Leicester.

Sir John's time was not wholly spent in the gay world, or in cultivating the refinements of taste. At a period when party-spirit ran very high, he served in Parliament for Heytesbury, in Wiltshire, along with Lord Clifton. His independent fortune left him free to follow his own

opinions, unfettered by Whig or Tory compacts; but, as the friend of the heir apparent, he voted with the Prince's interest during the whole of the time he sat in the House. He was at the same time a lieutenant-colonel in the Cheshire militia; and after thirteen years' service, was appointed colonel of a regiment of cavalry raised for home defence. In this command his conciliating manners as a gentleman, his alertness as an officer, and his humane attention to the privates, rendered him deservedly popular with all ranks. When Bonaparte, wielding all the vast energies of revolutionary France, threatened a descent on this island, Sir John was among the first who proffered their services to the crown for the common defence. His late Majesty was pleased to accept his offer in very flattering terms; and Sir John raised and disciplined that favourite regiment of the Prince of Wales, which his Royal Highness granted him permission to call "the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry;" afterwards, "the Prince Regent's Regiment;" and soon after his accession to the throne, his Majesty graciously conferred upon it the title of "the King's Regiment of Cheshire Yeoman Cavalry." Sir John, with the aid of his officers, brought this regiment into a high reputation for discipline. During the disturbances in Lancashire, its services were seasonable and duly appreciated. The colonel, Sir John Fleming Leicester, the officers and privates, were honoured with the thanks of the Prince Regent, and of government, for their total dispersion of the Blanketeers, for having lodged their leader in the castle of Chester, and for their speedy resto-

ration of tranquillity. The officers and privates, in testimony of their feelings, presented to Sir John a superb silver vase, tastefully designed after the antique, on which the inscription expressed their sentiments of esteem and regard for his devotion to their interests and to his public duties. There is a private plate etched of this vase, in the style of Piranesi, by Mr. George Cuit, an excellent artist in Chester, a son of the late landscape-painter of that name, at Richmond, in Yorkshire.

A fine three-quarter portrait of Lady Eleanor Byron, daughter of Lord Byron, one of Sir John's ancestors, painted by Sir Peter Lely, is among the beauties in the palace at Hampton-Court; and a very perfect duplicate of this painting is in the family collection at Tabley-House.—Sir Peter Leicester, Sir John's great-great-grandfather, published, in 1673, the following animated character of this lady, in his curious work, "The Antiquities of England and Ireland," with particular remarks on Cheshire, his native county: "This Eleanor is a person of such a comely presence, handsomeness, sweet disposition, honour, and general repute in the world, that we have not her equal." This description was applied with peculiar propriety on the 10th of November, 1810, the day of his marriage, to Sir John Leicester's young and beautiful bride. The journals of the day announced this

event with particular notice, and of these announcements, one from *The Examiner*, the day after the marriage, will afford a sufficient specimen: "Married yesterday, in the palace at Hampton-Court, by special license, that distinguished patron of British genius, Sir John Leicester, Bart. to Georgiana Maria, youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Cottin, and god-daughter to the Prince of Wales; a young lady whose loveliness and singular accomplishments, at the age of sixteen, are the themes of universal panegyric." The graces of Lady Leicester's elegant figure and the delicate loveliness of her features are well depicted in Sir Thomas Lawrence's admirable whole-length portrait of her ladyship, painted shortly after her union. The president has represented her ladyship in the character of Hope in the clouds, attended by celestial Genii; and we are not to be surprised that Sir Thomas, from so charming a model, produced one of the very finest female portraits that ever issued from his graceful pencil.

Sir John's exertions to overcome the Anti-British and anti-contemporarian spirit of the age, and to produce in its place a national pride in the fine performances of the British pencil, form the great and distinguished features of his public character, and are reserved for a succeeding communication.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.

THE other day, in crossing the court of the Tuileries, I met, to my great surprise, my old acquaintance Jerry Growler. "What!" cried I,
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"you in Paris! why I can hardly believe my eyes: how long have you been here?"

"Just long enough to be robbed,

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starved, and threatened with a prison."

"And why don't you get away?"

"Can't, can't. I went two days ago for my passport, and, although I told the grinning rascal from whom I am to receive it, that it was as much as my life was worth to remain in this cursed place, he only shrugged his shoulders and recommended patience."

"Well, but, my good friend, what can you have seriously to complain of?"

"What? Why, zounds, I have every thing to complain of! I found here our friend B—, who was upon the point of going when I arrived; he recommended me to take his lodgings, assuring me that the people who kept them were very good sort of folks, with whom I should be perfectly comfortable. I found them too civil by half; for out of an apparent eagerness to serve me, they worried me out of my life. I had a bad cold, and it was as much as I could do to prevent their bleeding and drenching me to death. My hostess began by recommending a physician; but, finding that I was determined not to see him, she very kindly undertook to prescribe for me herself, and entering my bed-chamber *sans façon*, told me she did herself the honour to pay me a visit in order to have the pleasure of clapping forty leeches to my stomach, which, with an abstinence of ten days or a fortnight from every sort of nourishment, and drinking plentifully of ptisan, would set me on my legs again.

"You may believe I rejected resolutely enough the first part of this *gentle* prescription; but I was in some degree forced to take the se-

cond, for she brought me ptisan morning, noon, and night; and tormented me so perseveringly to swallow it, that, merely to get rid of her, I was obliged to comply; and she managed to bring my booby John so completely over to her system of starvation, that I had considerable difficulty to get the fellow to give me any thing to eat. Well, you will say, all that was for my good, so I suppose I must not complain; though I would a great deal rather she had let me and my good alone. But now, sir, what do you think of this kind hostess of mine, and her worthy husband, who are neither more nor less than spies of the police?"

"Aye, indeed! How do you know it?"

"By the manner in which they sifted my man."

"But that might be mere curiosity."

"No such thing, I tell you! for they were particularly anxious to know my christian name; and what curiosity could they have upon that score? But putting that aside, I shall be heartily glad to get away; for I find the people here, in general, no better than thieves. It is only three nights since I lost my purse, and I firmly believe that it was picked out of my pocket by a fellow who was seated on a bench by me in one of the public gardens. He told me that he had been in England, and as I found by his appearance, as well as from what he said, that he was in great distress, I gave him a trifle. I am very certain that I put my purse again directly into my pocket: however, when I looked for it, it was gone. This very morning, too, I have been taken in by a rascally silk-mercier.

I bought some silk, intending to get it made up for my sister; he assured me it was of the finest kind, and he took care to make me pay a fine price, I assure you. Well, sir, it turns out not to be worth one-third of what I paid; at least my landlady says so; and what is worse, it is a common paltry thing which my sister could not wear. Ah! strangers are finely fleeced in this country, believe me!"

At that moment, a mean-looking old man stopped, and looking attentively at Growler, came up to him, exclaiming, "O sir! how glad I am that I have found you!"

"And pray, why so?"

"Ah! I see you do not recollect me: 'twas to me that you gave five francs the other evening in the Luxembourg gardens, and you were hardly out of sight when I saw your purse lying at my feet; I ran as fast as I could in the direction I saw you take, but I could not find you. Yesterday I went again to the Luxembourg gardens, and every where else that I thought I was likely to find you, and not being able to get a sight of you any where, I have been just now to advertise your purse in the English newspaper."

I could not help saying, in a low voice, to Growler, "This is one of the thieves!" He replied with a "Pshaw!" but I saw that he was visibly moved at the poor fellow's honesty; and if I may judge by the other's expressions of gratitude, the recompence which he slipped into his hand as he received his purse was no mean one.

Restored to good-humour by this incident, Jerry asked me to accompany him home, and I consented. Just as we reached his door, a

young man arrived, seemingly out of breath, with a small parcel under his arm. "Sir," cried he, addressing Jerry, "we have a thousand pardons to beg of you for our mistake."

"How so?"

"Why the silk you have got belongs to another person, to whom that you bought was sent in mistake. She has this moment sent it back to us; be so good as to examine it, you will find it right."

"I dare say, I dare say," cried Growler, with a conscious glance at me.—"Well," cried I, when the young man was gone, "don't you begin by this time to be a little more reconciled to these thievish Parisians? I should not be surprised if, instead of expediting your passport, you should make up your mind to remain some time longer among them."

"I shall do no such thing," cried he pettishly. "What! you have forgotten, then, what I told you about my host?"

Just as he spoke, a gentle tap was heard at the door, and a little girl about five years old, lovely as a cherub, entered, carrying a bouquet of the rarest and most beautiful winter flowers; her mother followed her with a handsome purse in her hand, and her father brought up the rear, carrying a piece of ornamental china. All the three spoke, in the French fashion, at once; and I understood directly that they meant to compliment Jerry on his birth-day, or rather on the festival of the saint of his name, as is the custom on the Continent: but why they should have that attention for him, I could not directly conceive. However, the wife's speech soon let me into the mystery. "Ah! you have good reason to love monsieur," said she to the little girl,

whom he had taken in his arms, and who was kissing him heartily; "for if it had not been for him, my poor Emilie, you would certainly have been killed."

"No such thing! no such thing!" cried Growler.

"Pardon me, sir," said the husband, respectfully, "but it is true, indeed. My little girl, sir," continued he, addressing me, "had slipped out after her mother; she fell down in crossing the street, and would have been run over by a cabriolet if Monsieur Growler had not snatched her up at the greatest risk to himself. God knows we can never forget it!"

"No, never!" cried the wife, in a tone of lively emotion: "it is to you, under Providence, that we owe our darling's life; and surely you will not

refuse to accept our little offerings on such a day as this?"

I saw that Jerry found in this scene a natural and simple explanation of their curiosity respecting his christian name, and that his mistrust and his prejudices were completely overcome. He accepted their presents with a better grace than I thought him capable of, and had tact and delicacy enough not to offer any thing in return.

"Well," cried I, when they had quitted us, "what do you say now?"

"Why, I believe I must answer you in the Norman phrase—there are honest people every where."

"You are right; and you may add, that much of our happiness in this life must depend on our not being too ready to believe people to be rogues."

EXTRAORDINARY CRIMINAL CASE.

IN a small town in Saxony, there lived, about the middle of last century, three young men—we will call them George, Ernest, and Lewis—who were intimate friends from childhood. George and Ernest were engaged in trade; and Lewis, having devoted himself to the law, practised in his native place, where his friends also resided.

One summer's day, the two former set out together, on horseback, for a town about thirty miles distant, where they had business to transact. Ernest was fond of drawing his friend into conversation on religious topics, on which, however, they differed widely, and frequently quarreled; because on this point George was extremely irritable, while Ernest was not less obstinate in upholding his notions. During the journey in

question, the latter introduced the old theme, on which they fell out as usual. They soon reached the inn at which they had agreed to breakfast: here, over a glass of wine, the dispute was continued, but with moderation on both sides. When, however, the travellers again pursued their way, and Ernest reverted to the subject, both grew warm, owing to the wine which they had taken, and the quarrel by degrees became louder and more vehement. By the time they had reached a wood, they were so inflamed with passion as to assail each other in language of the grossest abuse and insult. George, losing all command of himself in his rage, drew forth a pistol, and fired it at his companion. Ernest sank, wounded in the breast, from his horse, and weltered on the ground in

his blood; while the animal, freed from his burden and frightened by the report, ran off into the wood.

George, pale as death, leaped from his horse to assist his bleeding friend: the paroxysm of passion was over, and gave place to the keenest remorse. He bent trembling over Ernest, who was just breathing his last. He tore his hair in his despair, and hurried back to the village, to deliver himself up to justice as the murderer of his friend, that he might soon be rid of a life which was now to him a most oppressive burden. The officer to whom he surrendered himself sent him, at his desire, to the prison, till he could be removed to the town to which he and his friend belonged. Ernest's corpse, which was found plundered, was conveyed thither at the same time, and interred.

Proceedings were instituted against George; he repeated his confession before the judges, and solicited a speedy death. He was allowed to choose an advocate to defend him, as the law prescribed; he refused, and with tears entreated the judges to accelerate his execution. They were deeply moved, but still urged him to appoint a defender, on which he named his friend Lewis. "To be sure," said he at the same time, "I need no defence; I wish only for death, but I am willing to comply with the forms of law. My friend may take upon himself the useless trouble, and prove for the last time his kindness for me."

Lewis entered, with profound agitation, on the most melancholy duty of his whole professional career, that of being the advocate of his unfortunate friend. He despaired of being able to save him, but he of course re-

solved to leave no stone unturned to accomplish his end. With this view he objected that, contrary to the usual forms, Ernest's body had been interred without previous judicial examination and without being opened, and required that this should still be done. The judges replied, that this ceremony seemed to them to be superfluous and unnecessary, since the murderer had voluntarily confessed the fact; but if the advocate of the offender insisted on an inspection of the body, it must be taken up for that purpose. This was accordingly done, at the repeated requisition of Lewis. The town-surgeon performed the operation, and declared that as the ball passed through the heart death must of necessity follow. Lewis wished to know whether the ball was still in the body; the surgeon sought and found it. The lawyer then caused the pistol with which the murder had been committed to be brought, and tried if the ball would fit the barrel. It seemed, however, to be too large; he tried it in every possible way, but still it was decidedly too large. It was impossible that the ball could have been discharged from that barrel; this was evident to every eyewitness. The judges shook their heads. There was not one but had already in his own mind pronounced the prisoner guilty; but this circumstance confounded them all. The confession of the criminal made quite spontaneously and the whole chain of evidence seemed to prove the deed; but the ball offered an incontrovertible attestation of innocence.

Lewis, overjoyed at this discovery, began to conceive strong hopes. He proposed that a report of the proceedings, together with the pistol

and the ball, should be transmitted to the supreme court, that it might decide in this extraordinary case. This proposal was the more readily complied with, as the local authorities were completely puzzled how to act.

While the papers were before the supreme court in the capital, a robber was apprehended and brought to the native town of the friends, on a charge of having shot and afterwards plundered a traveller on the high-road, not far from that place. Being convicted by witnesses, he acknowledged his crime; but this was not all: he confessed, also, on his further examination, that he had murdered a man on the same road about two months before. The attention of the judges being excited, he gave, in answer to their inquiries, the following account:

“About that time I was in a village public-house. Two men on horseback arrived soon after me; I remarked that one of them wore under his waistcoat a belt filled with money. Attracted by this money, I began to consider whether it would not be possible to dispatch this wealthy man; but his companion was in the way. It occurred to me, on the other hand, that I was provided with a brace of good pistols. If I shoot one of them, said I to myself, the other will probably run away in affright; and before he can give information of the murder, and summon witnesses, my horse, which is a match for most in swiftness, will have carried me far enough; but if, contrary to expectation, he stays by his companion, why, he shall have the second ball through his body, that's all. No sooner had I come to this determination, than I

set about carrying it into effect. I knew, from what I had overheard, which way they were going; I rode off before, tied my horse to a tree, and concealed myself in a thicket near the road. Scarcely had I reached the spot, when the travellers approached; I made ready to fire. The two men were quarreling: I had already taken aim at the man with the belt, when his companion drew forth a pistol and fired. I discharged mine at the same instant; my man fell just as the ball of the other whizzed past my ear. He alighted from his horse, and endeavoured to assist the dying person; but at the very moment I was going to fire at him, he remounted and galloped off. I had now time to rifle the pockets and the belt of my victim; and this done, I precipitately retired.”

He specified the time and the place in the wood, and described the two travellers so minutely, that there could not be the slightest doubt of his having committed the murder of which George accused himself. It was evident that the latter, trembling with rage, had fired with unsteady hand and missed his companion.

The local tribunal reported the affair to the supreme court; the documents were returned, and it was ascertained that the ball exactly fitted the pistols found on the murderer at the time of his apprehension.

The reader may conceive the transport of Lewis on finding his efforts for saving his friend crowned with success; and the joy of George, when the overwhelming consciousness of having incurred the guilt of murder was removed from his breast. He was unanimously acquitted of the crime, and liberated, after suffering,

through the hastiness of his temper, two months' imprisonment; but long and bitterly did he deplore the loss of his friend. Lewis begged the

ball which was the instrument of George's deliverance, as a memorial of the event.

CHARACTER OF THE ANCIENT GOVERNMENT OF REPUBLICAN VENICE.

HISTORY has no parallel to the silent, mysterious, inexorable tyranny of Venice; a tyranny to its subjects,

“subtle, invisible,

And universal as the air they breathed;
A power that never slumbered, never pardoned;

All eye, all ear; no where and every where;
Entering the closet and the sanctuary;
Most present when least thought of; nothing dropt

In secret when the heart was on the lips,
Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
Observed and judged: a power that if but glanced at

In casual converse, be it where it might,
The speaker lowered at once his eyes, his voice,

And pointed upwards, as to God in heaven!”

Yet, under this dark and relentless administration, Venice was the throne of pleasure, the chosen seat not only of Italian but of European festivity. The imagination may now fondly linger over what was then the source of pride and gratification to the ambitious, the busy, and the gay; her picturesque situation, throned on her hundred isles; the magnificence of her Palladian elevations; her churches and palaces of every style and decoration, slumbering on their shadows in the “long-drawn aisles of her canals;” her docks and her arsenals, stored with all the furniture of war; her quays so strangely crowded with the mingled costumes of the Eastern and Western world; glittering with the pageant, or heaped with costly merchandise; echoing the stream of music, the peal of mer-

rimment, or the busy hum of commerce. To borrow the expressive language of Byron,

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers
At airy distance, with majestic motion,
A ruler of the waters and their powers:
And such she was—her daughters had their
dowers

From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless
East

Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling show-
ers;

In purple was she robed, and of her feast
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity
increas'd.

But in so fair a city, all this splendour, festivity, and lively activity was consistent with scenes of secret but excessive horror. Her palaces and her prisons were contiguous; and while the masque and the revel encircled the edifice of government, that ancient pile covered abodes of misery, from which mercy and hope were alike excluded. During the gayest hours of Venetian pleasure, in the throng of the Casino, or in the mazes of the Carnival, individuals disappeared from society, and were heard of no more: to breathe an inquiry after their fate was a dangerous imprudence; even to mourn their loss was an act of guilt. Before the secret council of government, the informer was never confronted with the accused; the victim was frequently denied a hearing, and hurried to death, or condemned to linger for life in the dungeons of state; his offence and its punishment

untried and unknown. The influence of a secret police pervaded the city; there was no sweet privacy in domestic life, no confidence in familiar discourse, which was not chilled or violated by fears and suspicions,

or a detestable treachery, against which there was no assurance, which no caution could guard against, and where no sharp-sightedness could point out the source of danger.

HOTSPUR, GLYNDWR, AND MORTIMER, TRIPARTITE DIVIDING THE KINGDOM.

From BRETON'S "King Henry IV." (being a Specimen of SHAKESPEARE'S Plays in Imitation of the Waverley Novels), just published.

ON the rising ground to the north of the cathedral of Bangor, ran a broad street called Caradoc-street, the principal house in which, a white-washed, three-storied, square-windowed mansion, with wooden pales and a court-porch in front, was the dwelling of the Dean of Bangor, David Daron. The dean was a pompous, diminutive man, seeming by nature designed for a Newmarket rider. He strutted in his walk as though he had swelled himself to a giant in his own fancy: yet, saving in the cock-turkey grandeur of his promenading gait, he had all the officious, fawning, subservient manners, which augured that he would have become a lady's chamber much better than a lap-dog.

The most splendid part of his residence had windows, from which there was a view of the rolling surges of the Irish Sea; the castle of Hugh de Chester, up the straits of Menai; and the busy Bangor ferry, or aquatic road across the straits. Menai being then without a bridge, the passing and repassing in boats, of horses, waggons, and people, were exceedingly frequent. Crowds of cattle and swine, exported from Ireland, were compelled by their drivers to swim across, boats attending on each side to keep them in a direct line. The dreadful bellowing of the

swimming herds was an almost incessant discord for the dean's ears. Humanity shrinks from drawing a picture of the wretched animals, exhausted and incapable of standing, forming together in groups, chilled by the cold wind on landing.

The dean received his important visitors (Hotspur, Glyndwr, and Mortimer,) very graciously, with the *suaviter in modo*, as well as the *intellegentia in re*.

* * * * *

"Lord Mortimer," said Hotspur, "and cousin Glyndwr, will you sit down?—And uncle Worcester—a plague upon it! I have forgot the map."

"No, here it is," cried Glyndwr, snatching a roll of parchment out of Worcester's pocket and placing it on the table. "Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur; for by that name as oft as Lancaster doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale, and, with a rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven."

"And you in a place much worse," replied Hotspur, "as often as he hears Owen Glyndwr spoken of."

"I cannot blame him," remarked Glyndwr, screwing up his mouth with a pomposity, which foretold he was about to commence his *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*; "I cannot blame him: at my nativity, the

front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, of burning cressets; and at my birth, the frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward."

"Why, so it would have done," replied Hotspur, "at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitted, though yourself had ne'er been born."

"I say, the earth did shake when I was born," said Glyndwr, in the characteristic spirit of his country, which is nobly prompt to rise on the appearance, or sometimes even on the very apprehension, of insult.

"And I say the earth was not of my mind, if you suppose, as fearing you it shook," rejoined Hotspur.

"The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble," said Glyndwr fiercely.

"O, then the earth quaked to see the heavens on fire," remarked Hotspur, "and not in fear of your nativity."

"Cousin, of many men I do not bear these crossings," cried Glyndwr, with a Welch frown, that probably extended from the crown of his head to the hand that grasped his sword. "Give me leave to tell you once again, that at my birth, the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes; the goats ran from the mountains, and the herds were strangely clamorous in the frightened fields. These signs have marked me extraordinary; and all the courses of my life do shew, I am not in the roll of common men. Where is he living, clipped in with the sea that chides the shores of England, Scotland, Wales, that calls me pupil, or hath read to me? And bring him out, that is but woman's son, can trace me in the tedi-

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ous ways of art, and hold me pace in deep experiments."

"I think there is no man speaks better Welch," said Hotspur, in that acquiescing tone which a person uses while internally ejaculating, 'The man's a fool!' "I will to supper," he added, breaking out into a whistle, and ringing the hand-bell that stood on the mantel-piece.

"Peace, nephew Percy! you will make him mad," whispered uncle Mortimer aside to Hotspur.

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"Come, here's the map," said Glyndwr, biting his lips, and unrolling the parchment on the table. "Shall we divide our right according to our threefold order ta'en?"

"The Dean Daron," replied uncle Mortimer, "hath divided it into three limits, very equally: England, from Trent and Severn hitherto, by south and east, is assigned to my part; all westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, and all the fertile land within that bound, to Owen Glyndwr; and, dear nephew, to you the remnant northward, lying off Trent. And our indentures tripartite are drawn, which, being sealed interchangeably (a business that this night may execute), to-morrow, nephew Percy, you and I, and my good lord of Worcester, will set forth to meet your father and the Scottish force, which is appointed us at Warkworth.— Brave Glyndwr is not ready yet, nor shall we need his help these fourteen days. Within that space," continued uncle Mortimer, turning to Glyndwr, "you may have drawn together your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen."

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"Methinks, my moiety," cried
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Hotspur, leaning on the table with both hands, and looking intently at the map, "north from Burton here, in quantity equals not one of yours. See, how this river comes me cranking in," he added, tracing with his finger the course of the river Trent, "and cuts me, from the best of all my land, a huge half-moon, a monstrous cante out. I'll have the current in this place dammed up; and here the smug and silver Trent shall run, in a new channel, fair and evenly; it shall not wind with such a deep indent, to rob me of so rich a bottom here."

"Not wind!" exclaimed Glyndwr, tracing also with his fore-finger the river's course; "it shall, it must; you see it doth."

"Yea," cried uncle Mortimer, thrusting his head close to the down-bending craniums of Hotspur and Glyndwr, till the three heads were, in the heat of the argument, in danger of making a billiard cannon; "yea, but mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up with like advantage on the other side, cutting the opposed continent as much as on the other side it takes from you."

"Yea, but a little charge will trench him here," said Dean Daron, joining his head with the geographical group, and running his finger across the map from Nottingham to Fosdike Wash; "a little charge will trench him here, and on this north side win this cape of land; and then he runs straight and even."

"I'll have it so," said Hotspur; "a little charge will do it."

"I will not have it altered," returned Glyndwr.

"Will not you?" cried Hotspur, staring the Welch chieftain full in the face.

"No, nor you shall not," said Glyndwr, in a commanding voice.

"Who shall say me nay?" demanded the Percy.

"Why that will I," exclaimed Glyndwr fiercely.

"Let me not understand you then; speak it in Welch," replied Hotspur, drawing himself up to his full height.

"I can speak English, lord, as well as you," sneered Glyndwr; "for I was trained up in the English court; where, being but young, I framed to the harp many an English ditty lovely well, and gave the tongue a helpful ornament; a virtue that was never seen in you."

"Marry, and I'm glad of it, with all my heart," said Hotspur: "I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew, than one of these same metre-bald-mongers; I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turned, or a dry wheel grate on an axle-tree, and that would set my teeth on edge nothing so much as mincing poetry; 'tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag."

"Come, you shall have Trent turned," said Glyndwr.

"I do not care," replied Hotspur. "I'll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend; but in the way of bargain, mark ye me, I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair."

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XIV.

The Vicar's Study.—Present, Dr. PRIMROSE, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss and Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. MONTAGUE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

The Vicar. METHINKS, Reginald, our friends Eitherside and Apathy do not intend to favour us this evening with their society.

Reginald. The loss will be theirs: "the feast of reason and the flow of soul" are so seldom to be partaken of in the perfection in which we chosen few enjoy them, that I feel a degree of regret when any of our friends are deprived of the pleasure which I always experience on these occasions.

Mrs. Primrose. Do you know, Reginald, I and my daughters are in danger of being denominated *Blue Stockings*, and pedants in petticoats.

Reginald. Mere envy or want of taste, my dear madam: those who rail against our simple pleasures have either no capacity to enjoy them; or, because they cannot obtain an introduction to our select society, seek to depreciate that which they cannot share. But I see you are engaged, Miss Primrose: may I venture to ask what book it is, the leaves of which you are turning over so eagerly?

Miss Primrose. Allan Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland*. What do you think of the work?

Reginald. I have been delighted with the introduction, and perfectly enchanted with the selection itself. You ladies owe much to Cunningham. He has collected many specimens of the ancient minstrelsy that are valuable and worthy of preservation, and expunged the licentiousness with which a part of them abounded: thus placing before you,

in a shape perfectly unexceptionable, some of the most beautiful productions of the Scottish bards, which, in their original form, certainly were not meet companions for a lady's bower. In doing so he has not departed from the spirit of the original, but caught the inspiration of true genius; and, whilst he has corrected the immodest expression, and expunged the licentious thought, he has, if any thing, rather added to, than detracted from, the general merits of those pieces thus altered.

Mr. Mathews. A poet of nature, like Cunningham, would be sure to refine the dross which might pass through his hands. He himself is, perhaps, the first living lyric poet of his country, not excepting even Sir Walter Scott, in whose poems and novels beautiful songs are interspersed.

Miss Primrose. I like Cunningham's poetry: it is generally so free and unaffected; so little like the laboured effusions of some of our bards; but breathing the genuine inspiration of the Muse. His tales are not so much to my mind.

Reginald. No. Like Hogg, he is most successful as a poet: all his ideas are full of poetic imagery; yet there are occasionally a constraint and apparent effort about his prose productions, which are any thing but pleasant. We shall see whether his announced novel of *Paul Jones* will be free from these defects.

Miss Rosina. Come, I'll sing you one of the ballads from his third volume.

(*Miss R. sings.*)

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trode on thirty years,
I sought my long-lost hame again,
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens if the dear friends I left
Will aye continue mine?
Or if I e'er again shall see
The friends I left lang syne?

As I came up my father's tow'rs,
My heart lap a' the way;
Ilk thing I saw put me in mind
O' some dear former day—
The days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Which gars me think the joys at hand
Are naething to lang syne.

These ivy'd towers now meet my e'e,
Where minstrels us'd to blaw;
Nae friend came forth wi' open arms,
Nae weel kenn'd face I saw;
Till Donald totter'd frae the door,
Whom I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad come back
He bore about lang syne.

ran thro' every weel kenn'd room,
In hopes to meet friends there;
I saw where ilk ane us'd to sit,
And hang o'er ilka chair;
Till warm remembrance' gushing tear
Did dim these e'en of mine:
I steek'd the door, and sobb'd aloud,
As I thought on lang syne.

Reginald. Cunningham would have been enchanted if he had heard those beautiful lines so sweetly sung.

Rosina. You ought to have been a poet, *Reginald*.

Reginald. Why?

Rosina. Because, like all true bards, you deal largely in fiction.

Reginald. It is not absolutely necessary that poets should deal in that commodity; though the idea has been current that they are more successful in fiction than in mere matters of fact, ever since the excuse made by Waller for writing better verses on Cromwell than he did on Charles II. As, however, imagination is the soul of poetry,

and it is the poet's function to give "a local habitation and a name" to the creations of his fancy, there is some "show of reason in thy speech:" not that *I* should be a poet, because I have nothing to do with fiction; but certainly, the most celebrated poems have been those in which, if they are not altogether fictitious, imagination has been largely drawn upon for their embellishment.

Mr. Mathews. For that reason, our didactic poets have never been so popular as those who have devoted their pens to more spirit-stirring, though less important themes, than those which have employed the talents of our ethical writers.

Reginald. I can quote a passage of pure poetry, without any fiction:

O woman! woman! thou art form'd to bless
The heart of restless man, to chase his care,
And charm existence by thy loveliness;
Bright as the sunbeam, as the morning fair,
If but thy foot fall on a wilderness,
Flowers spring, and shed their roseate
blossoms there,
Shrouding the thorns that in thy path-way
rise,
And scattering o'er it hues of Paradise.

Thy voice of love is music to the ear,
Soothing and soft, and gentle as the stream
That strays mid summer-flowers; thy glittering tear

Is mutely eloquent; thy smile a beam
Of light ineffable, so sweet, so dear,
It wakes the heart from sorrow's darkest
dream;

Shedding a hallow'd lustre o'er our fate,
And when it beams we are not desolate!

No! no! when woman smiles, we feel a charm
Thrown bright around us, binding us to
earth;

Her tender accents, breathing forth the balm
Of pure affection, give to transport birth:
Then life's wide sea is hallowless and calm.

O lovely woman! thy consummate worth
Is far above thy frailty, far above
All earthly praise—thou art the light of love!

Mr. Mathews. I have seen those lines in a newspaper lately attributed to Lord Byron. But though

I thought myself tolerably familiar with his works, I really cannot tell where they are to be found.

Reginald. I do not know how you should. You would be as much surprised at hearing them ascribed to Byron, as Porson was when Fuseli recited some Greek verses, and asked the profound Grecian to what poet they were ascribed. Porson, after a pause, confessed he could not tell. "How the deuce should you? I wrote them myself," was the reply. Now I did not write those beautiful verses myself; but they were written by my friend Bird, and are to be found in his *Poetical Memoirs*. I too have seen them ascribed to Byron in the papers.

Mrs. Primrose. Allow me to ask, Reginald, if you have seen this small volume of poems, just published by Mrs. Wilson, with the title of *Hours at Home*?

Reginald. I have not. Is this the Mrs. Wilson whose pen contributed two charming little pieces to the last volume of the *Forget Me Not*?

Mrs. Primrose. The same; and I perceive that she has introduced those very pieces into this collection.

The Vicar. I was much pleased with the just observations with which this lady opens the preface to her unassuming volume. I will read them:

It has been said by those whose opinions I respect, that my writings are in general too much confined to domestic and every-day subjects; that the language of poetry, being that of fiction, should not entirely be employed in painting the common occurrences of life. In reply to these remarks, I would ask, what subjects are more likely to inspire the pen of a female, than those by which she is con-

stantly surrounded? *Man* has many advantages; *he* may range the world in search of novelty; may visit the different countries of the earth, and bring back ideas of manners, customs, and scenery, to furnish matter for his Muse to dwell on. He can dip his pen in all the beauties of nature or of art, and produce those glowing images of poesy which have delighted, and which will still continue to delight, to the end of time. But *woman's* knowledge must be confined to a much narrower sphere. Generally speaking, *her* travels are by her own fire-side; her taste and talents limited to the near and dear circle of HOME. And, after all, where can her abilities display themselves to greater advantage than in that hallowed circle, where all the best and purest feelings of her nature are awakened—all the warmth and beauty of her affections called forth?

The contents of the volume exactly correspond with the sentiment here expressed; and so far are they from wearing an air of fiction, that I am much mistaken if they do not lead every reader to infer with me, that the fair author is a good daughter, a good wife, and a good mother, as well as a sweet and pathetic poetess. There is scarcely an article but will justify one or the other of these inferences. Rosina, read to our friends any piece at which you chance to open the book.

Rosina. With great pleasure.

A TWILIGHT REVERIE.

Beautiful infant! with thy brow so bright,

And eyes of dewy softness, that dost seem,
By the faint blush of day's decaying light,

Like the fair vision of some poet's dream—
Beautiful infant! thou art welcome here,
Although my kiss of love is blended with a
tear!

A tear of tenderness—perhaps of woe,
Will mingle with a mother's smile of joy;
And as mine eyes with such soft drops o'er-
flow,

While gazing on thy beauty, my fair boy!

Sadness and pleasure there by turns I find,
As hope alternate beams, or fear comes o'er
my mind.

Sadness—to think how soon life's brightest
ray

By some unfavouring cloud may be o'er-
cast;

How quickly youth's fair dawn will fade
away,

And manhood's ripen'd noon be o'er and
past;

And years steal on with eager, hurried pace,
Till the cold frost of age sinks all in his em-
brace!

Pleasure—when Fancy whispers thou may'st
run

The brilliant race of glory or renown;
That ere thy life's bright circuit shall be done,
Genius may wreath for THEE her laurel
crown:

Thus Hope will promise in my dreaming ear,
And then the smile of joy outshines the
timid tear.

But when I think of broken hearts—and
blighted

By the world's scorn, or Fortune's chang-
ing wave,

Of talents misapplied, and genius slighted,
Or youthful hopes that find an early grave,
Then pleasure dies within my sinking heart,
And over days to come the tear of grief will
start!

Yet, lovely infant! with thy brow so bright,
And eyes of dewy softness, that dost seem,
By the faint blush of day's decaying light,
Like the fair vision of some poet's dream;
Yet, lovely infant! thou art welcome here,
Although my kiss of love is mingled with a
tear.

Reginald. Very sweet indeed! I
must have that volume, and it shall
not want my warm recommendation,
I assure you.

Mr. Montague. I have not yet met
with one tolerable ode on the death
of the Emperor Alexander.

The Vicar. A very able tribute,
however, has been paid to his me-
mory by Mr. Lloyd, whose sketch of
his *Life, and principal Events of
his Reign*, I have just been reading.

Reginald. It is a very interesting
piece of biography: it contains an

assumption, however, which I must
reprobate. Speaking of La Harpe,
Alexander's tutor, and to whom the
Czar was much attached throughout
his life, Mr. Lloyd says, "La Harpe
was, in some respects, the same to
Alexander, that Le Fort, likewise a
Genevois, had been to Peter the
Great a hundred years before. He
brought him up without either po-
litical or religious prejudices, in the
wiser principles of an enlightened
age." Now this, in the cant of the
day, means, neither more nor less,
than that Alexander was brought up
without any fixed principles, either
of religion or policy; and this is
termed "the wisdom of an enlight-
ened age." I know not whether such
a system was pursued with the young
prince; but this I know, that the heir
to a throne ought to be early and stea-
dily educated in the principles, both
religious and political, on which his
state is governed. Nay, every pri-
vate person ought to bring up his
children in those principles; and if
they are termed prejudices, I hope
every man in England will always be
prejudiced. If ever I marry and
have children, as soon as they can
lisp, they shall pray for the Church
and the King; and prosperity to both
is, and always shall be, my favourite
toast.

The Vicar. Come, I think your
remarks are a little hypercritical;
and you are too severe upon the
author. The remark is an incau-
tious one, I allow; but I do not think
he meant ill.

Reginald. Then he should have
been more cautious in his expres-
sions. According to his opinion, I
suppose, to educate a child in the re-
ligion of the Church of England is
to fill him with prejudices, and it

would be better to bring him up without any religion at all. I, however, prefer following the scriptural maxim, of "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." The work is very interesting, notwithstanding a blemish or two of this kind, which may not strike many readers in the way they do me.

The Vicar. It places the personal character of Alexander in the most amiable light; and several very interesting anecdotes of him are related. The following is a pleasing one of his attachment to La Harpe:

This attachment was rather filial than that of a pupil; his greatest delight was in his society, and he would cling round his neck in the most affectionate embraces, by which frequently his clothes were covered with powder. "See, my dear prince," La Harpe would say, "what a figure you have made yourself!"—"Oh! never mind it," Alexander replied; "no one will blame me for carrying away all I can from my dear preceptor." One day he went to visit La Harpe, as was his custom, alone: the porter was a new servant, and did not know him: he asked his name, and was answered, Alexander. The porter then led him into the servants' hall, told him his master was at his studies, and would not be disturbed for an hour. The servants' homely meal was prepared, and the prince was invited to partake of it, which he did without affectation. When the hour was expired, the porter informed La Harpe that a young man of the name of Alexander had been waiting for some time, and wanted to see him. "Shew him in." But what was La Harpe's surprise to see his pupil! He wished to apologize; but Alexander, placing his finger on his lips, said, "My dear tutor, do not mention it; one hour to you is worth a day to me; and, besides, I have had a hearty breakfast with your servants, which I should

have lost, had I been admitted when I came." The poor porter's feelings may be better imagined than described; but Alexander, laughing, said, "I like you the better for it; you are an honest servant, and there are one hundred rubles to convince you that I think so."

The following is an instance where he paid a delicate compliment to a distinguished individual:

When he announced to the brave Kutusoff his elevation to the rank of Prince of Smolensko, for his services during the campaign of 1812 against the French, he sent with his letter a most valuable jewel, taken from the imperial crown, as a tribute to the valour of a man by whom it had been so ably defended. He directed the vacancy to be filled up with a small gold plate, on which was inscribed the name of Kutusoff.

Reginald. He was a great patron of literature.

The Vicar. Yes; and it appears to have flourished greatly.

It made a very rapid advance (says Mr. Lloyd) in the beginning of this century. In the first few years, 1304 works were published, of which 761 were original; of the translations, 262 were from the French, 194 from the German, and 24 from the English. The anonymous works were 742: among the authors named were ten princes, six counts, nineteen prelates, &c.; one-eighth of the authors were clergy, and by far the greater part of the writers belonged to the hereditary nobility. Of the literati by profession, the catalogue mentioned ninety-four, and gave also the names of five female authors.

Reginald. I was particularly pleased with the account of the assassination of the Emperor Paul, which is the best narrative of that transaction I have seen. Upon the whole, the work is one extremely creditable to the author, and does justice to the subject.

Mr. Mathews. When will *Woodstock* appear?

Reginald. In a few weeks, I believe. The publication has been delayed by the misfortunes of those spirited and enterprising publishers, Constable and Co. in whose embarrassments, I regret to say, Ballantyne, the most enterprising printer in Edinburgh, has shared, and through whom they have been extended to Sir Walter Scott. He will also, I believe, lose by his booksellers, in whose hands, if I am rightly informed, he has always suffered a large portion of the sum given for the copyright of his works to remain. But I hope most heartily he will weather the gale; for he is a noble heart, which it would be foul shame if we were to stand by and see founder.

Mrs. Primrose. Has not some one else written a novel or a tale, the scene of which is laid in the same period, and in which the same characters are supposed to figure, as in *Woodstock*?

Reginald. Yes, Horace Smith, who, in conjunction with his brother James, wrote that very clever *jeu-d'esprit*, *The Rejected Addresses*, has just published *Brambletye-House*; the time of which extends from the reign of Charles I. and the protectorate of Cromwell, into the reign of Charles II. It is clever; but as undeserving of the outrageous puffs I have seen of it in the papers, as it is of the illiberal censure directed against it in a periodical, the rival of the *New Monthly*; in which latter publication the talents of the two brothers, both in "gaities and graivies," are exerted.

Miss Primrose. What is *The Omen*?

Reginald. A tale of singular pathos and wonderful power: yet founded on an occurrence which, if true, ought to have been consigned to oblivion; if false, good taste would not have selected it as the groundwork of an imaginative production. I should attribute it to the author of *Adam Blair*: for it has all his vigour and originality; whilst the strange perversion of taste, which caused so honourable and high-minded an individual to see nothing objectionable in the highly wrought details in that production, might cause him to look with less horror than I instinctively feel on a tale of a mother's guilt and a father's murder.

Mr. Montague. Do they form the leading incidents of the story?

Reginald. Not exactly. But on them the whole destiny of the hero hinges. His mother's guilt caused a quarrel between his father and the invader of his honour, in which the former fell—not dead, but so desperately wounded, that he died a short time after. This occurred when the hero was an infant; but he was a witness to the scene of blood, and the remembrance haunted him in his gayest dreams of childhood. It was his lot to encounter individuals with whom his fortune was connected, and some feeling of sympathy, or some presentiment of evil, always assailed him. At length he encountered his mother, then married to General Purcell, and their daughter, Maria. He loved and was beloved: the mother opposed their union, but their affection was encouraged by the general. They met at the altar; and when the ceremony had advanced as far as that part where the bridegroom places

the ring on the finger of his intended bride, Mrs. Purcell rushed into the church in a state of distraction, and forbade the bans, proclaiming that they were brother and sister. Such is the outline of the story; and I confess, though I dislike the groundwork and the machinery, I was so powerfully interested, that I could not rise from the perusal till the word "Finis" caught my eye.

The Vicar. A wild and singular tale certainly, but I doubt not worth perusal.

Reginald. Oh! decidedly so; and I defy any one to peruse it without feeling convinced, that the writer is one of the first order; in fact, that there are not three men in the kingdom capable of producing it.

Mr. Mathews. Our county seems just now fertile in authors. Mr. Waterton lately published his Travels; and now Mr. Maude, of Moor-House, near Wakefield, has taken from the shelf one of his MS. volumes, containing a journal of his *Visits to the Falls of Niagara*, and ushered it into the world in all the pomp of typography.

The Vicar. And a unique production it is. Why, he is more garrulous, and not half so entertaining as Waterton. He gives us an account of such frivolous commonplace events, and relates such marvellous stories, that I confess I can scarcely give credence to all he says.

Reginald. He deals a little in fiction, you think then; and, according to your theory, Rosina, should be a poet.

Rosina. Oh! it is not certain that he deals in fiction; "travellers see strange things," and all he has written may be true. But, Reginald, it

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is two months since you brought any thing for my album: have you a contribution to-night?

Reginald. I obtained the following verses from a lady; they are at your service:

THE FOUNTAIN-MAID.

(From the *Bride of Lammermoor.*)

"Oh! drink not of that fatal well,
Nor gaze a moment on its flood;
For every drop's a deadly spell
Unto the house of Ravenswood!

"I wait for thee, my Naiad love,
Eve's shadows tinge the glowing west;
Come, nymph, or what thou art, nor rove
'Till the hoarse curfew calls to rest.

"Come with thy robe of emerald green,
My unknown love, I wait for thee;
Darkness is spreading o'er the scene,
Nymph of the Fountain, haste to me!"

So spake the Lord of Ravenswood;
And, lo! the Fountain-Maid appears;
Like Venus, by the well she stood,
Her heavenly face bedew'd with tears.

Swift flew the hours, the convent-bell
Proclaim'd the hour in which to part;
She left him by the haunted well,
With wandering eye, and sorrowing heart.

Low on his knees Lord Allan bends
Before the penitential shrine;
And as the holy friar attends,
Confess'd the bands which him entwine.

"Father!" he said, "'tis by the flood
Of yonder lonely hidden well,
My Naiad love meets Ravenswood;
'Tis there she always bids farewell."

The father cross'd himself—"My son,
Thou must unloose this fatal chain:
'Tis Satan's work; that wicked one
Thou must not dare to meet again.

"Thou say'st she always quits thy sight
When the last bell sounds on the air;
I tell thee, son, to-morrow night,
We will delay the hour of prayer.

"Her pristine form she shall display,
In all its dire, its native dread;
And Satan, foil'd, shall flee away,
His power of harming thee be fled."

Again he met his Fountain-Maid,
Smiling beside her fav'rite flood,
Who little dreamt she was betray'd
By the false Lord of Ravenswood.

H H

The convent-bell breath'd not a sound
 'Till long, long past its usual time;
 "Ah, love! bend not thy glance around;
 My punishment shall be thy crime!"

The lengthen'd shades proclaim the night,
 Late sounds (her dirge) the convent-bell;
 The maiden shriek'd with wild affright,
 And sigh'd a sad, a last farewell.

She plung'd her in the liquid stream,
 And dyed its surface with her blood;
 A gurgling noise, a hollow scream,
 Rung on the ear of Ravenswood.

And never since that fatal hour
 Was seen again that phantom-maid;
 But from that time the house and power
 Of Ravenswood were dimm'd in shade.

Then drink not of that haunted well,
 Nor gaze a moment on its flood;
 For every drop's a deadly spell
 Unto the house of Ravenswood.

Rosina. Thanks, Reginald, thanks.

Reginald. I have one more votive offering:

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

The mariner's wife, on the strand wildly
 raving,
 The bark of her Oswald is drifting ashore;
 On the deck he is seen, the rude billows
 braving,
 Whilst Ellen each moment believes him no
 more.

Fast entwined are her hands, and low bent is
 her knee,
 Her voice in keen agony pierces the air;
 She calls upon him who her anguish can see,
 The life of her husband, her Oswald, to spare.

On a low-jutting rock see the vessel now
 dash'd,
 The waves overwhelm it—it rises again;
 From the deck, from the rigging, each mari-
 ner's wash'd,
 And struggling appears to contend with the
 main.

Now the life-boat's afloat, and Haste! haste!
 is the cry;

"My purse shall be yours," says Huma-
 nity's voice:

The life-boat seems over the ocean to fly;
 It nears them—it saves them—O let us re-
 joice!

And Ellen, where is she—the mariner's
 wife?

She is yielding her thanks, where thanks
 are most due,

That her Oswald is safe—that prolong'd is
 his life,

To receive its reward from affection so
 true.

Mr. Montague. Are those by
 Yorkshire *poetesses*, if I may use
 the term?

Reginald. Yes; and I think the
 writer of the *Fountain-Maid* possesses
 talents that bid fair to rival those of
 some of our popular authors. And,
 as we are speaking of Yorkshire, I
 may add, that our county can boast
 of several poets in what may be
 called humble life; men whose ge-
 nius, like Burns's, overcomes all the
 difficulties of their situation, and all
 the disadvantages arising from their
 want of education; and who, em-
 bued with the soul of poesy, pour
 forth

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that
 burn;"

the true elements of poetic composi-
 tion. One of these is John Nichol-
 son, a peasant born on the banks of
 the Aire, in the neighbourhood of
 Bingley, where he has constantly
 resided. He lately celebrated the
 Yorkshire musical festival in verse
 of no common order; and I have
 been delighted with a more recent
 volume of his, containing *Airedale*
in Ancient Times, *Elwood and El-*
wina, *The Poacher*, and other poems.
 He has celebrated his native vale in
 the first with an enthusiasm per-
 fectly free from all affectation, and
 with a spirit and fervour that are as
 animating to the reader, as the re-
 collection of the "days of old" ap-
 pears to have been to the writer;
 those days when the noble families
 of the Percies, the Cliffords, and the

Tempests—names of high renown and great emprise—met in the chase or in the hall; and ranged over the hills and dales of this then highly romantic part of the country, free as the mountain-air that fluttered round their brows, and gay and careless as the mountain-deer, those denizens of the wilds, as

In dalliance with danger, they bounded in bliss
O'er the fathomless gloom of each wand'ring abyss;
O'er the grim rocks carcering with prosperous motion,
Like a ship by herself in full sail on the ocean!

The following description of a chase will justify the opinion I have expressed of this poet:

Firm fixed near, like the great throne of Jove,
Stands, rudely great, old Malham's lofty Cove,
From whence, in storms, the bursting streams are hurld,
Met by the winds, to misty vapours whirl'd.
Here the brave Percies, foremost in the chase,
Were follow'd by the sons of Clifford's race;
Listers and Tempests, on the jocund morn,
Obey'd the cheerful summons of the horn;
Malhams and Martons, on their hunters fleet,
Scatter'd the moorland moss beneath their feet,
Rode down the rocky hills with rapid force,
And still undaunted held their ardent course;
While nodding antlers of the mountain-deer
Topp'd the high hills; the hounds, the hunters near,
Next took the vale, and with ambition tried
Which rider durst o'erleap Aire's infant tide.
The shepherds in the valley left their flocks,
Climb'd the high hills, and shouted on the rocks.
But, oh! how soon doth human greatness fall!
What years has ruin dwelt in Clifford's hall!
The lord, the baron, and the warrior still,
And mute the horn on Elso's lofty hill!

The Vicar. There are some lines in that extract as noble and as soul-stirring as any contained in the chivalric lays of a Scott, or the magnificent breathings of a Byron in his

loftiest mood. Neither of these highly gifted bards ever wrote a more beautiful couplet than that,

Malhams and Martons, on their hunters fleet,
Scatter'd the moorland moss beneath their feet.

—The idea is simply grand, and could have been conceived only by one who had a true relish for the beauties of nature.

Reginald. A battle-scene, in the same piece, is painted in colours equally vivid:

But when these hordes arrived at Craven's height,
The sons of Gargrave met them in the fight;
Percy and Garri made a noble stand,
And fought their threefold numbers hand to hand.
His well-tried sword brave Garri whirl'd around,
And brought three Pictish leaders to the ground:
The blade of Percy bore the fray so well,
Beneath his arm five Northern warriors fell;
Their helms he cleft with many a mighty stroke,
His temper'd weapon bent, but never broke.
No banner waved, no trumpets sounded clear,
T' inspire their breast—'twas silent conflict there!
The brackens green, where the hot battle burn'd,
To crimson with the warrior's gore were turn'd:
But soon of Percy's band but ten remain'd—
The mountain-stream with streaks of blood was stain'd;
The deep-dyed waters crept, meandering slow,
As loth to tell the tragic tale below:
There many a noble youth, oppress'd with pain,
Lay on the earth—their pillows were the slain.
With conquest fired, the Northerns sallied down
To plunder Gargrave's lone deserted town;
The blazing brands within the church they hurld,
And soon the flames around the altar curl'd;
While from the burning roof the molten lead
Dropp'd on the ancient tombstones of the dead.

The blood-red sun sunk slowly in the west,
 As by the dreadful scene of woe oppress'd.
 But plunder ceased not, in the shades of night
 The blazing ruins lent a baleful light,
 Till Skipton's sons appear'd, with banners
 red ;
 The Picts behind their glittering arms, and
 fled !

Mr. Mathews. I have seen Nicholson, and am glad his poems have found such warm advocates. Humble and unassuming, he is the true poet of nature. He says himself, he writes as he feels ; that it is no trouble for him to write, but the difficulty lies in correcting what he has written. In the volume from which Reginald has quoted those spirited lines, there are many inequalities, much harshness of language, some false constructions.

Reginald. Those may be found in the works of some of our best-educated poets—witness Lord Porchester's *Moor*.

Mr. Mathews. True ; but the care of a judicious friend might have removed most of the blemishes to which I allude, without any detriment to the poetic inspiration of the pieces ; they would then have fallen more smoothly on the ear of the admirer of classic English.

Reginald. I will read you a short poem, to which, I think, no objection can be made :

While the lark mounts up in spring,
 While the grouse sport on the ling,
 While the thrush and blackbird sing,
 I will love thee, Mary !

While the heat of summer glows
 On each daisy, pink, and rose,
 Come sweet pleasures, or deep woes,
 I will love thee, Mary !

When the harvest-field appears
 Yellow with the golden ears,
 Bless'd with joy, or press'd with cares,
 I will love thee, Mary !

In the coldest winter's frost,
 On the drifted mountain lost,
 Or on foaming billows toss'd,
 I will love thee, Mary !

Life may waste, but still impress'd
 Are thy virtues on my breast ;
 Till in death my heart shall rest,
 I will love thee, Mary !

Mr. Mathews. Nicholson writes freely and readily. The following verses he wrote at a dinner recently given in Leeds, in celebration of the birthday of the poet Burns. They deserve a wider circulation than the provincial paper in which they appeared can give them :

Learning has many a rhymer made,
 That flutters near the crown ;
 But Scotia's Genius has display'd
 A poet of her own.

His lyre he took to vale and glen,
 The mountain and the shade :
 Cent'ries may pass, my friends, but when
 Will such a harp be play'd ?

His native strain each bard may try,
 But who has got his fire ?
 Why none ! for Nature saw him die,
 Then took away the lyre.

And for that lyre th' aspiring youth—
 The world—may search in vain ;
 She vow'd she ne'er would lend it more,
 To sound on earth again !

Then call'd on Fame to hang it by—
 Fame took it with a tear ;
 And broke the strings to bind the wreath
 Which Burns shall ever wear.

Mr. Primrose. All the selections evince talent ; I shall order the book.

Rosina. I wonder whose lines these are ; I found them " in the course of my morning's readings" the other day, and arranged them, Reginald, to one of your favourite airs. (*Sings.*)

There was a harp she used to prize,
 Of love a last sad token ;
 But now, alas ! untouch'd it lies,
 Its strings of music broken.
 The voice hath died that with it sigh'd,
 The hand that once swept o'er it

Is pale and chill, its sound is still,
Ah! who can e'er restore it?

There was a light within her eye
That spoke to me of gladness;
But that soft glance has long gone by,
'Tis now the gleam of madness.
The mind has flown that gave it tone,
And woke her harp's sweet numbers;
And each wild string, so wont to ring,
In mournful silence slumbers.

Reginald. I don't know who wrote
those lines, but I shall chant you a
"reply." (*Sings.*)

Yes, there is one who can restore
The sounds which once delighted;
Whose magic notes mellifluous soar,
And are with love requited.

Her songs so sweet she'll oft repeat,
To them for aye I'd listen;
And mark the tear, to feeling dear,
Within her mild eye glisten.

May her tears not have cause to flow,
By him she loved deserted;
And from her may the sting of woe
For ever be averted!
May no sad sigh, for joys gone by,
Disturb her gentle bosom;
Joy, love, and peace, ne'er may they cease
Around to bud and blossom!

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
Mar. 9, 1826.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME-BALL GIVEN AT VIENNA BY SIR HENRY WELLESLEY,

At the Close of the Carnival, 1826.

ON the last day but one of the Carnival, Sir Henry Wellesley, the British ambassador, gave a grand costume-ball at his hotel in Vienna. It is universally admitted, that all the preceding entertainments of this kind which have taken place at Berlin, and in the Austrian capital, are not to be compared with this; for, notwithstanding all their magnificence, they wanted that charm of variety by which the *fête* in question was so particularly distinguished. In this respect the selection of the characters was most judicious: they were taken from the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and those of Baron La Motte Fouqué. *The Monastery, Kenilworth, Quentin Durward, The Crusaders, and Ivanhoe*, were the works of the Unknown, the personages of which were conjured up into a magic life; and from the romances of La Motte Fouqué were chosen *Undine, The Four Brothers of the Weserburg, The Magic Ring, and The Lion-Hunt.*

Libussa, Hamlet, and a Polish quadrille, concluded the whole. There were present, besides, a great number of persons of rank and fashion, in rich, elegant masquerade dresses, who contributed to heighten the animation and brilliancy of the scene.

Between ten and eleven o'clock the company assembled, and the procession, arranged according to the quadrilles, began. It was an enchanting sight to see it moving through the brilliantly lighted apartments. The glistening of jewels and embroidery eclipsed the thousands of tapers, and the dazzled eye could scarcely endure the splendour arising from the union of the utmost magnificence and the highest elegance. The enlivening notes of a grand march accompanied the train; a page, as a herald, preceded each quadrille; the name of the novel to which the characters belonged was displayed on a banner. Scott's *Monastery* opened the festive series. A

herald and twelve masks formed this first quadrille.

Herald	Mr. Wilmot Henry Bradford
Mary Stuart	Her Imp. Highness the Archduch. Henrietta
Catharine Seyton	H. I. H. the Archduch. Clementine
Lady Lochleven	Princess Grassalkowitz-Esterhazy
Lady Flemming	Countess Nimptsch-Zierotin
Ladies of the Court	Marchion. Brancaccio
Lord Douglas	Count. Rosalia Grüne
Rowland Græme	His R. Highness the Duke of Beja
Earl Murray	Sir Henry Wellesley
Harry Seyton	Prince Ferdin. Bretzenheim
Two Gentlemen	Prince Pignatelli
	Count Ferdin. Trautmannsdorff

Magnificence, manly dignity, and female beauty, concurred in this imposing quadrille to open the *fête* in the most brilliant manner. The archduchesses were resplendent with diamonds and jewels of immense value, which, united with the personal charms of those illustrious females, produced a truly magic effect. The happy choice of the colours of the dresses added to the force of the impression; the dark waves of the black velvet in which the Queen of Scots was attired heightened the dazzling brightness of the diamonds which adorned her; and the light dress worn by Catharine Seyton combined with the brilliance of her jewels into an exquisite *tout-ensemble*.

The male characters of the quadrille were not less distinguished by dignity and manly elegance, than were the ladies by beauty and feminine graces.

The transition from the first to the second quadrille, from the grave, chivalrous grandeur of the middle ages in England, to the Oriental splendour of the caliph, was high-

ly fanciful and striking. The second quadrille consisted of eighteen persons, besides the herald.

Herald	Prince Nic. Esterhazy
Zoraine	Princess Esterhazy-Taxis
Ladies of the Court	Countess Aurora Bathyanay
	Coun. Athenais Bathyanay
	Mademoiselle Monval
	Countess Julia Dietrichstein
Marie	Princess Rosa Esterhazy
	Princess Mary Esterhazy
Caliph Haroun al Raschid	Countess Esterhazy-Weissenwolf
	II. R. H. the Prince of Salerno
Uglug	Marquis Brancaccio
Ali Abdallah	Count Jos. Esterhazy
Manzor	Count Chas. Esterhazy
Arabians	Count Fedor Karaczay
	Prince Sangusco
Said, the Minstrel	Chevalier von Hammer
The Ambassador	Baron Schachten
Isembald	Baron Gravier
Ungilbert	Count George Karoly
three Knights of the Court of Charlemagne.	

This quadrille, taken from Fouqué's tale of *The Lion-Hunt*, presented a most animated spectacle. The fancy here found ample matter in the judicious intermixture of Eastern and Western magnificence. The figure of the caliph Haroun al Raschid, covered with jewels, and enveloped in the sacred mantle of the Abasides, was particularly imposing. It is worthy of remark, that the colours of this mantle, black and gold, have been perpetuated even in the very livery of the Roman emperors; and in like manner many of the regulations and formalities of the court of the caliphs are still retained in the etiquette of the great monarchies of the East and West. In this splendid quadrille two lovely damsels walked beside the caliph, and fanned him. Zoraine, followed by fascinating females, swept along like the moon among minor luminaries. The eye was not less struck by the splendour

of the Arabian princes, and the truly Oriental air of Saïd, the minstrel. His mantle, of precisely the same colour as that of the Ruler of the Faithful, only as simple as the other was superb, illustrated the custom of the East, according to which the most valuable present that a prince can confer on a poet, is a garment which he has himself worn. Thus Mohammed presented Hassan, the minstrel, for a poem in his praise, with his mantle, the *borda*, still approached with reverence at Constantinople. The chivalric costume of the heroic figures of the Frankish ambassadors formed an exquisite relief to the luxurious display of Oriental grandeur, and completed the magic picture. The very banner borne before this quadrille was peculiarly appropriate to the character of the whole. Gorgeously ornamented in the Eastern fashion, it displayed the figure of a lion, with the inscription so often repeated in the decorations of the Alhambra: *The Lion of God is victorious*, in allusion to Ali, the flower of Arabian chivalry.

The third quadrille carried back the mind from the flowery plains of the East to the banks of the Thames, from the heroic age of the great Carolingians, to the time of England's virgin queen, Elizabeth. *Kenilworth* furnished the characters of this quadrille, which was composed of twenty persons, exclusive of the herald.

Herald .	Count Valentine Esterhazy
Queen Elizabeth .	Countess Wrba-Kagenegg
Lady Rutland .	Countess Batthyany-Rudnay
Ladies attendant on the Queen	Countess Aglae Batthyany
	Countess Isaure Batthyany
	Coun. Eveline Odonell
	Coun. Adele Odonell

Amy Robsart .	Countess Erdödy-Lerchenfeld
Fanny Foster .	Coun. Louise Wurmbbrand
Leicester .	Prince Lewis Liechtenstein
Sussex .	Prince Gustavus Bentheim
Sir Walter Raleigh .	Count Ladislaus Wrba
Edmund Tressilian .	Mr. Spencer
Flibberty Gibbet .	Baron Francis Leykam
Varney .	Count Otho Fünfkirchen
Michael Lambourne	Prince Jos. Lobkowitz
Lord Oxford .	Mr. d'Hensel
Lord Huntingdon .	Mr. de Melho
Lord Willoughby .	Mr. d'Almeida
Alasco .	Mr. de Persoons
Wayland Smith .	Count Valentine Esterhazy, sen.

The splendour of the British court in the age of Elizabeth was here exquisitely portrayed. The commanding figure of the queen moved along in truly royal dignity, with the crown sparkling on her head. Amy Robsart's touching beauty and Leicester's lordly magnificence contributed not a little to the powerful impression of the whole.

Next followed the characters of Fouqué's most delicious fiction, *Undine*. They formed the fourth quadrille, consisting of eight persons, besides the herald.

Herald .	Prince Rudolph Liechtenstein
The Duchess .	Princess Liechtenstein-Fürstenberg
Bertholda .	Princess Marie Liechtenstein
Undine .	Countess Hunyady-Liechtenstein
Cunegund, the Fisherman's Wife .	Countess Odonell-Gaisruck
The Duke .	Landgrave Joseph Fürstenberg
Huldebrand .	Count Anth. Berthold
Kühleborn .	Prince William Taxis
The Fisherman .	Count Anthony Batthyany.

The whole charm of the fascinating romance appeared to be incorporated in this admirable quadrille. The mysterious and magic abodes of the Naiads seemed to have unclosed, to permit its inmates to exhibit themselves to human eyes. Thus Kühleborn's tall elegant figure, enveloped

in a silvery mantle, with a shell-crown on his head, flitted along, as though radiant with an enchanted light, like a thing of air and vapour. Undine's lovely form was ideally beautiful, like the pearl produced in the mysterious region whence she sprung. The splendour of the princes, the brilliancy of Kühleborn and Undine, and the unadorned simplicity of the Fisherman, formed the most picturesque contrasts. The whole composed a fantastic fairy group, corresponding with the scene in which the action is laid, and exhibited in this characteristic totality the most striking contrast with the grave solemnity of the preceding quadrille.

This magic creation of the fancy was succeeded by another historic picture from *Quentin Durward*, embracing twenty-two characters, without the herald.

	Herald .	Count Maxim. Hatzfeld
Joan of France	.	Countess Louisa Hatzfeld
Duchess of Beaujeu	.	Countess Helen Hatzfeld
Countess de Crevecoeur	.	Princess Fürstenberg-Fürstenberg
Isabelle de Croy	.	Countess Constance Chorinsky
Gertrude	.	Countess Clara Hatzfeld
Morton	.	Countess Henrietta Wurmbrand
Louis XI.	.	Mr. de Schwebel
Duke of Orleans	.	Count Rossi
Dunois	.	Mr. de Montebello
Charles the Bold	.	Count Fred. Chorinsky
The Boar of the Ardennes	.	Count John Trautmannsdorff
Quentin Durward	.	Count Chas. Schönborn
Philip de Commines	.	Mr. de Bussieres
Count de Crevecoeur	.	Duke of Saulx
Maugrabie	.	Count Toffetti.
Hans Glover	.	Count Frederic Trautmannsdorff
Balafre	.	Count Fran. Wimpfen
		Count Nicholas Palffy
		Count Hermann Hatzfeld
Scottish Archers	.	Count Maurice Fries
		Prince Alphonse Bretzenheim
Galeotti, the Astrologer	.	Count Eugene Czernin

Energetic like the age to which these personages belonged, they here

presented themselves superbly arranged in the costume of their time. Resplendent as the goddess of the silver crescent appeared the fascinating Isabelle de Croy, equipped as an Amazon with bow and quiver.—The beauty and magnificence of the other ladies, and the dignity and chivalrous air of the gentlemen, contributed to produce an admirable whole.

The sixth quadrille transported the spectator into the northern forests, and the shade of the sacred oaks of German antiquity. *The Four Brothers*, by La Motte Fouqué, supplied the characters of this quadrille. It was composed of eight persons, besides the herald, and formed, like *Undine*, what is properly termed a quadrille, consisting of four ladies and four gentlemen.

	Herald .	Count Rudolph Kinsky
Strineandine	.	Countess Charlotte Kaunitz
Rovenna, an Anglo-Saxon	.	Princess Liechtenstein Wrba
Anna Emilia, a Roman	.	Countess Kinsky-Wrba
Formosa, a Chinese	.	Countess Karoly-Kaunitz
Herland	{ the four Brothers of the Weser- burg }	Count Casimir Batthyany
Braun		Count Cajetan Erdödy
Wildrick		Count Edward Stadion
Asamund		Count Adolph Schönfeld

In this quadrille, the fantastic figure of the Druidess and the Chinese woman were particularly striking; but the beauty of their representatives, and the splendour of the attire, soon reconciled the eye to the strange forms appropriate to the scene. *The Four Brothers* exhibited an interesting picture of northern antiquity, in which the constant alternation of the imaginative with the purely historical was carefully observed; a circumstance which gave to this whole entertainment so peculiar a charm of variety.

These northern and fantastic personages were followed by the chivalric characters of the seventh quadrille, furnished by *The Betrothed*, in the *Tales of the Crusaders*. This quadrille consisted of fourteen persons, besides the herald.

Herald	. Baron Anatole Leykam
Eveline Berenger	. Baroness Antonia Leykam
Ermengard	. Princess Theresa Jablonowska
Bervis	. Countess Starhemberg-Esterhazy
Rose Flammock	. Countess Maria Kinsky
Ladies	. { Countess Coudenhoven-Löwenstein Countess Esterhazy-Schöpping
The Constable	. Colonel Lambert
Damian	. Prince Felix Jablonowsky
Randal de Lacy	. Mr. de Czikoeky
Gwenwyn	. Count Stephen Karoly
Vidac	. Mr. Puxley
Wilkin Flammock	. Baron Mouthbach
Raoul, the Huntsman	. Count Anthony Starhemberg
Amelot, the Page	. Count Dominick Kinsky

This quadrille, for splendour, elegance, and propriety of arrangement, was not surpassed by any of the preceding. The characters, studiously adapted to the spirit of the age and to the narrative, formed a whole replete with interest.

It was succeeded by the imaginative characters of *The Magic Ring*, forming the eighth quadrille, and consisting, besides the herald, of eighteen persons.

Herald	. Baron Alexander Tetenborn
Minnetrost	. Princess Liechtenstein-Esterhazy
Bertha Lichtenried	. Princess Maria Liechtenstein
Gabriele Portamour	. Countess Stadion-Kesselstadt
Blanchefleur	. Princess Leontine Metternich
Gerda	. Countess Emma Chorrinsky
Hugo Trautwangen	. Prince Edw. Schönburg
Otto Trautwangen	. Prince Francis Liechtenstein
Ottur	. Viscount de Friedberg
Tebaldo	. Count Francis Gyulay
Nureddin	. Count Francis Daun
Aleard, the Minstrel	. Count St. Marsan

Blondel	. Count Henry Chotek
Archimbald Walbek	. Prince Charles Paar
Arimbiörn	. Count Starzinsky
Vinciguerra	. Prince Ferdinand Lobkowitz
Heerdegen von Lichtenried	. Prince of Saxe-Coburg
Muzza	. Count Lewis Karoly
Falco de Montfalcon	. Count Joseph Hunyady

Powerfully seizing the imagination, like the charm which develops its mysterious influence in this energetic composition, its characters here moved embodied to the eye. All was in the most exquisite unison. Beauty and grace combined with chivalrous spirit and noble bearing to produce in this quadrille a truly fascinating scene. The foreign personages threw a peculiar interest into this living picture.

From this region of imagination we were summoned by the characters of the ninth quadrille, from *Ivanhoe*, consisting of twelve persons, besides the herald.

Herald	. Miss Bradford
Lady Rowena	. Miss Charlotte Wellesley
Lady Alicia	. Countess Palfy-Rossi
Rebecca	. Countess Taaffe-Bretzenheim
Mary Marian	. Countess Marianne Buol
Ladies of the Court	. { Countess Mimi Wurmbrand Countess Louisa Szecheny
The Black Knight	. Viscount Ingestre
Ivanhoe	. Prince Frederick Taxis
Brian de Bois Gilbert	. Count Fran. Harrach
Isaac	. Count Maurice Dietrichstein
Locksley	. Lord Albert Conyngnam
Anglo-Saxon	. Prince Charles Jablonowsky

This quadrille was highly attractive, from the admirable fidelity with which the respective characters were represented. They seemed to have actually stepped forth from behind the thick veil which by-gone ages have interposed between them and the present time. Isaac's venerable figure, the nervous frame of the chivalrous *Ivanhoe*, the heavenly beauty

of Rebecca, the lovely form of Rowena, the noble simplicity of the Black Knight, all concurred to complete the charm.

This quadrille terminated the representations selected from novels and romances; the two following, as well as the twelfth, need no explanation. The tenth was named *Libussa*, after the celebrated Bohemian princess who founded Prague, and consisted of the following persons:

Heralds . . .	{	Cont. Jaromir Czerain Count Hermann Czernin
Libussa . . .	{	Countess Czernin-Rosenberg
Kassa } Telka }	{	Princess Windischgrätz-Lobkowitz Princess Car. Schwarzenberg
Amazons . . .	{	Princess Bertha Schwarzenberg Princess Anna Lobkowitz Countess Marianne Trautmannsdorff Countess Car. Trautmannsdorff Countess Baldine Paar Countess Mary Lazansky Countess Char. Schönborn Princess Matilda Schwarzenberg
Attendants . . .	{	Princess Theresa Lobkowitz Baroness Eliza Gudenau Coun. Sidonie Chotek

This quadrille also was distinguished by the splendour, elegance, and judicious appropriation of character. Next to *Libussa's* majestic figure, the group of Amazons, decked with all the charms of youth and beauty, attracted particular notice.

The eleventh quadrille exhibited the following personages from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*:

The Queen of Denmark . . .	Countess Pallavicini-Hardegg
Ladies of the Court	Princess Esterhazy-Liechtenstein
	Countess Pallavicini-Zichy
	Countess Murray-Esterhazy

Ophelia . . .	Countess Mary Galenberg
The King Hamlet . . .	Count Murray Count Casimir Lauskoronsky
Fortinbras . . .	Mr. de Kroneberg
Guilkenstern . . .	Chevalier de Camara
Rosencrantz . . .	Chevalier Ostini
Polonius . . .	Count de Marsis

The entertainment concluded with the Polish quadrille, consisting of:

Ladies . . .	{	Countess Eleonora Batthyany
		Countess Philippine Batthyany
		Countess Pauline Wolkenstein
		Countess Elise Wolkenstein
Gentlemen . . .	{	Count Ferdinand Palffy
		Baron Saldanho-Daun
		Count Gustavus Wimpfen
		Mr. Waterford

Such was the order in which the different parties moved in graceful succession to the sound of lively music through the brilliantly lighted apartments.

The following evening the whole was repeated before their Majesties the Emperor and Empress, in the imperial palace. Here Said, the minstrel, in *The Lion-Hunt*, presented a *gazel*, or short poem, composed in the manner and spirit of the East, to the empress, whose birthday was the following day. The procession immediately divided and formed the respective quadrilles. To complete the account of this brilliant *fête*, a list of the individual costumes which joined the train is annexed:

H. I. H. the Archduke Charles	A Sportsman of the 16th century
Count Lewis Szecheny	Attendants on the Archduke.
Count Fred. Coudenhoven	
Count Eugene Falkenhain	
Princess Auersperg-Lobkowitz . . .	A German Lady of the 15th century
Countess Batthyany-Esterhazy	An English Lady
Countess Gudenau-Bellegarde	Madame de Sevigné
Mr. Bradford . . .	A Doctor of Oxford
Mrs. and Miss Bradford	Fancy Costumes

Coun. Brzozowska .	Russian Female Peasant
Countess Bnol .	Ancient German Costume
Princess of Coburg .	Cunegund of Massovia
Mr. Vasquez .	Spanish Costume
Countess Daun .	Lady of the 13th century
Coun. Augusta Daun	Lady of the Court of Charles V.
Countess Dietrichstein-Gillies .	English Lady of the 17th century
Countess Dietrichstein-Thurn .	Elizabeth, wife of Albert the Victorious, (after a painting in the Ambras collection)
Count Douglas Dietrichstein	Rosineo
Countess Festitiz-Hohenzollern	Madame de Maintenon
Landgrave Fürstenberg - Schlalern-dorf	Ancient German Costume
Mrs. Gilchrist .	Fancy Costume
Countess Goes .	Ancient Flemish Costume
Mr. Gordon .	Common Scotch Dress
Baroness Gremp .	Matilda, daughter of the Emperor Henry III.
Baron Gudenu .	Manfred of Hohenstauffen
Countess Illeshazy .	Georgian Costume
Viscount Lascelles .	Turkish Costume
Countess Lazanzky-Bretfeld .	Agnes of Sicily (after a painting in the Ambras collection)
Baroness Leykam .	Duchess de Foix
Mr. Meredith .	Grecian Costume
Mr. Montgomery .	Ancient German Costume
Mr. Oliver .	Spanish Costume
Princess Paar .	German Lady of the 15th century
Mr. Parish .	Pilgrim
Mr. Philipsborn .	Polish Costume
Countess Potoczka .	Ancient Polish Costume
Coun. Schaffgotsch .	Russian Peasant
Countess Ernestine Schaffgotsch .	Russian Tradesman's Daughter
Countess Schönborn	Flemish Costume
Countess Schönfeld .	Lady of 17th cent. } after pictures by Van Dyk
Princess Eleonora Schwarzenberg .	German Lady of the 15th century
Countess Sedlnitzky	Clementine, wife of Charles Martel of Salerno (after a picture in the Ambras collection)
Mr. Slade .	English Sailor
Mr. Somerville .	Turkish Costume
Baroness Stürmer .	Joan of Arragon (after a painting by Raphael)
Countess Szecheny-Wurmbrand	Grecian Costume

Count Thurn .	Mercutio (in Romeo and Juliet)
Countess Traun .	Mlle. de la Fayette
Countess Theresa Traun	Cordelia (in King Lear)
Baroness Villa-Seeca	Eleonora, wife of Duke Sigismund (after a painting in the Ambras collection)
Lady Georgiana Wellesley	Rembrandt's Wife
Baroness Weveld .	Anne of Bretagne
Prince Veriand Windischgrätz .	Count of Rheinfeld, Duke of Suabia
Coun Cecilia Wurmbrand .	Russian Tradesman's Daughter
Countess Zichy-Szecheny	Grecian Costume

In these individual costumes was displayed throughout that spirit of judicious selection and tasteful arrangement which pervaded the whole. The profusion of jewels and precious stones displayed on this occasion was almost incredible, and surpassed every thing that had ever been witnessed before at entertainments of this kind. The grandeur of the whole, the high rank of the co-operating persons, the assemblage of the flower of the highest nobility, of female beauty and noble manly forms, the brilliant weapons and armour, the succession of characters of the East and of the West, of history and of romance, all served to heighten the impression of this extraordinary *fête*, which can never be erased from the memory of those who had the good fortune to be present. Thus terminated at Vienna the Carnival of 1826, with an exhibition, which eclipsed all of the kind that have gone before, and will scarcely be equalled by any that shall succeed it—an exhibition, splendid and noble as the place and the persons by and for whom it was instituted, and which affords a new proof, if more were wanting, of the taste and wealth of the Austrian nobility.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Six favourite Waltzes for the Piano-forte, by J. N. Hummel, of Vienna. Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)

THESE waltzes combine, what is seldom found united in dance-tunes, fine melodies, great rhythmic regularity and precision, and harmony both rich and frequently of a very superior cast. Indeed the music is really excellent, and what renders it more valuable is, the moderate demand which it makes upon executive proficiency. Without entering into further criticism, we cannot omit mentioning a curious idea put in practice in the case of Waltz No. 3. After two successive instrumental trios, a third, a sort of *vocal* one, is introduced. The text is simple enough: "Tra le ra la, la le ra, la," &c. &c. is sung in four parts by *all* the gentlemen-dancers; for the parts are two tenors and two basses requiring no previous study, but just a little ear for common chords. Not but that the ladies, if in good glee and the right sort of cue, may also have the liberty to join; and we can quite fancy what a merry and inspiring sort of concert must ensue by resorting to Mr. Hummel's No. 3. after the business of the evening has "progressed" to a certain extent, with the assistance of a little weak negus or diluted champagne punch.

Six National Austrian and Hungarian Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to Miss Caroline Salisbury, by Charles Schunke, Pianist to the King of Wirtemberg. Op. 4. Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)

If we may trust our memory, the name of this author has not be-

fore appeared in our critiques, and we never heard of any of his works. From the dedication, however, we have reason to *flatter* ourselves, that Mr. S. is in the midst of us. If so, the waltzes before us at once decide the rank this gentleman may justly claim among the profession. They are classic compositions of a very superior stamp, full of excellent melody and harmony; and, in these respects, waltzes are, in our judgment, particularly well calculated to serve as a test of compositorial qualifications; much more so than divertimentos, rondos, rondinos, rondolettos, &c. not to speak of variation-manufacture. What has been said will be sufficient to characterize Mr. Schunke's labour; and every one of the six waltzes affords, in a more or less degree, ample proof in support of our opinion. No. 6. among the rest, exhibits a charming subject in four flats; and the trio in four sharps is equally beautiful, and remarkable, moreover, for the well conducted enharmonic transition to the original key (A b).

These waltzes are not absolutely easy, but the attention they require is not owing to any difficult passages, but rather to the more uncommon tonics in which most of them are written, and to the frequent employment of thirds and other double notes. It is true, Mr. S. has made most of these double notes optional; but their effect in the harmony is such that few players of taste would be willing to forego them; and, with regard to the unusual tonics, they equally impart to the airs a charm, which, under a more common key, would be lost.

Voluntary for the Organ, composed by Esther Elizabeth Fleet, Organist of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. Pr. 2s.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)

Three movements, in the keys of C and G, the last of which is in the fugued style, and although much too brief to shew sufficient plan and development, does its fair author considerable credit. The same may also be said of the two prior pieces. They present various tokens of good taste and scientific acquirement.

Among several instances of creditable contrapuntal harmony, the last line in p. 3 may be quoted as a favourable specimen. The harmonic arrangement altogether is satisfactory, with very few exceptions, such as the fifth bar in the movement in G, where the A-minor harmony upon the second crotchet is out of its place, and presents an instance, if proofs were wanting, of the fallacy of the opinion entertained by some persons, that contrary motion affords security against erroneous harmonic progressions.

Introduction and Polacca for the Piano-forte and Violoncello, composed by S. Gödbe. Pr. 3s.—(Banister, Goswell-street.)

On a former occasion we expressed a wish to hear more of Mr. G.; and the present publication fully justifies the opinion we had then formed. It is a duet for piano-forte and violoncello *obbligato*; indeed the latter is mostly *principal*. In the andante, short as it is, genuine musical feeling and chaste expression are prominent features. The polacca sets out with a pretty subject; the digressions are in proper style and keeping, and among them we notice a very sweet portion in four flats. Indeed, all is

very much to our taste; and, we should hope, will be not less acceptable to the cultivated amateur. The violoncello part is not difficult; but the predominant use of the tenor clef, and frequent changes from one clef to another, require considerable care on the part of the less experienced player. On the subject of the various C-clefs, that eternal *crux tironum*, we cannot forbear mentioning a suggestion made in a recent number of the HARMONICON, by which it is proposed to transfer the C-clef to the *third space* of the stave (from the bottom), so as to point precisely to what would be c in the G-clef, and to banish all other C-clefs. By this means, the lines and spaces in both these clefs would carry notes of the same name, differing only by an octave as to sound. Nothing can be more simple, more to the purpose, and more feasible, than this proposal.

ARRANGEMENTS AND VARIATIONS.

1. *Mozart's celebrated Concertos, newly arranged for the Piano-forte, with additional Keys, and Accompaniments of Violin, Flute, and Violoncello*, by J. B. Cramer. No. 2. Pr. 6s. 6d.; Accompaniments, 4s.—(Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)
2. *Rondoletto on a favourite Spanish Bolero, for the Piano-forte*, by J. B. Pixis. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)
3. "*Di tanti palpiti*," from the Opera "*Il Tancredi*," arranged, with Variations, for the Piano-forte, by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)
4. *The favourite Sestetto "Riconosci in questo amplesso," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on one Piano-forte*, by

Edward Holmes. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)

5. *The Juvenile Band, composed and arranged for the early practice of playing in Concert*, by Rophino Lacy and John Green. Pr. (full orchestra) 6s.—(J. Green, Soho-square.)

6. *Petit Divertissement for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced an Air de Ballet, varié, composed by G. Kiallmark*. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co. Bond-street.)

1. The second number of Mr. Cramer's adaptation of Mozart's Concertos contains the concerto in B b major; a beautiful composition, replete with the finest melodic subjects, coloured by harmonies the most pure and effective. On the innovation of introducing the additional keys into the works of so great a composer, we have heard different opinions; and our own is only in favour of it under the limitation observed by Mr. C. A more frequent employment of it we should have deprecated. Some of the passages unquestionably acquire greater freedom and spring, if we may use the term, by the more extended range of scale allotted them; and we can scarcely doubt that Mozart would have made even greater use of the additional keys than Mr. C. has done, had the piano-fortes of his time been made with them. Mr. C.'s innovation, after all, is not to be compared with the liberty which Mozart himself took with Händel's *Messiah*, by writing all the accompaniments anew; an undertaking which not only revived that sublime composition on the Continent, but, probably, will tend to prolong its duration for half a century to come.

Of the merits of Mr. Cramer's

arrangement, it is impossible to speak too highly; it evidently was made *con amore*, and we hope his zeal will not meet its only reward in the proud reflection of having rendered some of the most classic compositions of Mozart more universally accessible; in fact, of having drawn them from the comparative concealment into which they had been thrown, by the difficulty of producing them agreeably to the full score.

We ought to add, that a performer of moderate experience and proper musical tact may satisfactorily execute the present concerto; it presents much fewer difficulties than many of the laboured and tedious grand compositions of the present day, and infinitely more melody and general interest.

2. The more we see of the compositions of Mr. Pixis, the more we like them. Their style is of the right kind; nothing flimsy, nothing affected; solid, broad, of the best taste, well digested. The present rondoletto is a great favourite with us. Its elegant subject is familiar to us as a vocal piece, under the title of *Gelsomino*, the whole melody of which is embodied in the rondoletto, with a very moderate portion of digression, which is full of interest also, but presents a smack of Rossinism (pp. 5, 6). The piece altogether is extremely fascinating and brilliant, without requiring a player of absolute perfection.

3. Mr. C. Pleyell's variations upon the everlasting "Di tanti palpiti," four in number, although not equal to many of his other publications, are perfectly satisfactory, and such as would have had decided praise at our hands, if the opinion we have formed of their author were less

high than it really is. The waltz, var. 4. is pretty; and the bass evolutions in No. 2. may also be favourably mentioned. As digital practice, the piece is worth the student's attention. The short introduction is of very slight materials.

4. The piano-forte duet, which Mr. Holmes has extracted from the sestet in Mozart's *Figaro*, deserves unqualified approbation. The melody and harmony are well distributed and brought into action; the whole tells well, and may be compassed by moderate performers.

5. Messrs. Lacy and Green's *Juvenile Band* consists of a collection of short easy pieces, which may be executed in a variety of different ways, according to the number of performers who may wish to bear a hand. There are parts for the piano-forte, violins, flutes, tenor, and violoncello; and parts for horns and trumpets may also be had of Mr. G. The work is quite similar to one of Mr. G.'s which we noticed some time ago; with this difference, that the pieces are shorter, more numerous, and more easy. The aim of the authors, as they state in the introduction, has been to produce a concert-effect with the smallest possible practical difficulty, those notes being only employed which are the most easily produced and the most speedily acquired.

The two principal violins may be combined as duets, without other accompaniments; the addition of the bass makes up a trio; by adding the tenor a quartetto is formed; and the piano-forte presents an efficient accompaniment to any of these combinations.

All this is very proper and laudable, provided such concert-playing

is neither made the primary object of instruction at so early a stage of tuition, nor to interfere too sensibly with the individual drill of the pupil, and his advancement in executive proficiency, in cleanly and correct play, expression, &c. It should be in music as in drawing: outline first, next comes shadowing, and last of all colouring. But in this respect, we place too much reliance on Mr. G.'s good sense and correct judgment to be under any apprehension, wherever, as in his own juvenile concerts, the superintendence may rest with him.

6. Mr. Kiallmark's divertissement consists of a $\frac{2}{4}$ movement in G, and a $\frac{3}{4}$ andante in C. Both are of light calibre, but pleasant enough, and adapted for junior pupils, to whom, with perhaps a line or two's exception in the *varié* parts, the whole lesson will cause as little trouble as it has probably cost the author to produce it.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. "*My dulcet lute*," a Song, the Music by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Cramer and Co.)
 2. *National German Hymn*, composed by Haydn in honour of the Emperor of Germany, as performed at the second Yorkshire Festival; the Words written by John Crosse, Esq. and now first printed from the original Score, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte by Philip Knapton. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)
 3. "*Come o'er the stream, Charlie*," sung by Miss Paton at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, arranged and partly composed by W. West. Pr. 2s.—(Evans, 146, Strand.)
1. The above song by Mr. Bar-

nett, like many of his former compositions commented upon in our reports, breathes a certain chasteness and peculiarity of style by which the author is instantly recognised. This is particularly observable in the conduct of the melody, which ingratiate itself by its tasteful variety, and some well applied modulations. The ground-work of the accompaniment is well imagined, but there is too much sameness of form—arpeggios from beginning to end. A little variety in the display of the harmony, so as to introduce occasionally brief melodic figures, and here and there transient tinges of contrapuntal colouring, would essentially add to the charms of several of Mr. B.'s songs.

2. Mr. Knapton's edition, in full score, of what usually goes by the name of Haydn's "God save the Emperor," has the advantage of a very pathetic and impressive poetical text, breathing the purest sentiments of pious devotion, patriotism, and loyalty, and completely identifying itself with the air. The vocal parts are for treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass.

3. "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," forms a sprightly and very pleasing ballad, with a text by Mr. D. A. O'Meara, not only well written, but in perfect accordance with the air, which is of Scotch origin, and apparently but little indebted to Mr. West for any melodic additions. The accompaniment furnished by that gentleman is effective and satisfactory.

FLUTE MUSIC.

1. *The celebrated Sicilian Air "Home, sweet home," with an Introduction and Variations for the Flute, composed by Master Antonio Minasi; the Piano-forte Accompaniment, obbligato, by Sig.*

Masi. Pr. 4s.—(Metzler and Son, Wardour-street.)

2. *Classical Extracts from the Works of the most celebrated English and Foreign Composers, arranged for two Flutes by John Parry. Book I. Pr. 3s.—(Metzler and Co.)*

1. It affords us great pleasure to observe from the above variations upon "Home, sweet home," that Master Minasi has rapidly advanced in the career of improvement since we had occasion to speak of him. The variations before us would claim our best commendations if even they proceeded from a professor of matured age and experience. They are tasteful, and remarkable for the fluency and good melodic tact which more or less prevail in them; and if—what we have no reason to doubt—our young friend can play all that his pen has put down here, his execution on the instrument must be very considerable indeed. In thus doing justice to the promising talents of Master Minasi, Signor Masi, his coadjutor, must not be forgotten. The piano-forte part, devised by that gentleman, is of very superior workmanship, rich and effective throughout, and highly interesting in the solo part, var. 5. as well as in the introduction.

2. Mr. Parry's "Classical Extracts" are well worthy the amateur's attention. That the choice is excellent will not be doubted when we state, that the present number contains pieces from Händel, Mozart, Salieri, Haydn, Beethoven, Von Weber, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Pleyel, Steibelt, Kotzeluch, and Dussek; and the arrangement of these in the form of duets is very satisfactory. A number is to appear quarterly.

THE MUSICAL INFANT SISTERS.

England is rapidly becoming a musical country; sharps and flats are the order of the day; *Der Freyschütz* and *Il Crociato*, and *Weber*, and *Meyerbeer*, and *Rossini* are more talked of and canvassed, than fashions, stocks, and politics; so that, in time, we may expect to witness the sittings of parliament opened by an Overture, and the judgments of the Lord Chancellor given in musical recitative. The very infants are musical, sing and play before they know their letters, and give public concerts. The town is a musical hot-bed, and plants of precocious maturity are brought forth in rapid succession. There's Master Aspull, there's our friend Master Minasi, there are the "Infant *Lyra*," the "Infant *Apollo*," and, above all, the "Infant Musical Sisters," two musical sprouts in one family! whose genius appeared prominent in the very cranial bumps which they had brought into the world with them; for the patriarch of phrenology, with whom no head is safe, elephant or christian, came to have a touch, and prophesied musical wonders. And once in a way,

certainly, the craniological prediction has been verified.

We have seen and heard these Musical Infant Sisters at the Egyptian Hall, and we confess we came away wrapt in astonishment; the one eight, the other four years old, executing pieces of considerable difficulty with a degree of precision and expression totally inconceivable at so tender an age; the elder even playing at sight, and being instinctively, we must suppose, possessed of a degree of musical tact and judgment which generally is only acquired at an age approaching maturity; and all this the result, as we are credibly informed, of *four months'* instruction! With such phenomena before one, there is some temptation to become a convert to the creed of transmigration of souls, which would readily remove all difficulty in accounting for such precocious perfection. It is really as if the souls of some two defunct musical luminaries had taken apartments in the cerebral premises of the "Infant Sisters," tempted perhaps by the congenial bumps which held out inviting conveniencies to the wandering spiritual tenants in their search for suitable lodgings.

FINE ARTS.

THE DIORAMA.

THIS pleasing exhibition, though originating in Paris, and maintained amongst us by the skill and ingenuity of foreigners, has become fixed and popular in this country; and it deserves the encouragement it has received, from the talents employed by the French artists engaged in the work, and the taste and variety which they have displayed in their mode of conducting the establishment.

Vol. VII. No. XL.

The two new views at present exhibiting are, the *City of Rouen* and the *Interior of Roslyn Chapel*; and both are peculiarly calculated to give effect to the style of execution which predominates in works of this nature. The view of the city is remarkably fine; the extent and varied character of the architecture, the towering grandeur of the cathedral, the richness of the Gothic ruins,

K K

which still attest the Norman magnificence of times long gone by, and the fine sweep of the rich and luxuriant landscape, cannot be surpassed. A more extensive and picturesque view could not have been selected, nor one affording a wider scope to the powers of an artist. Monsieur Bouton has evidently taken great pains in the execution of the work, though it cannot be expected, in so elaborate a painting, that he should have been equally successful in the development of all its details. We will not stop to point out some crudeness and clumsiness in the manner of laying on some of the colours, while we are so pleasingly impressed with the general atmospheric effect produced by the summer-shower, the rainbow, the sweeping and contrasted tints of light and shade, the morning gleams and passing darkness of fluctuating weather, which characterize the management of the view upon the principles which govern the Diorama.

The second view, the *Interior of Roslyn Chapel*, painted by Monsieur Daguerre, is still more remarkable perhaps for beauty of effect. The ruin itself possesses the most exquisite remains of Gothic architecture in the kingdom; and it is, we believe, the only building of the kind in Scotland which fairly escaped the blind fury of the first Reformers. The vault of the roof is a splendid monument of Gothic architecture in the

15th century, and some of the pillars, particularly that furthest on the right, preserve the boldness of composition and elaborate delicacy of execution of their original ornaments. The Prince's, or Princess's, or Prentice's pillar, or whatever else it is or has been called, from the baronial to the vulgar tradition, is the most beautifully executed piece of sculptural workmanship which had ever adorned a temple, and it is here delineated with remarkable accuracy. The base is formed of several dragons chained by the heads; and twisted around each other and the pillar, from base to capital, are four wreaths of the most beautiful flower-work and foliage. The effect of the building, as a rich architectural object, is admirably preserved. The light is shed from an open door and ruined window on the right side of the picture; the sun-light plays in with fine effect upon the broken pavement of the chapel, and its occasional obscuration by a passing cloud is beautifully expressed. The perspective is developed with a masterly precision; and the light and shade are so judiciously managed, as to bring out the more striking parts of the imposing ruins with an air of truth, which completely sustains the delusion of the scene. This view is certainly the best yet produced at the Diorama, and is well calculated to sustain the reputation of the exhibition.

STAINED GLASS.

WE have seen a very beautiful work in stained and painted glass, which has lately been executed by Mr. Collins, of the Strand. It is a representation of Charity, and is intended, together with some other

pictures of the same class, to be a handsome and appropriate present from the city of Paris to one of the new churches now building in the French capital. The work is executed from Sir Joshua Reynolds'

beautiful composition of Charity, remarkable for embodying, in the principal figure, the likeness of the celebrated Miss Lindley, afterwards the wife of Sheridan.

It is no small compliment to the fine arts of our country, as well as a proof of the liberal feelings of our Parisian friends, that Mr. Collins was selected to execute this public order; and the manner in which he has finished the work justifies the propriety of the choice, and assures the donors of the permanent value of their gift. The composition of the subject is very beautiful, and long known from the numerous engravings from it by our best artists. The engravers, though hardly dealt with, and set down as a mere mechanically-imitative body by Sir Joshua Reynolds, who excluded them from the Royal Academy upon its formation, nevertheless, generously performed good for evil, in preserving for future times the finest of his works, after the originals had lost by decay the charms of their colouring. To the beauty of this composition we may appropriately apply the lines of the poet:

“But lasting Charity’s more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live.”

Nothing can be finer or more touching than the expression of the female figure; and the fond and clinging attachment of the child, towards which her head inclines, is pathetically portrayed, with a tenderness of feeling, and a vigour and firmness of execution, not inferior to the most captivating conception of Rubens. The vitrification of the colours in crown glass has been very perfectly accomplished; nothing can be more rich than the ruby hue of the principal drapery; it has a body as well as a brilliancy, from the transparent nature of the material, which produces uncommon effect. When we see such works as this, we laugh at the folly which supposed that the art of painting upon glass was lost in modern times; and look forward to the period (now fast approaching), when a general taste for reviving this decoration of our churches will bring it out in more than its original effect in

“Storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.”

ARTS AND ARTISTS AT ROME.

WE have been favoured with the perusal of a letter from an eminent artist at Rome, dated January 28, 1826, from which we have extracted the following particulars:

A few weeks since Thorwaldsen was elected President of the Academy of St. Luke, and confirmed by the Pope. This great sculptor finished, a few days since, the colossal horse for Poniatowsky’s statue. It is a noble work.

Last month, the great picture of the brothers Riepenhausen was ex-

hibited and universally admired; among the Italians in particular it excited great interest. As it is destined for the King of England, you will soon see it in London.

An exhibition of the works of German artists was last week opened in the same place, and, contrary to all expectation, it is superior to the former. One of its chief attractions is a picture by Overbeck; it contains also paintings by Koch, Rohden, Catel, &c.

Koch will shortly begin to paint

the four walls of Veit's apartment in the Villa Massimi: if he is as successful in the technical department as in composition, he will gain laurels like the three other masters.

The King of Bavaria has invited Overbeck and Schnorr to Munich; but the latter only will accept the invitation.

Among the German artists who have lately arrived in this city, are Bandel, Jakobs, Weller, Maier, and Gail, from the Academy of Munich.

The Evangelists, executed by the Messrs. Wagner for the King of Würtemberg, were shipped five months since for their destination; but the artists have not yet received any accounts of them.

Zwenger is finishing the bust of the old Princess of Fürstenberg, before he leaves Rome; and he is at this moment modelling a young shepherd, a round figure.

Theodore Wagner has received a commission from his sovereign, the King of Würtemberg, to make copies of the colossal figures at Monte Cavallo, which will detain him some time longer at Rome.

Hogan, a young Irish sculptor, is at present engaged on a naked female figure, the size of life. The subject, taken from Gessner's Death of Abel, is Eve, who, shortly after her expulsion from Paradise, picks up a dead bird, which, being the first inanimate creature that she has seen, fills her with emotions of surprise, terror, and pity*. The work displays talent, and this young Irishman, with his ardent zeal for the art, cannot fail to reflect honour on his country. He has not yet made Thorwaldsen's acquaintance; but he assures me that he is very solicitous to become acquainted with that great artist. I offered, therefore, to introduce him whenever he pleased. He wished to get his work a little farther advanced, and then intends to beg Thorwaldsen to favour him with a call.

* Our readers are already aware that Sir John Leicester, the munificent patron of British art, gave Mr. Hogan, before his departure for Rome, a commission for a statue; and it is in execution of this order that he has chosen the subject here mentioned.—EDITOR.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

PELISSE of Turkish satin of a bright blue or hyacinthine colour, lined with white sarsnet and fastened in front; the collar square and turned down; the *corsage* plain and close to the shape, and ornamented on each side with a row of diamonds of the same material as the dress, edged with a narrow satin rouleau of the same colour, and united with a satin button. The two rows diverge towards the shoulders and meet in front at

the waist, where the diamonds unite in pairs, and gradually increase in size as they descend; two rows of swansdown adorn the bottom of the dress, between which is an elegant satin scroll. The sleeve is still *en gigot*, but much smaller from the elbow to the wrist, which has three diamond ornaments to correspond, placed perpendicularly. The *ceinture* has a highly wrought gold buckle in front; deep square colerette of British Brussels lace; cap





of white *crêpe lisse*; a bouquet of damask roses on the right side, and others variously disposed. The hair in large curls, arranged to accord with the border of the cap, which is full, and of folded *crêpe lisse*. Gold ear-rings and bracelets; gold chain and eye-glass; jonquil-colour kid gloves and shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Beautifully sprigged Urling's lace dress, over a primrose-colour Turkish satin slip, made with a frock-body of a moderate height and fulness, confined at the top with a narrow satin rouleau, and trimmed with a row of deep falling lace, put on very full. The sleeve is short and extremely full, and finished with the same kind of lace as that round the bust, and equally full. The skirt has an elegant wreath of various sorts of flowers, surmounting two very deep flounces of rich scallop lace, which are headed with satin

piping, and put on with much taste, slightly partaking of the festoon; the rise of the upper flounce is opposite to where the lower recedes, and displays a well-arranged selection of flowers within each space; a wreath of single leaves and a row of rich scollops terminate the dress. The *ceinture* has a beautiful cameo in front. A rouleau of primrose and hair-colour *gros de Naples* forms the head-dress; and the hair is disposed in ringlets, a far more becoming and elegant style than the stiff large curls which have disguised the beautiful tresses of our fair fashionables. Shaded gauze scarf; pearl ear-rings and necklace, with a gold chain; broad cameo bracelets outside the gloves, which are long white kid and French trimmed; white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Davis, of Charlotte-street, for the above elegant costumes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOthic BED.

THERE is not, perhaps, any piece of furniture which has been more varied in its materials and ornaments, than a bed; though there is no example of its having deviated from a square or parallelogram form; but the canopies are of infinite variety in their shape.

It is not at all surprising that an object which contributes so much to the comfort of mankind should have been so much attended to, and adorned with great richness and taste; and indeed this appears to have been the case even from the most remote antiquity. Respecting the decoration of the beds of the ancients we have little or no informa-

tion; but, judging from the magnificence of the Greeks and Romans, in their cities, mansions, and dress, we may naturally infer that their beds were very superb.

In the dark ages which immediately followed the fall of the Roman empire, we have but very little account of the manners, customs, and architecture of the barbarians who then inhabited the now enlightened Europe.

The next important era in history, was the conquest of England by William the Norman. The Normans at that period had begun to cultivate the civil arts and sciences, which made such rapid progress in

the succeeding centuries; but even then they had but a very rude idea of that luxury which so eminently distinguished the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; which is proved by a bed recently discovered in a castle near Lynn, Norfolk, supposed to be coeval with the Conquest. It was made of iron, of great solidity and massiveness. We will now turn to the above-mentioned centuries, when the beauty of the florid style shone in its full lustre; when every detail, however small, was finished with the greatest delicacy and taste: it is of this date that we may reckon that superb relic of ancient art, the bed

of Richard III. which as a whole is grand, and the details both rich and elegant. This bed may therefore be considered as one of the best models for modern decorations. Those of the Elizabethan era are but bad copies of the Roman style, mixed with Gothic, and therefore not worthy of our imitation.

The present design is of the period which is termed florid: the griffins introduced at the angles are from the monument of Thomas Bouchier, in Westminster Abbey, and the rest of the details are taken from ancient specimens.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

It may be recollected by our readers, that the late Mr. Sharp commenced a line-engraving of *Dr. Edward Jenner*, from a painting by Mr. Hobday, as a companion to his portrait of *Dr. Hunter*. After Mr. Sharp's decease, this plate was placed in the hands of Mr. Skelton, by whom it has been completed; and impressions from it are now ready for delivery at Mr. Ackermann's.

Mr. Ackermann has also in readiness for publication, a portrait of *Sir Humphrey Davy*, the distinguished President of the Royal Society, engraved by Worthington in the line-manner, from a painting by Lonsdale.

M. Canel, bookseller of Paris, has announced his intention of publishing a collection of engravings from the full-length portraits of celebrated personages of the present time, painted by M. Gerard, first painter to the King of France. This eminent artist will himself superintend the execution of the plates, which will be of the size of eight inches by five. The work will consist of not more than fourteen, nor fewer than twelve parts, in 4to. each containing six portraits.

Mr. John H. Brady has announced a work, entitled *The Derivation of the Names of the Cities, principal Market-Towns, and remarkable Villages, in every County in England*; with Notices of Local Antiquities, Peculiar Customs and Amusements, Historical and other Anecdotes, from the best authorities extant.

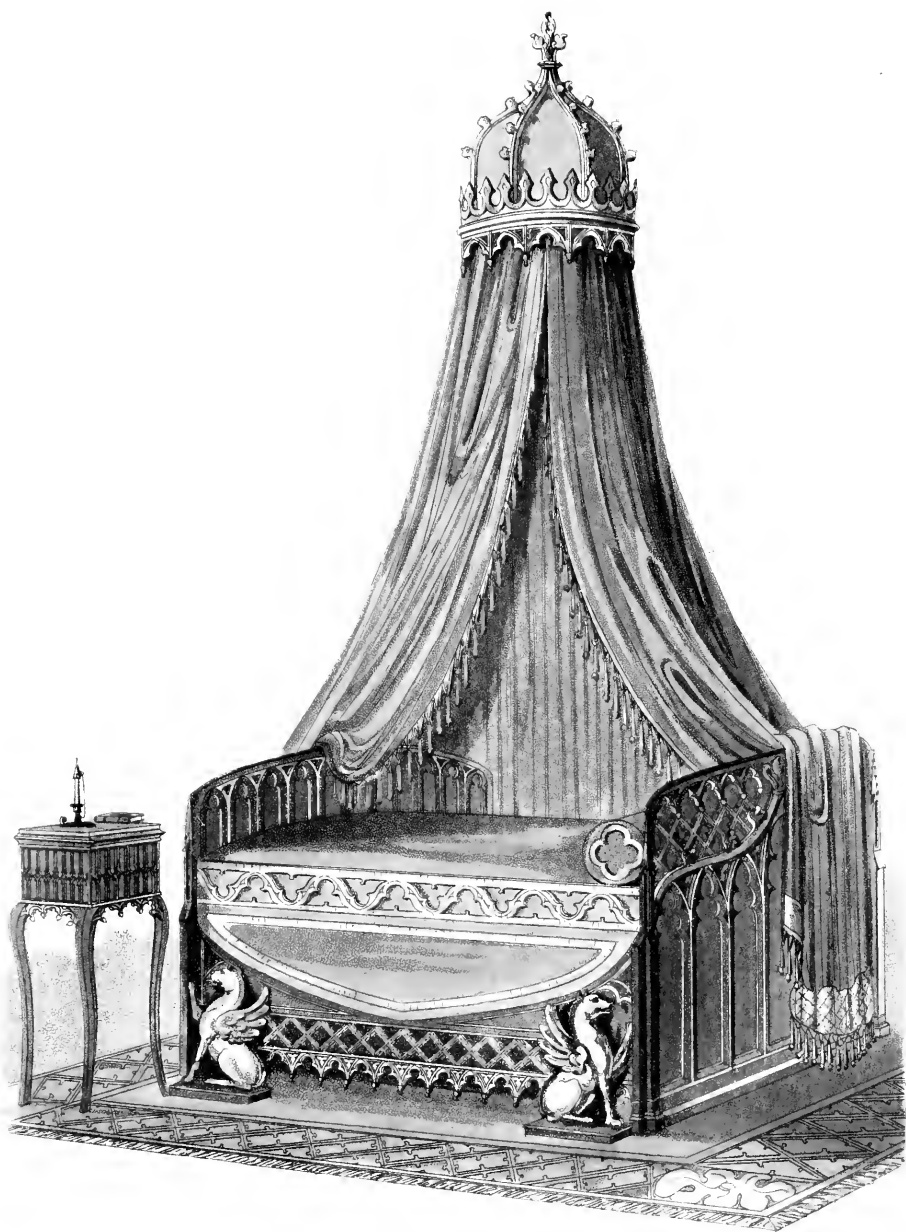
A volume of *Sermons* by the Hon. and Rev. Gerard Noel, will speedily appear.

William Rae Wilson, Esq. author of "Travels in the Holy Land," is preparing for publication, in an 8vo. volume, with several engravings, *Travels in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Hanover, Germany, the Netherlands, and France*.

The Civil and Ecclesiastical History of Ireland, comprising an ample Historical Account of its Roman Catholic Church, and the Introduction of the Protestant Establishment, in two 8vo. volumes, is in the press.

The Duke of Buckingham is printing, at his own expense, the whole of the ancient *Irish Chronicles*, with Latin translations. Two volumes are already finished.

Continental Adventures by a Lady, in three volumes, are in preparation.



A GOTHIC BED

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VII.

MAY 1, 1826.

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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 a packet from our liberal Correspondent at Nairn; also a String of Plays and The Poet's Wreath from our friend Mr. Lacey; a very interesting article on Popular German Superstitions; two numbers of Sketches and Characters, and several numbers of Illustrations of the Popular Superstitions of France. The two latter are reserved for the commencement of our new volume; the other contributions shall appear, if possible, in our next.

We thank Gamma for his communication.

The further favours of E. F. will be acceptable.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VII.

MAY 1, 1826.

N^o. XLI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

EAST-COWES CASTLE, ISLE OF WIGHT, THE SEAT OF J. NASH, ESQ.

THIS is a stately mansion, built in the castellated manner, and so arranged as to possess all the convenience of a mansion in the Grecian style. The entrance-hall communicates with the principal apartments. The dining-room, which opens into the drawing-room, is pleasingly fitted up, being paneled, each panel containing a distinct painting of mansions that have been erected by the proprietor. The conservatory, being in a line with this suite of rooms, forms with them a vista of uncommon elegance, terminated as it is by the shrubbery, the river Medina or Medine, its shipping, and West Cowes. On recrossing the hall, you enter the billiard-room, pleasingly arranged, particularly as to light; it communicates with a sitting-room, which contains a fine portrait of Sir Samuel Romilly. This is a small

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circular apartment, of elegant proportions, and opens into the library, a fine room, well-stored with a choice collection of books. One of its windows forms a door to the conservatory, thus having a delightful communication with the principal apartments, without returning through the hall. The views from this, as well as the sitting-room, are across the lawn, comprehending the view of East and West Cowes, with the entire stretch of Southampton Water, and all its accompaniments of shipping, with the coast of Hampshire, its woods and mansions. Our view is taken from the lawn at the end of the walk, where stands a quadrangular building, perforated, which has a pleasing effect from various points; a bust of George IV. graces the centre. The entire outline of the castle, whether of the principal en-

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trance or east front, is remarkably fine; in fact, there is not a point from which it does not look well, and it is a delightful embellishment as seen from West Cowes, or the river Medine. This charming river adds greatly to the beauty of the surrounding scenery, and, in fact, is a principal feature in the island; it takes its rise by the side of St. Catharine's hill, the highest ground in the island, being 900 feet above the

level of the sea. It springs up through a large stone in the form of a shell, placed there by Michael Hoy, Esq. near whose residence it is. After supplying a fountain, it takes its course through the island, nearly dividing it into two equal parts, from which circumstance possibly it derives its name. The two portions are distinct hundreds, called East and West Medine.

ENMORE CASTLE, SOMERSETSHIRE,

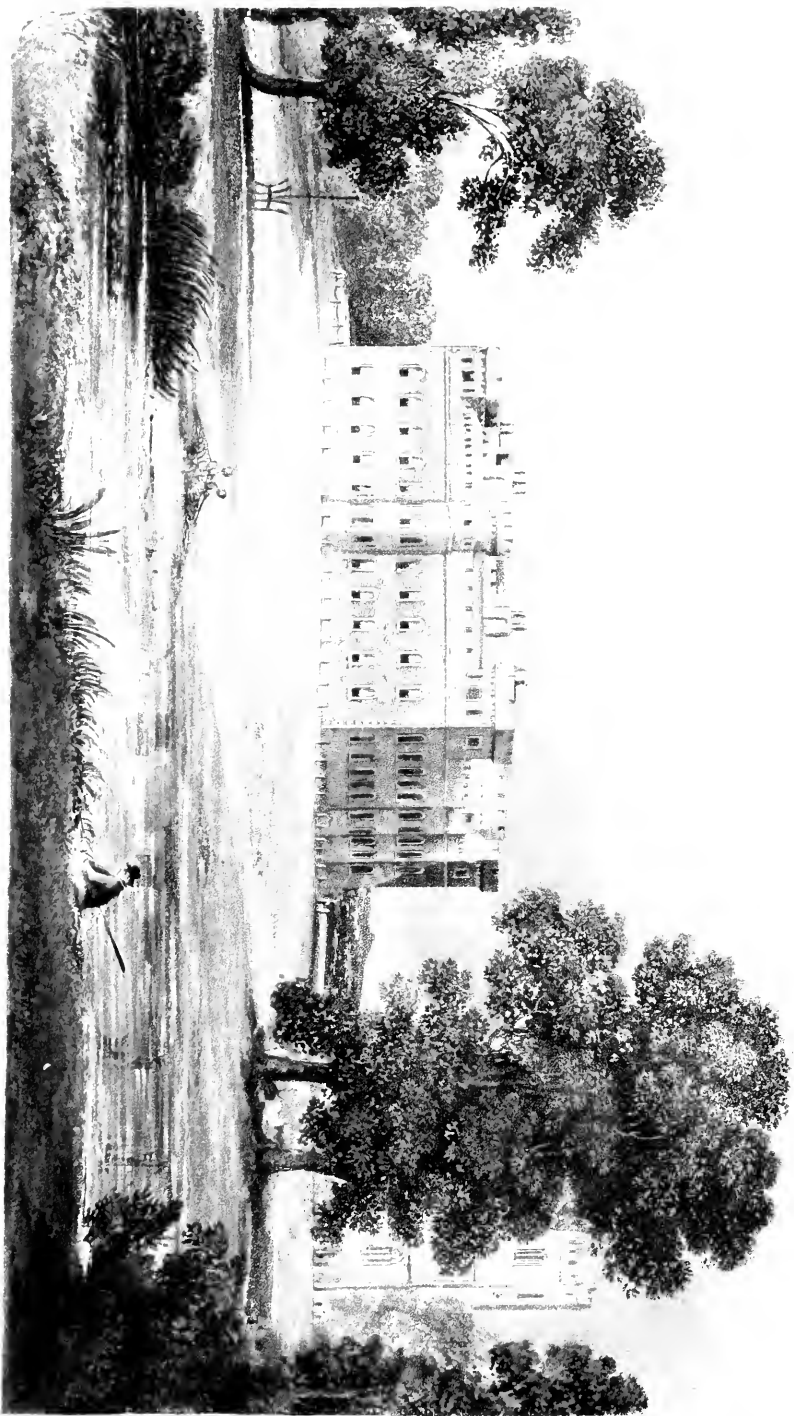
THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF EGREMONT.

THE Castle of Enmore, though situated on a rising ground, or what may properly be called a table land, lies rather low, in the midst of a well-wooded and inclosed country, banked by the Quantock hills, and commanding a fine stretch of distant country towards the Bristol channel. In approaching this mansion the road commands some extensive and beautiful scenery, with the channel, the steep Holms and flat Holms, and the distant blue hills of Wales.

Enmore, as may be seen by the view annexed, is a curious quadrangular embattled pile; the colour of the stone of which it is built is much against its appearance, being of a dull reddish hue, which at a small distance looks like brick; in fact, the upper part is actually of that material. It has a dry foss, which surrounds it, 40 feet wide and 16 deep, and is formed into offices, with stables, the latter being capable of containing 1000 horses. The entrance to these stables is at some distance from the castle, being at the side of the hill, in the vale. The offices are under the castle, but the stables under the lawn, with loop-

holes looking into the dry foss, for the purpose of firing in case of need. The entrance to the castle is by a drawbridge, which conducts to a fine quadrangular court; and opposite to it is the principal entrance to the mansion, which leads to the hall, ornamented with medallions and surrounded with a gallery. To the left of this hall are some offices; to the right, an armory and bed-rooms. The principal staircase opens to the library on the right, containing a fine collection of books, some very rare; over against this is the drawing-room, which more properly should be termed a picture-gallery, from the number of portraits and other works of art which it contains. This is a noble room, extending nearly the whole of one side of the quadrangle; and connected with it is a room now used as a billiard-room, which leads to an immense suite of rooms, embracing the state bed-rooms, some covered with tapestry and others with paintings.

Close by the castle is the church, which is dedicated to St. Michael. It is a Gothic structure, about 88 feet long and 20 wide, with a square



embattled tower at the west end. In the church-yard is an old cross, with an ancient yew-tree, measuring 9 feet round.

The small parish of Enmore is pleasantly situated, four miles west of Bridgewater, and six north of Taunton. The noble ridge of the Quantock hills lies about three miles to the west.

The Percevals held North-Weston in this county before the Conquest; for by the Norman Survey we find Azeline, or Ascelin-Gavel de Perceval, thus mentioned: "Azeline holds of the Bishop Westone. Britnod held it in the time of King Edward, and gelded for seven hides. The arable is six carucates. In demesnes are three carucates, and two servants, and six villains, and seven cottagers, with three ploughs."

After intermarriages with various noble families, we find one of this family, Sir Richard de Perceval, the youngest son of Gavel de Perceval, by Auberie, daughter of Robert Earl of Mellent, was portioned by

his father with lands in Stamel in Somerset; besides which, he had Mutcombe-Eastbury in Carhampton, and many other estates, which descended to his posterity, the successive lords of Weston in Gordano. This Sir Richard de Perceval attended King Edward in his expedition into Palestine, A.D. 1190, where, being of uncommon strength and valour, he distinguished himself in several fierce engagements. In one of them, it is said that having lost his leg, he undauntedly continued on horseback until he also lost his arm; and that even then, with the horse's bridle in his teeth, he persisted to deal slaughter round him until he fell from loss of blood. Notwithstanding this tradition (one part of which seems to be confirmed by the family crest, which was a man on horseback with one leg couped), it is certain that he lived to return home, and was buried in the church of Weston, where a superb monument was erected to his memory.

THE PLAZA DE LA CEBADA AT MADRID.

THE Plaza de la Cebada is to Madrid what the Place de Grève is to Paris; all public executions take place there. This plaza is of not inconsiderable area, irregular in shape, surrounded by mean houses, and covered with black, smoky shops. To-day their roofs are covered with people; for on the longest side of the square, on the right hand as you go from the gate of Toledo to the Plaza Mayor, are seen two wooden pillars connected by a cross-bar at top. This is the gallows (*la horca*), which was erected this morning, while men dressed in black went through

the streets, calling people about them by the sound of a small bell, and soliciting donations and prayers for the condemned criminals, a young female and her lover, who are to be hanged about noon. The girl was in service and robbed her master, and her lover aided and abetted. At Madrid, theft to ever so small an amount is punished with death: indeed, thieves have ever been treated in Spain with the greatest severity. During the reign of Ramiro (845), their eyes were put out; but at present, by virtue of an ordinance of Charles III. the punishment is capi-

tal. Thieves are, nevertheless, as numerous in Spain as in other countries; nay, perhaps still more so. It would certainly be much more judicious to endeavour to diminish the cause of theft, which is most commonly sloth, and to encourage habits of industry, instead of putting to death those who are guilty of this crime. Spain is not overburdened with inhabitants, and instead of hanging these people, it would assuredly be better to make them work, either in manufactories or in the cultivation of waste lands. But a truce to these observations!

The convicts in question have been since yesterday in the *capella*, or chapel. There, surrounded by monks and priests, and secured with fetters, from which they are no more released, they prepare themselves, kneeling before a large black crucifix, for the awful moment that approaches; whilst other prisoners, not far off, are singing funeral hymns.

The lovers have solicited and obtained the favour, that before their death the priest might consecrate by his blessing the ties which have long bound them to each other. They were married during the night. What a wedding! turnkeys as witnesses to the ceremony, and now the gallows for their bridal bed! It is a long series of torments which conducts them to death. On the stairs of the prison there is an altar; here they pause in descending, to receive the last admonitions of the priest. Here, too, the convicts in general address the other prisoners, who crowd to the iron grating and bend their knees before those who, already reconciled with heaven, will in a short time have rendered satisfaction to earthly justice.

At the door of the prison two asses are in waiting to carry them to the place of execution. On such an occasion, the servants of the tribunal repair at daybreak to the gate of Toledo, and wait for people coming to market, for which purpose asses are commonly used. Such of these animals as appear first are seized, relieved of their load, and conducted to the prison. It is not till the execution is over that they are restored to their owners, who receive a certain remuneration; but one ear of each is previously slit, that they may be known again, and not required for a similar service in future.

The Plaza becomes more and more thronged with spectators. The soldiers form a circle round the gallows, and a stout tall man, dressed in brown velvet, advances from the neighbouring church of St. Isidore, where he has been praying all the forenoon. A slouched, broad-brimmed hat covers his face: the people on either side anxiously recede at his approach: fear and abhorrence quickly clear a wide passage for him through the dense multitude. "Take care, Antonio!" cries a fond mother. "Make room there, Christoval!" exclaims a father. "Mind, Inez! Inez!—his mantle has twice touched you already!" says a lover to his mistress. But these, and other expressions and exclamations of the same kind, the man either hears or heeds not. He has now reached the gallows; he takes off his hat and cloak, and ascends the steps. He looks attentively at the cord which hangs from the cross-bar. "All right!" he mutters in an under tone; "they may come as soon as they please." It is the executioner!

Meanwhile, printed papers, con-

taining the prayers chanted by the criminals on their way to the fatal spot, are distributed among the crowd, by whom they are eagerly purchased. Care has been taken to specify in these papers the Popish indulgences granted to those who heartily join in the prayers of the unhappy convicts, and accompany them to the place of final punishment. Now they are coming. You hear already the tolling of a bell, and the drums of the military employed to keep order. And now you perceive the wooden cross which is borne before the criminals, and the long train of penitents who follow it, carrying in their hands burning torches of green wax.

The female comes first. It is necessary to support her on her inconvenient seat; for, unused to riding, she rocks to and fro, but still firmly responds her *Amen* or *Credo* to the exhortations of the priest, who walks beside her, and at every step holds up a crucifix before her. She wears an ample hood, like the Sisters of Mercy; it prevents your seeing her face, but not her fine black hair, which floats dishevelled, in long tresses, over the monastic garb.

At the steps of the scaffold she pronounces a last confession, and, covered by the mantle of the priest, listens to his final admonitions and consolations. Her legs are meanwhile bound together. The priest has finished. The executioner lays hold of her under the arms, and then drags her behind him up the steps. Though each step, as she thus ascends, occasions considerable pain, yet at every one she calls the name of a saint, male or female. The priest, who follows her, mentions these names, and she repeats them with a

loud voice. As soon as the executioner has reached the top, he seats himself on the uppermost step, and takes the head of the criminal, who sits on the step below him, into his lap. In this position he fixes the rope about her neck. Preparatory to the operation, the hood is removed from her head; her long hair covers her face, but with her hands she strokes it back on either side. The girl is quite young, and really handsome. She gazes with composure at the assembled crowd, once more confesses her crime with marks of sincere contrition, and asks the by-standers if they will forgive and pray for her. "Yes! yes!" is the general cry; "forgiveness for the penitent sinner, and prayers for the salvation of her soul!"

The priest again begins the *Credo*, which the criminal repeats; but he suddenly breaks off. "Go, then, to eternal happiness!" says he, and hastens down the steps, for the executioner has given him a signal. Again the latter drags the poor creature along, till both suddenly sink in the space between the two pillars. He continues for a minute upon her shoulders, while his assistants pull the legs of the unfortunate creature. It is soon over with her, and he again springs upon the scaffold.

I had now seen quite enough, and felt no desire to witness the execution of the lover. While he was approaching I retired.

The same evening, the monks of the fraternity to which those who have rendered the criminals the last offices belong, come in solemn procession, with torches, to the gallows, take down the bodies, and deposit them in coffins. This done, the train, attended by numerous spectators,

proceed to the nearest church, where, with many prayers, the remains are interred.

The executioner, who continues on his knees in one of the neighbouring churches till the concourse

of people has disappeared, coolly picks up from the ground the two pieces of gold thrown to him, with averted face, by the treasurer of the ministry of justice, and says as he retires, "This was a lucky day!"

THE CASTLE OF CAERLEON.

By W. C. STAFFORD, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 196.)

THE following morning, as Caerleon and his bride were seated at breakfast, anticipating bright days of happiness, Monsieur Dupont, one of Venati's companions, was announced, and followed quickly at the heels of the servant, who repeated his name. His air was wild and haggard, his dress disordered, and his whole appearance calculated to fill those who beheld him with terror and dismay. Approaching Caerleon, he said, "Fly, fly this instant! Venati never forgives those who thwart his purpose, and he has laid a train around you which you cannot escape. If you value your life and liberty, fly!"

"Why should I fly, Dupont? What can Venati do? Calm in conscious innocence, I can defy his threats."

"He has denounced you to the government," said Dupont, "and its emissaries will quickly be here to seek you. I have put the bloodhounds on a false scent; but they will soon gain intelligence, which will direct their steps aright. You must fly, therefore, and that instantly."

"Dupont, I can scarcely credit your assertion of my danger; but it matters not whether we leave Paris to-day or next week; we will take your advice. Roberts," he added, turning to his servant, "we will set

forward for Wales directly. Under the hospitable roof of Caerleon Castle, my love" (to Antoinette,) "I trust we shall taste happiness unalloyed."

"You must not go to Caerleon. Know you not that Venati is its owner? Know you not, that you madly staked that noble patrimony on the cast of a die, and that you lost it?"

"Impossible! I never did, never could gamble away the property of my ancestors. Fool, madman that I was, I never was so utterly lost as thus to consummate my ruin. Away, Dupont! thy whole tale is like this, a weak invention, meant to alarm and agitate my best-beloved; and you have succeeded, for see! how lily-pale is her cheek, and her eyes are brimful of tears. But, cheerly, love! this is a scheme of Venati's to harrow and distress, but cannot harm me."

Dupont, however, soon convinced Caerleon that his tale was no invention; it was strictly a fact, that, one fatal night, he had been plied with wine, drugged with irritating ingredients, till his senses were entirely confused, and, in that state, he had staked sum after sum, all of which he lost; at length his patrimonial estate, all that he was worth, was hazarded; and the next moment saw him a beggar! Venati, cool and

cautious, provided, with the assistance of a needy scrivener, a hanger-on of the gang, a deed, which conveyed this noble estate to him and to his heirs; the signature of Caerleon was affixed; and his destroyer, as the unfortunate nobleman that morning was carried to bed in a state of complete helplessness, dispatched a messenger to take possession of his native home.

When Caerleon awoke the next morning, the occurrences of the preceding evening had nearly faded from his memory. He remembered a mass of circumstances, but nothing distinctly; he recollected that he had been plied with wine till his senses left him, and all afterwards was a blank. Venati met him with smiles and blandishments; he consoled with him on his losses, which were supposed by Caerleon to be confined to the ready money which he had in his pocket, and offered to become his banker till remittances arrived. Caerleon had no suspicion of the real facts; and even when two letters which he addressed to his agent remained unanswered, and when Venati, enraged at the frustration of his designs on Antoinette, threatened him with some undefined vengeance, and bade him dread his power, Caerleon did not still dream that he had, in one fatal moment, made himself and his beloved wife beggars and wanderers, without a home they could call their own; for Clermont had only a life-interest in his estate, which, on his death, was immediately taken possession of by the next male heir; so that but for Caerleon's generous love, Antoinette would have been destitute.

Venati had taken his measures too well to be frustrated; the messenger

dispatched by him to Wales had proper instructions, as his agent, to take possession of Caerleon Castle and its domains. When he presented himself before Humphrey, the latter long hesitated before he would acknowledge his authority; but when at last convinced, that the noble property of which he had been a faithful steward had departed from the hands in which it had so long been a blessing to all around, into those of a foreigner—a foreigner too of the lowest class, the associate of gamblers and cheats—the old man wept aloud, and it was long before his paroxysm of grief was so far allayed as to enable him to hear the rest of the communication. When told he might remain in his situation if he would transfer his services to Venati, he spurned the offer, and left the apartment, meaning soon to bid adieu to the castle, he feared for ever.

On reaching his own room, sad thoughts of the past and anticipations for the future again brought the tears into his eyes; and he threw himself back in his chair, to indulge in those melancholy emotions which he could not controul. Reflection at length came to his aid; and then he resolved to remain—to accept the trust Venati wished to repose in him, in the hope that it might, at some future time, prove a benefit to his beloved master. This resolution was no sooner taken, than it was communicated to the agent, who gladly accepted the offer of Humphrey's services. It was not the wish of Venati at present to appear at the castle, all he wanted was to receive the rents; and for the rest, he wished every thing to remain in *statu quo* till something decisive should enable him to determine as to the course he

should pursue. No communication was, therefore, made to the other servants; but the agent, taking from Humphrey all the money he had in hand, and leaving directions for the forwarding of remittances in future, after remaining two days at the castle, set out for Paris to rejoin Venati, who was then arranging those plans for the destruction of Antoinette which were frustrated by Caerleon. Had they been accomplished, he intended to have taken her to Wales, as a place where he could best have evaded any pursuit made by her family. We have seen that his schemes failed; and though he visited the castle occasionally, he did not take up his residence there till about a twelvemonth before the time at which this tale commences.

When Caerleon was made sensible of his real situation, his reflections were embittered by the thought, that it was his own folly and madness which had led him to ruin. He then found the tenderness of his Antoinette a healing balm; she soothed, she consoled, she reasoned with him; and at length he became sufficiently composed to consult with Duport as to the steps he ought to take to avoid the danger which threatened him. He was almost penniless; but his wife's jewels—jewels inherited from her mother, and given to her by her brother and her lover in their days of prosperity—were worth a large sum. These were placed in the hands of Duport, who advanced them the necessary means to enable them to quit Paris; and, accompanied by their friend, and the faithful Roberts, who would not forsake the fortunes of his master, they bent their way to a small house which stood at a distance of four or five

miles from the city, but so concealed and hid from observation by an umbrageous grove, that thousands passed near the spot without having any idea of its existence. Its original destination was not known; and it had recently been purchased by Duport, he candidly confessed, not for the most honourable purpose; but he professed friendship, and vowed he was sincere in their cause; and they believed him, for they knew not to whom else to trust, except in that God who never forsakes the virtuous. They here found disguises provided for them by the attentive care of Duport, who, having seen them in safety, departed, promising to return the next day, and inform them of the state of their affairs. On his return to Paris, he learned that the *gens-d'armes* had arrived at the hotel a few minutes after Caerleon and Antoinette had left it, and found Venati storming with rage, to think that his prey had escaped him; but he vowed to move heaven and earth to find those whom he had devoted to vengeance; and the determined assiduity with which he set about his search made Duport tremble for their safety.

Caerleon remained in a state of dreadful suspense for several days, during which Duport did not return. On the fourth evening he arrived, but his countenance proved that he brought no comfort. He told them Venati suspected and watched him so closely, that he had found it impossible to visit them at an earlier period; and even now he feared that his footsteps were traced, and that ruin was close upon them. He counselled them to depart for Calais the next morning; gave them the address of a friend there, on whose as-

sistance they might rely, and left them the prey of despair. The fugitives immediately employed themselves in packing up the few valuables which they had been enabled to convey from Paris, and were expressing their hopes that they should soon be in England, and free from the merciless rage of their persecutor, when the door was burst open, and Venati, with a detachment of *gens-d'armes*, entered. The former eagerly accosted his victims: "Fools," said he, "ye thought to escape me, but in vain; my triumph is now complete. You robbed me of her I prized more than life; and now wife, fortune, and all are mine!" At a signal from this fiend, Caerleon and his servant were instantly seized, bound, and gagged, placed in a carriage, and conveyed to the Bastille as spies and traitors to the state; whilst Venati seized Antoinette, who had fainted, and, senseless as she was, he conveyed her to another carriage which was in waiting, and drove to his mansion in Paris. Here every art was employed to bend her to his purpose, but in vain; he would have attempted force, but the lightning of her eye awed and confounded him. He left her, vowing on his return that no power, divine or human, should prevent the accomplishment of his wishes; but when he did return, which was not till after an absence of some months, for he was compelled to conceal himself to escape the vengeance of one whom he had wronged, Antoinette was no more! She had died a week previous in giving birth to a daughter, and was thus removed from all fear of his vengeance, from all danger of his violence. That child was

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Lilla: Venati, in the first moments of anger at the frustration of his designs, vowed its death; but Duport succeeded in conveying it from his reach. He committed it to the care of his sister; and, on her death, having selected from the jewels deposited in his hands a necklace and bracelets which had been her mother's, he placed them on her neck and arms, and sailed with the child to Wales, where he deposited his charge at the door of Hubert, whose character he had previously learned from inquiry in the village.

We have now to account for the appearance of Caerleon; for the reader must have already discovered that the stranger was no other than that hitherto unfortunate nobleman. He had been hurried to the Bastille in a state little short of madness, and confined in one of the cells of that execrable prison; the only indulgence allowed him being the attendance of his faithful Roberts, who was placed in the same cell. Here he remained for fifteen years, and saw his attached domestic expire before his eyes. His escape was effected by a singular circumstance. His gaoler one day, in bringing him his scanty pittance, either from accident or design, retired without fastening the door of his cell. The love of liberty is never extinct in the human breast; and Caerleon resolved to profit, if possible, by the circumstance to effect his escape. He found that his dungeon opened into a long passage, which led him through several arched corridors to a grated window, the bars of which, decayed from age and rust, gave way to his pressure. The height from the ground was not great, and careless

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of consequences, he let himself down, and reached the bottom without accident. He had scarcely recovered himself from his descent, when he was seized from behind, and found himself in the custody of one of the sentinels, who immediately carried him into the presence of the governor. This officer had been but recently appointed; he was a humane man, and interested by Caerleon's appearance, which was well calculated to excite sympathy, he inquired into his story; and having heard it, took upon himself to make such representations to the proper authorities, as soon produced orders for his liberation. In the mean time, he gave him an apartment in the airy part of the prison, clothed him, and supplied him with every necessary; and a few days saw Caerleon wonderfully improved in appearance, and his health nearly re-established.

On being liberated, his first object was to make inquiries relative to the fate of the dear objects of his love; for which purpose he repaired to all the old haunts of Venati, but could make out nothing satisfactory respecting that destroyer of his peace. A rumour existed, that he had murdered one of his associates in a moment of frenzy, and had fled the country; but he could learn nothing decisive. He then resolved to visit the cottage which had afforded him and Antoinette an asylum, from which they were so cruelly torn. He found the windows open, and it had the appearance of being inhabited. He entered; and on a rude couch, a surgeon stationed on one side and a priest on the other, he distinctly recognised the form of the once handsome and animated Duport, now in the agonies of death.

His voice seemed to rouse the dying man, and to bring back the recollection of something long gone by. "It is Caerleon," he exclaimed: "thank God! now I shall die in peace. You once served me," he continued, speaking in a hurried tone, as if fearful he should not live to tell his tale, "by rescuing my sister from a villain; that villain, though his disguise concealed him from your knowledge, was Venati. I was in his power, and dared not resent his perfidy; but my heart beat with gratitude to you. You knew how I laboured, but in vain, to avert his vengeance from you and yours; it burst in thunder on your devoted heads, and he exulted in the ruin he had caused. Your Antoinette, however, was preserved from becoming his victim: she died, but your child lives: I placed it first with that sister whom you protected, who nursed it tenderly till her death; I then removed it to———" Here violent spasms seized him, probably brought on by his exertions; and he expired without giving the mourning husband, the distracted father, a clue to the residence of his unknown, yet already tenderly beloved child.

It was Venati's hand that inflicted the wound which brought Duport to the grave. They had quarrelled a few evenings previous, and the latter not only refused to be any longer a partner in his schemes, but threatened to expose his conduct to the unfortunate Caerleon and his wife. The monster stabbed him in the side and fled; and the blow was so well aimed, that Duport never removed from the couch on which his servant placed him, as Venati left the house. Assistance was useless, and finding his end approaching,

he sent for a confessor, to whom he intended to impart the tale which he began to relate to Caerleon, whose arrival probably hastened that event which human skill could not avert.

From that period Caerleon had been engaged in an active search after Venati, in company with the officers of justice. So well had that villain planned his schemes, and so admirably were they executed by his well-paid emissaries, that they were constantly led on false pursuits, and it was only accident which caused them to think that he was in Wales, whither he had actually retired immediately on committing the crime for which the ministers of the law were now in quest of him. They arrived at H—— on the day that Caerleon met with Hubert, as he was mournfully gazing at the castle of his ancestors, and taking a melancholy retrospect of the days where he played, a sportive youth within its walls.

The particulars were in part related to Hubert, his wife, and Lilla, the morning after the wonderful discovery of the affinity of the latter to Caerleon; but it was not till the trial of Venati brought some facts to light, and a comparison of Humphrey's narrative furnished an elucidation of other particulars, that all the occurrences as above narrated were explained.

Venati's seclusion was now easily

accounted for. In the interior of the castle he had every luxury and every delicacy procured to tempt his appetite; whilst he endeavoured by penance to make an atonement for his crimes. At stated periods he retired to a lone chamber in one of the turrets of the castle, and remained there, shut out from the approach of all his domestics, except Humphrey, for several days. It was on these occasions that the lights had been observed, which gave rise to the report of some one being confined in that part of the building.

The rest of the story is soon told: Venati was apprehended by the ministers of justice, and paid the penalty of his crimes by an ignominious death; whilst his fraudulently obtained possession of the property of Caerleon was set aside. The latter, restored to the seat of his ancestors, and having learned a lesson from adversity, lived respected, and died beloved; blessed with his Lilla, who grew up the counterpart of his beloved Antoinette. Old Humphrey, who had suffered a mental martyrdom in remaining with Venati, in the hope of contributing to the future interest of his lord, being, with Hubert and Gillian, placed in easy independence, often talked over the events of their past lives, and rejoiced at the restored fortunes of the heiress of Caerleon Castle.

A SCENE ON THE PONT NEUF.

If the French do not follow in all respects the precepts of the Gospel, at least it must be confessed that they pay due regard to the apostle's injunction, "Weep with those that weep, and rejoice with

those that rejoice." I have seen a thousand instances of this disposition, but I do not know that I ever witnessed one with more pleasure than that which I am about to relate.

I was crossing the Pont Neuf,

which, be it said by way of parenthesis, is the most misshapen, ugly, clumsy-looking bridge I ever saw in my life; but this one must not say to the Parisians, who are as proud of it, and the dirty ditch-like river that runs under it, as if the one were the master-piece of nature, and the other of art. I remember a Frenchman once asking me, whether we had any thing like it in London. I answered, "No," with great emphasis and equal sincerity; but as a Frenchman always construes what you say into a compliment, if it be possible, he professed himself enchanted with my candour, and invited me to dinner on the spot.

Mais revenons à nos moutons! I was crossing the Pont Neuf at the moment when a porter belonging to the Bank of France, pretty well tired of the weight he carried (it was a bag containing nine thousand francs in silver), stopped to rest himself by leaning against the parapet wall of the bridge; but at the moment that he did so, his valuable load, either from awkwardness or carelessness, slipped out of his hands, and fell into the Seine, which is very deep just in that spot.

Never shall I forget his look of despair. He made a movement as if to jump over; and, I believe, would have effected his purpose, but for the presence of mind of a girl, a little delicate-looking thing about sixteen, a violet-seller, who, clasping her arms round him, cried for help, which in an instant was afforded. Myself and some others seized him; he struggled with us desperately. "Let me go! let me go!" cried he; "I am ruined for ever! My wife, my children, what will become of you?" A multitude of voices were raised at

once, some to console, others to inquire; but above the rest were heard the clear and silver tones of the little violet-girl: "My friend, have patience, you have lost nothing."

"Nothing! O heavens!"

"No, no; I tell you no. Let some one run for the divers: there is no doubt that they will succeed in bringing it up."

"She is right," resounded from a number of voices, and from mine among the rest; and in an instant half a dozen people ran to fetch the divers. Those who remained exerted themselves each in their way for the solace of the poor porter. One brought him a small glass of *liqueur*; another a little brandy; a third some *eau de Cologne*; and four or five presented the grand specific, sugar and water. The little violet-girl had been before all the rest in administering a cordial, and perhaps hers was the most efficacious—a glass of pure water which she held to his trembling lips, and made him swallow. "Drink," cried she, "drink it up; it will do you good." Whether it was the water, or the kind and sympathetic manner with which it was offered, that relieved him, I know not, but certainly one of the two had its effect, for his looks grew less wild; he burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and, by degrees, became composed enough to make his acknowledgments to the humane spectators, who had shewn such interest in his misfortune.

The divers soon came, and one of them descended without loss of time. Never did I witness such an intense anxiety as the search excited; if the fate of every one present had hung upon the success, they could not have testified greater interest in it.

Soon he re-appeared, bringing up, not the bag of silver, but a small iron box. It was instantly broken open, and found to be full of twenty-franc pieces in gold; they were soon counted, and found to amount to nearly twelve thousand francs, about four hundred and fifty pounds sterling*.

There were three divers, who, overjoyed at their good fortune, speedily divided the prize among themselves; and directly afterwards another descended in search of the porter's bag. This time he returned with it in triumph. The poor fellow could scarcely speak when they put it into his hands. On coming to himself, he cried with vehemence, "God reward you! you know not the good that you have done—I am the father of five children. I was formerly in good circumstances, but a series of misfortunes reduced me to the greatest distress. All that I had left was an irreproachable character, and that procured me my present situation; I have had it but a week. To-day, I should, without your help, have lost it. My wife, my children would have been exposed to all the horrors of want; they would have been deprived of a husband and a father; for never, no never, could I have survived the ruin I had brought upon them! It is you who have saved us all; God will reward you, he alone can." While he thus spoke, he rummaged in his pocket, and drew out some francs. "This is all I have, 'tis very little, but tell me where you live, and to-morrow—"—"Not a farthing," interrupted they with one voice; and one

* The circumstances of the porter's dropping his bag into the Seine, and the divers finding, on descending to search for it, a box full of gold, actually happened in Paris in the month of February last.

of them added, "Stop a bit, let me talk to my comrades." They stepped aside for a moment; I followed them with my eyes, and I saw, by their gestures, that they listened to their companion with emotion. "We are all of a mind," said he, returning with them. "Yes, my friend, if we have been serviceable to you, you also have been the cause of our good fortune; it seems to me, then, that we ought to share with you what God has sent us through your means. My companions think so too, and we are going to divide it into four equal shares."

The porter would have remonstrated, but his voice was drowned by the acclamations of the spectators. "Generous fellows!"—"Much good may it do you!"—"The same luck to you many more times!" resounded from every mouth. There was not one present but seemed as happy as if he or she were about to participate in the contents of the box. I defy the most determined misanthrope to witness this touching picture of happiness, arising from motives so disinterested and so pure, without thinking the better of poor calumniated human nature.

The money was divided, and, *malgré* his excuses, the porter was forced to take his share. The generous divers went their way; the crowd began to disperse; but the porter still lingered, and I had the curiosity to remain in order to watch his motions. He approached the little violet-girl.—"Ah! my dear," cried he, "what do I not owe you! but for you it had been all over with me. My wife, my little ones must thank you."

"*Ma foi!* it is not worth mentioning. Would you have had me stand by and see you drown yourself?"

“But your courage, your strength! could one have expected it from so young a girl?”

“Ah! there is no want of strength wherever there is good-will.”

“And nobody ever had more of that. Give me six of your bouquets, my dear; my children are so fond of violets, and never have they prized any as they will do these.”

She twisted a bit of thread round six of her fairy nosegays, and presented them to him. He deposited them carefully in his bosom, and slipped something into her hand; then, without waiting to hear the acknowledgments which she began to pour forth, took to his heels as if his bag had been made of feathers.

The girl looked after him with pleasure dancing in her eyes. “What will you take for the rest of your

nosegays?” said I, going up to her.—“Whatever you are pleased to give,” cried she with vivacity; “for that good man’s money will burn my pocket till I get home to give it to my mother. Oh! how glad will she be to have all that, and still more when she knows why it has been given to me.”—The reader will easily believe that my purchase was speedily made; the good girl’s purse was something the heavier for it, and I had the pleasure of thinking that I contributed, in a small degree, to reward the goodness of heart she had so unequivocally displayed. She hastened home with her little treasure, and I returned to my lodging to put my violets into water, promising myself, as I did so, to be a frequent customer to the little nosegay-girl of the Pont Neuf.

THE GRECIAN BRIDE.

(Concluded from p. 207.)

DELINA would have excused herself from the recital of her trying mischances; but Filippo repeated the request, and Captain Rivers said he should be mortified if his presence were a bar to the gratification of his friends. Delina replied, she would convince him he was considered as a member of the family, and she continued her story as follows:

“My dear mother will recollect how the renegade entertained us with wonderful tales of the Princess Shavasha’s achievements in war; of her accompanying the pasha on his expeditions, and having carrier-pigeons to convey intelligence. You will recollect, also, how you derided my fears that some outrage would be attempted against me; and even

Filippo laughed at my writing little billets to send to Shavasha by one of her winged messengers, in case I should be reduced to that miserable necessity. All these presentiments were surely granted to me by Divine Providence for the emergency to come. The thought that I was so provided for the worst that could befall had a great effect in sustaining me in the dreadful moment, when I was torn from my friends and forced into a swift-sailing galley. With all my strength, I struggled to dash myself into the sea; but strong arms and determined oppressors held me fast. I was dragged into a cabin, and to my great joy—if joy could be felt in a situation such as mine—I saw two cages with carrier-pigeons. Three Moors were employed to

guard me; but, as I conjectured, they were called away to assist in serving the guns, when the war-boats of my dear countrymen disabled numbers of the Ottoman crew. My keepers did not forget to lock the door, and, glad to be left alone, I drew a bolt in the inside, to prevent interruption while I dispatched some of the pigeons with a supplication to the Princess Shavasha. Alas! when I tried to open the cabin-window, it would not yield to my utmost force to make some aperture through which the birds might pass. I went to look for some instrument to break the iron stanchions that secured the windows. The roar of battle was over my head, and I wished and prayed that a cannon-ball would enter the cabin and number me with the dead; but I recollected that such an event would leave my dear parents and bridegroom in doubt whether I had escaped dishonour, and I fervently implored the Almighty helper of the unhappy to spare my days, and to preserve them from infamy.

“While I was on my knees in devotion, a cannon, or rather a swivel ball, shattered the window. The pigeons were stunned; they recovered and fluttered in their cages; I set them all free, and they flew off at the passage opened for them by the shot. Oh! how I wished that by the same aperture I could escape! But wishes were unavailing, and I sat down to weep. A shout of triumph from the barbarians froze the blood at my heart. I had borne up against all other disasters—for I hoped the Greeks would defeat my captors—but now I lost all recollection, and in that state was taken on board the pasha’s ship. The Turks had removed my upper dress, and

covered my under garments with a blue *haik*. The ornaments were pillaged from my hair, and a turban wrapped round my head, to pass me to the Princess Shavasha as a Greek lad converted to Islamism. Thus helpless, thus disguised, I was shewn to the princess; but the carrier-pigeons had brought my supplications to her feet, and her measures for my security were prompt, wise, and effectual. She turned their own devices against my foes, and when the pasha ordered me to be taken away as an infidel dog feigning conversion, Shavasha interposed, and declared I was too ill to be cast upon the rude guardianship of seamen. If I was not a true proselyte, the cloven foot could not long be hidden amidst folds of hypocrisy, and it would be time enough to punish when imposition could be proved against me. She pleaded that the delicate cast of my features and the softness of my hand denoted a station in which converts to the truth must be of importance to the earthly glory of the holy prophet; and she would take upon herself the duty of turning the event to good account. The pasha is accustomed to submit to this lady; he believes her to be of the sacred Koreish race, and that she holds direct communication with Mahomet. He is confirmed in his deference to her by the fact, that he never prospered until she became his wife. She attends him on every occasion, and in great enterprises fights by his side. When he came to Castel Rosso in the character of an agent, she was confined by dangerous sickness; and he pretended that a *firman* from the Porte required him to make a tour of the islands, to negociate with the well-affected Greeks in each.

“Shayasha ordered me to be carried to a sort of wardrobe, or dressing state-room. The pasha accompanied her in keeping sight of me, and remained until entreated by his officers to come on deck, as their frigates in the harbour of Castel Rosso were sustaining a furious onset from the Grecian war-boats, which were now assembled in great force. The pasha hurried to the main-deck, the princess sent her attendants on various errands, and when left alone, whispered to me assurances of my being in a few hours restored to my parents. I had only to feign extreme indisposition. The pasha returned in grief, to tell the lady that his frigates were destroyed; but he related with exultation that Ibrahim Keysler, perceiving the impossibility of saving his ship, sat down composedly, watching an opportunity to perform some grand exploit. The pasha and his officers saw him with their glasses, and all were conjecturing what he could design. He made repeated attempts to go unnoticed to a particular spot, but the contending multitudes obstructed the way; at length he was seen applying a torch to the powder-magazine. He stood awaiting the result with stern determination; in five minutes the explosion scattered his members in the air; but his enemies perished, the ship was rendered unserviceable to them, and the crew were sent to Paradise, in place of becoming slaves to the Greeks. Shavasha testified great joy, and said such a voluntary sacrifice was more glorious than a victory in common circumstances, and it came seasonably to console them for the death of their young proselyte. A few hours would send him to the bosom

of the prophet, if he did not sleep. It was necessary to give him a composing draught, and to leave him with the old nurse. The pasha complied, orders were issued to make no noise, and a long time passed in profound quietude. No sleep bowed down my spirit; I was in a state of the highest excitation, uncertain how I might obtain liberty, and resolved to shrink from no danger attending the measures dictated by the princess. How my heart throbbed and burned within me, when she appeared with a dark lantern in her hand! She asked if the new believer still existed. Nurse answered I still breathed, though in great pain and restlessness. The princess commanded her to bind a soporific amulet to my forehead, to perform her ablutions, to remember the new proselyte in her prayers, and go to sleep. Nurse retired with repeated salams; Shavasha bade her leave the door ajar, to give air to the patient; and after cautiously exploring the passages, the princess desired me to rise, and to clothe myself with speed. She opened a chest, and drew out several dresses, jewels, and pairs of sandals. I need not describe my attire: yet it would be ungrateful not to mention, that in giving me presents of such value, the princess condescended to say they were intended to compensate for the losses and sufferings inflicted upon me, and as a reward for my resistance to the pasha's criminal allurements. ‘I have told him,’ said she, ‘that the triumph of the Greeks is a penalty for some evil thoughts of his heart; and when you are out of his reach, I shall speak to him more plainly. There are jewels that belong not to any part of your garments; I give

them for the man you desire to make happy; and your virtue shall bring security to the isle you inhabit. Let Castel Rosso abstain from insurrection, and, for your sake, its people shall live unmolested by the Ottoman arms.'

"I attempted to cast myself at the feet of my benefactress; but she commanded me not to retard our progress to the side of the ship, where a boat awaited me. 'I can enter into your feelings,' she kindly said, 'and shall repeat your thanks to myself.'

"I was received into a boat rowed by six Moors. A silken pavilion separated me from the sable steersman. I drew the curtain aside to look at my benefactress, the Princess Shavasha, as she stood observing the course of our bark towards Castel Rosso. In the moonlight, her tall commanding figure appeared of preternatural height. She was habited after the Turkish fashion, but in the sacred colour appropriate to the descendants of the prophet. Her caftan of rich green silk was tissueed with gold; her turban, her neck, her arms, her wrists and ancles, were resplendent with jewels. Her right arm, to the shoulder, had no covering but a massive and superb network of gold, ornamented with rich carving, and studded with jewels. Innumerable amulets, in jewelled cases, were suspended by gold chains about her person; a scimeter of exquisite workmanship hung by her side, and a pair of pistols, glittering with gems, was fixed in her girdle. With all these equipments of an Amazonian, the symmetry of her person, and the perfect beauty of her features, gave her a charm enchant-

ingly feminine. We forget the loveliness of a fair complexion in admiring this dark beauty; and the dulcet tones of her voice, when she spoke to me at parting, seemed to penetrate my very soul. Her last words were, 'Your influence among your own people cannot be inconsiderable; employ it to soften the inveteracy of their hate to the Ottomans. Men should take and give quarter: it is only furious beasts that fight with a desire to exterminate each other.'

"Would to God that the humane sentiments of the Arabian princess prevailed in the Divan!" said the Armatole. "But were they under the benign auspices of humanity at Cydonia, where thousands of Greeks were slaughtered in cold blood, and the survivors carried into slavery? Where was the awful veneration of a Deity—of the God worshipped by Christians and by infidels—when the priests of our religion were massacred at the altar?"

"Those were atrocious and sacrilegious cruelties," said Filippo: "but, my honoured father, we have to lament that acts of disgraceful severity have not been confined to the Turks."

A murmur of disapprobation was heard on all sides; but Captain Rivers declared his opinion in favour of Filippo's allegation. He said, that in general the people of Great Britain were zealous in the cause of Greece; but so abhorrent to them was every species of cruelty, that they could take no interest in the perpetrators. It was his own intention to offer his services to the Greeks, and on his report depended the outset of many officers to join

the blue and white flag of the Hæta-ria. They were anxious to devote their talents to the cause of the descendants of Miltiades and other great warriors of antiquity; but they would not degrade the character for rectitude and humanity established by the British army, by serving under a banner stained with any ferocious effusion of human blood.

Captain Rivers had sent to Rhodes messengers recommended by the Armatole, for the purpose of recovering the effects left on board the felucca by him and Mr. Humberstone. The property taken from that gentleman's body he had duly inventoried, and a duplicate of the same, with the articles, was deposited among the public archives of Castel Rosso. He observed the same means

to preserve the packages restored by the commander of the felucca. Count Sessa and Mr. O'Connor had practised various arts to get possession of them: the master of the felucca, however, parried all their attempts; avowing that, if unclaimed, he had a right to detain the baggage in pledge for payment of the passage-money. Captain Rivers sent a copy of the bill of lading, attested by the proper authorities at Castel Rosso, and an order on a banker for the passage-charges; and yet it was not easy to withdraw this property from the rapacious foreigner.

As soon as Filippo was able to endure the fatigues of service, Captain Rivers and he sailed in a ship of war, on a cruise through the isles.

B. G.

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION, AND ROYAL CORK SOCIETY OF ARTS. *By* W. C.

(Continued from p. 211.)

To judge how far a traveller has journeyed, we must know the place from whence he set out, and that to which he reached. To name *America* to one who has never before heard the word, and is wholly ignorant of the existence and extent of the new world, would be to give him no idea whatever of the important discovery made by Columbus. It is only by spreading the map before his eyes, with some descriptive view of that continent in its magnitude, that his mind can be impressed with its immense importance. In like manner, the memoir of an amateur who has contributed, by his liberal patronage and good taste, to the advancement of the arts and sciences, cannot be justly written without a

reference to the low state in which he found those arts which he has been foremost in promoting by his public spirit. If we must lose sight of Sir John Leicester as a patron, for a short space, in describing the prejudices which his patriotism has contributed to subdue, and the cold and sterile regions of art which his judgment and liberality have assisted to fertilize, we shall find his public character rise before us, after we have completed our survey, in a more striking elevation, and in a proportion more commensurate with his public services.

Pope has connected a strong opinion and a serious advice in the verses,
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

These lines not only apply to the pursuits of literature, but, in some degree, generally, to other intellectual acquirements. They were not, however, intended to provide for the extremes of learning and ignorance in society. Shakspeare was an unlearned man; Burns, in reference to the schools, was ignorant; and if those great poets, and all who were as uneducated, had abstained from the Pierian spring, on account of their deficiencies of education, the loss to the world would have been incalculable. All must proceed by degrees; numbers must begin to taste, before their want of capacity to imbibe is discovered; and many must commence without means or opportunity of persevering. Owing to these causes, the advice of Pope has not only been overlooked in the walks of literature, but in almost every other field of exertion, with various results of good or bad fortune to individuals, and in none more than in judging of painting and sculpture.

In this country, the disposition to judge, condemn, and pass sentence upon the works of native artists, is generally found to prevail most in the minds of those who have least considered the subject. A hurried inspection of a few celebrated cabinets or galleries of pictures, or statues, either by, or reputed to be by, the great old masters; a six months' tour on the Continent; a season in London, or Paris, or Rome, is deemed quite sufficient, by some gentlemen, for the attainment of a correct taste, and an arbitrary title to extol the beauties of the ancients without exception, and to censure and abuse the performances of their countrymen, with as little discrimina-

tion, in contradistinction. This anti-British prejudice is not now as formidable as it has been; but still its stubborn influence presents an appalling obstacle to the advancement of the British school, and the development of British genius. A number of amateurs are ashamed to acknowledge that they are under the dominion of this prejudice, because it begins to be, in some degree, classed among the vulgar errors, and because it has become fashionable to talk of patronising the arts; but that they are unconsciously governed by it will be soon discovered by comparing their scanty patronage of the best living artists, with their extravagant expenditure on works of mediocrity by the old masters.

Sir John Fleming Leicester, in his first Continental tour, resided sufficiently long in Italy to acquire a familiar acquaintance with the most celebrated works of the great old masters, and to relish their beauties with true taste and feeling. But, in paying homage to the illustrious dead, he did not fall into the common-place prejudice against the works of the living, against all British art and British artists. He returned to England with a settled conviction, that the British artists only required equal patronage to vie with their predecessors in Greece or Italy. This just opinion was then so contrary to the established notions, promulgated abroad by distinguished foreign writers, and a long time adopted at home by the former court, the nobility, and the great bulk of the people, that it formed the *anti-British spirit of the age*, and required no common degree of patriotism and fortitude for any individual, however high in

rank and fortune, to brave the power of ridicule, by appearing on the British side of the question. When a belief was general, that the climate of England and the constitution of Englishmen disqualified them for the attainment of excellence in painting and sculpture, the nobility and gentry might well imagine, that they had a just ground for excluding from their cabinets and galleries the finest productions of the British pencil and chisel. It was considered a wonderful stretch of liberality to permit a native artist, in the reign of George III. to occupy, without the successful competition of a foreign rival, the place of chief portrait-painter, which had been filled in this kingdom by three foreigners from 1631 to 1722. While Englishmen swallowed the egregious libel on their country, that the thick air of England and the phlegmatic constitutions of their countrymen rendered their taste too gross and unfavourable for the cultivation of the fine arts, they forgot that Vandyke, a Fleming, Lely, a Westphalian, and Kneller, a Lubeker, had lived in a most princely style, amassed large fortunes, and acquired titles of honour and high professional fame, by painting, during ninety-one years, in the British capital. So low was the character of this island sunk among the artists on the Continent, that not even the great wealth and honours acquired by Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller, could tempt any foreign painter of distinguished eminence to visit our *gold coast*, after the decease of Kneller.

Owing to this contempt of the first-rate painters abroad, the tasteless insipidity of Jervase, and the plodding sameness of Richardson

and Hudson, obtained sufficient employment to realize money by painting portraits, although they had to contend against a roving corps of obscure adventurers of various nations, such as Dahl, a Swede, Mercier, a Prussian, Vanloo, a Frenchman, Liottard, a Swiss (who occasionally painted in masquerade as a Turk), with others of inferior note. Even the emasculated and bloodless mannerism of Jacopo Amiconi, whose lifeless pictures shewed the last glimmerings of Venetian art in its lowest declension, found favour in the eyes of the British court, and patronage from the sovereign. After these random and mercenary struggles in the manufactory of painted canvas, the fine genius of Reynolds, his suavity, his agreeable manners, and thorough knowledge of the world, enabled him to gain sufficient celebrity to deter foreign artists from invading our shores as his competitors in the domestic style. But so little encouragement was there for any British work of art, excepting portraits, that if Reynolds had been necessitated to struggle for a living by history-painting, he must have hazarded starvation. The evidences of history, up even to our present time, leave no doubt of this conclusion. Such was the force of anti-British prejudice, that among the crowd of noble and courtly patrons who, in their eagerness to eulogize, attributed to that admirable painter the possession of powers equal to Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and the other "*great masters of the renowned ages*," hardly any were found to give him an opportunity of displaying those powers in their proper field, the department of historical painting. The principal of his

few historical and fancy efforts were painted for foreigners and commercial speculators. It is a memorable satire upon the affected taste of his contemporaries, that those chief panegyrists of Reynolds looked upon the fine moral and dramatic compositions painted by Hogarth, with all their practical excellence, the grand landscapes of Wilson, and the rural scenery and rustic groups of Gainsborough, with indifference and contempt.

If we reason from unquestionable facts, the only safe evidence in this, or in any other case, we must impartially infer, that the professional powers of Reynolds were as little understood by ninety-nine out of every hundred of his patrons and panegyrists, as the powers of his three great professional contemporaries already mentioned. The praise of those who censured and condemned the diversified excellence of those three great masters could not have had its source in a true sense of excellence in works of art. We are warranted in attributing their unlimited commendations to vanity, fashion, kindred affections, friendship, or any other cause but true judgment, and a taste for the real beauties which characterize the fine portraits that were the objects of their unbounded applause. They beheld themselves in the painting-room of Reynolds, set up, as it were on high, as objects of note and attraction to the fashionable world; they also saw their countenances displayed in the print-shops by the engravers who executed prints from his portraits. They were thus rendered conspicuous in their own time, with a prospect of being handed down to posterity in the cabinets, galleries, and portfolios of

collectors; and their self-love was flattered by extolling the artist to whose pencil they were indebted for a permanent distinction so eagerly and generally coveted. Beyond that homage, in which their own personal pride found the prevailing motive, their conduct proved them indifferent to his fame; for while they assigned to him the highest powers of genius, without limit or measure, they neglected, as already noticed, to draw on those powers in *historical design*, the highest and noblest department of painting. With every opportunity of enabling this justly admired master to display his genius on the most elevated ground, they cribbed in and confined his exertions and his fame, so far as they were concerned, to the attainment of excellence in that department of art, which he has himself in his lectures, with at least the critical appreciation of his matured judgment, placed near the bottom of the scale. There were some rare exceptions to this palpable inconsistency among his patrons. But they were rare indeed: the Foxes, the Chathams, the Burkes, and the Pitts, the greatest lights of his time; the most splendid ornaments of the bar, the pulpit, the legislature, and the cabinet, partook of the intellectual and hospitable delights of his table; they relished the poignant cookery of his viands and the delicate flavour of his wines, the wit and talents of his guests, the unrivalled magic of his pencil, and the unclouded amenity of his temper; but they contented themselves with drawing on his skill for no greater effort than their portraits, without a thought of advancing painting, as a great moral instrument of national glory, beyond that nar-

row and selfish consideration. When fortune, renown, honorary titles, and the highest professional rank, that of President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture in England, were bestowed upon excellence in an inferior department of painting, and when, at the same time, those who displayed powers in a higher and in the highest department were abandoned to neglect, poverty, and contempt, it was natural that men of genius should be intimidated from the nobler efforts of art; and that, with now and then some solitary exception of visionary enthusiasm, all should flock to the lucrative and popular branch of practice. This deplorable state of things might be justly said to have made *due and formidable provision to prevent the advance of painting in this country*. If the glory of victory, and the honours of the campaign, were bestowed upon valour and military skill in the command of single regiments, who would aspire to the barren perils of the chief command?

The anti-British and anti-historical spirit, still nearer our own time, left Barry no other alternative but that of starving without employment, or of painting *gratuitously* his immense three years' labour for the great room of the Society for the Encouragement of the Arts. The same tyrannical influence confined Romney and Opie to portrait-painting, after each had manifested the power and an earnest desire to distinguish himself in fancy, poetical, and historical painting. It was recorded by Crome, that West, in forty years, did not obtain ten commissions for historical paintings, excepting those which he painted for his royal patron and for commer-

cial speculators; all the other ranks of society were dead to the highest interests of painting. Northcote, the painter of *the Mayor of London slaying Wat Tyler*, must, in all probability, have sunk to the grave in obscurity and indigence long ago, if he had adhered to history and fancy painting, without providently shifting his pencil for bread. The error lay in the unjust notion, that the British pencil was incapable of excellence in the highest departments. The encouragement given to portrait-painting was not only blameless, but highly commendable. That interesting field of art admits of so much refined taste and elegance, and originates so immediately in the purest domestic affections and family morals, that it will ever be cultivated in proportion as the kindred ties are drawn more close and more dearly valued in society.

I have only now furnished a view of the discouraging difficulties which Sir John Leicester had to encounter when he returned from the Continent to England, and conceived the patriotic design of setting an example to others, by a judicious patronage of modern art and British genius. But here, when about to trace his arduous efforts, I am compelled, by the brief limits allotted to this communication in a periodical work, to postpone the very interesting details to the next Number of the *Repository*. In all the preceding statement, I do not pretend to create materials, for no man can create the materials of history; but I trust I have placed them in a strong light, to shew to the present time more strongly the errors of the last century, and to furnish some hints for the better encouragement of native genius in our own time.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PAINTER'S TALE.

DON JUAN DE LA ROSA, as he was called, was a young Spaniard, the owner of a small domain, but without a profession to beguile his time or to increase his fortune. His parents, long since dead, fancied that they had left him an ample patrimony; but, in so thinking, they had forgotten to reckon on the demands which the idle have even on a well-filled purse; or if they ever gave it a thought, they imagined, that, with the abilities which their son possessed, he had only to woo Fortune to make her sensible of his merit. That Juan had abilities, and of the first order, the college of Salamanca can testify, and no one can deny that he made a rapid progress in whatever he wished to attain; but this faculty of easy acquirement was as much his bane as an advantage. He was, by turns, a linguist and a mathematician, a musician and a chemist, a painter and a philosopher. Yet so unsteady were his attentions to each of these studies, that he seemed to think an approach to the threshold of the temple was enough, and he withdrew to some other pursuit.

Don Juan resided in the ancient mansion of his forefathers, part of which had been originally built by the Moors, a rambling sort of castella, the rooms of which, in unison with the structure, were dark and dismal, such indeed as Rembrandt loved to paint, but which few persons who find it necessary that the pure unadulterated sunshine should gladden their vision, would prefer to inhabit. The furniture too, delightful *accessories* as it would have afforded to a Gerard Dow or a

Mieris, was heavy and loaded with favourite lumber; for it contained old armour, illuminated books, and antique vessels; but covered with dirt, and unseemly as they might appear to the lover of order and cleanliness, yet they were highly picturesque and various in their detail.

The first evening in which it was my good fortune to visit Don Juan de la Rosa, my steps were unimpeded by any one; but following the direction of the waiter at the inn I had just left, I quitted an ample courtyard and ascended a flight of steps, dark, and, from their long service, not very well adapted for a quick ascent, although the rays of the moon, broken indeed by intercepting columns, afforded an assisting, yet uncertain light. Arriving at a corridor, I beheld, as I presumed, Don Juan in the distance, seated in a large and lofty chamber, supported by wide and circular arches; and I loitered at the entrance of a room too large to receive the light in all its corners, and from this spot beheld a scene worthy to be placed in my sketch-book. On an antique chair sat a tall and elegant young man, with a countenance full of interesting character. His cloak of murray-colour was lined with light blue; on his head was a velvet cap, of the same hues, ornamented with a white feather, which so drooped as to throw great part of his face into shadow. He wore a vest and breeches of brown velvet, and his legs were cased in the buskins of our theatres. On his under-lip was a tuft of hair, as represented in the portraits of our Charles I.; his complexion was of bright olive, yet did a slight suffu-

sion of red colour his cheeks. In his hand he held a small viol, from which he drew the most silvery sounds. The instrument was not held as by our fiddle-players, ungracefully on the shoulder, to which the ear is bent, as if vainly endeavouring to hear the tones which they are extracting from the instrument, but it rested on his breast. The bow, shorter than ours, was drawn across with a tender touch; and as he revelled in snatches of preludes and obligatos, I had ample time to view the whole of the stupendous building. I perceived before him on a table, covered with crimson velvet, books of art, some music, a globe, and two foils. On an easel to his right was a canvas, on which was slightly *scumbled* the commencement of a picture. A *Murillo* stood on the ground, evidently placed so as to catch a proper daylight from a large west window. A few books lay upon a shelf, and by their disorder seemed to declare that they were often used. On his left, and on the ground, were several flasks, some uncorked, and others whole, as if ready for future gratification, broke the foreground. Fishing-tackle and a gun formed a trophy over a cabinet; and a little further his grey mantle hung up, and partly concealed an elegant sword; while a large brass chandelier, suspended from the ceiling, threw a strong glare on the spot where he sat, gilding the pieces of armour that chequered the walls, and throwing to a greater distance a more ancient and narrower staircase than that I had just ascended.

Fatigued by a pursuit to which he had perhaps resorted from *ennui*, he threw down the instrument, and uttering a low exclamation, seemed

sinking into repose, when I thought proper to present myself before him. He received me with the polished air of a perfect gentleman. "An Englishman," said he, "is always worthy my regard; but when I have the honour," he continued, as he ran over my letter of introduction, "to entertain an artist as well, the obligation is double." He then apologized for the absence of his servants, who, he said, were keeping the anniversary of some saint; but the ringing of a small bell brought a little page, between whom and Don Juan the greatest fondness seemed to subsist. The little urchin officiated as lacquey, taking my coat and portfolio. I was quickly seated at Don Juan's table: artists are seldom long strangers, and we soon became as intimate as though we had known each other a thousand years.

The next evening, the night, and again the morning dawn came and went, quickened by our converse, and I once more retired to a bed where had slept many a sage hidalgo, and rose to a fresh round of quiet, but real pleasure. We descended on a small gallery of paintings which Juan had collected, and in which the pencil of the respective masters was as legible as their handwriting; and we turned over folios of real Rembrandts. We explored deep and unfrequented recesses for fragments of *vertu*, which had lain untouched for many a generation; and having sponged many a piece of canvas, we stumbled upon a *bit* of Pordenone, a delightful Velasquez, and a "Soldier on Horseback," as fine as Giorgione.

But the setting of another evening's sun, warm as those of Claude Lorraine, announced that the time

was approaching for my departure. As if, however, to bind me longer than my leisure would allow, a certain interest which I felt in the concerns of my host kept me riveted to the spot. His frankness, his evident goodness of heart, won upon my confidence; he rallied me on my then state of "single blessedness," for which he gave me little quarter. But I returned the compliment, and asked, why he of all others, who seemed so calculated to confer happiness on the other sex, could remain single in such a state of solitude, beautiful as it was, without incurring the charge of selfishness, or at least coldness towards the black-eyed damsels of his neighbourhood, to whom he could not be indifferent. At this earnest interrogation, the colour fled from his lips, his head dropped upon his breast, and a total paralysis seemed to seize his limbs. I was about to offer my assistance and apologies, when the little page entered the room, and, on perceiving the state of Don Juan's mind, filled a Venice glass of wine to the brim, and proffered it with the tenderest concern. He accepted the gift, and embracing the child, warned him at the same time to quit the apartment. My extreme sorrow for thus, unwittingly, touching upon some secret cause of chagrin was so visible as to prevent my utterance; he made a sign that he pitied and forgave me, and requesting my patience for a little, strode out of the room. During the absence of Don Juan, the child returned to make some arrangements on the table: his figure was interestingly striking; his brows were finely turned; his eyelashes particularly long and silken; and he answered the common questions which

I put to him with a vivacity truly delightful. Seemingly too delicate in his structure for one of the male sex, he reminded you of one of those females, whom we read of in legendary lore, who, in the disguise of minstrels or pages, followed the fortunes of those cavaliers for whom they owned the most ardent attachment.

The resemblance which this child bore to the portrait of a lady in the room, and from which my kind host had always passed without making any remark, seemed to strengthen the idea, that hereabouts lurked some mystery with which I was soon to be acquainted. The boy took up Juan's viol, and running over the strings as if he wished to be asked to play, was interrupted by the return of my friend with a cheerful countenance. He told the child that he was wanted by Ursula, and then sat down and drank, in our English manner, "to our everlasting friendship."—"You said right," he continued, "that the heart of man, at my age, is rarely insensible to the charms of beauty;" and endeavouring to assume an air of *badinage*, in which he was but a poor performer, added, "Would to heaven I could fancy myself an exception to this rule! My heart has too long felt emotions for another; but, unfortunately, it became involved in crime as soon as it became susceptible of tenderness. It is now more than three years since I was attracted, during an evening ride, by the sound of a mandolin, and without, for a time, knowing whence the sounds proceeded, till, suffering my mule to take his course down an abrupt dell, a cottage burst from amidst a grove of trees upon my sight, and under a *treillage* appeared, not a wo-

man, but apparently a goddess, dancing while she accompanied herself upon the instrument. O my dear M.! we talk of the grace of Raphael, or Guido, but what painter could portray the *tout-ensemble* of charms which now burst upon me?—the large black eyes, the expressive glance of the blood-tinged complexion of the lovely Inez Ruiz, fully displayed and unobscured by her *mantilla*, which she had thrown behind her. The women of Spain, it is true, are not the educated companions which the culture of the mind makes English women, but they have charms of their own which a foreigner cannot appreciate. Suffice it, that I felt for her the purest and most unalterable love, and I became her constant attendant. The manners of our warmer climate, you are well aware, allow of more freedom than are understood in the frigid climate of England; but while I was paying her all the attentions of an ardent lover, she only beheld in them the common assiduities of a *cortejo*, one of those attendants on ladies, as you are well aware, who carry with them all the appearance of lovers without their privileges. What then was her terror and amazement when I, one day, threw myself at her feet, and avowed the purest attachment! She soothed my passion, although she declared she could never return it, and highly blaming herself for not having before made the confession, informed me that she was the wife of Don Ulloa de Segovia, who was at this time filling a high office in America. Yet she declared she felt for me the purest esteem, and begged me to be satisfied with all she could grant—her inviolable friendship. Fully aware of the precipice on which I stood, I

continued to visit her. In vain I endeavoured to create a tenderer sympathy in her heart; she awed me into decorum, yet suffered me to worship at her shrine. At length the time arrived when the detested Ulloa was to return; and I was doomed to behold her welcoming a man, much her superior in age, with all the tenderness of youthful love. She introduced me to him as a friend to whom she had been indebted for much happiness, and he proffered his thanks with a dignified yet unsuspecting acknowledgment. For a time we appeared the best of friends, until I discovered, or fancied I discovered, that he assumed a sarcastic tone of speech when he addressed me, and which, perhaps, I was too ready to suspect. Donna Inez and he seemed also not to be the friends they were. The ardour of my passion magnified this neglect, and I was fool enough, or something worse, to relate my suspicions to my mistress. She sighed deeply, and, for the first time, shed tears. One day, at the end of a rhapsody, when forgetting all but my passion, I besought her to fly from his brutality, and to choose me for a protector, Don Ulloa burst into the room, and reproached me in the most bitter terms as the destroyer of his honour. Our swords were immediately out, for we were both mad with rage, and I was about to close upon him, when the distracted Inez, throwing herself between us ———. But, holy Virgin!" exclaimed Don Juan, fully realizing the past with the present, "my sword was guiltless of the deed; 'twas that of Ulloa, who, in making a lunge at me, laid the lovely Inez dead at our feet."

* * * * *

"The youth," continued Don Juan, "whom I fancied you regarded with curious eyes, was the son of my beloved Inez. When Ulloa and myself found, too late, that we had sacrificed all we loved to our passion, and were levelled to the same state of misery, we forgot our enmity to each other. He died very soon after his wife, leaving this child to my care; and well, indeed, has he repaid me by a thousand acts of kindness. You will no longer now, I think, my dear friend," concluded Don Juan, "reproach me for a want of feeling, seeing how this feeling has reduced

me to a misery from which, it appears, I can never escape, and from which there is no relief but in death."

I remained with him after this disclosure nearly a week, feeling bound in conscience to leave him in the same state of placidity in which I had found him; and, from the time that I quitted Spain up to the present, our correspondence has been uninterrupted; and his last letter is couched in a style, which leads me to hope, that he will yet meet with a lady capable of consoling him for all his former misfortunes.



THE SMUGGLER.

AMONG the mountains on the frontiers of * * *, in Germany, is situated a lonely village, once inhabited by poor, but industrious and virtuous people; now, since it has been thrown into the corner of a kingdom, a nest of smugglers and thieves, where all the vices have taken up their abode, and where they are fostered by the lucrative though dangerous profession that is there pursued. Here, with all the pride of banditti boasting of their achievements, they related to me a circumstance, the thought of which makes me shudder.

"Come along," said a father one evening to his daughter, a girl of thirteen, who had just returned from the pastor of the village, who was giving her instruction preparatory to confirmation, "put on your thick coat; we have something to get in to-night. Bid your mother good by, and beg her to lay her hand upon your head; for we cannot tell whether God Almighty will bring

us safe through the business or not." They set out. The wind blew intensely cold over the hills, and howled among the trees; while low clouds, heavily laden with snow, sailed slowly over the grey heads of the naked rocks. They proceeded in silence along an unfrequented mountain-path, and clambered like chamois along a yawning abyss, where a foaming torrent was struggling against the overpowering force of winter. "Lay hold of my belt," whispered the father, as though apprehensive lest the very air might overhear him, "and hold fast—'tis not the most pleasant walking here." The girl trembled with cold and fear, and silently followed her rough conductor. "Stop!" he cried all at once, "do you hear nothing? Were not those men's voices?"

"No, father, it is the wind howling through the pines?"

"Stand still then and listen—that must be footsteps. I hear them quite plain."

"No, father, it is the ice bursting in the abyss, and the water dashing against the rocks."

The old man, wrapped in a grey surtout, clapped his ear to the side of the rock to listen, and presently cried, "Come on!" The path became more and more difficult, and the rocks more and more abrupt.

"Should any misfortune befall me to-night, my dear girl," said he, "tell your mother she must not give up the business; I have made a profitable concern of it, and I should not die content if I believed it would drop with my life. You are now old enough to lend a hand; and when you have once taken the sacrament, you will be able, I should think, to carry on the thing well enough."

He then directed her to conceal herself in a small cavern in the rock. "You may eat your supper there," he observed, "for we are now on the frontier; and up yonder you would only be in my way. I'll whistle when I come back. When you hear that sign, look about you and bestir yourself."

With these words he continued his ascent, and the half-frozen girl crept sobbing into the snowy retreat to say a paternoster. At a dizzy depth below her the torrent roared monotonously, and before her the wind whirled the snow in eddies from the rocks. She was alone in this dreary spot.

After a while the appointed signal was given, and she heard footsteps. Her father came, with a pack which he dragged after him.

"Here," said he, "pull it in! it is but light; you will have no difficulty. 'Tis worth a good round sum though."

The pack was deposited in the

cavern, and the smuggler went back again. The girl meanwhile crouched behind the pack, and rubbed her frozen limbs to warm and keep herself awake. Some time again elapsed; again a whistle was given as before, and the father returned with another load. He bade her take up the first, and made her go on before him.

"Father, I hear dogs barking!—don't you?"

"No, no, 'tis only the wheezing of my old lungs."

"There again! I fancy I hear something snuffling behind us."

"Go along, girl, and hold your tongue!"

"There is something moving behind us, father, down yonder, don't you see?"

"Good God! the sharpshooters! We are lost if we cannot reach that ravine!"

A dog came up, and threatened to seize the man, when, clinging without other hope of safety to the rock, he hurled his pack at the animal, which tumbled howling together with a mass of snow down the precipice. "Give it me," he cried, taking the lighter load from the girl, grasping her hand firmly, and drawing her with accelerated steps down the rocky path. Fright deprived her of the use of her limbs, and he dragged her along like a dead thing. Destruction pressed closer and closer upon their heels. Voices repeatedly cried, "Halt!" No answer was returned, and the report of a piece was reverberated a hundredfold by the echoes of the mountains. The ball struck the rock and dropped at their feet.

"Merciful God!" ejaculated the girl, "I cannot go any further.

Leave me here, father; they will not murder me."

"But you will betray me, girl."

"No, no, no; leave me here, and make your escape."

"You will betray me, and bring your father to the gallows. Come, come along!"

Filled with despair, he raised her from the ground, and wound with his twofold burden round a ledge of rock. It was to no purpose. The sharpshooters appeared above and below, and the anxiety of the smuggler increased every instant. The girl had sunk down as if inanimate, and all the efforts of the affrighted father to rouse her were unavailing.

Again was heard the cry of "Halt!" again the balls whizzed past; and the ministers of the law kept approaching nearer and nearer. Life or death depended on a single moment. He bent over his child, and caught her in his arms. "So help me God in my utmost need!" he ejaculated aloud, and threw her down the abyss. The body dashed against the projecting crags in its descent, and rolled into the torrent beneath.

The pursuers stood aghast at the atrocious deed, and overpowered with horror, dropped their weapons. The smuggler escaped with his pack, and has since often visited the spot on a similar errand.

IRISH LEGEND OF LOCH LEAN, NOW NAMED KILLARNEY.

THE mighty chieftain O'Donoghue roared in war as the rolling thunder; he blasted his foes as the forked lightning of dark stormy skies; and in peace he shone over his people as the sun shedding beauty and abundance and joy by his own power. His mouth was the never-failing stream of wisdom. Sages and bards and princes from afar came to listen while he spoke of things mysterious and wonderful; and they returned filled with knowledge of times yet undawned. O'Donoghue made a feast for strangers from lands where Winter never spreads his mantle of snow; and while the menials piled the hospitable board of their chief with the choicest viands of Erin, the stag of the forest, the light-bounding roe of the hills, the lusty steer, the soft-wooled sheep, the heath-cock and capercailzie, all fowls of the air and fish of the sea that smoke before the great warriors

and chiefs of the Green Isle, were in preparation; and the wine of other climes, and the aqua-vitæ of their own strength, were pouring into goblets of gold and cups of silver—every heart was gay; but all tongues were silent, for O'Donoghue discoursed of past, present, and to come, for the Isle of Lakes, green hills, and men of renown. As the mighty river Shannon waters the shores and delights the eyes of the finest kingdoms of Ireland, so the souls of multitudes swelled in the sounds that flowed from the lips of O'Donoghue, and every eyeball rested on his countenance. Slowly moved the orator from the grassy margin to the fathomless waters. Stately he trod the liquid, yet unyielding surface, until he appeared in the centre; then raising his arms, he waved a long farewell. The brightness of his face dazzled every beholder. Their sight was confused by a brilliant mist; and

ere it dispelled, the chief was no longer visible. Some heard a silver voice express these words: "Look for my return on May-day;" and year after year, age after age, O'Donoghue came at the appointed time. When the first beams of the rising orb of day in golden radiance gilded the lofty summit of Glenaa—when the air, mild and tranquil, stirred not even a blossom-leaf of the light hawthorn, or sent a thistle-down to sport along the desert or the pasturage, a wave, with its white head of foam, rose at the spot where the chief of chieftains vanished in Loch Lean. A warrior, with arms and armour of days when Erin had kings of her native birth, riding a battle-steed richly caparisoned, pursued the foam-topped wave; and in his train followed a joyous crowd of youths and maidens, the airy inhabitants of worlds unknown. When the wave had nearly dashed on the western coast of the lake, it made a rebound and directed its course along the wood-fringed border, towards Glenaa. The rider, in all the pomp of martial array, turned his war-steed, as with fiery nostrils he snorted above the curling, foaming billow. The long procession of youths and lovely maidens moved after the mighty leader, tossing their garlands of flowers to celestial strains of melody. The narrow strait between Denis and Glenaa became overshadowed with mists of purple, tinged by golden clouds; the wave, the war-horse, the rider and his followers, were involved by the resplendent veil. The vision faded; lower and lower sunk the floating harmony, though echo, in soft warblings, repeated the notes; and the sons of men awoke as from a dream of bliss.

The origin of this legend may be traced to natural phenomena, similar to the *mirage* of Eastern deserts, to the *fata morgana* of Sicily, and the visions of the South-American savages, connected with, and, in their primitive ideas, corroborating their religious-superstitions. "The fair face of the waterfall" in the Isle of Skye, described in the *Legend of Priomchial* (see *Repository* for February 1824, p. 84), is of the same nature; and they are all produced by the actions of human beings pictured, or rather reflected, by thin vapours upon the slope of dark-coloured mountains. No doubt those appearances are embellished and exaggerated by imagination, superstitious or poetical, and tradition has added marvels peculiar to the eras when such records obtained the largest share of attention. In the years 1743-4, at a mountain called Souter-fell, in Cumberland, a phenomenon was noticed which resembled the *mirage* in the hot sandy deserts, where the arid plain deceives the eye with the likeness of pure water. At Wilton-Hall, within a mile of Souter-fell, and at Blackhills, equally distant, twenty-six persons witnessed the appearance of a troop of horsemen riding at a brisk pace along the steep side of the mountain, and at intervals performing various evolutions of cavalry discipline. These persons swore to the facts before several magistrates. At the time, this was supposed to be a miraculous forewarning of the civil war which soon broke out; but modern philosophy has shewn, beyond doubt, that the forms and movements of living creatures, in particular circumstances, and at considerable distances, are reflected upon thin vapours resting along the slope of

mountains; and on the eve of rebellion the apparition may be accounted for on rational principles. In many parts of the Highlands of Scotland, images of armed men executing military evolutions were observed, and are still described in the more modern *ouarskals*. A son of science, who in our days would have be-

queathed to after-ages a celebrated name, endeavoured to convince the ruling powers, that those were not merely pictures of imagination, but the actions of human beings. His premonitions were neglected, but a few months justified the suspicions and reasonings of Colin Campbell of Achnaba. B. G.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XV.

The Vicar. WELL, Reginald, when is *Woodstock* to be published?

Reginald. Indeed I am not in the secret; but I believe speedily.

Mr. Mathews. I almost wish the author of *Waverley* had chosen some other era for the scene of his tale: the times of Charles II. have been, lately, so often brought before the public, that they will be satiated with them. Evelyn and Pepys have so accurately described men and manners as they then existed, that little remains for the novelists to perform: to say nothing of *Pereril*.

Reginald. But I believe *Woodstock* will not have reference so much to the days of Charles as of old Noll, that sanctified hypocrite and daring usurper. Charles was, for a short period, indebted for concealment from his enemies to the bowers of *Woodstock*, in the recesses of which the fair Rosamond sought shelter from the vengeance of Queen Eleanor; and the genius of our admirable author has selected this incident as the foundation of his story: that he will acquit himself well, and shew the world that he is without a rival in novel economy, whatever he may be in political economy, I have no doubt.

Mr. Montague. How ridiculous to put Horace Smith in competition with Sir Walter Scott!

Reginald. Perfectly so. His *Brambletye-House* is, however, no bad specimen of his talents as a novelist: but neither he nor his brother has ever yet written any thing equal to their *Rejected Addresses*.

Mr. Montague. There is a very spirited passage commencing at p. 79 of the first volume. The rebels are feasting in *Brambletye-House*, the seat of Sir John Compton, where they have arrived in search of that gallant cavalier. In the midst of their merriment,

Their attention was suddenly drawn to the music-balcony, that overhung the hall, by the apparition of a beautiful youth, apparently not more than twelve or fourteen years of age, whose whole face reddened, and his dark eyes flashed with an angry surprise, as he gazed down upon the assemblage below him. He was habited in a close green dress, embroidered with black bugles; his cap, of the same hue, was surmounted by a long heron's feather, and being worn on one side, disclosed the black ringlets that hung down to his neck. He had a bow in his hand; and a belt of black leather, studded with brass bosses, supported a small quiver at his back. So sudden and

strange was his appearance, that the clatter of the hall was utterly suspended for a few seconds, while the company looked up at him, as if wanting some explanation of his intentions in thus presenting himself to their notice. This silence the youth was the first to break, by exclaiming in a loud voice, and with some arrogance of manner, "Where is my father? and who are ye that make such an uproar in his hall?"—"And prithee who are you, my pretty page?" replied the colonel, "and who is the father that owns so dapper a Robin Hood?"

"My name is Jocelyn," resumed the youth with an indignant air; "and I am the only son of Sir John Compton."

"Why then, my dainty little bowman," retorted the colonel, "I am sorry to say, that you have a malignant and a traitor for your father."

"Thou art a liar and a knave to say it!" exclaimed the boy in a rage; and, quick as thought, fixing an arrow to his bow, he drew it to the head, and launched it with a twang at the colonel, who luckily drew suddenly back, so that the weapon missed its aim, but stood quivering in the wall close behind him. Every thing was uproar in an instant: a dozen pistols were levelled at the balcony; but the commanding officer, striking them down with his sabre, exclaimed, "By heavens, I will cut off the first arm that pulls a trigger! For shame, comrades, for shame! shall we, who fear not the bravest of men, make war upon a child? Beshrew me!" he continued, resuming his usual smile, "the lad's a good marksman and truc, and his spirit likes me well. A toward young dreadnought, I warrant me, and a genuine chip of the old block."

"Rather the venomous spawn of the old malignant," cried Cornet Axtell, "who will try his sting again if he escape scot free from this attempt. The young assassin has shrunk away, but let us seek and seize him, and draw his teeth before his bite becomes more dangerous."

Reginald. Very good, indeed; that lad was a brave one; just such a one as I should like a son of mine to be. But there is a great fault in *Brambletye-House*, in my opinion. The political principles of the author have led him to paint in too favourable colours the characters and conduct of the Roundheads; a race of men, who, with some few sincere but misguided individuals amongst them, were principally made up of knavish enthusiasts and unprincipled hypocrites.

The Vicar. The violations of law and justice committed by them, both in their public and private acts, were flagrant and numerous, and ought to have been exposed.

Reginald. Those usurpers put the estate of every loyal man in the kingdom under sequestration. He was compelled to give in an account of all his property, real and personal. The sum to be paid for its protection was sometimes fixed at one-third, if a desperate malignant; and sometimes at a tenth, if his loyalty was not so marked. The vilest and most unprincipled men were named as "committee-men" and "sequestrators;" and they had it in their power, and they never failed to exercise it, to harass and trouble those whom they suspected, or chose to suspect, of attachment to the royal cause, for fresh "delinquents," as they were termed. Thus the unfortunate loyalist, after having paid his first imposition, was never secure from the fangs of these harpies. And this was the law and the justice which the men, who brought their sovereign to the block, meted out to the people of England.

The Vicar. I was lately perusing the works of Sir John Cleveland,

a contemporary writer, of no mean ability and of great shrewdness. He thus describes a committee-man or sequestrator:

A committee-man is a noun of multitude; he must be spelled with figures, like Antichrist wrapped in a pair-royal of sixes. Thus, the name is as monstrous as the man, a complex notion, of the same lineage with accumulative treason. For his office, it is the heptarchy, or England's fritters; it is the broken meat of a crumbling prince, only the royalty is greater; for it is here, as it is in the miracle of loaves, the voider exceeds the bill of fare. The pope and he ring the changes; here is the plurality of crowns to one head; join them together, and there is harmony in discord—the triple-headed turnkey of heaven, with the triple-headed porter of hell. A committee-man is the reliques of regal government, but, like holy reliques, he outbulks the substance of which he is a remnant. This is the giant with the hundred hands, that wields the sceptre; the tyrannical bead-roll, by which the kingdom prays backward, and every curse drops a committee-man. * * * * *

Now a committee-man is a party-coloured officer. He must be drawn, like James, with cross and pile in his countenance, as he relates to the soldiers, or faces about to his fleecing the country. Look upon him martially, and he is a justice of war; one that has bound his *Dalton* up in buff, and will needs be of the quorum to the best commanders. He is one of Mars's lay-elders; he shares in the government, though a non-conformist to his bleeding Rurbrick. He is the like sectary in arms as the Platonic is in love, keeps a fluttering in discourse, but proves a haggard in the action. * * * * * Me-thinks a committee hanging about a governor, and bandaliers dangling about a

furred alderman, have an anagram resemblance. * * * * *

He out-dives a Dutchman; gets a noble of him that was never worth sixpence; for the poorest do not escape, but, Dutch-like, he will be draining even in the driest ground. He aliens a delinquent's estate with as little remorse as his other holiness gives away a heretic's kingdom; and for the truth of the delinquency, both chapmen have as little share of infallibility. He is the grand salad of arbitrary government, executor to the Star-Chamber and the High Commission; for those courts are not extinct; they survive in him like dollars changed into single money. To speak the truth, he is the universal tribunal; for since the times all causes fall into his cognizance, as a great infection turns oft to the plague. It concerns our masters (the Parliament) to look about them; if he proceedeth at this rate, the jack may have to swallow the pike, as the interest often eats the principal. * * * * *

Take a state-martyr, one that for his good behaviour hath paid the excise of his ears, so suffered captivity by the land-piracy of ship-money; next, a primitive freeholder, one that hates the king because he is a gentleman, transgressing the magna charta of delving Adam. Add to these, a mortified bankrupt, that helps out his false weight with some scruples of conscience, and with his peremptory scales can doom his prince with a *Mene-Tekel*. These, with a new blue-stockinged justice, lately made of a good basket-hilted yeoman, with a short-handed clerk tacked to the rear of him, to carry the knapsack of his understanding; together with two or three equivocal sirs, whose religion (like their gentility) is the extract of their dues; being, therefore, spiritual, because they are earthly; not forgetting the man of the law, whose corruption gives the *Hogan* to the sincere junto. These are the simples of

this precious compound; a kind of Dutch hotch-potch, the *Hogan-Mogan* committee-man.

The committee-man hath a side-man, or rather a setter (hight a sequestrator), of whom you may say, as of the great sultan's horse—where he treads, the grass grows no more. He is the state's cormorant; one that fishes for the public, but feeds himself: the misery is, he fishes without the cormorant's property, a rope to strengthen the gullet, and to make him disgorge. A sequestrator! He is the devil's nut-hook; the sign with him is always in the clutches. There are more monsters retain to him, than to all the limbs in anatomy. It is strange, physicians do not apply him to the soles of the feet in a desperate fever: he draws far beyond pigeons. I hope some mountebank will slice him, and make the experiment. He is a tooth-drawer once removed; here is the difference—one applauds the grinder, the other the grist. Never, till now, could I verify the poet's description, that the ravenous harpy had a human visage. Death himself cannot quit scores with him; like the demoniac in the gospel, he lives among tombs; nor is the holy water shed by widows and orphans a sufficient exorcism to dispossess him. Thus the cat sucks your breath, and the fiend your blood; nor can the brotherhood of witch-finders, so sagely instituted, with all their terrors, wean the familiars. * * * * *

A committee-man's mischief is superfection, a certain scale of destruction; for he ruins the father, beggars the son, and strangles the hopes of all posterity*.

Reginald. He's a fine fellow, that Cleveland; I must read him.

The Vicar. Your time will not be altogether thrown away, I can assure you.

Mr. Mathews. What have we new since the last month?

Reginald. Why but little new,

* Cleveland's Works, page 72. 1687.

and that little not of the very best quality. The publishing trade, like all others, is just now at a low ebb; but I trust it will soon revive, and that the passing cloud which has obscured the national prosperity will vanish and dissolve "into air—thin air," and be no more thought of, except to guard, as far as human prudence can, against its recurrence.

The Vicar. It is a dispensation of Providence which we must all bow to. The country was too much lifted up by its prosperity; and this reverse of fortune is no doubt intended for a wise purpose, to humble our pride, and correct our lofty, and perhaps impious, anticipations of never-failing happiness. A paraphrase of a verse in the Psalms, written by a valued young friend of mine, though intended to apply to a private calamity, is not inappropriate to those who are afflicted by this public one.

Be still and know that I am God.

Psalm xliv. 10.

When sorrow shakes thy sickening frame,
When loves are false, and friends unkind,
When obloquy, reproach, and shame
Are hurl'd at thee by all mankind,
Confess thy follies, kiss the rod—
Be still, and know that I am God.

Do poverty and ills combine
To blight the promise of thy youth,
And nip thy bud of happiness?—
Oh! list to this consoling truth:
I will give strength to bear the rod—
Be still, and know that I am God.

Has death thy brightest prospects rent?
Are friend and lover put from thee;
Affections which like tendrils bent
Around thy heart in unity,
Are these torn from thee?—kiss the rod—
Be still, and know that I am God.

In every changeful scene of life,
In sorrows, or in brighter days;
In death, in hope, in bliss, in strife,
Confess how wondrous are my ways;
And bow submissive to my rod—
Be still, and know that I am God.

Mr. Montague. I hope the patrons of literature will, however, soon recover the shock, as well as our merchants and manufacturers: if they do not, I fear we shall soon have to return to our old authors, and pull them from their slumbering places on our shelves, in the dearth of new publications.

Mr. Mathews. And we shall derive more improvement from that course, than we can expect from the perusal of most modern works, I'll be sworn.

Reginald. I have lately read *The Rebel*, which is a tale tolerably well told. There is a character in it evidently in imitation of Meg Merrilies; and the narrative of her death, in the presence of Sir William Sherbourne, the hero of the piece, is perhaps one of the best touches in the book. You shall hear:

Nevertheless, unbounded love for him had influenced her actions. It was love for him that had caused her to leave Wentbridge; it was love for him (love as pure and unbounded as ever filled the heart of woman) that had driven her to shun his presence, and never to appear before him but when his personal safety seemed to require her assistance. These truths flashed on the mind of Sir William as he gazed on the suppliant and beautiful figure before him. "Alas!" said the baronet to himself, "how would such a heart as hers be able to bear the intelligence of my death, when the mere idea drives her almost to distraction?"

An expression of pity, of kindness, of softness—I may add, of affection, was visible in Sir William's face as he looked on Helen, whose dark, but small and well-formed hands were clasped, and raised in the attitude of entreaty, whilst her slight and elegant figure was lowly bending at his feet. Helen caught the expression of his countenance, and au-

guring well to her cause from his silence, she again besought him, in a voice of the deepest feeling, to escape.

"No, Helen, I have passed my word of honour, and nothing earthly shall tempt me to break it," replied Sir William, endeavouring at the same time to raise her from her supplicating posture; but she shrunk from his touch as though it had been pollution, and, rising hastily, she said, in a low suppressed voice, "I have now but *one* more question to ask, William Sherbourne, and answer it *truly*, and as you hope to be happy *hereafter*: Do you mean to abide your trial?"

"I do," replied Sir William, in a voice so firm as convinced Helen that all further entreaty would be vain.

"You have signed," she replied, in a low but firm tone, "you have signed my death-warrant, and your own. William Sherbourne, farewell!—farewell for ever!" She then backed several paces, and putting her right hand under her cloak, she drew forth a dagger, and in one moment plunged it into her side. Sir William darted forward, and caught her in his arms.

"My dear Helen!" he exclaimed, in a voice of horror, "what have you done?"

"Spilt my heart's blood!" replied Helen, in a trembling, dying voice. "Lay me on the floor," she continued, while the hue of death crept over her fine countenance, "lay me on the floor, and leave me! leave me to make my peace with my God, ere my life's blood is spent, ere the gates of mercy are closed!"

"O Helen! my dear Helen!" said the baronet, tearing at the same moment the fatal instrument from the wound, "O Helen! what an accursed deed you have done!"

Sir William immediately threw aside Helen's cloak, and was proceeding to undo the dimity bed-gown in which she was dressed, when she gently pushed away his hand.

"No! no!" in God's name leave me! *Death* is before my sight!"

Sir William seized one of his towels,

and applied it to the wound to staunch the blood, and then gently laid her on his bed. Helen cast on him a look of deep though chaste affection; then turning her head from him, and raising her beautiful and expressive eyes to heaven, she exclaimed, "Almighty Father! thou God of mercy! pardon thy erring, sinful, but repentant servant! and O defend——" She could say no more—the cold hand of death was upon her. Sir William flew to the bell and rang it violently, and returning instantly to Helen, he passed his hand under her waist, in order to place her, if possible, in an easier position: she moved her lips as though she wished to speak, gave him a look of unutterable thankfulness, and closed her eyes for ever.

Mr. Montague. I have been much pleased with a volume entitled *Songs of a Stranger*, by Miss Costello. The following is a beautiful *morceau* from it:

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 beauteous 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.

The Vicar. Well, gentlemen, if we have so few literary subjects to discuss, suppose we adjourn to the drawing-room, where my daughters are entertaining some young friends, and let us have some music.

Reginald. With all my heart. *Ad-
lons done!*

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
April 4, 1826.

A RUSTIC JURY.

THAT learned tourist, Doctor Syntax, in his manifold ingenious researches after the picturesque, never, I believe, encountered a scene more full of *materiel* for the painter, than one I had the fortune to witness in the western parts of our island. This was a "Coroner's Inquest," held in a clay-built cottage, by the side of a narrow road, on a child, burnt to death but a few hours previously. His honour the coroner, accompanied by two friends, one of whom was the present reporter of his judicial proceedings, arrived at the parish toll-gate as near to the hour appointed as a proper regard to his honour's dignity would permit; here he was dutifully met by the church-

warden, which gentleman, let my readers understand, was a very heterogeneous personage, compared with the important functionaries who hold the same office in larger and more civilized places—the parishes of London, to wit, where a churchwarden is at all times a man of the most distressing consequence. He of whom I now speak, although, doubtless, "no mouse" in his own imagination, was simply a petty farmer. This worthy seemed perfectly at a nonplus, having to communicate the appalling intelligence, that, with all the exertions which his genius could suggest, he had as yet been unable to collect a jury. His honour assured him that a jury was an

indispensable part of the ceremony, and that without this there was no stirring at all in the matter. It was then agreed that Mr. Churchwarden should use efforts still more vigorous than ever; and the coroner meanwhile retired with two friends to explore the surrounding scenery. In the midst of a rapturous discourse on the sublime appearance of the ocean, just seen between two distant hills, up came the triumphant man in office, almost gasping for breath, to inform his honour that two men, having happily completed their day's labour, had at that moment arrived, and with ten others, himself included, were only awaiting his honour's presence to open the proceedings of the court. To trifle with the leisure of a jury of his countrymen was far from the patriotic mind of the coroner; and leaving the sea and the hills to their summer repose, we all instantly adjourned to the cottage where the dead infant lay.

The scene which presented itself on our entrance had a rude poetry about it that would have struck fire from the soul of a Burns. The apartment was low-roofed, rather oblong than square, with the uncovered earth for its floor, dry mud walls, and a dingy thatched ceiling, hung with no contemptible variety of cobwebs. Its only furniture consisted of two or three broken chairs, a kind of school-form, a deal dresser and table; and at one end was a little fire, on which was placed a saucepan, that seemed to contain a family supper, tended by an old woman, whose whole energies appeared so directed towards it, as to render her almost indifferent to the bustle of the passing scene. In this room we found assembled the most extraor-

dinary jury, perhaps, that ever delivered a conscientious verdict. The foreman was no less a personage than the worthy churchwarden himself, who, evidently aware of the importance of his pre-eminent station, ever and anon displayed a smirking smile, the effect of which was very ludicrous. On his right and left, upon the window-sill, sat two grim figures, the one tall, with a large aquiline nose, and a skin nearly resembling leather; he held a formidable stick, on which he rested the point of his nose: the other was comparatively a dwarf, but stout and muscular; his head and shoulders appeared heaped together, and in the midst of the bundle sparkled two little eyes, with somewhat of the light which a rush-candle throws into an emerald. The rest were men of various aspects, all singularly picturesque; and their patched garments and battered hats, from which trailed lank locks that seemed but just gnawed by their rustic companions, the rats, admirably heightened the general effect of the picture.

The coroner, furnished with pen, ink, paper, and all other necessary official articles, now assumed his seat at the crazy deal table, and summoned the constable to his side forthwith. This officer was a tall gentleman, clad in fustian, and over whose face his Satanic majesty had trampled rough-shod; he appeared at full length, staff in hand, and commenced repeating the usual forms after his honour; but in lieu of saying, "*We, true and loyal men,*" &c. our preserver of the peace persisted in the words, "*I, true and loyal man;*" no doubt, very commendably averse to answering on any one's behalf but his own. The constable's duty per-

formed after the constable's peculiar fashion, it now became that of the jury to "kiss the book," according to law; and it would have been a treat for Hogarth to have beheld their different attitudes and countenances in the act of saluting it: one grinned, another leered, a third closed his eyes, a fourth opened his mouth, several seemed doubtful of the safety of their lips, and could with difficulty be persuaded to press them to the volume; whilst others boldly put forth their tongues and licked it most courageously. All preliminaries finished, the investigation commenced, and was rendered amusing throughout by the oblivious propensity of his honour, who invariably forgot the name of the child upon every occasion in which the knowledge of it became necessary; and

the consequent eagerness of the whole jury to enlighten him on the matter, all speaking in perfect discord together, and in which even his honour's two admiring friends kept irregular chorus, partook both of the romantic and the ridiculous. But when the body of the poor babe was examined, the contrast between the harsh and sun-burnt faces that pored over it, and the small and fair, but livid countenance of the lifeless infant, was strange and wild and melancholy. The proper witnesses having been examined, no doubt was left of the manner of the child's decease; and, after a sage consultation, which endured for some sixty seconds, our gifted jury returned a verdict of "*Accidental death*," much to the satisfaction of themselves and his honour the coroner.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

A COUNTERPART TO THE BURMESE STATE CARRIAGE.

GOVERNOR VANSITTART sent a curious boat from India as a present to George III. King of Great Britain. This magnificent bark, called in Bengal, *mohr punkec*, or peacock-boat, had on its bow the figure of the bird; the tail being prolonged nearly all the length of the boat, and beautifully painted and varnished. The boat was eighty feet long; the extreme width nine feet towards the front, gradually diminishing to the stern, which terminated in a fish's head. In India the fish's head is esteemed an ensign of royalty, and borne only by persons of the highest distinction. Over the broadest part of the boat was erected a pavilion, the canopy of which was six feet

high, and covered with crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold; as were likewise the curtains, that hung on every side, supported by several varnished pictures, and the bottom surrounded with a light elegant railing. A narrow balcony, stretching over each side, served as a receptacle for fruit, confectionary, sherbet, and other refreshments. The floor was covered with scarlet cloth, with crimson velvet cushions for resting upon, according to the custom of the country. In front of the pavilion was a circular throne for the Nabob, or personage of the highest rank; and over this seat extended a canopy of velvet and gold, the whole breadth of the boat, supported abaft by the pavilion, and forward by two painted carved slaves, the

tops of which, like the top of the pavilion, were ornamented by gold cones, surrounded by gold fringe, and gold tassels at each corner. This boat moved by paddles worked by thirty rowers; the paddles being furnished with two revolving brass rings, and their clashing together at every pull by the rowers kept time while the rowers sung in unison. The boat was steered by a long oar, fastened on the larboard side, near the stern. The masts were placed at the head and stern, and fancifully painted. The streamers were of silk, with flowers of gold in the Moorish taste.

HEROISM.

At the siege of Mons John, the great Duke of Argyll, finding he did not succeed in rallying a division of his men, opened his breast and leaped in among them, saying, "Come, fellow soldiers, onward! You see I have no more armour than you wear; let us conquer together, or die like Britons, who never yield while life remains." The men advanced and fought like heroes.

APOTHEOSIS OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

This honour was conferred only on the emperor who left a son to succeed him. The body of the deceased was interred with the usual solemnities; but an image of wax made to resemble the late sovereign was placed on a bed of state, carved in ivory, and covered with cloth of gold. On one side of this bed the senate sat, clothed in black, and the women of quality in white habits, without jewels or other ornaments, according to their practice in mourning. This ceremony continued seven

days. Then a number of young men, chosen from the equestrian and senatorial orders, carried the image along the Via Sacra to the old Forum, where the magistrates laid aside their authority. Here two scaffolds were erected, one for the ladies of high rank, the other for young men of equal condition, and both chanted the praises of the deceased in mournful tones. In the mean time, a lofty pyramid was prepared in the Campus Martius; the pyramid was all of wood, the inside filled with combustibles, and externally hung with gold tapestry, and adorned with ivory and paintings. The form of the structure resembled modern lighthouses; the combustibles occupied the lower story; in the second stood a royal couch, and on each side were piled spices and costly perfumes. The cavalry followed the procession with the body, which being laid on the couch, the cavalry rode round the pyramid, observing a kind of cadence not unlike the Pyrrhic dance. The chariots also drove round in the same order, with persons who represented the most celebrated Romans, in appropriate costume. These ceremonies being over, the successor to the empire took a lighted torch and set fire to the pyramid in several places. A vast column of smoke arose: an eagle, which in secret had been confined in the summit of the building, was set free. He ascended to escape from the flames, and soared aloft; while the people believed the noble bird to be a visible apotheosis of the soul of their emperor. From that time they paid him divine honours.

THE SAUDS OR QUAKERS OF INDIA.

About one hundred and eighty

years ago, Beerbhan, a provincial of Delhi, received a communication from Ouda Dos, teaching him the particulars of the religion now professed by the Sauds. Ouda, at the same time, gave to Beerbhan marks by which he might know him on his re-appearance; namely, that whatever he foretold should happen; that no shadow should be cast by his figure; that he would tell him his thoughts; that he would be suspended between heaven and earth; that he would bring the dead to life. Bhuwanee Dos, a learned Saud, shewed a British missionary a copy of the *Pothee*, or religious book of his sect, written in a kind of verse. The Sauds abhor and utterly reject all kinds of idolatry, and the Ganges receives from them no higher veneration than is paid by the Christians, although the converts are made chiefly, if not entirely, from among the Hindoos, whom they resemble in exterior. Their name for God is *Stutgour*; and *Saud*, the appellation of the sect, means servant of God. They are deists, and their form of worship is most simple. In their customs they resemble, in a remarkable degree, the Quakers. Their dress is always white; gaudy colours and ornaments being strictly prohibited. They never make an obeisance; they will not take an oath, and in courts of justice are exempted from it, their asseveration, like that of the Quakers, being considered equivalent. They profess to abstain from all luxuries, such as tobacco, paun, opium, and wine. They never have *nauches*, or dancing. All attack on man or beast is forbidden; but in self-defence resistance is allowed. Industry is strongly enjoined. The Sauds, like the Quakers, take great

care of their aged and infirm people; but to receive assistance from people not of their *punt*, or tribe, would incur disgrace, and probably subject the offender to excommunication. All parade of worship is forbidden, and secret prayer impressively recommended. Alms must be unostentatious, and due regulation of the tongue is a principal duty. The chief seats of the Sauds are Delhi, Agra, Jypour, and Furrackabad. An annual meeting takes place in one or other of these cities. They are an orderly, useful, inoffensive people, and are chiefly engaged in trade.

RUSSIAN IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

In Russia *embonpoint* is the most admired, and unquestionably the most *substantial*, constituent of beauty. When a Russian lady waddles along under a superabundance of flesh, the beholders admire her as exquisitely charming, and exclaim, "How big and beautiful she is!"

ÆOLIAN HARP.

About twenty years ago, a singular discovery was made at Bury, in Suffolk. During divine service in an old chapel, a strange noise excited a superstitious horror, and after a little time became so loud, that the service was on that day discontinued. Immediate search was made, but no cause for the unprecedented noise appeared. Soon after a labourer was employed to clear away the rubbish which had been loosened during the investigation; he happened to strike a piece of iron, and a panel in the wall sprung open. A dim light shewed that a considerable space was to be explored. The man gave information to his employers;

torches were brought, and on entering the closet, a human skeleton appeared. Beside the skeleton lay an Æolian harp, and a cranny in the roof having admitted the gale, rendered the instrument vocal. No tradition accounts for this extraordinary circumstance, but human nature recoils at the fate of the deplorable solitary.

CRICKET.

There are no pastimes of joyous activity in America; no cricket, no foot-ball; and were Americans to see grown men amusing themselves at cricket, they would testify as much astonishment as was expressed by the Italians who beheld Englishmen play at cricket in the Caserna at Naples.

CRUEL PUNISHMENTS CHARACTERISTIC OF BARBARISM.

Cruel punishments are characteristics of nations imperfectly civilized. Boiling to death was a capital penalty of the Scottish law in the reign of Robert the Bruce. Melville of Glenbervie, sheriff of the Mears, underwent that dreadful termination of existence. The savage doom was permitted by Robert, and executed by the lairds of Arbuthnot, Mather, Lauriston, and Petraw. A pardon for the deed, which has not been regularly warranted by the king, is still extant among the records of the Arbuthnot family.

The reputed necromancer, Lord Soulis, was also boiled to death by his oppressed vassals at the *nine stane rig* between Hawick and the castle of Hermitage.

The gallant David de Brechin, nephew to Robert the Bruce, was

beheaded for concealing a conspiracy of Lord Soulis, in which he had nevertheless disdained to participate. Sir Ingram de Umphraville, an English or Norman knight, high in favour with King Robert, bitterly reprimanded the populace who thronged to witness the fate of this young warrior. "Why press ye," said he, "to behold the dismal end of a knight so generous? I have seen you gather round him as eagerly to share his bounty, as ye now assemble to look upon his execution." With these words he withdrew from the scene of blood, and asked the king's permission to sell his Scottish estates and retire from the country. "My heart will not permit me to remain," said he, "where I have seen such a knight bereaved of life by the hands of the executioner." With the royal leave he gave the rites of Christian sepulture to the body of David de Brechin, sold his possessions, and left Scotland for ever.

HEROISM OF A SCOTCH WOMAN.

During the attack on Matagorda, the wife of a British artilleryman distinguished herself so much as to attract the attention of General Graham (now Lord Lynedoch). She removed the wounded men in her arms, carried them into the rear, and dressed their wounds; carried up sand-bags and placed them in the breaches made by the enemy's shot, and even cheered the men on to action. The general, in recommending her to the commander-in-chief, observed, that the mountains of Caledonia could produce its heroines as well as the walls of Saragossa. It is mortifying to think, that while so much has been said of Augustina of

Saragossa, we are ignorant even of the name of the British Amazon. Augustina was a guest at the tables of our admirals, and at Seville lifted Marquis Wellesley from his carriage. She wore a handsome dagger, and when a gun was fired while at dinner on board the admiral's ship, she flew from the table with an affectation of military ardour.

INDIAN COOKERY.

At Bogata, the Indian method of roasting is with the hide on, which retains the juice. Poultry sewed within the skin of an animal newly killed, and baked in the oven, is said to be very delicious. Meat and poultry rolled in thick paste, and tied in a cloth, allowing a quarter of an hour for every pound of meat, or fowl, while boiling, is a delicacy for a soldier or sportsman; as the paste answers the purpose of bread, and the culinary utensils are of the most portable description.

LAW,

the founder of the Mississippi scheme, was so run after at Paris that he had no repose. Duchesses kissed his hand, and wherever he was engaged to dine, crowds of ladies offered their company. Madame de Boucher persisted in dining with Madame Simiane, though that lady wished to decline the favour, as her table was already crowded. Another lady ordered her carriage to be drawn opposite to Mr. Law's hotel, and to be overturned. Law ran to her assistance, and she confessed that she came to be overturned merely to obtain a sight of him. When the bubble burst, Law was not sure of his life.

MODERN PIRATE.

Among those who perished in the Royal George was William Davidson, a Scotchman, who at an earlier period had been engaged in the most atrocious piracies, in the Levant, on board of a Russian ship; but he regarded them as brave exploits, and was not aware of their enormity. When Sir Richard Keats commanded the Niger, Davidson belonged to that ship. He possessed some rudiments of education, and was of a gloomy unsocial disposition, and sallow complexion. Search being made in the seamen's chests for stolen articles, at a time when Davidson was under confinement for some offence, a journal of horrible transactions on board the Russian pirate was found in his possession. He deserted from the Niger, and was pressed on board the Royal George, in which he perished.

EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS.

So late as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was the custom for "enamoured maydes and gentiwomen to give their chosen swaynes" diminutive handkerchiefs, wrought in embroidery, if they were capable of such work and could afford it, or in more simple needle-work, according to the ability of the fair-one. They were ornamented with a button, or tassel, in the centre and at each corner. Some were edged with gold lace or fringe, and when laid in cross folds, the "chosen swaynes" wore them in their hats, or fixed to the breast of their garment. In Queen Elizabeth's time they were sold in shops, ready made, from sixpence to sixteen pence apiece.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Four brilliant Waltzes for the Piano-forte, composed, and dedicated to his friend, Cipriani Potter. by Charles Schunke, Pianist to the King of Wirtemberg. Op. 7. Pr. 3s.—(Boosey and Co.)

SINCE our last review, in which we noticed with deserved commendation Mr. Schunke's Op. 4, we have ascertained that this gentleman resides in England at present, and that he is scarcely twenty years of age. Mr. S. has recently performed in public, and displayed a degree of skill, taste, and finished execution on the piano, which gained him the applause of our best judges in music. With such advantages, therefore, and the knowledge of the art which his compositions evince, Mr. S.'s career begins under the brightest prospects; and we must be much mistaken, or his future course must go greatly out of its proper and probable track, if he do not rise to the highest eminence in his profession.

The present waltzes are not calculated for the ball-room; they are elaborate compositions, that can only be relished, and properly played, by persons of considerable attainments in the art. This at least is the case with Nos. 1. and 2. occupying ten pages out of the thirteen allotted to the whole publication. Although they possess a strong vein of originality, not only in point of melody, but also in the harmony and the manner in which the harmonic support has been arranged, it seems to us as if the author had intentionally attempted to imitate the style of some of the great masters. If this supposition be correct, we should ven-

ture to guess that the style of Beethoven has been in view in the first waltz, and that of Rossini in the second; a proceeding to which we could not object, as the imitation is far from being a copy of any thing previously existing, and plagiarism is totally out of the case.

It would have been well if executive ease had been more studied in the composition of these waltzes; as in those of Op. 4, keys rendered difficult by the number of sharps and flats—not to mention the many accidentals arising from a variety of bold and sometimes very heterogeneous modulations—are preferably resorted to, a circumstance which operates as an impediment with a large class of players. And, indeed, we have met with some few instances of considerable durity in the harmonic arrangement.

Though all this is sure to correct itself in time in a person of Mr. S.'s attainments, we deem it our duty to draw his attention to points in which we conceive improvement to be possible. Young composers of genius are invariably apt to disregard facility of execution; and, teeming as are their minds with an exuberance of ideas in a state of fermentation, it is in their early productions that they give ample vent to every thing which they conceive likely to display to the utmost their talents and abilities. This is so natural, and so full of future promise, that a youthful mind, under such symptoms of mental exuberance, may truly be envied by the numberless class of those to whom a less propitious nature has vouchsafed no overplus admitting of prun-

ing, and who generally begin in humble sobriety, and end in downright poverty.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *A National Danish Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte* by J. P. Pixis. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)
2. *Melange for the Piano-forte, from the Opera of Il Crociato in Egitto*, by Frederick Kalkbrenner. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell.)
3. *No. 5. Introduction, "I love thee," and the Air, "Should he upbraid," composed by Henry R. Bishop; arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment (ad libitum) for the Harp*, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)
4. *No. 6. Introduction, "Sleep, gentle lady," and the Polacca, "Trifler, forbear," composed by Henry R. Bishop; arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment (ad lib.) for the Harp*, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)
5. *Dramatic Duet on the favourite Air, "Amor possente nunc," arranged for two Performers on the Piano-forte* by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)
6. *"Come, love, to me," Romance, composed by Henry R. Bishop, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte*, by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)
7. *Webb's celebrated Glee, "Glorious Apollo," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute*, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)
8. *Les Quadrilles Françaises, selected and arranged for the Pi-*

ano-forte by W. W. Sutton. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

1. Although with ourselves the relish for variations is perfectly on the decline, we should act very unjustly in not accompanying those which Mr. Pixis has devised upon what obviously appears to be an authentic national theme (Danish) with the strongest recommendation that can be given to compositions of this class. They are written with great fluency and taste, and, which adds to their value, fall within the capabilities of any decent piano-forte player. At all events they may be mastered with a moderate quantum of study; and, as a study, in particular, for forming the hand and acquiring proper expression, Mr. P.'s labour is unquestionably valuable to the student.

2. Mr. Kalkbrenner's *melange* from the *Crociato* is dedicated to Madame Beer of Berlin, the mother, we understand, of Meyerbeer, the author of the opera, who connected the family name with the Judaic *prænomén* "Mayer" into one word, as he would syncopate a minim with a crochet. The *melange* consists of three or four subjects arranged in succession, with much fanciful freedom of digression and contrapuntal contrivance. The whole is managed with much skill, brilliant and very effective; so that the abundance of *Crociatos*, in all shapes and directions, is not likely to diminish the interest of Mr. K.'s labour.

3. 4. 5. These are three posthumous works of Mr. D. Bruguier, who died in October last, deeply regretted by all who knew him. As a violin-player and a teacher on the piano-forte and harp, he held a respectable rank in the profession.

His productions often engaged our critical pen; they consisted chiefly of arrangements from the works of other masters, in which he generally displayed sound judgment, good taste, and a happy facility of musical tact. These qualifications are conspicuous in the three pieces before us, which form very interesting duets for four hands. To Nos. 3. and 4. there is a harp-accompaniment, which, although highly effective, may be dispensed with, without detriment to the melody or harmony.

6. Mr. Kiallmark's variations upon "Come, love, to me," deserve a turn in the succession of musical occupation. There is a very proper introduction, and the theme is good. The first variation is tasteful; a *minore* (No. 2.) of fair workmanship, succeeds. No. 3. is quite like some other variation of Mr. K.'s, the name of whose theme we do not at this moment recal to memory. No. 4. a march in the subdominant, is in a good spirited style; and No. 5. exhibits a good series of bass evolutions. The ease and good taste of these variations may render them welcome to moderate performers.

7. Mr. Rawlings has not only made two variations upon Webbe's "Glorious Apollo," but in propounding the theme, he has even, *in limine*, ventured to digress into variation-work. The two variations are satisfactory, showy, and very effective, without any deterring difficulties; and the introduction, in Steibelt's tremolando manner, is in good style. There is a flute-accompaniment, of a cast not particularly strong, but quite obligato on several occasions.

8. The "Quadrilles Françaises" are founded upon French melodies, neat in themselves, and judiciously

metamorphosed into good *dancing* quadrilles. The accompaniments might have been devised with more effectiveness, and, in some instances, with greater correctness.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *Songs to Rosa; the Poetry by Thomas H. Bayly, Esq.; the Symphonies and Accompaniments by T. A. Rawlings.* Pr. 12s.—(Goulding and Co.)
2. "*Softer than down on cygnet's wings,*" a Song, sung by Mr. Duruset at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden, composed by G. Nicks. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
3. "*Ombra adorata,*" arranged, with an Accompaniment of the Spanish Guitar, by J. A. Nüske. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)
4. "*Giovinetto Cavalier,*" arranged, with an Accompaniment of the Spanish Guitar, by J. A. Nüske. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)
5. "*Ecco ridente il cielo,*" arranged, with an Accompaniment of the Spanish Guitar, by J. A. Nüske. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)
6. "*She sang, but afraid of her own sweet voice,*" a Song, written by Daniel Weir, Esq. the Music composed by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 2s.—(S. Chappell.)
7. "*My love, thou art a nosegay sweet,*" a Ballad; the Poetry written by J. Clare, the Northamptonshire Peasant, sung by Mr. Phillips, composed by C. Hodgson. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Lavenue and Co.)

1. The songs addressed "to Rosa," and dedicated to her, are ten in number. That they are more or less of an amatory complexion, *cela va sans dire*. The passion, however, though intense at first, appears to have experienced various stages of fluctua-

tion; and from the last of the songs, "Go, Rosa, go!" we were justified in concluding that a dissolution of partnership had been resorted to. The lady here has plain notice to quit; and the reasons are candidly expounded. She has turned flirt; and the poet exceedingly regrets that he did not know the matter sooner, for "if thou hast *seemed* what thou hast proved, I never should have sought thee"—a declaration so very natural, that few will call the poet's veracity in question. But although, thus, at the close of the poet's inspiration, the thing seems to have been *all up*, the matter, we guess, must some how or other have been *made up* again; or else, how could the whole book have been dedicated to Rosa? Not as a taunt, surely.

But *non nostrum tantas componere lites*. Our business lies with the book, not with the *liaison*. Of the ten songs, six are stated to be made of Spanish, French, German, and even Indian melodies; and four are original compositions by Mr. Mazzinghi, Mr. Rawlings, Mr. Bayly, the poet himself, and Mr. Whitmore. The contributions of the two last-mentioned gentlemen possess great merit; and Mr. Mazzinghi's song is likewise very interesting and chaste in style. That of Mr. Rawlings is fair enough, but without any pretensions to originality of invention. His forte, from all the specimens we have seen, does not appear to lie in *lyric* composition. With regard to the national airs called in aid, the selection is good, and the text suits them remarkably well; but most of them have previously been brought before the public in one way or other; and as to what is called *In-*

dian, we must candidly own, that our faith in regard to authenticity is less firm than that of the editor's.

The poetical value of these effusions to Rosa is unquestionable, generally speaking; and, in some instances, strikingly conspicuous: and the accompaniments, symphonies, &c. devised by Mr. Rawlings, merit unqualified approbation.

2. Mr. Nicks's song is not remarkable for originality of ideas; but there is proper taste and musical sense in the conduct of the melody and harmony, excepting bar 2, l. 4, p. 2, which is of an awkward complexion; and the termination of the song is quite borrowed. Some neat episodic instrumentation occurs in the accompaniment, which is altogether satisfactory, and would have been more so, if the treble had been less wedded to the melody.

3. 4. 5. The three Italian airs of Zingarelli's, Meyerbeer's, and Rossini's, with guitar accompaniments by Mr. Nüske, cannot fail to be favourably received by the amateurs of that instrument, excellent as they are in themselves, and ably as Mr. N. has arranged the guitar-part, so as to embody the essential features, and, in a great measure, even the character of the authentic accompaniments, without exacting unreasonable efforts of execution.

6. On Mr. Crouch's song we have none but favourable remarks to offer. Good taste and musical tact are observable throughout. The melody is chaste and regular, and the harmonic arrangement extremely well devised. Some select touches of modulation in the last bar of p. 2, and at the close of p. 3, contribute materially to heighten the interest of this composition.

7. The text of the Northamptonshire bard which Mr. Hodgson has set to music, presents a quaint mixture of love and piety; and, to judge from the song, both in a melodic and harmonic point of view, we should infer that Mr. H. has not been aided by any considerable degree of experience in lyric composition. At the same time it is but just to add, that this gentleman's labour bespeaks a taste and proper musical feeling, so as to warrant our encouraging further efforts. The air, although in some instances of plain materials, proceeds in natural connection, and the successive periods stand in good rhythmical keeping. If this ballad were a maiden essay—and it looks not unlike it—we should augur well of future productions.

HARP, FLUTE, AND VIOLONCELLO.

1. *A third Selection of admired Airs from the most favourite Operas of Rossini, arranged for the Harp*, by W. H. Steil. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)
 2. *The six celebrated Airs of Rossini, with Embellishments, for the Flute*, by Raphael Dressler. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, Hanover-square.)
 3. *Twelve National Airs, with Embellishments, for the Flute*, by R. Dressler. Books I. and II. Pr. 3s. 6d. each.—(Cocks and Co.)
 4. *Mozart's twelve admired Airs, with Embellishments, for the Flute*, by R. Dressler. Books I. and II. Pr. 3s. 6d. each.—(Cocks and Co.)
 5. *Twelve Movements, selected from the Works of Haydn, and arranged for the Violoncello and Piano-forte* by H. J. Banister. Book I. Pr. 5s.—(Banister, Goswell-street.)
1. Mr. Steil's selection consists of

five or six pieces from Rossini's *Tancredi*, arranged for the harp with great care and good judgment, and with some few additions of his own in the way of introduction, &c. just enough to link the whole together, and impart to it additional interest, without taking unwarrantable liberties with the original. As this has been accomplished without entailing unnecessary difficulties upon the execution, the publication demands our unqualified approbation, and will no doubt prove an acquisition to the amateur on the harp.

2. 3. 4. The publications of Mr. Dressler, referred to under the foregoing numbers, recommend themselves, *prima facie*, by their portability and convenient size, by their typographical neatness, and the reasonableness of their price. Their intrinsic merit, however, claims no less our decided approbation. In point of selection, Mr. D. has brought together the most choice and universally esteemed pieces, applicable to the titles prefixed to his elegant little volumes, and the embellishments he has interwoven with the different subjects are tasteful and quite in character. Fastidious as we are on the subject of ornamental amplification, we are willing to allow greater latitude where only *one* instrument is called into action. Without the aid of harmonic support, the mere subject consigned to one part often acquires a degree of languor and monotony which may be remedied by a certain quantum of figurative addition, the latter often standing instead of accompaniment. With regard to the contents, it may be proper to add, that the book of Rossini's airs (2.) includes three from *Tancredi*, viz. "Di tanti palpiti," "Piu dolce,"

“Come dolce;” one from *La Donna del Lago*, viz. “Aurora che sorgerai;” “Zitti, zitti,” from the *Barbiere de Siviglia*; and “Di Piacer,” from *La Gazza ladra*. The two books of twelve national airs (3.) contain a collection, equally interesting, of pieces of various authors and countries; and in the two books from Mozart’s works (4.) we find various pieces from *Il Don Giovanni*, the *Magic Flute*, *Figaro*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, and *Così fan’ tutte*; to which one piece from Rossini’s *Mosè in Egitto* has unaccountably been added, to make up the dozen.

5. Mr. Banister’s collection of twelve pieces from the works of Haydn, consists of various movements extracted from the quartetts, symphonics, &c. of that composer. The

violoncello part, which of course is principal, may be mastered by a player of moderate proficiency, provided his instruction has been of the right kind; and the part of the piano-forte is not restricted to mere accompaniment, the two instruments acting generally *concertante*, according to the nature and character of the piece, or of particular passages. In all this, a proper degree of judgment and good taste appears to have guided Mr. B.’s pen; and the amateur cannot but derive both gratification and benefit from Mr. B.’s praiseworthy and repeated endeavours to promote the cultivation of the violoncello, which, indeed we are happy to observe, is gaining daily in estimation.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE third annual Exhibition of the Society of British Artists is now open, and it shews, in the various departments of the fine arts, considerable proficiency. We are always pleased to see the development of rising talent; and had reason to indulge this gratification on the present occasion in Suffolk-street; for we seldom remember to have seen so many specimens of our students brought together in fair and honourable competition with the works of maturer masters in art.

The present Exhibition contains seven hundred and sixty-two works, and affords a fair specimen of the miscellaneous merits of our artists. The landscape department is very attractive; the classical is likewise

rich; the coast, marine, and town scenery deserves high praise; the humorous is very good; and there are several pictures of still life which cannot fail to be greatly admired. The historical department is not sufficiently encouraged to be worth the undivided attention of our artists; and works of imagination do not abound, for the same reason, although we were struck with the poetical excellence of a few in the present collection.

Mr. Hofland (the Secretary to the Society) has several landscapes; some of them old, and rather improved by the mellowing of their colours; and others new, and exhibited for the first time. Among the latter are two views taken from the immediate vic-

nity of Sheffield, which are intended to be engraved; and copies of such scenery deserve to be multiplied: they are,

Sheffield, taken from near the Reservoirs, Crooksmoor, and Sheffield, from the Road leading to Norton.

The scenery on these spots is interesting; for it discloses the view of a populous town, in the midst of an undulating landscape, which is so touched by the skill of the artist as to yield a very pleasing prospect. From the cultivated patches of the northern counties, rich as they undoubtedly are in fertile objects for an artist's pencil, it would be difficult to select two more interesting points of view than Mr. Hoffland has done on the present occasion.

A City of ancient Greece—the Return of a victorious Armament.—

W. Linton.

This active artist has several pictures in this Exhibition, many of them sustaining the reputation which he has so justly acquired as a landscape-painter, for the taste of his selection of subject, and the natural tone of his execution. That which we have already named is purely a composition. An aquatic procession of warriors returning to a magnificent city, and that city one of ancient Greece, unfolds such a scope to the imagination of any artist who has a genius for his pursuits, that we are prepared to expect rather too much from the effort, than candidly to appreciate the merits of the person who makes it. We have here a fine illustration of the beautiful lines,

“From the blue waters to the deep blue skies,

Earth-based, sky-capp'd, those stately structures rise,

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And soar so proudly tow'rd's th' empyrean air,

It seems as beauty's queen had fix'd them there,

To mark the spot o'er which her doves had driven,

When from the ocean's breast she soar'd to heaven.”

There are, perhaps, lines of perspective, particularly in the “reverend fanes,” which are the most prominent in the fore-ground, not as rigidly drawn as Mr. Turner would have made them; nor is the shadowing of the “Parian pillars” as well defined: but it would be uncandid to withhold from this ingenious artist (Mr. Linton) the merit, and it is an arduous one, of having composed and finished a very beautiful classical landscape, replete with objects in strict conformity with his original conception, and realizing, to our physical sight, those mental gleams of delightful and exciting vision with which Greece is associated in our earliest recollection, and still more affectingly kept there by the sad contrast of her crumbling destiny in our own times. The genius of our country has, however, done for Greece what her arms, if not prevented by a policy not our province to discuss, would have more palpably achieved—she has lent her aid to the preservation of her renown; our greatest poet made her last fortress his tomb, and our best artists have for a century devoted their talents to the preservation of what barbarism had permitted to remain of her ancient magnificence.

Manfred—a lower Valley in the Alps, a Cataract.—J. Martin.

The artist has selected for his subject that highly wrought passage in Lord Byron's poem of *Manfred*, in which the witch of the Alps is de-

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scribed as rising at the adoration, beneath the arch of the sunbeam of the torrent. To endeavour to typify this "beautiful spirit," whose celestial aspect made to look tame "the beauties of the sunbow," was not a new effort in art; and the splendid works of the old masters, and indeed some names of modern date, and in our country, undoubtedly attest its practicability. But such compositions require the steady hand of a master, and simplicity in their design is an essential ingredient in the production of their beauty. We have always done justice to Mr. Martin's genius, but it is, we suppose, his fate not of late years to have done much justice to it himself. His conceptions are extravagant; his drawing, from his known capabilities, singularly imperfect in these large works; and great pains in the execution, with some details very finely expressed, seem only to make his principal defects more apparent. Those precipitous and perpendicularly flung masses of rock have nearly the same position in all his pictures; they are, it is true, very grand, but it is equally true that their constant repetition gives a monotonous effect to his works; and in his principal figures, likewise, the same extravagance predominates. Mr. Martin's *Manfred* is his *Joshua*, though in a more uncouth and distended form. It is more pleasing to turn to the painting of the witch of the Alps and the Iris, which is certainly beautiful. There is, indeed, in this speck of the picture, "a sight of loveliness, an essence of purer elements," not to be found elsewhere in the work. Mr. Martin ought now, at least, to perceive that his enthusiasm is not felt by the public. Perhaps he consoles

himself with the notion, that they are impervious to the light of true genius. We are told by an ancient philosopher, that Pythagoras and Anaxagoras looked at the sun with different eyes; the former saw a god, the latter a stone.

The Dedication.—*Annette and Lubin.*—H. Richter.

These two pictures have possibly some trivial defects in colouring, but they are quite perfect in their professedly essential object, the delineation of humorous character. *The Dedication* represents an author in an ecstasy of joy at a rhapsody which he has just prepared for some patron, who will doubtless receive it after the manner that Pope describes the lover of bombastic commendation, who,

"Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Buffo, puff'd by every quill;
Fed by soft *dedication* all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song."

Hogarth's poor Grub-street garret-
teer, whose thoughts are bent upon the regeneration of the world, at one end of the room, while the milk-woman is raving for the payment of her score at the other, is not half so excited as Mr. Richter's author; while some light is broken upon the style of his genius by the painter's inscribing the terms of the dedication upon a paper which the poet has just indited. Dryden, in distinguishing an author from a translator, observes, that the author has the choice of his own thoughts and words; and of this just distinction our dedicator has most amply availed himself, for Smollett could not have composed a fitter dedication for the patron of such a wight.

The other picture, *Annette and Lubin*, has rather too poetical a name for a village story, which represents

a young clown hauled up by the parish to repair, by the marriage ceremony, the *immoral* effect which would be otherwise of probable exposure, arising out of his familiarity with a female friend of his own station in life, whose appearance has evidently undergone a great alteration since she first "kept his company." The story, for such a subject, is portrayed with a good deal of genuine humour, and the expression of the different figures which are introduced is, in the highest degree, natural and appropriate.

An Interior, Dead Game, &c.—
B. Blake.

This, and other pictures of the same kind in this Exhibition, by Mr. Blake, are excellent examples of his skill in this department of art. The colours, as well as forms, perfectly resemble nature.

The Morning after a Storm.—
J. Wilson.

There are some clever touches of colouring in this picture, but the effect is in other parts somewhat impaired by a desire to accomplish too much.

Sunset, the Island of Bute and Arran in the distance.—J. Glover.

Mr. Glover is an industrious and useful contributor to this Exhibition, in which he has several very attractive landscapes, and some finely finished marine views among the Scottish isles. The sun-tints which just gleam on the extreme points of the rocky fore-ground of the picture we have just named are very beautiful; perhaps there are rather too many of these tints reflected upon the water, and the effect thereby becomes more artificial than it ought. The picture of the Island of Bute, at the opposite

side of the room, is necessarily in a different tone of colouring, from the artist's choice of time, and possesses a good deal of merit. There is, nevertheless, an artificial effect here in the lines of shadow, which fall in with such uniformity. We are perhaps cavilling with Nature, rather than with the artist, who has imitated her appearances under peculiar situations which are new to us. Almost tired with being pleased with the varied merits of Mr. Glover, we become cavillers to pretend that we are critics.

The Worthies of Devon.—J. Northcote, R. A.

This venerable artist, by still continuing to exhibit, evinces his unabated desire to promote the arts to which he has dedicated a long life. This appears to be a picture of old date, and composed with the praiseworthy intention of commemorating the men who have deserved well of a county, the salubrious air of which has proved favourable to the development of genius. Among the medallions, a proper place is given to Sir Joshua Reynolds, the old friend and early professional master of Mr. Northcote.

Cologne on the Rhine.—C. Stanfield.

This artist displays an uncommon versatility of skill in his profession. Whether on a large or small scale, he paints with equal force and truth. The cathedral in the picture before us is drawn, not only with great precision in the perspective, but with the utmost freedom of effect. He has a smaller picture or two, which equally receive and deserve praise.

A School.—W. Gill.

A little picture, with a good deal

of peculiar and interesting expression of homely character.

The intrusive Visitor.—E. Landseer.

A snake has interrupted a lion devouring a dead stag: the subject is repulsive, but the painting of it by this young artist is meritorious in a very high degree.

The ladies, as usual in all works of taste and elegance, are most abundant and valuable contributors. When Addison, in describing the lady's library, mentions having seen *Locke on the Human Understanding*, with a paper of patches in it, his intention was, doubtless, rather to shew the versatility than the frivolity of the pursuits of the fair sex, and their acknowledged capabilities, sustained indeed in our own times by so many illustrious examples, of prosecuting the most profound studies, without at the same time disregarding even that occasional attention to mere trifles; which after all, were we as candid as we ought to be, should be admitted to characterize more the male than the female sex. The ladies who have graced this Exhibition with their works have swept through every department of the arts, and lent to each a passing grace. *The Mother and Child*, after Correggio, by Miss J. Ross, is a sweet and expressive miniature painting, full of delicacy and beauty. Miss Beaumont's *Pet Rabbit* is a pretty composition, which we think we have praised before. Miss H. Gouldsmith has several pleasing compositions, as well as landscapes, in her best style. The following ladies are also contributors; but we lament that we are prevented, by want of room, from detailing their

particular merits. Many of them deserve the attention and patronage of the public in an eminent degree. The ladies are—Miss G. James, Miss Sharp, Miss E. Hay, Mrs. L. Horton, Miss Gwennap, Miss Scott, Miss L. Byrne, Miss E. E. Kendrick, Mrs. J. Robertson, Miss M. Ross, Miss Hayter, Miss Pearson, Miss Crome, Miss J. Drummond, Miss E. Kendrick, Miss C. Farrier, Miss Sharples, Miss L. Adams, and Miss de Michele.

If we are thus compelled to notice, or rather to pass over, in this painfully brief manner, the works of ingenious and accomplished ladies, the gentlemen will have no difficulty in excusing us from entering more into a detail of their works. Our object will, indeed, be effected, if we succeed in leading the public to attend these Exhibitions, by a general notice, knowing that there is a strong desire to select and encourage individual worth, when once brought under general view. Mr. J. Lonsdale has several good portraits; Mr. Meyer, Mr. Hurlstone, and several other artists, are also successful in this department. Mr. Nasmyth has some good landscapes. We were likewise pleased with the following works:

The Fountains, and Maison de Ville, &c. in the great Market-place at Liege, by W. H. Harriot; *The Puppies playing*, by S. Taylor; *A contented Cobbler*, by A. Frazer; *Selling Rabbits*, by W. Shayer; *The Patient*, by T. Clayter; *The Rue du Change at Rouen*, by D. Roberts; *Dead Game*, by G. Stevens; *Coast-Views*, by W. Ingalton; *Hastings Fishermen*, by J. Tennant; *Fruit*,

by G. Lance; *Falstaff personating Majesty*, by J. Meadows; *Coliseum at Rome*, by the Rev. G. M. Musgrave; *Rural Scenery*, by C. Ward, and similar subjects by G. Pyne; *Girl and Kitten*, by C. R. Bone—but we must break off, with regret that we cannot devote more space to this crowded collection, and particularly to the miniatures, the drawings, and engravings, many of which are really beautiful.

In the Sculpture-Room, Mr. Physick, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Henning, jun. Mr. Deville, Mr. Rossi, and other artists, have contributed very meritorious specimens of their skill and taste. We were particularly struck with a drawing on stone of *Cupid and Psyche*, after Mr. Westall. It is one of the softest and most delicate examples of this peculiar and highly useful department in art which we have yet seen executed.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

As we were about to go to press, the National Gallery in Pall-Mall was re-opened with a splendid addition of valuable pictures, which have been chiefly presented to the Gallery by Sir George Beaumont, Bart. This munificent example will, we have no doubt, be followed by our nobility and patriotic lovers of the fine arts, until we shall at length have to boast of the possession of a national collection worthy of the state, and calculated to afford the student the principal at least of those great advantages, for which he has now to cross the Alps, and incur the pains and expense of an Italian journey. In the present catalogue there are 59 pictures, 16 of which are from Sir George Beaumont's collection; and, we believe, a few additional ones are still to be exhibited, when convenient space can be obtained: indeed the house (the late Mr. Angerstein's), however spacious for a private display, is ill adapted for public purposes.

The late additions to this Gallery are chiefly a magnificent Titian, which is one of the most splendid examples of colouring of that illustrious master; one or two Correggios; several landscapes by Claude,

one of them of large size, with some beautiful architectural parts, which are managed with infinite taste; some Bacchanalian pictures by Poussin; a very good landscape by Both; a Venetian view by Canaletti; a capital head of a Spanish boy by Murillo; two good landscapes by Wilson; and what, in a national point of view, we most prize, two capital pictures by the late Mr. President West and Mr. Wilkie, the subjects *Py-lades and Orestes*, and *The Blind Fiddler*. It would be a just reproach to the munificent founders of the National Gallery, were they to overlook the merit of the artists of our own country, in forming a collection to cultivate the taste not only of the public, but of the students in art, and to excite in the latter that spirit of emulation which is so essential to the full development of their powers. It is gratifying, therefore, to find that we can already number among the great names whose works adorn this Gallery, such artists (some of them of our own time) as Hogarth, Reynolds, Wilson, West, and Wilkie, names which deserve to be associated with those of the proudest masters of the old French and Italian schools.

THANKS FROM MR. HOGAN.

EXTRACT of a letter from that young sculptor, dated Rome, March 3, 1826, to Mr. William Carey, London :

“The measure that you have adopted relative to the subscription has, indeed, been wonderfully successful, not even to say a word on the present low state of affairs in England, which has also been felt here, Gibson being the only artist who has received an order to execute a figure in marble this season, from the effects of bankruptcy on the hearts of English travellers. It is true, the subscribers are not many to your patriotic and kind purpose; but I know that the sum, already collected, is quite sufficient to enable me to reap an *amazing advantage* in my profession, during my stay in Rome, with proper exertion and economy on my part.

“I beg you will present my warmest acknowledgments to those gentlemen who have given me their support at this present moment; but *most particularly* to Sir JOHN LEICESTER, of whose noble encouragement I am most truly sensible.”

TO THE EDITOR.

April 7, 1826.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in communicating the above extracts, on account of my wishes for Mr. Hogan's welfare, of whose future excellence in his profession I entertain an unabated reliance; and on account of Mr. Gibson's fame, from whose first exhibited attempt, a model of Psyche, which I saw in the Liverpool Exhibition in 1810, I published my anticipation of his present high rank in his profession in the *Liverpool Courier*. To find him in 1826, so high as to be the only sculptor in Rome who has received a commission this season, is to me a most heartfelt gratification.

Here, a reference to the following passage in my letter, accompanying my subscription of ten pounds, may be a necessary elucidation: “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.” It was urged, with an honest zeal, to me, that by leaving it open to subscribers to pay in their money, at their own convenience, in other places and to other persons besides Messrs. Hammersleys' bank, more money might have been collected; but I confess I did not think so, and I prevented the proposed amendment. It is a very proud circumstance to learn from the young artist himself, that, by adhering to the first safe, quiet mode of proceeding, sufficient has been raised to enable him to reap all the proposed advantages in his professional studies; the total amount subscribed in London and Dublin being 127*l.* 2*s.* (see page 159), to which sum may be added the liberal promise of J. Fitzgerald, Esq. of Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, to contribute his mite to the fund. Hogan has thus, a second time, had the proposal in his favour publicly approved of *by his country*; and the *Royal Irish Institution* has, *again*, done honour to its public spirit, by contributing so handsomely 25*l.* to this second subscription, after having contributed 100*l.* to the first. The only expense deducted was five pounds, paid by Messrs. Hammersleys to the printer, for printing the circular letter and postscript. I defrayed the postage of about eight or ten circular letters into Suffolk and elsewhere; and I also provided a careful messenger for the delivery of about sixty or seventy of the letters in London without cost.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

WM. CAREY.

DRAWINGS OF FLOWERS, FRUIT, &c.

A COLLECTION of Drawings in Water-Colours privately exhibiting by Mr. Heilbronn, a native of Hanover, at his residence in Frith-street, has strongly attracted the attention of the curious. They are the work of Chevalier von Stettner, who was director of excise at Ofen, in Hungary, at his death in 1815, after which they were purchased of his family by Mr. Heilbronn, who then resided in that country. The whole is an extraordinary performance to have been achieved by an individual; and we are, nevertheless, assured that he sometimes bestowed the labour of months on the delineation of a single leaf or floweret. It consists of ten folio volumes, containing five hun-

dred leaves, and nearly a thousand different subjects in botany and natural history, all so highly finished, and with such a minuteness and truth of nature, that one would scarcely conceive it possible to accomplish such a labour within the compass of a life. The subjects belong chiefly to the Hungarian *Flora* and *Pomona*. They are in general extremely beautiful; and it is surprising to observe how many thousands of delicate touches must have been bestowed on the down of a leaf, the hair of a foot-stalk, or the blossom of a single flower. Mr. Heilbronn has, we understand, brought over this collection with the intention of disposing of it.

BASSO-RELIEVOS IN SILVER, BY BENVENUTO CELLINI.

MR. LEWIS, silversmith, of St. James's-street, has in his possession twelve very curious silver ornaments, apparently for the table, by the celebrated Italian artist, Benvenuto Cellini, representing the history and triumphs of the twelve Roman Cæsars. The subjects are chased in compartments within a circular, patera-like form; and if the style of workmanship does not equal that of the finished intaglio gems of antiquity, it is not inferior to that of most of the cameos. In the centre of each is a statue of the emperor (about six inches in height, and supposed from the mean execution to be an addition of later years), the principal actions of whose life are represented by the basso-relievos on the disk of the vessel below. The number of the figures in these, their minuteness, and the accuracy of the

drawing, are truly astonishing. Triumphs of every kind, battles by land and sea, the costumes of various nations, the method of drawing up every kind of warlike force, phalanxes, light troops, cavalry, sieges, and defences; besides civil representations, temples, the architecture of the age and country, embrace so vast a multiplicity of subjects, and are treated so elaborately, as to offer a boundless field for observation and study.

The history given of these unique specimens of workmanship and art is this: They were executed by Cellini about the year 1560, for the celebrated Cardinal Aldobrandini, afterwards Pope Clement VIII. whose arms are introduced on several spaces of the chasing, and passed into the family of Borghese, his successors. They were reckoned till 1792 among

the chief ornaments of the Aldobrandini palace, and were then carried off and buried, to save them from the rapacity of the French. They afterwards became, in what manner we are not informed, the property of one Dominichi, who was steward to the family at that perilous period; at his death they came by purchase into England, where they still remain; while the money paid for them is

expended in charities and masses for the good of the soul of their last possessor.

We understand that several persons of taste have expressed a wish that these remarkable works of art should be engraved; and we trust that the owner will receive sufficient encouragement, to be induced to gratify the lovers of the arts with accurate representations of them.

DENON'S CABINET.

THE sale of the collections of the late M. Denon, at Paris, will take place on the 1st of May. Formed by the late proprietor himself, they comprise an extraordinary variety of the most rare and valuable articles of every kind, obtained from almost all the different countries in

the world. Some idea of the extent of this rich and curious collection may be formed from the circumstance, that the catalogue fills three octavo volumes, each of which is edited by a committee of artists and scientific men.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of sea-green *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* made to fit the shape, rather high, and ornamented with nine corded bands, placed longitudinally and equidistant at the sides, but formed into three separate divisions in front, each uniting three bands and confined with a button. The sleeves are very large and full to the elbow, where they gradually decrease and become quite plain at the wrist, and are terminated in a corded band; the fulness is regulated by a broad band which extends from the shoulder downwards. The skirt is decorated with bows and festoons of ribbon of the same colour, supporting Italian crape baskets of a light and elegant form, the centre projecting, and the top and bottom

terminating in points; the lowest ribbon is caught up by the one above between every basket, thus giving great variety to the festoons; broad wadded hem beneath: fluted muslin *colletette*, shallow in front, but widening as it proceeds towards the shoulder, and fastened by a cameo. Gold chain and eye-glass. The hair arranged in large curls, and a gold comb confining a long bow of hair on the top of the head; gold earrings and bracelets; shaded ribbon reticule, of a similar shape to the baskets that ornament the dress; yellow gloves and shoes.

BALL DRESS.

Crêpe-lisse dress of Haytian blue; the *corsage* plain and close to the shape, with a narrow notched tucker





and Farinet folds of white *crêpe lisse* across the bust, and a small bouquet of spring flowers in front. The sleeves rather low on the shoulder, short and full, and ornamented with two notched *ruches* of white *crêpe lisse*, and a narrow blue satin rouleau; the lower extending all round the arm, midway of the sleeve; the other only across the top. The skirt is ornamented with a row of Persian roses, attached by bows of blue satin ribbon, two of the ends extending to a handsome wreath of *folia peltata* in blue satin, the stalks of which are arranged circularly from the one to the other; a row of puffed *crêpe*

lisse, and a narrow satin wadded hem, terminate the bottom of the dress. Blue satin sash, with short bows and long ends, fastened on the left side, rather below the band of the waist. Head-dress of three folds of Haytian blue *crêpe lisse*, with four rows of pearl beneath, placed between large bows of hair, and plaits arranged in festoons on the left side, and one single bow of hair on the right, drawn very tight and fastened by a comb. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of gold, ruby, and pearl; long white kid gloves; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOthic CHAIRS.

IN the annexed plate of Gothic furniture are represented three chairs, one for a hall, and the other two for a drawing-room. It is not, perhaps, generally understood, that it is to a comparatively modern period that we owe the great addition to our domestic comforts derived from this kind of seat. The Romans, at their meals, usually lay in a reclining position on couches; and it is well known that among the Eastern nations no other posture, but that of reclining on cushions or sofas, has ever been practised: it may be, therefore, inferred that it is in Europe this invention took its rise. In England, at so late a period as the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII. chairs appear to have been but very little used; and it was not till the reign of Queen Elizabeth that they became more generally employed. To this day, in the halls of our universities, the master alone is seated

in a chair, the fellows and students being accommodated with forms and benches.

Some of the remaining specimens of ancient chairs are remarkable for the beauty of their design and the richness of their ornaments. Such is that at St. Mary's-Hall, Coventry, which has so justly excited the attention of the curious and the admiration of the decorator. This chair, which is of the style termed florid, is carved in oak, and has a high rising back, which is divided into three panels of tracery, surmounted by two richly carved string-courses. At each end of these rises a sort of bracket, on which are placed the armorial bearings of the person for whom the chair was designed. The seat-part is supported by tracery, and the elbows are formed by figures on a ridge of oak-leaves, which has a very rich effect; and the whole is designed in an

harmonious and agreeable manner. But, while we admire the beauties of this design, we are not insensible to its defects; its massy form renders it much too cumbrous to be moved, and, after the numerous modern improvements that have been made in furniture, it would be folly implicitly to copy the ancient examples; though, at the same time, care may be taken to preserve and introduce those parts of the design which are most suited to our purpose.

We have particularly referred to this specimen, because it is the most deserving of our attention; but besides it there are many other examples, such as the two coronation-chairs in Westminster Abbey, which, though inferior in workmanship and design, have, notwithstanding, a good Gothic character.

There is, perhaps, no part of furniture which has required more reflection in its construction than a chair. Having constantly a weight to support, strength was one of the principal considerations; and, at the same time, a certain degree of lightness was requisite to fit it to be easily moved. Curves were, therefore, selected as answering two ends; namely, ease to the body, and strength to support it. It is, therefore, not without great study that this piece of furniture has been brought to the state of perfection in which we now see it. The present designs need no particular illustration; they are composed on the improved principles, with some few decorations to give them a more Gothic character.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Just ready for publication, *Ports of England*, No. I. containing two plates, Whitby and Scarborough, engraved in highly finished mezzotinto by Thomas Lupton, from drawings by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. made expressly for the work. This publication will contain all the licensed and chartered ports of England, and cannot fail of being highly interesting to the historian, as well as to the collector of fine arts.

We understand that a volume of poems, under the title of *Field Sports*, is in the press, and will be published during May, by the author of "Sylla," "Odes," "Portland Isle," &c. &c.

Mr. William Carpenter is preparing for publication, *A Popular Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures*, designed for the use of

mere English readers; comprising Introductions to the several Books; a Summary of Biblical Antiquities, Geography, Natural History, &c. in one large volume Svo. with maps and plates.

A novel of the highest interest, from the pen of a noble author, is in the press, entitled *Alla Giornata*, or *To the Day*; the scene of which is laid in Italy.

The Practical Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and complete Decorator, by Peter and M. A. Nicholson, in quarto, enriched with 13 plates, is just ready.

The late Lindley Murray, author of the English Grammar, and many celebrated elementary works, has expressed in a written document, as well as verbally, his very earnest desire that none of his letters should

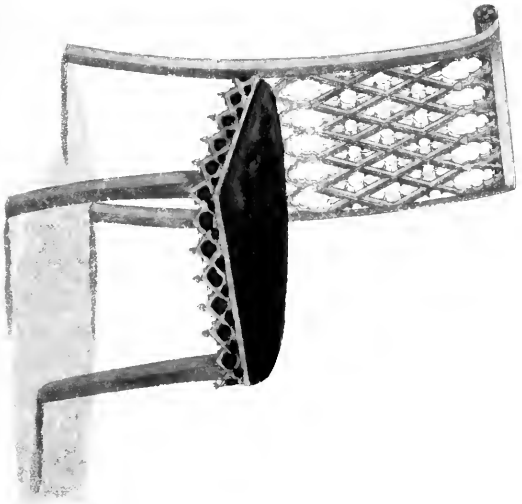
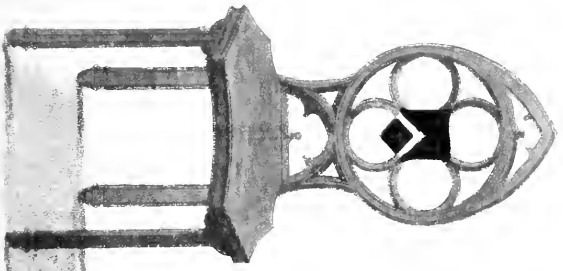
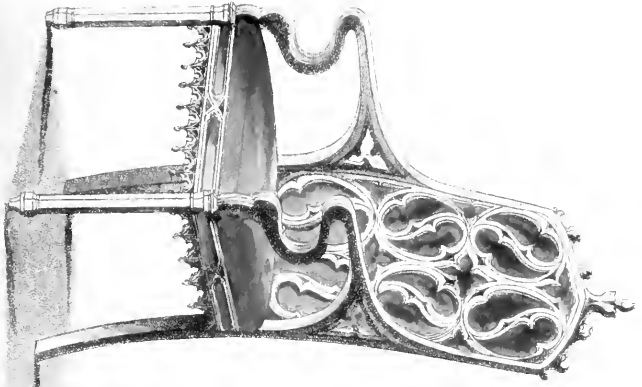


PLATE I

be published after his decease. He has, however, given leave for the publication of some Recollections of his Life, an interesting and highly instructive little work, which he wrote in consequence of repeated solicitation. This will shortly appear, together with an appendix, containing a memoir of the concluding years of his life, and some critical remarks on his writings.

Shortly will be published, in two vols. 8vo. the *Lives of Baron Guilford*, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles II. and James II.; the Hon. Sir *Dudley North*, Commissioner of the Customs, and afterwards of the Treasury, to Charles II.; and of the Hon. and Rev. Dr. *John North*, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Clerk of the Closet to Charles II. by the Hon. Roger North.

Picturesque Views of the Cities and Cathedrals of England, from drawings by Mr. J. F. Robson, are in preparation. The work will correspond in size and style with Britton's *Cathedral Antiquities of England*, to which it may be considered as a picturesque accompaniment and illustration.

The Rev. S. H. Cassan is engaged on *The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester*, from St. Birin, the first bishop, A. D. 634, to the present time, in two volumes.

Proposals have been issued for publishing by subscription, *Lancastrenses Illustres*, or *Historical and Biographical Memoirs of Illustrious Natives of the County Palatine of Lancaster*; with Genealogical and Heraldic Observations, by Mr. W. R. Whatton, of Manchester. The work will be illustrated by nu-

merous portraits and armorial engravings.

Dr. Smith is preparing a *Natural and Topographical History of Dorking*, and its interesting vicinity.

The Miscellanist of Literature, for 1826, consisting of selections from the most important works of the past year, in auto-biography, history, memoirs, poetry, and voyages and travels, is announced for speedy publication, in 8vo.

A romance of the fourteenth century, entitled *De Varasour*, which it is said will add to the list of noble authors, is announced.

A Companion to the Naval Sketch-Book, under the title of *The Military Sketch-Book*, will speedily appear, in two post 8vo. volumes.

Shortly will be published, in one volume, with the title of *Passatempì Morali*, a series of interesting tales, translated into Italian, from the works of celebrated authors, and particularly designed for the use of young ladies who are studying the Italian language.

A translation of the *Tre Giuli*, the most popular of the poems of the late Abate Casti, to which will be prefixed a memoir of the author and some account of his other works, is in the press.

In a few days will appear, *Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character*, with twenty coloured plates.

Mr. Chantrey is engaged on a full-length or pedestrian statue of his Majesty, to be erected on the Steyne at Brighton. The statue is to be of bronze. The artist is preparing the figure for the cast, which is in a state of forwardness.

Poetry.

LINES

*To the Memory of a young Lady, who died,
the victim of consumption, on her passage to
Madeira, October 26, 1820.*

SHE sicken'd and died—it was said, of love,
In the prime of her life's young morning;
She had quitted her own for a stranger's
grove,

The smiles of the cold world scorning.

She had bidden adieu to the friends of her
youth,
As her foot press'd the deck of the vessel;
She had made a vow—it was hallow'd by
truth—

With the pangs of affection to wrestle.

The canvas swell'd, and the vessel sped,
Nor left scarce a ripple behind her;
But the maiden sat as if life were fled,
As if nought could of being remind her.

Often they sought her form to save
From the spray of the pitiless ocean;
Not a word she spoke, not a look she gave—
One throb but betray'd her emotion.

She sicken'd and died—not an eye was there
But wept as death's shadow came o'er
her—

Her spirit had pass'd to a brighter sphere,
Where angels bow down before her.

'Twas the noontide of night, not a star was
seen,

But all that they could they granted;
Solemn and sad was their sorrowing mien,
As her funeral dirge they chanted.

Vivid and awful the lightning flash'd,
As her corse to the billows was given;
And sullen and hoarse the wild wave dash'd,
As they pour'd forth a short prayer to
Heaven.

The morning dawn'd, but in vain they sought
Dark thoughts from their bosoms to banish,
And many a day must with pleasure be
fraught

Ere that scene from their minds shall
vanish.

A HEALTH.

From "*Poems*," by EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.
Published at Baltimore, U. S.

I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness
alone,

A woman of her gentle sex the seeming pa-
ragon;

To whom the better elements and kindly stars
have given

A form so fair, that, like the air, 'tis less of
earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own, like those of
morning birds,

And something more than melody dwells ever
in her words;

The coinage of her heart are they, and from
her lip each flows

As one may see the burden'd bee forth issue
from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the mea-
sures of her hours;

Her feelings have the fragrancy, the freshness
of young flowers;

And lovely passions, changing oft, so fill her,
she appears

The image of themselves by turns, the idol
of past years.

Of her bright face one glance will trace a
picture on the brain;

And of her voice, in echoing hearts, a sound
must long remain:

But memory such as mine of her so very
much endears,

When death is nigh, my latest sigh will not
be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up of loveliness
alone,

A woman of her gentle sex the seeming pa-
ragon—

Her health! and would on earth there stood
some more of such a frame,

That life might be all poetry, and weariness
a name!

CRIMORA AND CONNAL.

The subject from OSSIAN.

Crimora mourn'd for Connal slain,

Slain by her erring dart;

He bleeds! her Connal dies in pain;

It bursts Crimora's heart!

With grief the pensive maiden died:

Together now they sleep;

Their tomb is yonder mountain's pride,

Where rushing whirlwinds sweep.

Beneath its stones wild grass peeps forth,

To catch the wind's rude sigh,

From wildest regions of the north,

That spreads its bitter cry.

Whilst Autumn gives her darkest hue,
Loud doth the storm-fiend rave;
Cold falls the sad and silv'ry dew
Upon their gloomy grave!

J. M. LACEY.

LINES

Freely imitated from the Italian of GUARINI.

Tho' Sorrow's clouds o'ershade thy brow,
And tears thy cheeks bedew,
Maria, still thy powerful charms
Can all my soul subdue.

But if those eyes with tears suffus'd
Can thus my heart beguile,
If thus thy grief enchains my soul,
Ah! how resist thy smile!

THE WARNING OF FLORA TO
THE FAMILY OF FLOWERS.

From the German of HERDER.

"Sweet child of my love, attend! attend!
Your goddess speaks, your mother and your
friend:

If in my Winter's absence some soft air
With balmy breath invite ye forth, beware!
Heed not the traitor—'tis the West Wind's
breath,

The wintry West Wind, tempting you to
death;

That fell enchanter's withering blights de-
stroy
The incautious flow'ret, which his charms de-
coy.

Wait till your sunny parent Spring arrive,
At whose glad call creation shall revive;
Wait till my handmaids have prepared your
vests,
Your broidered surcoats, and your plumed
crests."

Thus warned, the tender family of Flowers
All promised patience, till the gliding hours
Brought Flora back to earth, at whose com-
mand

They should arise, and in full form expand.
The goddess came, and with her Spring, their
sire—

The golden parent Spring, whose genial fire
Warms into life each bud that gems the year,
Proclaiming loud his summons, "Flowers,
appear!"

Flora, with eager haste, the earth explores,
Producing for each plant her splendid stores:
Her powdered gold among the Lilies shares,
And cloth of gold her favourite Crocus wears;
In rich mosaic Fritillaria glows,
And robes of proudest purple Iris shews;
In tender pink, Peach-blossom is arrayed;
The Cherry her pure taste in white display'd.

But when she mustered all their numerous
tribe,

Ah! who can Flora's suffering describe?
Here, pale and lifeless, lay a Snowdrop—
there

A withered leaflet of the Rose: her care,
Her warning, had proved vain; in hapless
hour,

These had fallen victims to the West Wind's
power;

Tempted to venture forth, and chilled by
frost,

Spring's first and dearest hopes were seen
and lost.

Weeping, she bade the Zephyrs waft away
Their faded forms of beauty and decay;
The winds dispersed them, but she mourned
the Flowers,

Doomed ne'er to flourish in their native
bowers.

VALERIA.

THE UNFADING FLOWER.

From the French.

Sweet flower! fair emblem of the youthful
breast

Where virtue, truth, and innocence reside,
Pity so soon by envious storms oppress,
Thy opening beauties should be scattered
wide.

At morn the humble violet is seen
Low in the vale to raise its modest head,
Diffusing sweets around—but, lo! at e'en
Young Marion searches, and, behold, 'tis
dead!

The shepherdess regards the opening rose,
And says, "At noon, when all thy sweets
expand,

Thou shalt be mine!"—At noon elate she
goes,
When, lo! the blossoms wither in her hand!

But, ah! there is a flower will never fade,
Die in the bud, or wither when 'tis blown;
Happy indeed, thrice happy, is the maid
Who makes th' invaluable flower her own.

'Tis not the violet, nor yet the rose,
Nor grows it in the garden or the field;
'Tis in the mind alone this flower grows,
Nought but the mind could such a blossom
yield.

This ever in the healthful bloom of youth,
If yours, my Anna, you would have it
made,

Cultivate virtue, innocence, and truth:
It shall be yours—nor shall it ever fade.
Ipswich. L. J.

NIGHT: A FRAGMENT.

How beautifully you pale crescent shines
In the blue concave! not a cloud obscures
The enchanting calm effulgence of this scene;
The stars, the bright unfading flowers of
heaven,

Beam with unwonted splendour, as they seem
Pillowing their beauty on the silvery wave,
Which, as in gratitude, flings back their light
On the rapt gazer's eye. The zephyr's
breath

Sighs a soft perfume o'er the balmy air,
And every verdant leaf, and fragrant flower,
Glitters with dewy tears of gratitude
To Him—the Infinite, whose spirit now
In holiness of beauty walks abroad,
Lending to earth and air and sea and sky,
A portion of his greatness;
While deeper, holier feelings than of joy,
Acknowledge His felt presence. * * *

* * * * *

E. F.

EPITAPH ON NEPTUNE,

A faithful Newfoundland Dog.

Poor faithful animal! o'er thy cold bed
Are tears of tender pity softly shed:
Fair eyes have wept for thee; and manly sighs,
Unchecked, at thy remembrance sadly rise;
Endowed with courage, fond endearing grace,
And all the virtues of the canine race.

When famed Ulysses, all his wanderings o'er,
Returned in safety to his native shore,
Unrecognised by all his menial train,
Poor Argus only knew his lord again;
Raised his expiring head, looked up and
sighed,
Licked his extended hand, fell back and died.

E'en Argus self perhaps might yield to thee
In tried affection and fidelity;
Oh! if amid the realms of boundless space
Departed animals may find a place,
Thy shade will be pre-eminently blest—
But thou art nothing—and thou art at rest.

MARIANNE FELGATE.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

Sweet is the scene where Virtue dies,
Where sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the closing day;
So dies the wave along the shore.

Each duty done—as sinks the clay,
Light from its load, the spirit flies;
While all around, though griev'd, must say,
Sweet is the scene where Virtue dies!

D. C. A.

STANZAS

From the German of MATTHIJSSEN.

When twilight casts its shadows round,
When groves with Philomel's sad lays re-
sound,

I think of thee:

When, Rosa, dearest Rosa, when
Think'st thou of me?

By glowing evening's crimson light,
By mossy fountains richly dight,

I think of thee:

Where, Rosa, dearest Rosa, where
Think'st thou of me?

With frequent sighs and bitter tears,
And sad regrets for months, for years,

I think of thee:

How, Rosa, dearest Rosa, how
Think'st thou of me?

Till some auspicious planet shine,
And I may dare to call thee mine,

O think of me:

Nor chance, nor change, nor time, nor space,
Can e'er my love for thee efface—

I only think of thee.

SONNET.

I look'd upon his home—'twas desolate,
Like his changed fortunes, empty as his
pride;

And where the silken couches beauty prest,
And gilded pillars, flower-wreath'd, held
their state,

Fragrant proclaimers of a splendid fate,
The spider and the clammy earth-worm
glide,

Feeding on pomp's apparel—splendour's
vest!

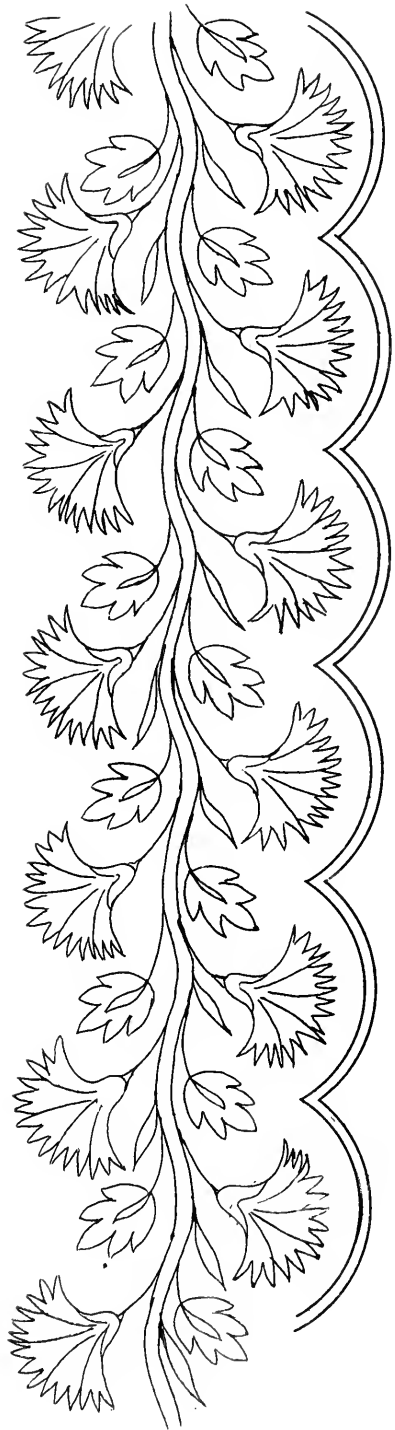
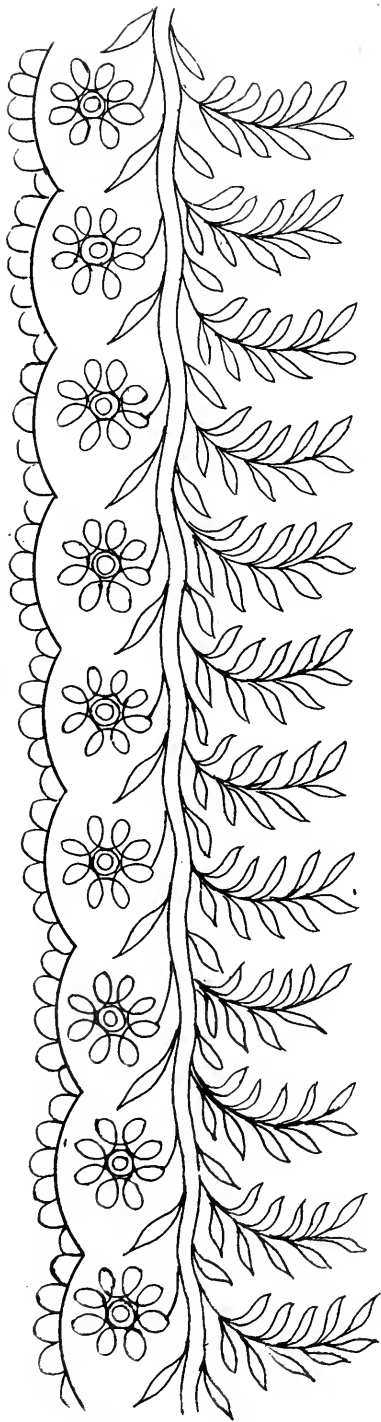
I turn'd me to my cottage, where it stood
Vine-clad and rose-deck'd, humble, beau-
tiful,

Like virtue clothed in honour's happiest
dress,

And look'd upon, between its veil of wood—
'Twas lov'd the more for half-hid loveli-
ness.

Oh! these read lessons conn'd from holy
school—

Pride is the tempter's — meekness, heaven's
caress!



THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VII.

JUNE 1, 1826.

N^o. XLII.

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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.

ERRATA.

The reader is requested to correct the following mistakes in our last Number :
 Page 250—Enmore Castle is the seat of the Earl of Egmont, and not Egremont.
 Page 267, col. 2, line 43—for “ that it,” read “ that they.”

Directions to the Binder for Placing the Plates to the **SEVENTH VOLUME, THIRD SERIES.**

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

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VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

NORTHCOURT, ISLE OF WIGHT, THE RESIDENCE OF MRS. BENNET.

NORTHCOURT is situated in the very delightful little village of Shorwell, sequestered in a valley, five miles and a half from Newport. This stone mansion of the age of James I. was begun by Sir John Leigh, Bart. who dying in 1629, at an advanced age, left the completion of his design to his son Barnaby Leigh, Esq. after which it underwent some alterations and repairs by Barnaby Eveleigh Leigh, Esq. It is a curious, large, and remarkable mansion, with the exception of some late alterations, possessing all the characters of the age in which it was built, and of which it is a fine specimen, as is shewn by our engraving, which is a view of the garden-front in its unaltered state. The venerable aspect of the north front was destroyed by the alterations of Barnaby Eveleigh

Leigh, Esq. who introduced sash-windows, and otherwise altered that part of the edifice.

The mansion stands on a green slope, with flower-gardens ascending to the brow of the hill immediately in the rear. The whole is rich in wood, and, in spite of its luxuriance, still retains a strong feeling of its original quaint plan. Several pleasing embellishments grace the grounds: a modern conservatory is by no means the least useful among them, stocked as it is with choice plants. The walks about the grounds are pleasing, and a small stream of water adds considerably to their beauty. A picturesque rustic bridge leads to a small building, called the Temple of the Sun, which commands some beautiful views across the island, with an immense stretch of the ocean.

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T T

In crossing the grounds, attention is detained by a small dairy, pleasing in its form, and tasteful in arrangement; the windows being fitted up with stained glass, which has a pleasing effect. In a gloomy dell stands a fine mausoleum, erected by the late Mr. Bull to the memory of a beloved daughter. The "dim religious light," entering through the stained windows, imparts a feeling of solemnity, which is heightened by some appropriate mottos.

The manor of Shorwell was in the king's hands at the time of the ge-

neral survey, and went in the grant of the island to Baldwin de Redvers, in whose family it remained till the reign of Henry III. when Amicia, Countess of Devon, gave it to the nuns of Laycock, in Wiltshire. It was held by this convent until its dissolution. By the survey of the island taken in the reign of Elizabeth, it is found in the possession of T. Temes, Esq. since which it was purchased by Sir John Leigh, and, in 1793, of this family, by Richard Bull, Esq. of Chipping-Ongar, in Essex.

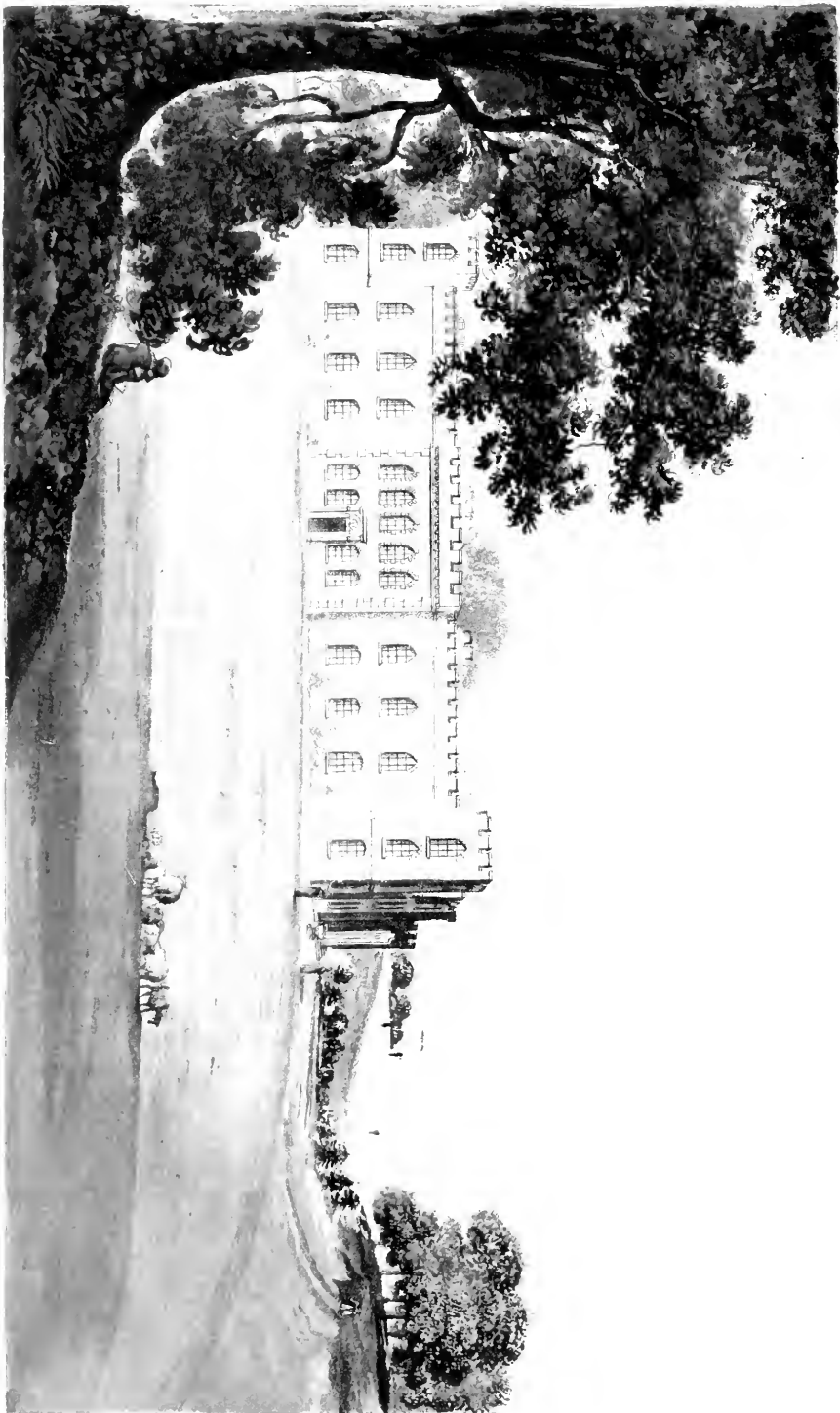
PORT-ELIOT, CORNWALL,

THE SEAT OF THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ST. GERMAINS.

THIS spacious but plain mansion is situated in a pleasing dell on the borders of a creek formed by the river Lyner, distant nine miles from Plymouth; its site being that of an old priory. On the lawn, and almost adjoining the house, stands the parish church, built in the reign of Athelstan, when it formed part of the priory, and was, in fact, a cathedral, St. Germain's being the episcopal see, and deriving its name from St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, who is said to have resided here during his stay in England. On the removal of the diocese to Exeter, the manor of St. Germain's was divided between the bishop and the prior of the convent. The church in point of beauty is equal, if not superior, to any in the county. The entrance door-way is remarkably fine; it is a circular reeving arch, twenty feet wide, with four pillars on each side: the arch is enriched with mouldings and zigzag ornaments: over the arch is a pediment, supporting an heraldic cross. The entrance is flank-

ed with two towers, the one square, the other octagon; and, from a portion being mantled with ivy, the whole has a beautiful effect, and forms a lovely ornament to the grounds. It appears that this estate, after the suppression of the monastery, became the sole property of the Champernowne family, who sold it to the Eliots. Of the manner in which it came into the possession of the former Carew has the following story:

"John Champernowne, some and heir apparent to Sir Philip of Devon, in Henry the Eighth's time followed the court, and through his pleasant conceits, of which much might be spoken, won some good grace with the king. Now, when the golden shower of the dissolved abbey-lands rayned well nere into every gaper's mouth, some two or three gentlemen, the king's servants and Master Champernowne's acquaintance, waited at a doore where the king was to passe forth, with purpose to beg such a matter at his hands. One gentleman became inquisitive to know their



suite; they made strange to impart it. This while out comes the king; they kneel down, as doth Master Champernowne; they prefer their petition; the king grants it; they render humble thanks, as doth Master Champernowne. Afterwards he requireth his share; they deny it; he appeals to the king; the king avoweth his equal meaning in the largess; whereon the overtaken companions were fain to allot him this priory for his partage."

Carew says, that the charities which were distributed by the inmates of the priory, at the time it was devoted to religious purposes, were liberally continued by the Eliots on their taking possession. The erection and endowment of a school at St. Germain's, and the annual gifts and fostering cares which have been so long extended to the lower classes of society in that very extensive and populous parish, will be lasting memorials of their benevolence.

The Right Hon. John Craggs Eliot, Earl of St. Germain's 1816, Baron of Port-Eliot 1784, succeeded his father, the late Lord Eliot, in 1804. This family derive their descent from Eliot, a distinguished commander, who came into England with William the Conqueror. In 1562, a descendant, Richard Eliot,

of Coteland, in the county of Devon, purchased the priory and manor of St. Germain's, and became resident there in the sixteenth century. He improved and beautified the old monastic building, and gave to his seat the name of Port-Eliot. John, his son, received, in 1618, the honour of knighthood, and died in the Tower, Nov. 27, 1632. He was a violent opposer of ministers in the reign of Charles I. and particularly so of the Duke of Buckingham. We find in 1726 Richard Eliot, Esq. possessing the family estates, who marrying the daughter of James Craggs, Secretary to George I. had issue Edward Eliot, who, by permission of his Majesty, took the name of Craggs. In 1775 he was appointed receiver-general of the duchy of Cornwall, and in 1784 was created Baron of Port-Eliot, in the same county. Edward Craggs, first Lord Eliot, married in 1756 Catharine, sole daughter and heiress of Edward Ellison, Esq. by whom he had issue Edward, who died an infant, and Edward James, born July 1758, died 1797, married Harriet (who is also dead), sister to the Earl of Chatham, and left issue a daughter, Harriet, who was married to General Pringle, and has issue John, the present peer.

ROBERT ACCIAJOLI.

YOUTH, fortune, birth, and an excellent education concurred, with rare qualities of mind, to render Robert Acciajoli one of the most amiable young men in Florence. He was the representative of a family of considerable consequence, and which had from the first produced many distinguished persons. Unluckily,

the heart of this young man was no longer free from the moment he beheld Eliza Mormorai, the fair widow of Captain Julius Berardi. This lady was alike pre-eminent for virtue, beauty, and feminine graces; and in regard to rank, the two families were on an equal footing.

The fervour of Robert's passion,

and his respectful attentions, soon won the heart of the lovely widow, and she did not conceal from him that his affection was returned. Their most ardent wish, then, was to be lawfully united as soon as the customary time of mourning should permit. This connection, however, was not approved by Robert's uncle, Cardinal Acciajoli: his ambition had built loftier plans upon his accomplished nephew, the final aim of which was nothing less than to secure for himself the triple crown. It was his intention that a marriage with a Roman lady of high rank, whose family had great connections and influence, should unite Robert's fate irrevocably with his own; and he hoped by brilliant prospects for the future, to remove every doubt, to overcome every antipathy, and to stifle any passion which might already have sprung up. Hence no means were left untried to divert the young man from his impassioned attachment to Eliza Mormorai. Gentle admonitions, rebukes, and, lastly, menaces, were alternately employed, but all without the least effect. The obstacles which were thrown in the way of the union of the lovers only served to strengthen their determination to overcome them. Indeed, from the very first, no serious opposition was made to their design, either by such of Acciajoli's relatives as resided at Florence, or by the family of the widow. Hence the admonitions of the uncle, sometimes couched in terms of kindness, at others of severity, made as little impression as his threats.

The ambitious prelate, however, fully bent on carrying his own project into execution, was determined, regardless of his nephew's happiness

or misery, to proceed to the utmost extremity. Finding, therefore, that all his previous attempts had failed, he applied to the grand-duke, Cosmo III. This prince, completely governed by monks and devotees, and arrogating to himself an unprecedented interference in the concerns of families and the destination of children, durst not refuse the request of a cardinal who might some day or other ascend the papal throne. As soon, therefore, as he received the cardinal's letter, he proceeded to violent measures, and caused Eliza to be shut up in a nunnery. There, cut off from all intercourse with Acciajoli, she would, he imagined, be rendered by separation and solitude indifferent to him; while he, too, deprived of her society, would soon learn to forget her.

This treatment, however, extinguished neither the hopes nor the resolution of Acciajoli. His passion, on the contrary, was only rendered more intense by these impediments, and with it was associated a conviction, that it was his bounden duty to release a beloved, suffering, and virtuous female from this state of restraint, to unite her lot with his as speedily as possible with all the due formalities of the law, and thus put an end to the persecution of the enemies of both parties. After he had in vain tried all possible means to obtain an interview with Eliza, he drew up a contract of marriage, agreeably to all the prescribed formalities, and declared his union with her to be complete and legal. For the sake of his personal safety, however, he durst not avow this sort of contract at Florence, but fled to Mantua, where he was kindly received, and obtained protection. There he first

made public the documents relative to his union with Eliza, and wrote to the grand-duke and the cardinal, demanding justice. Threats were the only answers that he received. A literary war now commenced between the divines of Lombardy and those of Florence; the former asserting, the latter denying, the validity of Acciajoli's marriage. The consequence was, that Eliza was transferred from the nunnery to a fortress. Acciajoli then published a memorial, from which he promised himself a successful result at the court of Rome. The exact period seemed favourable to his views; Alexander VIII. was just dead (1691). Acciajoli addressed a circular to all the cardinals, which he accompanied with every document calculated to elucidate the true bearing of his case, and solicited of the college of cardinals and the future pope, justice against past and further violence.

All Italy now took an interest in this affair, pitied the unfortunate pair, and loudly condemned the conduct of the grand-duke and the cardinal. To none was this exposure more galling than to the latter, who found his ambitious plans imminently endangered by it. He strove, therefore, in every possible way, to justify himself before the sacred college against the heavy charges preferred by his nephew, and to throw the blame of all that had previously taken place on the other relatives of Acciajoli. In spite, however, of this vindication, the impression universally produced by the memorial was so strong, and so unfavourable to the cardinal, that he lost great part of the consideration in which he had hitherto been held, and found himself cut off from all prospect of the

possession of the papal crown. He had then consequently no further ground for persecuting his nephew, though disappointed ambition might not allow him either to forget or to forgive.

The Grand-Duke Cosmo was still more severely stung by what Acciajoli had written. In the memorial addressed to the college of cardinals, he was represented, not only by the narrative of circumstances, but in some measure also in direct terms, as the implicit tool of the cardinal; and he was in the highest degree incensed. He resolved not to let this affront pass unrevenged; but he determined also that the mode of gratifying his revenge should have the appearance of justice, and that the odium of it should, if possible, be made to fall only on Acciajoli or Mormorai.

Eliza was accordingly released from confinement, and left at liberty to go whithersoever she pleased. She flew to Venice, into the arms of her husband. In her joy at meeting again, she forgot all the persecutions which she had endured, and the necessitous state to which she was now reduced with Acciajoli. Both strove to support themselves by the labour of their hands, and soon became objects of general sympathy. The conduct of the grand-duke towards this unfortunate couple was loudly condemned, and he was charged with being the author of their present misery. This was just what Cosmo wished.

As soon as he was apprised by his secret agents of the complaints of Acciajoli, and the sentiments of the public, he dispatched to the government of Venice a requisition, insisting that Eliza Mormorai and Robert

Acciajoli should be delivered up to him as his subjects, because they had incurred the guilt of disobedience and want of respect to him their lawful sovereign. They were no longer safe in Venice: this was intimated to them by sincere friends, who also informed them that the government was at a loss how to act. They fled, therefore, from the city in the garb of friars, and pursued their course towards Germany, where they hoped to be secure from the persecutions of Cosmo. They arrived without accident at Trent. There they were overtaken by the grand-duke's spies, recognised in spite of their disguise, and carried as prisoners to Florence.

Acciajoli was formally tried: he was declared to have forfeited his property, and all the rights of primogeniture, which were transferred to his younger brother, and sentenced moreover to imprisonment for life in the castle of Volterra. It was left to the option of Eliza, either as the wife of Acciajoli to share his fetters and confinement, or to separate from him and enjoy her liberty. She chose the latter, and thenceforward dragged on a miserable life, despised and forsaken, a prey to remorse and despair. Robert, who in vain applied to the court and his relatives for mercy and pity, died soon afterwards by his own hand in his dungeon at Volterra, deplored by all the generous and independent spirits of Tuscany and Italy, who could not comprehend how the apparent piety of the grand-duke could be reconciled with such barbarity.

Under a system of government like that of Cosmo, such events indeed were but too likely to occur. Requiring absolute obedience, affect-

ing in public the strictest regard for justice and exemplary piety, courteous to the great, but at the same time a blind tool of the monks who surrounded him, he was the tormentor of his people, and the disturber of the public welfare. He extended his sovereign authority so far, that he even assumed an immediate influence over the domestic concerns of families, and no marriage took place in those of any consequence without his consent. In these proceedings the monks acted a principal part, and performed the office of special inquisitors. Every year, a Dominican, with an equipage belonging to the sovereign, set out from Volterra on a progress through the country, and made in all the towns of Tuscany minute inquiries into the state of morals and religion in private families, and the terms of amity or discord on which their members lived together. This itinerant inquisitor then proposed to the grand-duke such reforms as he deemed requisite. If he found aversion or enmity prevailing between two families, the sons of the one were compelled to marry the daughters of the other, no matter whether with or against their inclination. Force was employed where the mere injunction was not complied with.

Thus did the monks govern the whole country; and to strengthen their power still more, they found means in 1691 to prevail on the grand-duke to issue an ordinance, forbidding all young men, on pain of corporal punishment, to visit any house in which there were young unmarried persons of the other sex. To such the monks alone were allowed access; thenceforward they became the general negociators of mar-

riages throughout the whole grand-duchy. They gradually brought about a universal corruption of morals, and effected a total and lamentable change in the character of the people.

HISTORY OF THE GREAT DIAMOND IN THE IMPERIAL SCEPTRE OF RUSSIA.

THIS stone was originally in the possession of Nadir Shah, in whose throne were two diamonds of extraordinary size, one called *the Sun of Sea*, the other *the Moon of the Mountains*. On the assassination of Nadir, many of his jewels were lost by plunder, or secretly divided among the soldiers who shared the booty.

Shafra, an Armenian, subsequently known at Astracan by the name of *the Million Man*, resided at that time with his two brothers at Bassora. One day an Afghan chief called on him, and offered him for sale, at a very moderate price, a diamond, in all probability the above-mentioned *Moon of the Mountains*, together with a large emerald, a ruby of considerable size, and other stones of inferior value.

Shafra was astonished at the offer, and upon pretext that he had not in his possession a sufficient sum of money for the purchase of the jewels, he begged the Afghan to call again, intending in the mean time to consult his brothers on the subject; but the possessor, perhaps conceiving some mistrust, came no more.

At the persuasion of his brothers, Shafra set out in quest of the stranger, who had meanwhile left Bassora. He met with him accidentally at Bagdad, and purchased for fifty thousand piastres all the jewels he had in his possession. Shafra was aware that it behoved him to observe the most profound silence with regard to

this transaction, and therefore resolved with his brothers to continue their business as before at Bassora.

It was not till twelve years had elapsed, that the eldest brother, with the consent of the others, set out with the largest of the diamonds, which he had all that time kept concealed. He travelled by way of Cham to Constantinople, and then through Hungary and Germany to Amsterdam, where he openly offered his jewels for sale.

The English government was one of those that offered the best price for them. By desire of the Russian court, Shafra proceeded with the great diamond to Petersburg, upon a promise that he should be reimbursed his travelling expenses if they could not agree about the price. On the arrival of the diamond, the Russian minister, Count Panin, proposed through M. Lasaref, his jeweller, the following terms: that Shafra should receive a patent of nobility, an annuity for life of six thousand rubles, and five hundred thousand rubles in specie, one-fifth to be paid immediately, and the rest within ten years, by regular instalments.

Shafra required that his brothers too should be ennobled, besides other favours and privileges, and insisted so obstinately on his demands, that the diamond was sent back to him. He was now in a serious dilemma: he had launched out into expenses, was obliged to pay interest for large sums which he had borrowed, and

saw no prospect of disposing of the stone to advantage. The negotiators had purposely involved him in this embarrassment, with a view to turn it to their own account.

To avoid his creditors, he was obliged to abscond, and fled to Astracan, where he kept himself for some time concealed. The negotiation with Russia was at length renewed through Count Gregory Orlof, and the diamond was sold for four hun-

dred and fifty thousand rubles in specie, and elevation to the rank of a Russian noble. From that sum it is said one hundred and seventy thousand rubles were to be deducted for agency, commission, interest, and the like expenses. Shafras settled at Astracan, where his wealth, as he had no male issue, devolved to his daughters, by whose husbands it was mostly squandered.

SADAK: AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the desert which separates Mecca from Medina, a society of virtuous and charitable men formerly took up their abode, for the purpose of succouring the devout Mussulmans who traversed it to visit the tomb of the holy prophet. The angel of death had summoned these pious men to receive the reward of their labours, but the inhabitants of the desert inherited their charitable spirit. Of these inhabitants, the most zealously benevolent was Sadak; he devoted his life to the duty of succouring the faithful. Not a day passed of which part was not spent by him in traversing the desert, in order to put the wandering traveller in his road, or to bring home to his cabin those whom fatigue obliged to seek repose. He freely shared with them his coarse and scanty food; and more than one of those unfortunate persons owed their lives to his seasonable cares. These pursuits drew upon him the blessing of heaven; his neighbours loved and esteemed him; they took him for their model; he was happy. What more does man need to render him so, than the testimony of his conscience, the esteem of his neighbours, and the love of a

kindred mind? Sadak possessed all these. Zulma, the good, the compassionate Zulma, who devoted the morning of her life to the support of her venerable grandfather, returned the love of Sadak, and promised that she would one day unite her fate with his.

The rebel spirits, who know no joy but that of destroying the happiness of mankind, beheld with despair that of Sadak; and soon did their arts succeed in rendering him wretched. He met sometimes in the desert with rich merchants who travelled with the caravans: the sight of their splendid merchandise, the richness of their vestments, the train that attended them, astonished him, and inspired him with an involuntary respect for them. He admired their condition, thought that it must be a happy one, and soon began to desire a similar destiny for himself. From that moment his heart became a prey to sadness; he neglected to cultivate his garden, passed his days in gloomy inactivity, repulsed the kind solicitude of his neighbours, and even the tender cares of Zulma. He soon burst into open murmurs, and desisted entirely from

the humane occupations in which till then he had passed his time.

One day, as he sat lost in bitter reflections on the misery of his condition, some one knocked at the door of his hut; he opened it, and a venerable old man asked him for food and shelter. "You will do better to apply elsewhere," said Sadak coldly, "for you will be badly off with me."

"The remains of your meal," said the old man meekly, "will suffice for me."

"You will find but little."

"My son, he that has little can give little. Good will alone gives value to the offering; Heaven regards it with pleasure, and the reward is certain."

"I don't know what mine will be, but it is a long time since I began to earn it by exercising the duties of hospitality: yet want and sorrow have hitherto been my portion; the rot ravages my flock, the heat destroys the produce of my garden."

"But Allah has not taken all; he has at least left you wherewith to sustain nature, and a roof to shelter you."

"A roof!" repeated Sadak scornfully, "and what a roof! a miserable cabin, and food worthy of such a dwelling; even that is extracted from this barren soil by the sweat of my brow. Such is my reward, while I see others, who have lived only for themselves, happy in the enjoyment of riches that every day increase. Ah, how miserable am I!"

"My son, thy complaints are an outrage to that Providence which, always just, watches over our happiness."

"It has done nothing for mine. My lot ought to have been different."

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"It might not have been happier."

"It would have been, had I chosen it."—As Sadak uttered these words, he was turning away to prepare a coarse repast for his guest, when the old man disappeared, and he saw in his place a youth of the most dazzling beauty. The light which shone around him, and the resplendent wings that rose from his shoulders, announced his celestial origin: he was the guardian genius of Sadak.

"I have long heard thy murmurs," said he in a tone of calm severity. "Allah, ready to punish them, has deigned to remember the virtues of thy past life. He pardons thee, and grants thy wishes. Become thyself the arbiter of thy destiny; try if thou canst do more than he has done for thy happiness. He permits me to fulfil seven of thy wishes."

"Seven!" exclaimed Sadak; "oh! accomplish but one, and I shall have nothing more to desire."

"Rash mortal!" exclaimed the genius with a frown, "restrain not the bounty of Allah, lest thou shouldst repent thy presumption."

"Pardon," cried Sadak, "pardon, O genius! and grant the first of my wishes: let me be rich."

The genius replied only by breathing upon him, and in an instant they found themselves in a magnificent palace in Bassora. "In this mansion," said the celestial messenger, "thou hast all that luxury has invented for the gratification of man; and this purse, which thou wilt find always full, will enable thee to satisfy every wish that money can accomplish." He disappeared, leaving Sadak in a delirium of delight.

At first he enjoyed, with the liveliest relish, all the pleasures which

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riches procure. His table was luxuriously served; his harem was filled with the loveliest women of the East; a magnificence almost regal appeared in his dress and equipage. "This," he often repeated to himself, "this is happiness! Praised be thou, bounteous Allah, who hast bestowed it!"

His sensations soon became less lively, and by degrees satiety took place of pleasure; the exquisite viands upon which he feasted lost their relish; the caresses of his women became indifferent to him, for he saw clearly that they loved him not; and the company of the idlers who crowded to his table grew irksome, because he perceived that, while they loaded him with flattery, they despised him in their hearts.

"Ah!" said Sadak, with a sigh, "I was indeed mistaken. I see now that all enjoyments cannot be purchased." Wishing, at that moment, to have the power of humbling those insolent scoffers, he invoked his genius, and solicited of him the gift of wit. The genius breathed upon him, and disappeared.

What a change did that magic breath effect in the mind of Sadak! He was no longer the same man, and in the new lights which beamed upon him he found, or fancied he found, the secret of inexhaustible happiness. He composed immediately a charming poem, and then hastened to assemble a number of his acquaintance, who were not a little surprised to hear him request their permission to read a work that he had just written.

That Sadak should be an author, appeared to them ridiculous enough; but if they smiled at what they thought a vain pretension, they trembled at the sight of the manuscript, for which Sadak requested

their indulgence with an affectation of modesty, that did not, however, prevent him from doing justice to the merits of his poem.

The company listened with no less surprise than admiration, and they found it very easy to lavish praises upon a work which so well merited them. The wits looked at each other with astonishment, and seemed as if they sought to discover who among them had lent his Muse to Sadak; for they could not do him the honour to believe that he possessed himself talents equal to the task. Many other productions of not less merit undeceived them, and excited their envy. They strove to tarnish the glory of the new poet, and to blight his laurels. Unable to succeed in this base attempt, they attacked his character. Sadak was sensibly affected at seeing himself become a mark for the poisoned arrows of slander. "Alas!" cried he, "felicity is not the portion of poets: I was happy in my first obscurity." He became disgusted with literature, and renounced the Muses in a poetical epistle, the merit of which redoubled the confusion and the hatred of his enemies.

While engaged in literary pursuits, Sadak, if not happy, was at least occupied, and he could not support the languor of indolence. He became ambitious. The grand vizier died; Sadak wished for his place, and the genius promptly procured it for him. During the course of his literary labours, his fame had reached the ears of the sultan, who sent for him to his palace, and was so well satisfied with his talents, that on the death of the vizier he appointed him his successor. Transported with his good fortune, Sadak took possession

of a post which he thought, and he thought rightly, he was well qualified to fill. He used the despotic power placed in his hands to render the people happy; but he very soon found that he was not happy himself. As he paid no attention to any recommendation but merit, a cry was soon raised against his administration. A number of libels were circulated against him, which he treated with silent contempt; at first they made no impression upon the public mind, but soon the populace, blind, restless, and inconstant, learned to laugh at their idol, and at length to despise him.

Never was the lot of minister harder than that of Sadak; he did every thing that man could do for the benefit of the country, yet he pleased nobody. When circumstances induced him to favour the great, the people murmured; when he lightened the burdens of the people, the great accused him of seeking to make partisans. Every where he met with reproach and ingratitude, for the grant of one favour was too often the signal to ask for another, which his conscience obliged him to refuse; and, in a little time, he found himself most unjustly deprived of the popularity in which he had placed his happiness. Unable to support the loss of it, he determined to give in his resignation: he did so, and he had the mortification to see it hailed with universal joy.

The successor of Sadak, less conscientious and better acquainted with the fickleness of the populace, believed that the only way to secure his place was to engage the sultan in a war: accordingly he induced the monarch to declare war against the King of Bagdad. Success rendered

his administration popular. Sadak heard with pleasure of the triumph of the sultan's arms. The joy of the people, their acclamations at the news of each victory, the praises which they lavished on the general, heated the imagination of Sadak. "Ah!" cried he, "how long have I mistaken the road to happiness! it is the successful warrior alone who finds it." He invoked his genius, and flew to join the army.

His merit, his valour, and his military skill were soon appreciated. The general employed him, gave him his confidence, and placed him next in rank to himself. He soon acquired a great military reputation, and the general dying, obtained the chief command. Still more successful than his predecessor, he defeated the King of Bagdad in a pitched battle, took possession of his kingdom in the name of the sultan his master, and returned to Bassora with the conquered monarch and his only daughter prisoners. He was received by the sultan with every demonstration of favour; titles, honours, and rewards were lavished upon him. He saw himself the idol of the people. Was he not at last happy? No, for the conqueror was conquered: he loved, and his passion was not returned.

The Princess of Bagdad was young and exquisitely beautiful; Sadak could not behold her without love, and that love was heightened by her obstinate refusal to become his. He would have been reduced to despair, had he not relied upon the powerful aid of his genius. "I adore the princess," cried he, "I would espouse her, but it must be with her own consent; for I cannot be happy, even in the possession of her charms, if her

heart does not accompany them. O powerful genius, render me then that service! it will be the crown of thy benefits, and the last I shall implore; happy in my union, I shall never have another wish to form."—"Be satisfied," cried the messenger of Allah, "all the obstacles that oppose thy happiness shall be removed."

Sadak indulged the most delicious hopes, which were soon realized. He had the happiness to perceive that he was beloved. He ventured to demand from his royal master the hand of the princess as the price of his services; it was granted, and she became his, not merely without reluctance, but with pleasure.

Sadak was now indeed happy, and he repeated a thousand times that he could never cease to be so. Alas! he deceived himself; his passion for the princess was only a sensual inclination, which was speedily satiated. He then perceived that she had no qualities to inspire esteem or affection; he thought, as he had often before done, on Zulma, the good, the virtuous Zulma, and he repented his choice.

The princess perceived his indifference, and soon returned it in kind. The pride of birth, which love had stifled, again took possession of her mind; she treated Sadak with a haughtiness which cut him to the heart. Oh! how bitterly did he now repent having allied himself to a princess! for he durst not repudiate her, as he would have done a person of his own rank. The reflection that it was impossible to escape from his misery redoubled its weight; but for some time he did not dare to apply to his genius: at last despair gave him courage.

"I am most unhappy," cried he to

his celestial guardian; "are there no means to extricate me from my misery?"

"Thy wife was the choice of thy heart."

"Alas! I was blinded by a foolish passion; I thought not of the misery of being compelled to live with a woman whom I cannot love, and who treats me with scorn. Must I then bear this torment, the severest I have yet endured? Is it to death alone that I am to look for a release?"

"Thou art forbidden to wish for hers."

"I do not wish for it," replied Sadak with an involuntary shudder; "but hast thou then no other means to deliver me?"

"Yes, I can free thee without harming her; but in doing so I shall expose thee to great misfortunes."

"I will brave them cheerfully; there can be none to equal that of being obliged to live with her. Serve me then this once more, O powerful genius, I beseech thee! Ah! that benefit will indeed surpass all thy others."

"Thy desire shall be granted," said the genius; and he vanished, leaving Sadak happy in the prospect of being speedily delivered from the galling chains of marriage.

For a long time the enemies of Sadak had laboured ineffectually for his destruction. They repeated incessantly to the sultan, that it was the height of imprudence to leave him in possession of a wife who might one day induce him to seize the throne to which she was born; a step which could not be difficult for a man who had the whole army at his devotion.

These surmises made no impression on the sultan for a long time. Suddenly he appeared to be moved

by them. He caused Sadak to be arrested, and sent him in his prison an order to repudiate the princess, whom he determined immediately to espouse.

Sadak recognised the good offices of his genius, signed the act of divorce with transport, and found himself consoled for his chains and his disgrace. The princess, on becoming sultana, was determined to revenge the coldness with which he had treated her; she prolonged his captivity, and rendered it still more severe.

The unfortunate man soon regretted his liberty; he had still the power of preferring one more wish, but experience had taught him humility: he was mindful of the past, and he could not conceive any wish the fulfilment of which would ensure his felicity. He invoked, however, his genius. "What wilt thou?" demanded the messenger of Allah.

"To supplicate thee, O my celestial benefactor, to do that for me which I no longer dare hope to do for myself! Deceived in every wish that I have formed, I supplicate thee to fix my fate; render me happy, if it be possible."

"I have not the power: thy destiny is in thy own hands: thou hast still one wish to form. Choose this time wisely, for it will be the last."

Sadak was long silent; at last he said, "I have sinned in murmuring against Providence, and I have found the punishment of my impiety in the grant of my presumptuous wishes. Let me then make the only atonement I can, by returning to the situation in which it was the will of Al-

lah to place me. Transport me, I pray thee, to the cabin whence thou tookest me."

The wish was hardly uttered, when he was in his former dwelling, which he found unchanged. His neighbours came to congratulate him on his return; and Zulma, the tender Zulma, wept with joy to see him again. He heard, for the first time since he had quitted his birthplace, the accents of genuine love and friendship; and his heart was sensibly affected by them. He resumed with delight his former occupations. That very evening, as he wandered in the desert, he was drawn by cries of despair to the brink of a precipice, where an unfortunate man was on the point of perishing; he held fast by the branches of a tree, but his strength began to fail him, and had not Heaven sent him succour in that moment he must have perished. Sadak flew to rescue him; he succeeded, but not without trouble and danger; the grateful traveller loaded him with benedictions, and Sadak, in hearing them, owned that the happiness of that moment was the greatest and the purest he had ever tasted.

From that hour he pursued with cheerfulness his former way of life. He became the husband of Zulma, who assisted him in his labours, and lightened them by her incessant tenderness; and he found in the performance of his duties, and the delicious consciousness of being useful to his fellow-creatures, that happiness, which riches, honours, and sensual gratifications had failed to bestow.

THE UNKNOWN.

By a Resident at Paris.

On the return of spring, the very swallows do not return to the nests from which winter drove them, more regularly than I do to the *Jardin des Plantes*. Ever since I can remember, I have not missed a year to observe the renovation of nature, and to watch the bursting of the buds from their envelopes and the opening of the first blossoms.

One day I had noticed in one of the most retired alleys of the garden, a young man, by whose agreeable physiognomy I was less struck, than by the profound melancholy legibly expressed in his countenance. He carefully avoided those parts of the garden where other visitors were walking; and when he saw any one at a distance coming towards him, he always struck into another path to avoid them. This solicitude to shun society appeared extraordinary to me: curiosity induced me to approach him, and I soon became attached to him by an involuntary pity. Taking me to be, like himself, a friend to solitude, he entered into conversation with me. A mutual fondness for botany facilitated our acquaintance; and it was not long before I became so familiar with Rénal, for that was his name, as to inquire the cause of his despondency. He answered my questions but by sighs, and to my urgent entreaties he replied only with tears.

"Are you in straitened circumstances?" I asked him; "has Fortune denied you her favours?"—"O no," he replied; "I have a yearly income of nearly twenty thousand livres."—"Has your affection, perhaps, been repaid with inconstancy?"—"No."

"Or are you on bad terms with your family?"—"I have long been an orphan, and have no relations whatever." It was not till after urgent solicitations, repeated almost every day for upwards of three months, that he at length acknowledged, that he was in love with the daughter of a common mechanic, and that this circumstance was in part the cause of his dejection. "Have you applied to her parents?"—"I cannot."—"You cannot! what! with an income of twenty thousand livres, are you apprehensive of being refused by an artisan, who has no property whatever?"—"He would reject me with horror."—"You cannot be serious."—"Ah! if you but knew"—The vehemence of his agitation prevented him from proceeding.—"If I but knew!" I rejoined; "and may I not then know? Will your heart never be opened to friendship? Have you so little confidence in my sympathy?"—"Well!" he replied, "you shall be made acquainted with my cruel secret, and then, most likely, I shall lose your friendship too."—"Never, I protest to you."—"Call upon me to-morrow morning: we shall be alone; and you may then judge whether I ought to speak or not."

Accordingly I was with him early on the following morning. I found him absorbed in gloomy reverie, his brow pale, his eyes looking wild, and his whole appearance indicating the strongest agitation. "Ah, my friend!" he began, "what is it you require of me?"—"Nothing but confidence, as an acknowledgment of my sympathy."—"O this secret!

would to Heaven that I could bury it in the profoundest abyss!"—"Pour it into the bosom of a friend!"—"You will shun me when you know it."—"I shun you! The greater your misfortune the stronger will be your claim on my friendship."—"Well, I have promised, and I will not break my word."

So saying he pulled off his coat, tore open his shirt, and stripped it down over his shoulder. Gracious Heaven, how was I shocked on perceiving upon it the mark of a punishment which brands with everlasting infamy! I uttered an involuntary cry of horror, and—I confess my weakness—my first movement was towards the door. "Was I not right," he exclaimed, "when I said you would shun me? A crime committed in my

youth—scarcely indeed did I yet know that it was a crime—has barred against me for ever the way to happiness, the way to virtue! Cruel laws! consigned to abhorrence—oh! how often have I not been tempted to render myself worthy of abhorrence! Leave me to my fate! shun this place, it is polluted by my shame! But no! stay with me. You will not long have occasion to blush for my friendship. I had vowed never to disclose my secret. I have betrayed it, and I am already punished for having done so. I could not live any longer. Farewell! Remember the wretched Rénal!" With these words he sank on the floor. The poison which he had taken produced its effect—the unfortunate young man expired in my arms.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Extracted from *Melville's Diary*; quoted by Doctor MAC CRIE.

JAMES MELVILLE, minister of Anstruther, a sea-port town on the south-east coast of Fife, was early one morning, before the overthrow of the Armada was known in Scotland, informed by one of the bailties of the town, that a ship, filled with Spaniards, had entered their harbour; but that the strangers were come to ask mercy, not to give it; and the magistrates requested his advice how to act. The principal inhabitants having convened, it was agreed, after consultation, to give audience to the commander, and that their minister, who had some acquaintance with the Spanish language, should convey to him the sentiments of the town. Intimation of this having been sent to the vessel, a venerable old man, of large stature and martial appearance, entered the town-hall, and making a

profound bow and touching the minister's shoe with his hand, addressed him in Spanish. "His name was Juan Gomez de Medina. He was commander of twenty hulks, being part of the grand fleet which his master, Philip, King of Spain, had fitted out to revenge the insufferable insults he had received from the English nation; but God, on account of their sins, had fought against them, and dispersed them by a storm; the vessels under his command had been separated from the main fleet, driven on the north coast of Scotland, and shipwrecked on the Fair Isle; and after escaping the merciless waves and rocks, and enduring great hardships from hunger and cold, he, and such of his men as were preserved, had made their way in their only remaining bark to this place;

intending to seek assistance from their good friends and confederates, the Scots, and to kiss his Majesty's hand (making another profound bow), from whom he expected relief and comfort to himself, his officers and poor men, whose case was most pitiable."

When James Melville was about to reply in Latin, a young man, who acted as interpreter, repeated his master's speech in English. The minister then addressed the admiral. "On the score of friendship, or of the cause in which they were embarked, the Spaniards," he said, "had no claim upon them: the King of Spain was a sworn vassal to the Bishop of Rome; and on that ground they and their king defied him. And with respect to England, the Scots were indissolubly leagued with that kingdom, and regarded an attack upon it to be the same as an attack upon themselves. But, although this was the case, they looked upon the Spaniards, in their present condition, as men and fellow-creatures, labouring under privations and sufferings to which all were liable, and they rejoiced at an opportunity of testifying how superior their religion was to that of their enemies. Many Scotsmen, who had resorted to Spain for the purposes of trade and commerce, had been thrown into prison as heretics, their property confiscated, and their bodies committed to the flames. But so far from retaliating such cruelties on them, they would give them every kind of relief and comfort which was in their power, leaving it to God to

work such a change in their hearts as he pleased."

This answer being reported by the interpreter to the Spanish admiral, he returned most humble thanks; adding, that he could not answer for the laws and practices of his church; but, as for himself, there were many in Scotland, and, perhaps, some in this very town, who could attest that he had treated them with favour and courtesy.

After this the admiral and his officers were conveyed to lodgings, which had been provided for them, and were hospitably entertained by the magistrates and neighbouring gentlemen, until they obtained a licence and protection from his Majesty to return home. "The privates, to the number of threttin score, for the maist part young berdles men, sillie, trauchled and hungered, were supplied with keall, pottage, and fish."

The sequel of the story is gratifying. Some time after this, a vessel belonging to Anstruther was arrested in a Spanish port. Don Juan Gomez was no sooner informed of this than he posted to court, and obtained her release from the king, to whom he spoke, in the highest terms, of the humanity and hospitality of the Scots; he invited the ship's company to his house, inquired kindly for his acquaintance in the good town of Anstruther, and sent his warmest commendations to the minister and other individuals, to whom he considered himself as most particularly indebted.

JOHN CONYERS.

(From "*Vivian Grey*," just published.)

As Vivian was returning home, he intended to look in at a pretty cottage near the park, where lived one John Conyers, an honest husbandman, and a great friend of Vivian's. This man had, about a fortnight ago,

been of essential service to our hero, when a vicious horse, which he was endeavouring to cure of some ugly tricks, had nearly terminated his mortal career. "Why are you crying so, my boy?" asked Vivian of a little Conyers, who was sobbing bitterly at the cottage-door. He was answered only with desperate sobs. "Is your father at home?"—"Oh! 'tis your honour," said a decent-looking woman, who came out of the cottage; "I thought they had come back again."—"Come back again! why what's the matter, dame?"—"O your honour, we're in sad distress; there's been a seizure this morning, and I'm mortal fear'd the good man's beside himself!"—"Good heavens! why didn't you come to the castle? the marquis surely never gave orders for the infliction of this misery."—"O your honour, we an't his lordship's tenants no longer; there's been a change for Purley Meads, and now we're Lord Mounteney's people. John Conyers has been behindhand ever sin he had the fever, but Mr. Sedgwick always gave time; but lord Mounteney's gemman says, the system's bad, and so he'll put an end to it; and so all's gone, your honour; all's gone, and I'm mortal fear'd the good man's beside himself."—"And who's Lord Mounteney's man of business?"—"Mr. Stapylton Toad," sobbed the good dame.—"Here, boy, leave off crying, and hold my horse; keep your hold tight, but give him rein, he'll be quiet enough then. I'll see honest John, dame Conyers."—"I'm sure your honour's very kind; but I'm mortal fear'd the good man's beside himself, and he's apt to do very violent things when the fit's on him.

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He has'nt been so bad since young Barton behaved so wickedly to his sister."—"Never mind! I'll see him; there's nothing like a friend's face in the hour of sorrow."—"I wouldn't advise your honour," said the good dame, with a fearful expression of countenance, "it's an awful hour when the fit's on him; he knows not friend or foe, and scarcely seems to know me, your honour."—"Never mind, never mind! I'll see him."

Vivian entered the cottage; but, oh! the scene of desolation who shall describe? The room was entirely stripped, literally of every thing; there was nothing left, save the bare whitewashed walls and the red-tiled flooring. The room was darkened; and seated on an old block of wood, which had been pulled out of the orchard since the bailiff had left, was John Conyers. The fire was out, but his feet were still among the ashes. His head was buried in his hands, and bowed down nearly to his knees. The eldest girl, a fine sensible child of about thirteen, was sitting with two brothers on the floor in a corner of the room, motionless, their faces grave and still as death, but tearless. The young children, of an age too tender to know grief, were acting unmeaning gambols near the door. "Oh! pray beware, your honour," earnestly whispered the poor dame, as she entered the cottage with the visitor.

Vivian walked up with a silent step to the end of the room where John Conyers was sitting. He remembered this little room, when he thought it the very model of the abode of an English husbandman. The neat row of plates, and the well-scoured utensils, and the fine

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old Dutch clock, and the ancient and amusing ballad, purchased at some neighbouring fair, or of some itinerant bibliopole, and pinned against the wall—all, all were gone!

“John Conyers!” exclaimed Vivian: there was no answer, nor did the miserable man appear in the slightest degree to be sensible of Vivian’s presence. “My good John Conyers!” The man raised his head from his resting-place, and turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded. There was such an unnatural fire in his eyes that Vivian’s spirit almost quailed. Any one but Vivian Grey would have fled the house. His alarm was not decreased when he perceived that the master of the cottage did not recognise him. The fearful stare was, however, short; and again the sufferer’s face was hid. The wife was advancing, but Vivian waved his hand to her to withdraw, and she accordingly fell into the back-ground; but her fixed eye did not leave her husband for a second. “John Conyers, it is your friend, Mr. Vivian Grey, who is here,” said Vivian. — “Grey!” moaned the husbandman, “Grey! who is he?” “Your friend, John Conyers. Do you quite forget me?” said Vivian, advancing, and with a tone which Vivian Grey could alone assume.—“I think I have seen you, and you were kind,” and the face was again hid.—“And always will be kind, John Conyers. I have come to comfort you. I thought that a friend’s voice would do you good in this hour of your affliction. Come, come, my good Conyers, cheer up, my man!” and Vivian ventured to touch him. His hand was not repulsed. “Do you remember what good service you did me when I rode white-

footed Moll? O John Conyers, when the mare was plunging on the hill-top, I was much worse off than you are now; and yet, you see, a friend came and saved me. You must not give way so, my good fellow. After all, a little management will set every thing right:” and he took the husbandman’s sturdy hand.

John Conyers looked wildly round, but the unnatural fire that had glistened in his eyes was extinguished. “I do remember you,” he faintly cried, “I do remember you. *You* were always very kind.”—“And always will be, I repeat, John Conyers; at least to friends like you. Come, come, there’s a man, cheer up, and look about you, and let the sunbeam enter your cottage;” and Vivian beckoned to the wife to open the closed shutter. Conyers stared around him, but his eye rested only on bare walls, and the big tear coursed down his hardy cheek. “Nay, never mind, man,” said Vivian, “we’ll soon have chairs and tables again; and as for the rent, think no more about that at present.” The husbandman looked up to heaven, and then burst into the most violent paroxysm. Vivian could scarcely hold down the powerful and convulsed frame of Conyers on his rugged seat; but the wife advanced from the back of the room, and her husband’s head rested against her bosom. Vivian held his honest hand, and the eldest girl rose unbidden from her silent sorrow, and clung to her father’s knee. “The fit is over,” whispered the wife.—“There, there’s a man, all is now well;” and Vivian left him resting on his wife’s bosom.

“Here, you curly-headed rascal, scamper down to the village immediately, and bring up a basket of some-

thing to eat; and tell Morgan Price that Mr. Grey says he's to send up a couple of beds and some chairs here immediately, and some plates and dishes, and every thing else; and don't forget a bottle of wine." So saying, Vivian flung the urchin a sovereign. "And now, dame Conyers, for heaven's sake, light the fire. As for the rent, John Conyers, do not waste this trifle on *that*," whispered Vivian, slipping his purse into his hand, "for I'll see Stapylton Toad, and get time. Why, woman, you'll never strike a light if your tears drop so fast into the tinder-box. Here, give it me; you're not fit for

work to-day. And how's the trout in Ravelly-Mead, John, this hot weather? You know you never kept promise with me. Oh! you're a sad fellow! There! there's a spark! I wonder why old Toad didn't take the tinder-box; it's a very valuable piece of property, at least to us. Run and get me some wood, that's a good boy. And so white-footed Moll's past all recovery? Well, she was a pretty creature! There, that will do famously," said Vivian, fanning the flame with his hat. "See, it mounts well! and now, God bless you all! for I'm an hour too late, and must scamper for my very life."

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART.

HONORARY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL IRISH INSTITUTION, AND ROYAL CORK SOCIETY OF ARTS. *By* W. C.

(Concluded from p. 270.)

THIS zealous amateur had not only to contend against the formidable prejudices which have been described in the preceding part of this memoir, he had, also, to struggle against the opposition of those who were too cold and selfish to take any share of trouble or to contribute any expense for the public good, and too envious to permit men of enlarged views to benefit the community, without impeaching their understanding or their taste, and calumniating their motives. A true anti-contemporarian is a fanatic, who not only is hostile to the claims of his own time, but who seizes every opportunity of warring on all who venture to assert those claims, and to afford them encouragement. Without doing any thing to deserve popularity, there are multitudes who are ambitious of that distinction; who repine at their own insignificance, and labour to defeat

every plan of improvement which is likely to expose their own littleness of mind, and to render the well-doers deservedly conspicuous. Sir John's patronage of his countrymen was derided as a proof of bad taste; and his liberality in remunerating their labours was censured as an ignorant profusion. The pompous connoisseurs, who had for so many years enjoyed the annual treat of decrying the pictures in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and of abusing the exhibitors, became indignant on finding their taste and judgment called in question by an English gentleman, who, with honest pride, openly patronised those despised artists, and purchased their works as the noblest ornaments of his mansion. The exclusion of British pictures from the cabinets and galleries of the nobility and gentry (as well as from the churches and

other public buildings), was the greatest national evil in the arts. Sir John boldly opposed to that great evil the national principle of forming a gallery of paintings *exclusively by British artists*. On this remedial principle he, from year to year, collected a number of fine British specimens, which, in spite of the clamour of false criticism and the heartlessness of fashionable folly, began to attract attention, and to command the applause of the very few who, at that time, had the courage to think for themselves. From applauding his independent taste and public spirit, some two or three gentlemen ventured, although at a secure distance, to follow his example, and to purchase pictures by their countrymen, although not upon the remedial or exclusive principle. Thus a rallying point, although a very limited and feeble one at first, was made good for British genius. His selection of pictures, in the contest for and against their merits, became the talk of the day, and the subject slowly acquired something like a public interest.

The press, that mighty moral engine, which, in this country, may be said to mould and govern public opinion, had been long hostile to the claims of the British pencil and chisel. The majority of the periodical writers either passed by the works of the British artists, with the exception of Reynolds, in total silence, as if they were unworthy of notice, or noticed them only to hold them up as objects of censure and contempt. To shew their judgment by condemnation, and to pass sentence in merciless terms of gross personality, were, by too many, esteemed the genuine signs of the critic's true vocation. The powerful artillery of

the press, which ought to have been employed in the hands of truth to storm the strong-holds of prejudice and ignorance, was turned against native genius, employed to depreciate its labours, and to prevent its advance in the field of fame. Now and then an editor was found, who, from a view of Sir John's growing collection, was sufficiently candid to admit into the columns of his journal an argument in favour of the British pencil, to praise the taste of the public-spirited collector, and to do justice to his motives and object. At length the sweeping denunciations, which had been usually applied to whole exhibitions, in the brief terms of "bad," "very bad," or "the worst offered to the public for many years," were exchanged for detailed observations, with milder censures, where censure was necessary, and with a due share of praise, where praise was merited. The gallery of Sir John became an object of select visitation; the beauties and defects of his pictures were still more frequently canvassed and better understood. A sounder taste was diffused; an English gentleman might commend an English painting, without being put to the blush for his bad taste in doing so; and the British artists ventured to cherish a hope of being, one day, admitted to a share of fame and fortune by their countrymen.

The following passage from a tract, published more than twenty-five years ago, is connected with the subject of this memoir, and shews the impression made upon the writer at that period: "Sir John Leicester is the only English gentleman who has the manliness and public spirit to bear up against the bad taste and

anti-British feeling of the amateurs in this country, *by forming a collection of paintings exclusively produced by English artists.* The circumstance is altogether so full in the teeth of fashion and established practice, that one hears this baronet's name mentioned with as much surprise and opposition, as if he were about to effect a mighty revolution in the moral world. He has done much for the living painters by having made a beginning, and his example will do more when it is followed. At present I know of no one nobleman or gentleman who has adopted the same truly British principle. Sir John has the honour of being the first Englishman of rank who has attempted to lead his contemporaries from the disgraceful prejudice against native genius, and to create a national spirit in England for the encouragement of the British school."—(Page 21. *Thoughts on the best Means of checking the Prejudices against British Works of Art.* Respectfully addressed to the Hon. and Rev. Richard Byron, Houghton, Durham, by W. Carey, for *gratuitous distribution.* York, 1801.)

The baronet exerted himself for some years before his example made a sufficient lodgment in that quarter where it ought to have been most effectual. Many of his early converts were only induced to look on modern art with a favourable eye, from abstract reasoning on what they conceived to be the remote public consequences of a great national school of the arts. They were ready to admit, that the broad remedial principle, upon which he acted, was incontestably right; but they went no further than a barren approbation. Others went still further, and

were willing to expend a little money in a haughty and humiliating patronage; but their educated habits and prejudices had steeled them against the refined enjoyment, which persons of true taste derive from the contemplation and encouragement of fine works of art. Little good could result to the arts from patrons, who got a man of genius into their clutches by shows of respect and kindness, to hold him in a state of beggarly dependence: now and then invited, as a mighty and never-to-be-forgotten condescension, to play the part of *Echo* in the cold climate of their tables, and covertly aspersed, when absent, with charges of neglect, and poverty, and ingratitude. To patronise a man *down, not up*; or, in purer phrase, to raise themselves, in the opinion of superficial observers, by a barren ostentation of taste and generosity, and to degrade the object of their heartless favour, was the study of these vaunted patrons. In their seeming kindnesses they verified the line of Pope:

“Who acts with kindness is not always kind.”

Many persons of rank, who were sincere well-wishers to the cause, from deliberate consideration and the force of principle, were lukewarm in their feelings, and slow in stirring in its behalf. An act is generally done ineffectually or feebly, which is only performed from a conviction that it is right to be done, as the discharge of a duty only. Great efforts are rarely made where the agent, instead of being impelled by a warm spontaneous desire, is performing an act of compliance, and is coldly indifferent to the act itself. It is only when warm feelings and convictions unite a pleasurable gratification with a sense of duty and a noble national

pride, in the breasts of a great people, that they can justly hope to enable their artists to vie with those of the ancients. At length, some of the leading nobility and gentry opened their eyes to the necessity of a combined effort to encourage British genius, and form a British school of painting and sculpture. After several meetings, they founded a public institution for the promotion of the fine arts in the united empire. In adopting the title, "*British Institution,*" they adopted Sir John Leicester's great remedial principle, and proclaimed its saving efficacy: they comprised in these two words an eulogium on his patriotism, a summary of their high-minded duties, their national object, and their double claims upon *the assistance of government*, and upon the generous co-operation of the public. It is not easy to say too much in praise of the noble end which this public body has in view, nor to calculate the advantages which it has already rendered to the arts in the twenty years of its existence. So far as it has been enabled to follow the path chalked out by Sir John Leicester, in the purchase and exhibition of British pictures, it has powerfully contributed to abate anti-British prejudices, and to diffuse a taste for modern art. Unfortunately, its meritorious exertions have been unaided by the state, and not sufficiently seconded by the people.

Sir John Leicester's gallery contains some fine specimens by Opie; and Mrs. Opie, in her life of that artist, published in 1807, has left a striking record of the anti-British spirit so late as that year. In referring to the head of *Miranda*, painted by her husband, and pur-

chased by the baronet, that lady pays a due tribute of applause to his public spirit in the following passage: "I should regret that it was the property of any one but myself, did I not know that *Mr. Opie rejoiced in its destination*, and were I not *assured of its being placed in that rarest of situations, a GALLERY CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF MODERN ART*, doing honour to the genius who painted and the amateur who admired it."—Mrs. Opie knew that modern poetical, historical, and fancy pictures and landscapes were, with a very few exceptions, excluded from the cabinets and galleries of the most distinguished collectors in England; but she did not know that *none but the works of British artists* were admitted into his collection by Sir John Leicester. His gallery might well be considered the *rarest of rarities*, an *unique* selection of fine specimens by the British pencil. His example had been so far followed, that a few British pictures had been admitted, as if by special grace and favour, into certain celebrated collections of paintings by the old masters of the Italian, Spanish, French, Dutch, and Flemish schools. But it is a curious fact, that, even in 1807, the widow of one of the most distinguished native painters of that day, knew of no other collection in England, formed upon a national principle, but that of Sir John Leicester.

On the 16th of May, 1810, after several prior consultations with Sir John Leicester, a meeting of amateurs and artists was held at the Clarendon Hotel, for the purpose of forming a Calcographic Society, to prevent the further depression of line-engraving in this country. That superior branch of the art had been

rapidly declining during the preceding thirteen years. English engravings being almost wholly shut out of the markets on the Continent by the war with France, bankruptcy and beggary had fallen on many of the most respectable print-sellers and engravers. The *society*, on that day of meeting, adopted the rules, which formed its constitution. Sir John Leicester had the honour, some days before, to submit that code to the Duke of Gloucester's consideration. The baronet, at the same time, introduced a deputation of the principal line-engravers to his royal highness, who was graciously pleased to confer his sanction and patronage on the institution. The Duke of Gloucester, the Marquis of Stafford, the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, the Earl of Dartmouth, Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart. Sir Mark Sykes, Bart. Sir Abraham Hume, Bart. M. P. S. Whitbread, Esq. M. P. J. P. Anderdon, Esq. and Thomas Hope, Esq. were appointed as the committee of managers. The projector, Sir John Leicester, was chosen treasurer, and a fund of several thousand pounds was raised. The plan and principles were excellent, and there was a fair prospect, if a steady and harmonious co-operation had followed; but, unfortunately, incurable jealousies and dissensions broke out among the professional members. The Duke of Gloucester and Sir John Leicester having in vain exerted every fair mode of conciliation, a general disgust ensued; the subscribers received back their money, and the society was finally dissolved, leaving a warning to others against the indulgence of mere personal feelings, wherever public emergency requires the union of many for their common good.

Mr. Shee, the royal academician, in one of his able publications, had submitted to the nobility and gentry a thought on the propriety of exhibiting their select collections of pictures by the old masters, in their own houses, as a measure likely to prove effective in diffusing a taste for the fine arts. The Marquis of Stafford and Earl Grosvenor followed his salutary advice, and are entitled to public gratitude for their liberal endeavours to promote so desirable an end. But while the works of the illustrious dead were thus deservedly consecrated in the public opinion, the works of the living British artists were left without similar honours. This circumstance, alone, must have an unfavourable effect in counteracting the anti-British spirit. Sir John Leicester, here again, was the first to set an example, by opening his gallery in Hill-street to the public one day in each week, in April and May, 1818, on free-admission tickets. Before the first day of this exhibition, a whisper was sent abroad, that it would not prove attractive. But even if this envious anticipation had been verified, the attempt would not have been less praiseworthy. The crowd of applicants for tickets rendered it impossible to issue a sufficient number, without overthrowing the gallery, and endangering the visitors. The extraordinary sensation produced by the display of native excellence will be long remembered. In 1819, 1820, 1823, and subsequently, the opening of the gallery was hailed with enthusiasm by crowds of distinguished visitors; and the critics, in the periodical publications, very justly pronounced these exhibitions a new and triumphant era in the history of the British school. The example set by

Sir John was soon followed by the late Walter Fawkes, Esq. of Farnley-Hall, in Yorkshire. That gentleman, in whom his country has lately lost an independent friend, and the fine arts a liberal patron, opened his splendid suite of rooms in Grosvenor-place, and exhibited his magnificent series of landscapes in water-colours, by Turner, the royal academicians. He adopted the plan of free tickets of admission, on one day in each week, during the fashionable season; and the varied truth of nature, powerful colouring, and grandeur of composition, in his collection, were equally honourable to his taste and liberality, and to the genius of that extraordinary artist, of whose works he had formed so unrivalled a selection.

The powerful sensation excited by Sir John's signal efforts to bring native genius into due rank and estimation was generally felt, not only in England, but in Ireland and Scotland. The subject formed a leading topic in conversation, newspaper discussion, and interesting correspondence among artists, amateurs, and literary men. The following extract of a letter from Robert Lucius West, Esq. Director of the Dublin Society's Drawing-School, to Sir John Leicester, will convey some idea of the excitement in the sister island:—"The records of Ireland, and the page of English history, trace your Irish lineage and the rank of your ancestors in England. Thus your house exhibits an emblem of the union of the two nations, which combines, in one commanding array, the inspired imagination, quick scorn of danger, and fiery energy of the one, with the lofty sedateness, persevering enterprise, and invincible courage of

the other. My warm-hearted countrymen, proud of the Irish blood which flows in your veins, have given you a place in their affections, as a brother, and they claim, by right of consanguinity, a share in the national honour derived from your public spirit. The enthusiasm excited by the opening of your gallery, to beat down an anti-British prejudice, last season, reached our shores, in common with those of the Continent; but it was felt with more force in Ireland, because of the kindred associations which endear you to that people, and because, there the love of the fine arts is connected with the love of country, and mingled with a thousand mournful recollections."—*New Monthly Magazine*, June 1819, p. 437.

The late Sir Henry Raeburn, in a letter to the writer of this memoir, published in Edinburgh, in December 1819, expressed the sentiments of the Scotch artists and his own. The immediate point to which he referred was an engraved portrait of Sir John Leicester: "I again assure you, I value the print because it is the likeness of a man I venerate, who, rising superior to common prejudices, has shewn himself the munificent patron and encourager of native genius, and who has nobly, so much to his own honour, set an example to other men of fortune, which I hope will soon be followed by many. The more I think of what this gentleman has done, the more I am convinced in my own mind, that the good consequences of his exertions will be felt in this country for generations to come; and when you have heard me express my opinion of his public spirit before now, I only spoke the common sentiments of all my brother

artists, who never mention his name but with sentiments of respect and esteem."

Northcote, the best scholar of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in a letter to the writer of this memoir, thus gave vent to his feelings, in May 1819: "Long as I have had the honour of knowing Sir John Leicester, I have every year had new reasons to admire the excellence of his taste, and his sincere desire to bring the works of the English artists into favour and popularity. Having had bitter experience of the prejudices against English painting, I own I never expected to see an exhibition of English pictures opened for the free admission of the public, in the house of an English gentleman. He has never spared his word, his influence, or his fortune, to produce a revolution in our favour. There is no mark of public honour and gratitude to which he is not entitled. I would say more, but that I know your opinion of him is as high as my own."

One of the late President West's letters to the writer of this memoir, in June 1819, contains the following observations: "No English gentleman ever did so much for modern art as Sir John Leicester. He has left nothing undone that he could do to encourage and serve the English artists; and I could name many others who have only just done enough (and that unwillingly), to save themselves from the shame of having done nothing. But he has never cooled nor tired; and surely his opening his house for an exhibition of our pictures is the crowning of all. I am now too old to bustle about; but I will join my brother artists in any thing, by the public

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celebration of his birth-day yearly, or by any other public testimony, to do honour to our noble patron."

The following energetic testimony is extracted from a letter by Shee, the Royal Academician, to the writer of this memoir, in 1819: "Sir John Leicester, indeed, appears to be actuated by the noblest impulse of public spirit. His intercourse with the arts is of the most liberal and disinterested character. To him the pleasures of taste must be heightened by the honours of patronage, and dignified by the feelings of patriotism; *he has done all that the arts can expect from an individual, and more than any other individual has attempted to do.* By purchasing extensively and liberally the works of living artists, he has encouraged their exertions and contributed to their fortune; by forming a public exhibition of those productions, in circumstances so well calculated to display their merits to advantage, he has endeavoured to sanction their pretensions, and contribute to their fame. *That his motives may be mistaken or misrepresented, and his merits may be depreciated or denied, he must be prepared to expect; it is the lot of all who obtain distinction in society for talent or for worth.* They who have not the generosity to follow the example he has set may decry it as injudicious, or calumniate it as vain. The disappointed artist may possibly dispute his liberality; the heartless connoisseur may disparage his taste; all the hornets of the time, in short, may buzz and fret around; but they will dart their little stings in vain towards a man whose merits can be disputed only in the libel of his motives; and who,

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if he be ambitious of distinction, seeks it only in an honourable effort to raise the drooping genius and encourage the neglected arts of his country."

There is a striking justice in the following extract of a letter to the writer of this memoir, from Brockedon, the historical painter, whose important gift to his native county, his fine composition, *the Judgment of Daniel*, was placed by the grand jury in the hall of the Crown Court in the castle at Exeter: "I do not wonder at the high view you take of Sir John Leicester's noble motives, and your sanguine expectations of their beneficial consequences to his country. That gentleman has more merit, as a patron of the fine arts, than Pericles in Greece, or the illustrious family of the Medicis in Italy: the latter had their country with them; the people of Athens and Florence were enthusiasts in the arts; but Sir John Leicester, to his eternal honour, had the manliness, on public grounds, to take up the cause of modern art and native genius, when the sense of the country was, in your own emphatic term, decidedly *anti-British*."

The writer of this memoir has two thick volumes of manuscript letters to a similar effect, from other eminent artists, amateurs, actors, and literary men, received within the last twenty years; but the preceding extracts are quite sufficient to mark the state of public opinion on the important benefits which the arts have derived from the strenuous efforts of Sir John Leicester.

Count Caylus has observed, that the critical and descriptive catalogues of pictures by the old masters have contributed, in France and Italy, to

diffuse a correct taste for the fine arts in the cultivated classes of society. By the perusal of such publications, many persons in England, who have never seen a collection of their paintings, have been taught to conceive an exalted opinion of the foreign schools. But as no *private gentleman* had formed a collection of British paintings before Sir John Leicester, so none had ever printed a critical catalogue of British pictures. Sir John here, also, was the first to pay this due mark of respect to his countrymen. That gentleman having read the critical description of Stothard's *Canterbury Pilgrims*, and that of West's *Death on the Pale Horse*, written by the author of this memoir, was pleased, in 1818, to confide to his pen the delicate task of writing a descriptive catalogue of the pictures in the Hill-street Gallery, and in that of Tabley-House. In that work the writer was assisted by Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. of Stourhead, who wrote the entire description of *the Avalanche*, by Louthembourg, which is, undoubtedly, the best written page of the whole. The catalogue was printed in royal octavo. A copy was presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and graciously received. Copies were also presented to other members of the Royal Family, to the Royal Academy, and to many distinguished amateurs.

Sir John's zeal for the promotion of the fine arts was, also, conspicuously displayed in 1823, when a *National Gallery*, in Dublin, was projected by the Royal Irish Institution. That public body had been founded, a few years after the Union, in unsettled, doubtful, and impoverished times. The period was, confessedly,

not the most favourable to their growth. I have shewn in the course of this memoir, that in England, the greatest nation in the universe, a prejudiced portion of the English press, with the pens and tongues of many English anti-contemporarians, deceived by the grave fallacies of Montesquieu, Winkelman, Du Bos, and other celebrated foreigners, have been industriously employed to decry the best British artists, and their best works; and to depreciate the Royal Academy of London, and the British Institution, from their first establishment to the present hour. The Royal Irish Institution, and the Royal Hibernian Academy, with far less sources of patronage, are much more exposed, than the establishments for the promotion of the fine arts in England, to the contagious prejudices of the Continental critics and connoisseurs, and to the force of anti-British prejudice. In their outset they labour, also, under many heavy local disadvantages, unknown to the vast resources of England. With their limited funds, and this formidable accumulation of prejudices and obstacles, it would be a most miraculous circumstance if they were so much more fortunate than the elder, opulent, and flourishing establishments in London, as to escape without some share of groundless misrepresentation and mistaken censure. It is with all public bodies as it is with individuals—to do good is to incur a re-action of ill-will and evil; and their very merits become unintentional provocations, which excite the apprehensions of the timid and the ignorant, the murmurs of the mean and the sluggish, and the aspersions of the envious and the malignant. Unfortunately, in addition to

these serious discouragements, the Irish establishments for the cultivation of the fine arts have, also, to struggle against the anti-Hibernian spirit and groundless disparagement of absentees, who drain the life-blood of their country by unnecessarily spending their fortunes abroad, and who seek to offer an apology for their desertion of their native land, by giving currency to incorrect and desponding views of Ireland—of her public institutions, her artists, and her literary advocates. I mean not that meritorious absenteeism which is enforced by public duties in England, and is often a patriotic sacrifice of personal feelings to the service of the empire. Even in good minds, not naturally very strong, unnecessary absenteeism too often engenders an estranged and inconsiderate spirit, which, in moments of dejection and misinformation, is unconsciously and too easily misled into the error of underrating and misconceiving the best efforts of Irish genius upon Irish ground. But the public claims of the Royal Irish Institution, and of the Royal Hibernian Academy, are founded in their undeniable merits, and they bid defiance to misrepresentation. All the strenuous efforts of the amateur nobility and gentry of England, combined with the continued exertions of the English artists, from an early time in Charles I.'s reign to the year 1767, in the reign of George III. a period of one hundred and eighty years, had failed to effect the establishment of a Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture in London. But the Royal Irish Institution, *within twelve years after its formation*, succeeded in obtaining the establishment of the Royal

Hibernian Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, in Dublin. This important service to their country is a proud title to the public gratitude, of which no misrepresentation can deprive the members of that body; it is a triumphant reply to every misinformation. Before a picture was presented by any individual to the National Gallery in London, three pictures were presented for the intended National Gallery in Dublin, the two noble specimens of British art by Sir John Leicester, and a fine Italian picture by one of the members; a picture was also liberally promised, in 1823, by John Fitzgerald, Esq. M. P. of Wherstead Lodge, near Ipswich, a gift which will do honour to that gentleman's taste and Hibernian spirit.

If the Royal Irish Institution had not been formed, there could have been no opening for the prompt and noble gift of paintings to Ireland by Sir John Leicester; a gift which, in due season, will not fail to act as an example to others. A figurative illustration forcibly applies to the affinity of the two Dublin nurseries for the fine arts. Enos was the son of Seth; but, if Adam had not begotten Seth, Enos could never have existed. If the Royal Irish Institution had not been formed, and had not obtained the establishment of the Royal Hibernian Academy, there could have been no scope for the ardent spirit of an individual to build a public edifice for the fine arts, as a gift to his country. The Royal Hibernian Academy is not, I believe, full five years old; and its first president, Francis Johnston, an Irish architect, immortalized by his genius, his public works, and by this glorious act of patriotism, has already erected a na-

tional gallery, at an expense of some thousands of pounds from his own private funds. Truth may confidently call on every candid and impartial reporter of these Irish Institutions to bear a proud testimony to these memorable instances of zealous devotion; and Ireland may, without ostentation or offence, safely challenge history to produce from all the Academies in Europe, so magnificent an act of public spirit as that which I have last stated.

The Royal Irish Institution and the Royal Hibernian Academy, like all other infant institutions, stand in need of public support, because they are in their infancy. But the majestic oak, the glory of the forest, is contained in the lowly acorn. Rome, the august city that stretched her sceptre over the tributary world, was first a petty and obscure village, consisting of a few humble clay-built cottages. It would be a waste of words and time to reason with those heartless and narrow-minded individuals, who, under the influence of an anti-Hibernian spirit, would have their countrymen to withhold encouragement from those two institutions, merely because, according to the common lot of all establishments, they labour under great discouragements in their outset. Let those mistaken calculators look to the patriotic conduct of Sir John Leicester, and blush for themselves. In Feb. 1823, when that gentleman, who had never been in Ireland, and who does not possess a foot of land in that country, was informed, by the writer of this memoir, of the intended National Gallery in Dublin, although that baronet never had any communication with the Royal Irish Institution, he determined, spontaneously, to

contribute a painting towards the formation of a public collection of pictures in the intended National Gallery, for the benefit of the Irish students. The picture which he presented was *the Alpine Travelers*, a grand gallery painting, one of Northcote's best fancy compositions; the merits of which have been generally made known by William Wood's fine mezzotinto print. To put this gift into the best condition, Sir John sent to London for a very skilful hand; he had it cleaned and laid down upon a second canvas, and the frame burnished up at Tabley-House. All this was done with such promptitude, that, within a fortnight after the first intimation of his patriotic intention, by the writer of this memoir, to the Royal Irish Institution, the case with the picture was delivered, free of carriage, freight, and all other expenses, in Dublin. Sir John, immediately after, without any application, out of his own unprompted zeal and public spirit, made a second present to the Royal Irish Institution. He sent over for the intended National Gallery, in Dublin, a capital landscape by Barret, which that artist had painted at Tabley, in his best time and purest style, for his liberal patron, the late Sir Peter Leicester.

The Royal Irish Institution, in its acknowledgment of this princely generosity, testified its high sense of the honour conferred upon it. The members duly appreciated those very valuable gifts; they applauded the public spirit of the donor, and the public utility of his object. They also expressed an earnest hope that so laudable an example would be speedily followed by the Irish nobility and gentry. Sir John Leicester

was unanimously elected an honorary member of that body, and their address of thanks to him was officially published in some of the principal London and Dublin newspapers.

Sir John's spontaneous contribution of twenty-five pounds to set on foot a subscription, in 1823, for Hogan, the young self-taught sculptor, in Cork, and his second voluntary contribution of twenty-five pounds, in 1825, to raise a fund in aid of the first, have been so recently detailed in the *Repository*, that it is unnecessary to dwell on those rare instances of generous and unsolicited patronage. Sir John, in 1823, was unanimously elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Cork Society of Arts, not as a cold and formal compliment to his rank, but as a testimony of esteem and homage to his public spirit.

Westmacott's recent master-piece, an exquisite group of a Nymph disporting with an infant Zephyr, was executed on a commission for Sir John, at a remuneration of 750 guineas. Jones, the Royal Academician, has been some time painting a military picture of Sir John reviewing the King's regiment of Cheshire Yeoman Cavalry on the sands near Liverpool. Hoffland's sublime picture of *Jerusalem at the moment of our Saviour's Death* afforded Sir John so much pleasure, that he has given a commission to that artist to paint a duplicate of it for his gallery, with some variations. Haydon, in April 1825, received a commission to paint an historical picture for the same collection, and has chosen the subject of *Venus and Anchises*. Sir Thomas Lawrence has in hand a whole-length of his Majesty, intended as a token of royal regard and esteem for Sir John

Leicester. Pether, a young artist, has just finished a picture from one of Croly's poems for Sir John's gallery, which is highly spoken of. Other artists are at work for this munificent patron; but these instances are sufficient to shew, with what unabated zeal he perseveres in his efforts for the honour of the British school. His public character can only be justly estimated by taking into view his uniform exertions through life. We must consider the number of British artists whom he has employed; the liberality of his expenditure on modern works of art; the public spirit with which he has set an example to others, and seconded the laudable efforts of his contemporaries; the taste with which he selected his collection, and the inestimable value of the national principle which he first acted upon and brought into action in the British Institution. When we have fairly judged of these things, and summed up the whole, we may, without any compliment, assent to the truth of the general observation — that no English gentleman ever manifested so steady and earnest a spirit in the patronage of native genius, or ever did so much for the promotion of the fine arts in the United Empire.

Fenelon, in his dialogues on eloquence, has blamed Pliny for having made the praise of a distinguished Roman his chief aim, instead of setting up his great and good actions as the true objects of praise and imitation. That eminent authority justly conceived, that to make the praise of the man the primary concern, if he be living, is to lose sight of the general good, in the narrow view of flattering an individual; a practice which must lower the panegyrist, and prove no credit to the object of his

praise. The force of this truth is obvious. But the example of Plutarch, as well as that of Pliny, proves that it is difficult, even on the most impartial grounds, to praise or censure an act, without conferring praise or censure on the agent. I have endeavoured, in a former communication (see page 148 to 152, *Repository*, March 1, 1825), to shew, "that public commendation justly bestowed on a meritorious individual (in a fair statement of his laudable actions) excites others to imitate his public spirit, and operates like a rich manure on a cold or exhausted soil, producing abundance in the ensuing harvest." On this broad principle, at a season when the British school is rich in genius, when the British artists, in every department of painting that is open to a liberal patronage, are exhibiting in the British Gallery, performances, which, in their class, would do honour to any age or nation, and when they only need equal patronage with the ancients to vie with them, I have written this memoir as a spontaneous duty. Having no personal concern in the publication, I have found an unalloyed pleasure, as a lover of the arts and a literary volunteer, in again bringing before his country the splendid example of Sir John Leicester. I am persuaded, that in voluntarily doing honour to the refined taste and patriotism of a munificent patron and benefactor of the arts, I am contributing, with far abler advocates, to the best of my humble abilities, on public grounds alone, to raise an emulative spirit of patronage, to promote the best interests of the British artists, and to advance the fine arts in the United Empire.

April 16, 1826.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XVI.

Present, Dr. PRIMROSE, Mrs. Miss, and Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, REGINALD HILDERRAND, Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. MONTAGUE, Captain PRIMROSE, and BASIL FIREDRAKE.

Dr. Primrose. COME, nearly all our friends are assembled to-night; indeed I believe all that are within reach. Counsellor Eitherside is in town; and Mr. Apathy paying a visit to a sick friend. I had a letter from him this morning, in which he regrets his absence.

Reginald. And well he may, I think; the pleasures of social converse are not often to be enjoyed in the perfection in which we meet with them here.

The Vicar. Well, is it *Woodstock* that forms the main attraction this evening? You have read it, Reginald?

Reginald. Yes. I had a copy delivered by the mail the very day of publication; and I read it through in that day and the following one.

Miss Primrose. Yes, and then, like a good friend, forwarded it to your neighbours. We have all, therefore, had the pleasure of perusing this last work of the "Great Unknown."

Basil Firedrake. There you are wrong, my fair cousin: Horace and I and the rest heard you read it; but deuce a line have I perused myself. I do not care a rush for all the novels of the "Great Unknown" in existence; I had rather read *Roderick Random* or *Peregrine Pickle*, the *Naval Sketch-Book*, or *The Man-of-War's Man* in Blackwood, or hear an honest tar "spin a yarn" on the fore-castle, with his comrades around him eagerly listening, during the mid-watch, than either listen to the reading, or read any of the sentimental, romantic trash of the cir-

culating libraries, or even the productions of the author of *Waverley*.

Horace. Fie, fie, Basil! what, rather listen to the mumbling of an old weather-beaten tar, who tells his story and chews his quid at the same time, than hear *Woodstock* read by your fair cousin! Why, man, it is a libel on your gallantry.

Basil. Well, you know, we have all our separate tastes. "Many men many minds," as I wrote at school; and no disparagement to my cousin, I retain my opinion.

Miss Primrose. Honestly spoken, and better than a thousand unmeaning compliments.

Basil. Don't suppose I do not like the ladies though, no man admires them more: from them we derive our animation in the hour of battle; to them we look for consolation in the day of misfortune; whilst in the moments of joy they heighten our pleasure. In short, they ought to be adored by soldier, sailor, poet—

Reginald. Aye, by all mankind:

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sigh'd till woman smil'd.

Rosina Primrose. Reginald is always the ladies' friend. We ought to vote him a crown of laurel for the many kind things he says of us.

Mrs. Primrose. Well, this has nothing to do with *Woodstock*.

Mr. Mathews. Which I have not yet read, and shall be happy to hear some account of.

Reginald. The story is constructed upon some supposed adventures of King Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. Tradition says, that he

remained concealed for a few days at Woodstock; but there is no historical authority, that I am aware of, for the assertion, though I once was inclined to think there was. However, tradition is quite sufficient for the groundwork of a novel; and upon this circumstance, and the gift of Woodstock-Lodge and Park to Desborough and some other parliamentary commissioners (who were annoyed there most unmercifully by the contrivances of several friends to the royalists, and frightened from the place), the author of *Waverley* has constructed a tale which possesses considerable dramatic interest, though it is vastly inferior to *Peveril of the Peak*, a tale of the same era, and still more so to those splendid emanations of genius, *The Tales of the Crusaders*.

Mr. Montague. This from you, Reginald! the most devoted, the most enthusiastic of the admirers of the "Great Unknown?" I fear me *Woodstock* must be much below par when even you can censure it.

Reginald. Enthusiastic admirer as I am of the *Waverley* novels, I trust I like truth still better; and therefore never hesitate expressing my honest opinion; and I do think *Woodstock* not only inferior to those I have named, but that it must rank below every production of Sir Walter Scott's, except *The Monastery*.

The Vicar. I agree with you, Reginald; and yet in some of the conversational scenes great vigour and discrimination of character are displayed.

Reginald. This tale, even more than any of the former ones, owes its attraction in an infinitely higher degree to its dramatic excellence, than either to the force or impres-

siveness of the narrative, or the excellence of the plot. Some of the scenes are admirable, and many of the characters are well drawn. But they display little of originality, very few faint touches of the master's hand; indeed, I think it scarcely, in this respect, exceeds *Brambletye-House*, to the author of which Sir Walter pays a handsome compliment in his preface; though I once thought the idea of putting the writers in competition was ridiculous.

The Vicar. And yet some of the characters are admirably delineated.

Reginald. They are; and the verisimilitude is sustained to the last, which is not the least difficult part of an author's task. It is easy to form an outline of a character, but difficult to fill up the canvas, so as to preserve consistency and propriety in the keeping.

Miss Primrose. I like the brief sketch given of Sir Henry Lee, and his daughter Alice, when they are first introduced to the reader; the scene lies in front of Woodstock-Lodge, and the cavalier and lady are thus described:

The man was elderly, yet seemed bent more by sorrow and infirmity than the weight of years. He wore a mourning cloak over a dress of the same melancholy colour, cut in that picturesque form which Vandyke has rendered immortal. But although the dress was handsome, it was put on and worn with carelessness, which shewed the mind of the wearer ill at ease. His aged, yet still handsome countenance, had the same air of consequence which distinguished his dress and his gait. A striking part of his appearance was a long white beard, which descended far over the breast of the slashed doublet, and looked singular from its contrast in colour with his habit.

The young lady, by whom this vene-

rable gentleman seemed to be in some degree supported, as they walked arm-in-arm, was a slight and sylph-like form, with a person so delicately made, and so beautiful in countenance, that it seemed the earth on which she walked was too grossly massive a support for a creature so ærial. But mortal beauty must share human sorrows. The eyes of the beautiful being shewed tokens of tears; her colour was heightened as she listened to her aged companion; and it was plain from his melancholy, yet displeased look, that the conversation was as distressing to himself as to her.

Mr. Montague. Well-drawn portraits! Sir Henry Lee is, of course, a royalist.

Reginald. He is "a high-born cavalier," whose attachment to his king is as pure and enthusiastic as it is disinterested; and his daughter is one of those creatures of the poet's pen, in which the fair fame and true dignity of woman are sustained with admirable effect. I think the females in the *Waverley* novels are all most felicitously drawn.

Mr. Mathews. I agree with you. We find few Diana Vernons, Rose Brandywines, Margaret Ramsays, Jeannie Deans, or Alice Lees, in the rival productions of his contemporaries.

Reginald. The following is his portrait of Cromwell:

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing; his nose too long in proportion to his other features.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly

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understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could, on such occasions, put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understandings, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that, though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been long since said by the historian, that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added, that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible, than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that, though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and good breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt, as sometimes might be termed clownish: yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low, and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen; a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation,

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and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him, in many respects, not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic; and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated by the same fanaticism which influenced so many persons of the time. On the other hand, there were periods during his political career, when we certainly do him no injustice in charging him with hypocritical affectation. We shall probably judge him and others of the same age most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly influential in their own breasts, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself, as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself, nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety, could exactly have fixed the point at which their enthusiasm terminated and their hypocrisy commenced; or rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, of good or bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

Horace. He is a great deal too favourable to that usurping hypocrite. I can never bring myself to believe that Cromwell was sincere in his canting professions; and hypocrisy, of all things, I do detest.

Basil. He was a good fellow too: he maintained the honour of the British flag, and for that I honour him.

Horace. Would you have fought for him?

Basil. Why no, not for *him*; but, like the brave Blake, I would have

done my duty to my country, at all events.

Reginald. Then your duty would have been, under "red-nosed Noll," to have devoted your life and fortune to the restoration of the king; and if you failed, then to have followed your sovereign in exile, rather than draw your sword under the usurper of his rights—one of the murderers of his father.

Basil. Well, Reginald, we will not argue the topic: all that I know is, should my king again want the services of my weather-beaten carcass, I would once more take my station on the quarter-deck; and the standard of Old England should never be struck while there was a plank left to stand upon, or a stick to nail it to.

Miss Primrose. I think the character of Wildrake, the gay and dissipated and thoughtless cavalier, is a fine contrast to Cromwell's: the two scenes where they come immediately in contact are admirable.

Reginald. They are amongst the most striking in the volumes. The first encounter of Colonel Markham Everard, Sir Henry Lee's nephew, with the king; the interview in which the latter alarms the purity of Alice, by accosting her in the language of licentious gallantry; and several other detached scenes I could easily enumerate, are graphically and vividly depicted. The language is dramatic, and I think would tell well on the stage. The solemn sententiousness of the knave Joe Tomkins, the frank honesty of Joceline, the keeper, the bustling importance of the plotting Dr. Rochecliffe, and the honest manly character of Markham Everard, are well depicted.

The Vicar. Don't forget Nehemiah Holdenough; he is a genu-

ine picture of a true-blue Presbyterian.

Reginald. No, that divine will not be forgotten by the readers of *Woodstock*. But I will read one more extract, for the benefit of those who have not yet seen the work. Colonel Everard having visited Woodstock-Lodge, with a warrant from Cromwell, to remove the sequestrators, and to reinstate his uncle in possession, is alarmed by various noises, the contrivances of the under-keeper and some confederates to frighten the parliamentary sequestrators. One of the parties imitates the voice of Alice; and the colonel proceeds to the hut of Joceline, where the old cavalier and his daughter had taken up their abode, under the idea that he should find the latter privy to the proceedings at Woodstock. He entered without knocking, and

stole over the floor like one who treads in a sick chamber, and opening the door of the interior apartment, with a slow and trembling hand, as he would have withdrawn the curtains of a dying friend, he saw within the scene which we are about to describe:

Sir Henry Lee sat in a wicker arm-chair by the fire. He was wrapped in a cloak, and his limbs extended on a stool, as if he were suffering from gout or indisposition. His long white beard flowing over the dark-coloured garment, gave him more the appearance of a hermit, than of a soldier, or a man of quality; and that character was increased by the deep and devout attention with which he listened to a respectable old man, whose dilapidated dress shewed still something of the clerical habit, and who, with a low but full and deep voice, was reading the Evening Service according to the Church of England. Alice Lee kneeled at the feet of her father, and made the responses with a voice that might have suited the

choir of angels, and a modest and serious devotion, which suited the melody of her tone. The face of the officiating clergyman would have been good-looking, had it not been disfigured with a black patch which covered the left eye and a part of his face, and had not the features which were visible been marked with the traces of care and suffering.

When Colonel Everard entered, the clergyman raised his finger, as cautioning him to forbear disturbing the divine service of the evening, and pointed to a seat; to which, struck deeply with the scene he had witnessed, the intruder stole with as light a step as possible, and knelt devoutly down as one of the little congregation.

Everard had been bred by his father what was called a Puritan; a member of a sect, who, in the primitive sense of the word, were persons that did not except against the doctrines of the Church of England, or even in all respects against its hierarchy; but chiefly dissented from it on the subject of certain ceremonies, habits, and forms of ritual, which were insisted upon by the celebrated and unfortunate Laud with ill-timed tenacity. But even if, from the habits of his father's home, Everard's opinions had been diametrically opposed to the doctrines of the English Church, he must have been reconciled to them by the regularity with which the service was performed in his uncle's family at Woodstock, who, during the blossom of his fortunes, generally had a chaplain residing in the Lodge for that special purpose.

Yet deep as was the habitual veneration with which he heard the impressive service of the church, Everard's eyes could not help straying towards Alice, and his thoughts wandered to the purpose of his presence there. She seemed to have recognised him at once, for there was a deeper glow than usual upon her cheeks, her fingers trembled as they turned the leaves of her prayer-book,

and her voice, lately as firm as it was melodious, faltered when she repeated the responses. It appeared to Everard, as far as he could collect by the stolen glances which he directed towards her, that the character of her beauty, as well as of her outward appearance, had changed with her fortunes.

The beautiful and high-born young lady had now approached as nearly as possible to the brown stuff dress of an ordinary village-maiden; but what she had lost in gaiety of appearance, she had gained, as it seemed, in dignity. Her beautiful light brown tresses, now folded around her head, and only curled where nature had so arranged them, gave her an air of simplicity, which did not exist when her head-dress shewed the skill of a curious tirewoman. A light joyous air, with something of a humorous expression, which seemed to be looking for amusement, had vanished before the touch of affliction, and a calm melancholy supplied its place, which seemed on the watch to administer comfort to others. Perhaps the former arch, though innocent, expression of countenance, was uppermost in her lover's recollection, when he concluded that Alice had acted a part in the disturbances which had taken place at the Lodge. It is certain that when he now looked upon her, it was with shame for having nourished such a suspicion; and the resolution to believe rather that the devil had imitated her voice, than that a creature, who seemed so much above the feelings of this world, and so nearly allied to the purity of the next, should have had the indelicacy to mingle in such manœuvres as he himself and others had been subjected to.

These thoughts shot through his mind, in spite of the impropriety of indulging them at such a moment. The service now approached the close; and a good deal to Everard's surprise, as well as confusion, the officiating priest, in firm and audible tone, and with every attri-

bute of dignity, prayed to the Almighty to bless and preserve "our sovereign lord, King Charles, the lawful and undoubted king of these realms." The petition (in those days most dangerous) was pronounced with a full, raised, and distinct articulation, as if the priest challenged all who heard him to dissent if they dared. If the republican officer did not assent to the petition, he thought at least it was no time to protest against it.

Mr. Mathews. Very good! excellent!

Mr. Montague. How long a period is taken up by the adventures narrated in the tale?

Reginald. Not a very long one: it commences a few days after the battle of Worcester, and the main story ends with the escape of the king. But there is an additional chapter, in which the Restoration is noticed, and the progress of Charles from the coast to the capital is described. Old Sir Harry Lee witnesses the return of his king and dies.

Mr. Mathews. And the principal events occur at Woodstock and its neighbourhood?

Reginald. Yes: Sir Harry Lee is the ranger of Woodstock-Park.

Miss Primrose. Was there ever such a place as Woodstock-Lodge? or is it a mere creation of the author's brain?

Reginald. He tells you in his preface several particulars relative to the locality of the place.

Miss Primrose. But I never read prefaces; not one in ten repays the trouble.

Reginald. The Lodge of Woodstock, where the principal scenes are laid, was the ancient royal palace in which Henry II. placed the fair Ro-

samond de Clifford, to conceal her from the jealous rage of his queen, Eleanor. From hence this fair dame was imagined by Drayton as addressing her royal paramour in the language of repentance and regret. After requesting Henry to read her lines "for love—if not for love, for hate," and protesting that "'twas not her mind consented to this ill," she proceeds:

Sometimes, to pass the tedious irksome hours,
I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting towers,
Where in a turret secretly I lie,
To view from far such as do travel by:
Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,
As through the stones my shame did make them see;
And with such hate the harmless walls do view,
As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue:
The married women curse my hateful life,
Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife;
The maidens wish I, buried quick, may die,
And from each place near my abode do fly.
Well knew'st thou what a monster I would be,
When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,
Whose strange meanders turning every way,
Be like the course wherein my youth did stray;
Only a clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet still walk I circular in sin.

"This labyrinth," Drayton says (and he wrote these epistles in 1613), "together with her well, being paved with square stone at the bottom, and also her tower from which the labyrinth did run, are yet remaining; it was altogether under ground, being vaults arched and walled with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her lodging were laid about by the queen, she might easily avoid peril imminent, and if need be, by secret issues, take the air abroad many furlongs round about Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, wherein it was situated."

Rosina. It is not now remaining?

Reginald. O no; the gate-house, the last fragment of the edifice, was pulled down about a century ago. The place was of some note for other circumstances besides the residence and tragical fate of Rosamond. Here, in 1164, Henry II. received the homage of Malcolm, King of Scotland, and of Rice, Prince of Wales. In 1275, a parliament was held here by Edward I.; and his second son, Edmund, was born here; as was his renowned grandson, Edward the Black Prince. Richard II. resided, at times, at the palace of Woodstock; as did Henry VIII.; and during one of the temporary residences of the latter, an attempt was made on his life by a Morisco. Queen Elizabeth was also imprisoned there.—(After a pause.) And now, so much for Woodstock. Have you read *Vivian Grey*?

Omnes. No.

Reginald. It is just now making a great noise in town, as it is supposed to be—if not a true history as far as the hero is concerned—at least a true portraiture of some of the most fashionable and notorious individuals in the *haut ton*. It is therefore sought after with great avidity; for though every body declaims against personality, there is nothing that most readers like so well.

The Vicar. A sign of perverted taste, friend Reginald.

Reginald. Very true, my dear sir; but it is a fact; and those authors who write to live, cannot do better than "shoot folly as it flies," and impart a *personal* identity to their sketches: it is a sure way to be read.

The Vicar. But is it an honoura-

ble way of mounting to the pinnacle of fame?

Reginald. No; it is neither honourable nor honest. It is allowable to censure the vices of classes, or even of individuals, where they are glaringly obtruded on the public; but the mere follies and eccentricities of life ought not to be hinged into novels, and worked up with all the gaudy colouring of romance, so as to give a disgraceful notoriety to productions which, but for such aid, would quietly sail down the stream into oblivion.

Mrs. Primrose. There are some delightful passages in a little volume entitled *Solitary Hours*, by the authoress of *Ellen Fitzarthur*, and *The Widow's Tale*, which I finished reading this morning. I think we women have a right to plume ourselves on the share our sex take in improving, enlightening, and amusing the reading public by their talents and genius.

Mr. Mathews. You have indeed. There never was a period when the literature of England was so graced by the contributions of the ladies.

Reginald. There never was a time when so many highly gifted females existed. They adorn every department of literature; and whilst they diffuse the splendour of their genius around, they are distinguished by none of that pedantry which once rendered the name of a learned lady—a real blue-socking—a terror to the male part of the creation, from which they would fly with as much anxiety as from a pestilence.

Rosina Primrose. I love the opening piece in the volume mamma has mentioned.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.

It was a lovely autumn morn,
So indistinctly bright,
So many-hued, so misty, clear,
So blent the glittering atmosphere,
A web of opal light!

The morning mist from the hill-top
Sail'd off—a silvery flake—
But still in the under-vale it lay,
Where the waves peer'd out, like islands grey,
Seen dimly, at the dawn of day,
On a waveless pearly lake.

And again we reached the woody rise,
That Boldre church doth crown;
The filmy shroud was wafted by,
And, rejoicing in his victory,
The dazzling Sun look'd down.

We reach'd the church, a two-mile walk,
Just as the bell begun;
Only the clerk was station'd there,
And one old man with silver hair,
Who warm'd him in the sun.

A gravestone for his seat, one hand
On his old staff' leant he;
The other fondly dallied
With the bright curls of a young head
That rested on his knee.

The child look'd up in the old man's face,
Look'd up, and laugh'd the while;
Methought 'twas a beautiful sight to see,
The reflected light of his innocent glee
(Like a sunbeam on a wither'd tree,
In the old man's quiet smile.

That simple group well harmonized
With the surrounding scene;
The old grey church with its shadows deep,
Where the dead seem'd hush'd in sounder
sleep;
And all beyond, where the sun shone bright,
Touching the tombstones with golden light,
And the graves with em'rald green.

And a red-breast, from the elms hard by,
His joyous matins sung;
That music wild contrasted well
With the measured sound of the old church-
bell,
In its low square tower that swung.

I look'd and listen'd, and listen'd still,
But word spake never a one;
And I started like one awakened
From a trance, when my young companion
said,
"Let's walk till the bell has done."

So we turn'd away by the shady path
That winds down that pleasant hill,
Leaving the church-yard to the right,
High up it brought us soon in sight
Of the clear stream, so sparkling bright,
That turns old Hayward's mill.

A lovely scene! but not, therefore,
Young Edmund's choice, I doubt;
No, rather that with barbed snare
For sport, he oft inveigled there
The perch and speckled trout.

Stopp'd was the busy mill-wheel now,
Snareless the rippling brook;
And up the funny people leap'd,
As if they knew their danger slept;
And Edmund, he had well nigh wept
For lack of line and hook.

"Look, what a fish! the same, I'll swear,
That I hook'd yesterday—
He's a foot long from head to tail—
The fellow tugg'd like any whale,
And broke my line—it's very true,
Though you laugh, miss! you always do
At every thing I say."

"Nay, gentle coz! I did but smile—
But *was* he a foot long?"
"Aye, more, a foot and half—near two—
There! there! there's no convincing *you*,
One might as well, to an old shoe,
Go whistle an old song."

"Gramercy, coz! I only ask'd,
In admiration strong."
"Aye, but you look'd at me so queer;
Oh, that I had my tackle here!
You soon should see—well, never fear,
I'll have him yet ere long."

"Aye, doubtless; but, dear Edmund! now
Be murd'rous thoughts far hence;
This is a day of peace and rest,
And should diffuse in every breast
Its holy influence."

Such desultory chat we held,
Still idly sauntering on,
Towards the old crazy bridge that led
Across the stream by the mill-head—
"Heyday!" said I, "'tis gone!"

And gone it was, but planks and piles
Lay there, a fresh-brought load,
And 'till a better bridge was made,
Flat stones across the brook were laid,
So one might pass dry-shod.

One, with firm foot and steady eye,
Dry-shod might pass the brook;

But now, upon the farther side,
A woman and a child we spied,
And those slippery stones the woman eyed
With vex'd and angry look.

And a child stood there, a pretty boy,
Some seven years old look'd he,
Limber and lithe as a little fawn,
And I marvell'd much that he sprang not on
With a boy's activity.

But his head hung down like a dew-bent
flower,
And he stood there helplessly;
And the woman (an old ill-favour'd crone)
Scow'd at him, and said in a sharp cross tone,
"You're always a plague to me!"

"What ails you, my little man?" said I:
"Such a light free thing as you
Should bound away like a nimble deer,
From stone to stone, and be over here
Before we could well count two."

The child look'd up—to my dying day
That look will haunt my mind;
The woman look'd too, and she tun'd her
throat,
As she answer'd me, to a softer note,
And says she, "The poor thing's blind.

"His father, who's dead, was my sister's son;
Last week his mother died too:
He's but a weakly thing, you see,
Yet the parish has put him upon me,
Who am but ill to do.

"And his mother has made him more helpless
still
Than else he might have been,
For she nurs'd him up like a little lamb,
That in winter-time has lost its dam—
Such love was never seen!

"To be sure, he was her only one,
A helpless thing, you see;
So she toiled and toiled, to get him bread,
And to keep him neat; 'twas her pride, she
said.

Still, 'tis a hard thing, now she's dead,
To have him thrown on me.

"And now we shall be too late for church,
For he can't get over, not he!
I thought the old bridge did well enough,
But they're always at some altering stuff,
Hind'ring poor folks like we."

I look'd about, but from my side
Edmund was gone already;

And with the child clasp'd carefully,
Across the stream back bounded he,
With firm foot, light and steady.

"And the woman," said I, "won't you help
her too?"

Look, there she waits the while."
"Hang her, old cat! if I do," quoth he,
"To souse her into the midst 'twill be."
For my life I could not but smile.

So we left her to cross as best she might,
And I turn'd to the sightless child;
His old white hat was wound about
With a rusty crape, and fair curls waved out
On a brow divinely mild.

And the tears still swam in his large blue
eyes,

And hung on his sickly cheek;
Those eyes with their clouded vacancy,
That look'd *towards*, but not *at* me,
Yet spoke to my heart more touchingly,
Than the brightest could ever speak.

I took his little hand in mine,
('Twas a delicate small hand,)
And the poor thing soon crept close to me,
With a timid familiarity,
No heart could e'er withstand.

By this time the woman had hobbled up—
"Ah, goody, what safe ashore!"
Quoth Edmund: "I knew, without help from
me,
You'd paddle across." Askance look'd she,
But spake not a word, so in company
We moved on to church all four.

But I felt the child's hand, still held in mine,
With a shrinking dread comprest.
"Do you love to go to church?" I said.
"Yes," and he hung down his little head;
"But I love the church-yard best."

"The church-yard, my pretty boy! and
why?"

Come, tell me why, and how?"
"Because—because—" and the poor thing
Sobb'd at the words, half whispering,
"'Cause mammy is there now."

Feelings too deep for utterance
Thrill'd me a moment's space;
At last, "My little friend," said I,
"She's gone to live with God on high,
In heaven, his dwelling-place.

"And if you're good, and pray to Him,
And tell the truth always,
And bear all hardships patiently,
You'll go there too."—"But when?" said he:
"Shall I go there to-day?"

"Nay, you must wait till God is pleased
To call you to his rest."

"When will that be?" he ask'd again.
"Perhaps not yet, my child"—"O then
I love the church-yard best."

And to the church-yard we were come,
And close to the church-door;
And the little hand I held in mine,
Still held, loath was I to resign;
And from that hour the face so mild,
And the soft voice of that orphan-child,
Have haunted me evermore.

Reginald. There's something truly
Wordsworthian in that poem: it is a
delightful *morceau*. Does the vo-
lume consist entirely of poetry?

Mrs. Primrose. O no; there are
several very clever prose pieces; and
the authoress seems to be equally
successful in the grave and the gay.

The Vicar here moved an ad-
jourment to the supper-table, with
which all present were so ready to
comply, that the question was carried
without a division.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,

May 11, 1826.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

*Introduction and Polacca for the
Piano-forte, with Accompaniments
for the Flute, ad. lib.* composed
by J. B. Cramer. Pr. 3s. 6d.—
(Goulding and Co.)

ALTHOUGH in this composition
some ideas present themselves, which,

however modified into shapes some-
what varied, cannot claim the merit
of a first appearance, the whole is
worked up in so graceful and finished
a manner, that any objections which
might arise from a wish for peremp-
tory originality, are soon silenced.

Composers of the highest distinction in the latter respect often labour under the preponderating weight of a mass of reminiscences; a circumstance which appears to us so natural, that it is, perhaps, a matter of wonder they should have it in their power to resist, as much as they do, the involuntary suggestions of a tenacious memory. Indeed were it possible for them to take a full draught of the Lethean stream before they take up the pen, the public certainly would not be the gainer, although a little sip might be of infinite service to many a one that shall be nameless. *Est modus in rebus!* the less you recollect, or, perhaps, the less palpably your recollections are ushered forth, the better. Small, indeed, is the number of those highly gifted individuals who possess a creative genius, sufficiently vivid and exuberant to overpower the influence of alien recollection.

To return to our publication, we shall only add, that, both in the Introduction and the Polacca, Mr. Cramer has amply evinced that elegance of style, superior skill, and refined taste, which throw a charm over all his works, and will, we are sure, be hereafter appealed to as models of compositorial perfection. In the present instance, moreover, great effect is obtained at the cost of moderate proficiency.

A new Operatic Duet, composed for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by E. Solis. Op. 8. Pr. 3s.
—(T. Lindsay, Regent-street.)

One movement, an allegro, of considerable extent, in the key of C $\frac{6}{8}$ time, in which we observe an abundant flow of attractive melody, the characteristics of which are either grace-

ful *naïveté*, or spirited freshness. The harmony is well devised and spread over the four staves; and occasional touches of counterpoint and responsive imitations are introduced seasonably and with good success. The piece will be found perfectly accessible to players of moderate pretensions, and afford them an opportunity of exhibiting the quantum of their acquirements with much effect.

Six Progressive Lessons, composed for the Piano-forte, by E. Solis. Nos. 1. to 6. Pr. 1s. each.—(Clementi and Co.)

These pieces, although slight in structure—and so they should be—are written in a style of unaffected melodic diction, which is sure to gratify the pupil's ear, while leading him to progressive improvement. There is a vast deal of easy graceful melody brought into play, nothing stale, nothing prosy; a little variation, a little digression, a little pertinent modulation, neat harmonic arrangement, every thing as one would wish it to be. Nothing could be better calculated for the object in view, and nothing, within our knowledge, could we more strongly recommend for the practice of the junior classes.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *A Theme by Mozart, with Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by D. Schlessinger. Op. 4. Pr. 4s.*—(Cramer and Co.)
2. *First Grand Capriccio, alla Bravura, on the National Air "La Sentinelle," and a Theme from La Gazza Ladra, for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles Schunke. Op. 2. Pr. 5s.*—(Boosey and Co.)
3. *Twenty-four Mazurkas, or National Polish Dances, collected and arranged for the Piano-forte by Marie Szymanowska. Pr. 3s. 6d.*—(Boosey and Co.)
4. *"O Cielo clemente," Meyerbeer's Grand Quartett from the Opera "Il Crociato,"*

- arranged for the Piano-forte by Augustus Meves. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)
5. *Diverlimento for the Piano-forte on Meyerbeer's Romanza, "Giovinetto Cavalier,"* arranged by G. Kiallmark. - Pr. 3s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
 6. *A Pastoral Dance, composed by Henry R. Bishop, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Variations and Coda,* by Charles Neate. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)
 7. *Spohr's Overture to Faustus, arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte* by J. F. Burrows. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
 8. *Diverlimento for the Piano-forte, with Variations on the admired Air, "Oh! leave me to my sorrow,"* composed by Sir John A. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)
 9. *Lindsay's Selection of Operatic Bagatelles, adapted for one or two Performers on the Piano-forte, arranged expressly for this Work* by Louis Camille. Nos. 1. 2. and 3. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(T. Lindsay.)
 10. *Lindsay's Selection of Rondolettos à la Mode, arranged for the Piano-forte* by Louis Camille. Pr. 1s. 6d. each.—(T. Lindsay.)

1. After a short introductory allegro, in which learned and serious modulations are well relieved by glimpses of melodic sweetness, Mr. Schlesinger propounds a charming little theme from Mozart, upon which eight variations are brought forward. They are, generally speaking, written in the first style of compositions of this description, as replete with features of interest as variations can be expected to be, and, although not meant for players of humble attainments, will be found unlogged by any serious intricacies.

2. The commencement of Mr. Schunke's Capriccio, consisting of a *grave* and *allegro* in C minor, at once establishes the rank of the publication. It is original and deeply impressive, well tinged with contrapuntal ideas in the ancient style, and altogether shews that Mr. S. thinks for himself, and that his conceptions are of an elevated and classic stamp.

The theme "La Sentinelle" comes next, upon which a most brilliant but somewhat intricate variation has been devised. After this we have "the theme from La Gazza Ladra," which, in fact, is a portion—indeed nearly the whole—of the overture to that opera, chopped and dressed up in a sort of *ad-libitum* manner, with seasonings, sauces, and intervening *entremets* of Mr. S.'s own providing; but upon the whole the quantum of Rossini predominates. All this forms a very interesting *tout-ensemble*: but there is occasionally hot work for the fingers; the *moderato*, for instance, p. 12, will prove a fair test of the player's executive qualifications. The changes of key, also, to which Mr. S. is fond of frequently resorting, often add to the labour entailed upon the performer.

3. The *Mazurkas* of Madame Szymanowska, whose talents as a performer on the piano-forte are of the first order, are, we should suppose, of that lady's own composition; at all events there runs a great family likeness among most of them. This, of course, is rendered more perceptible by the number included in one book; for in four and twenty *Mazurkas* "all of a row," it is scarcely possible not to be struck with certain points of resemblance. Allowing for this degree of similitude, we think these dances very pretty and tasteful; and, as they are not difficult, they, no doubt, will meet with a favourable reception. They may all serve as waltz tunes, from which, indeed, they can hardly be said to differ materially.

4. Mr. Meves's arrangement of the quartett, "O cielo clemente," may be recommended as a pleasing and useful lesson. It is not too long,

nor too difficult; and the taste displayed in the arrangement corresponds with the excellence of the subject to which the judicious choice of Mr. M. has been directed.

5. Mr. Kiallmark's "Giovinetto Cavalier" may fairly claim the same favourable comments. It is in good style, and not difficult. Hence, although appearing rather late in the day, and amidst a host of rival "Giovinetti," it is likely to meet with a due quantum of success.

6. Surely Mr. Neate must be under a mistake in stating the theme of his variations to be "a Pastoral Dance, composed by H. R. Bishop." It is one of the oldest and most common dance tunes we can remember; and we should hardly have thought it a suitable subject for variation. To say the truth, Mr. N. has not made much of it. The variations, such as they are, might have satisfied us, if from an inferior pen; but, as the work of Mr. Neate, they fall very short of our expectations.

7. Of Spohr's Overture to Faustus we have given our opinion on a former occasion. With every advantage of compositorial learning and orchestral experience, it is dry and heavy, as a whole, like many of the productions of those modern German composers, who, in following the style of Beethoven, do not compensate for his wildness, eccentricity, and occasional hardness, by those sublime flights of genius, and those charming *fragments* of melodic inspiration, which vivify the works of their prototype. But clever as this overture must certainly be pronounced, and not destitute of occasional points of interest, its adaptation as a duet for the piano-forte was worth undertaking, and in no hands

could it have succeeded better than in those of Mr. Burrowes, who is quite *au fait* in these things. Considering the complicated nature of the score, great merit is due to Mr. B.'s labour, which the advanced amateur will find it well worth his while to add to his collection of ducts. To players of inferior abilities we would not willingly entrust the performance.

8. The Divertimento of Mr. Rawlings mainly consists of some good variations upon a very beautiful Irish air, not, we believe, of Sir J. Stevenson's own composition, but introduced by him in the Melodies of various Nations. The finale *alla marcia* and coda are written with much spirit, and produce a most effective conclusion.

9. Of the "Operatic Bagatelles," the first three numbers before us contain respectively the favourite march in *Mosé in Egitto*, an air from the *Barbiere de Siviglia*, and a dance from Spohr's *Berg-geist* (Mountain-spirit). According to the title-page, the collection is to reach twelve numbers. Its peculiarity consists in propounding, first, the piece arranged for *one* performer, after which it is exhibited as a duet. This plan has its advantages, among which is that of familiarizing the pupil with the air and the harmony before they are spread over more staves. The arrangement, stated to proceed from a Mr. Louis Camille, is easy and very satisfactory; occasionally, from studying brevity, a little abruptness in the conclusion presents itself. The typographical execution is particularly neat.

10. Mr. Lindsay's "Selection of Rondolettos à la Mode" embraces different subjects from *Der Freyschütz*,

Il Crociato, &c. We have seen two numbers, founded on the first-mentioned opera, which warrant a very favourable opinion of the merits of the publication. The airs themselves are not only well arranged, but treated and modified with great ingenuity and good musical tact; and considerable portions of amplification and digression, tastefully devised, are introduced in their proper places. These rondolettos, moreover, being written in a familiar style of execution, recommend themselves, in every respect, to the attention of the rising student.

VOCAL.

1. *Select Melodies, the Words by Harry Stoe Van Dyk, the Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. B. Cramer. Vol. I. Pr. 12s.—(Cramer and Co.)*
2. "*The lover to his mistress*," *Canzonet, the Words written by Thomas Campbell, Esq.; the Music composed by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)*
3. "*Withdraw not yet those lips and fingers*," *Canzonet, the Words written by Thomas Campbell, Esq.; the Music composed by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Boosey and Co.)*
4. "*Oh! touch that harp*," a *Cavatina, accompanied on the Harp, composed by J. Blewitt. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)*
5. "*Fair one, take this rose*" (*the Words translated from the Persian*), *composed by Mrs. Miles. Pr. 2s.—(Goulding and Co.)*

1. Of the large and elegant volume of "*Select Melodies*," edited by Mr. J. B. Cramer, with symphonies and accompaniments from his own pen, the scantiness of our room prevents us from giving to our readers more than a very general account, just, perhaps, sufficient to designate in some degree its character and value. The contents are twelve songs, occupying between forty and fifty pages. The sources from which the collection has been made are not stated, nor are the various melodies ascribed to any nation or author. The reader

is left to guess where they come from; and, in this respect, we own our ingenuity and memory have made unsuccessful attempts with regard to the greater part of the airs; although, in several instances, we could recollect tunes of great similarity. Be this as it may, we are warranted in bestowing our decided approbation on the collection in general: by far the greater number of the melodies are of a superior stamp, and several are truly beautiful. The texts, also, are well devised, and possess considerable poetical merit; and the adaptation of the words to the music, or *vice versa*, is satisfactory, in general; although, in the latter respect, we have met with some few exceptions. To quote one instance, the line, "The name of his own lady bright," &c. is most unaccountably melodized about in this manner: "Thē nāme ōf hīs; — own lady bright," &c. Not to speak of the strange parting of the sentence, the accentuation is bad too.

With regard to the accompaniments and the symphonies, we feel no hesitation in stating our opinion, that, in this particular, the book stands unrivalled among the various similar publications that have come under our notice. Without any waste of notes, without any affectation of learning, or hunting after effect, there is a simplicity of means, and yet a variety, an elegance, a richness, in short, a perfection in the symphonies and the harmonic colouring, which sheds a charm over every piece, enhances the value of the best of the airs, and brightens such as otherwise would be deemed of comparatively inferior interest. Here the refined taste and mastery of Mr. C. shine in their utmost lustre, and stamp a

unique and indisputable value on the work.

2. 3. The more we see of Mr. Barnett's lyric compositions, the more reason we find to award him the palm of supremacy in this department in England, in spite of slight occasional imperfections to be met with in his works. They breathe a chasteness of expression, a delicacy of musical sentiment, a depth of impassioned feeling, rarely to be met with, in an equal degree of concentration, in English vocal publications. In short, there is the poetic inspiration, quaffed probably at the maternal bosom, without which a man may become uncommonly clever, but can never produce genial works in the fine arts. With this conviction on our mind, we would advise Mr. B. if circumstances should admit of it, to undertake a pilgrimage to Italy, and study and cultivate his art in its full extent; and we are much mistaken, if, on his return, his name will not soon rank among those who, by their works, have shed lustre on their country.

Of the two songs before us, we should hesitate to which to award the preference. They are both written with consummate feeling and taste, and equally distinguished by the classic chasteness of their melodies and many striking touches of a superior harmonic treatment. Some hints for emendation, in the latter respect, are amongst our memoranda; but as they are not of primary importance, we waive them.

4. Mr. Blewitt's cavatina is good. There are some Rossinian reminiscences in it, but the whole bespeaks cultivated taste and science. The recitativo is highly impressive, and strongly assisted by good accompa-

niments. The latter advantage exists likewise in the case of the polacca, which is a very interesting composition, full of animation, in the best style, and brilliantly effective, if assisted by a good performer on the harp.

5. The song of Mrs. Miles is highly creditable to that lady's musical talent and taste. The symphony is very neat, the melody of the vocal part possesses delicacy of sentiment united to propriety of expression, which is duly diversified by several occasional modulations of a select nature, ideas in minor keys, &c. The accompaniment not only is appropriate and correct, but well devised, properly varied, and rendered interesting by good episodic instrumentation.

FLUTE AND HARP.

A Word or Two on the Flute, by W. N. James, pp. 252, 12mo.—(Edinburgh, Charles Smith and Co.; and Cocks and Co. Prince's-street, London.)

The contents of this elegant and excellent little volume are classed under the following heads: *On the Flutes of the Ancients—On the English and German Flutes—On the Capabilities of the German Flute—On Articulation—On the best Modes or Keys for the Flute—On Tone and Expression—On the Performers of the present Day.*

It is obvious that in the treatment of these various subjects, Mr. J. has truly gone to work *con amore*, and with a store of literary information, as well as of practical skill, experience, and good taste, which cannot fail to render his book a favourite, not only with the flute-player exclusively, but with every musical amateur of intellectual cultivation, under which class

we must range ourselves, our acquaintance with the above instrument being more of a theoretical than practical nature. The book is a perfect *corpus tibiarium*; there is "a word or two" upon every thing that concerns the flute and flute-players. The history of the instrument is deduced *ab ovo*, ascending to the Greeks, nay, to the Egyptians and even Hebrews; and a great variety of historic information has been collected, and condensed and arranged with infinite judgment and in the best taste: this portion of the treatise is extremely interesting.

As to those parts which practically regard the instrument, we candidly own, that the degree of knowledge we possess would render it presumptuous to pronounce authoritatively on their merits, especially when upon some of Mr. J.'s statements there exists a difference of opinion even among the initiated. Thus, for instance, will there be found numerous eminent judges who will be shocked at our author's heterodox opinions upon the *double tonguing*, which Mr. J. facetiously calls "Babylonish gabble," although it has caused to many such infinite trouble to carry it to perfection. Far be it from us to enter the contest of *Toodle-doodle* versus *Teth-thi-to-dy*; *non nostrum tantas!* but thus much we may be allowed to declare, that, to our old-schoolish taste, the *Toodle-doodle* of Mr. Nicholson has at all times afforded full as much, if not more gratification than the *Teth-thi-to-dy* of Monsieur Drouet.

The volume concludes with a *catalogue raisonné* of the great flute-players now living, including critical comments on their style of playing and on their compositions. In these

observations, however delicate and tender the ground on which the author was placed, he appears to us to have acted with a candour and impartiality highly creditable to his character as an artist; and the critical discernment and good taste which his opinions evince are the best proofs of his qualification for the task he has undertaken.

The work has given us great satisfaction, and we could only wish to see similar productions on the piano-forte and violin executed with equal ability.

Introductory Exercises, or Studies for the Harp, composed for, and dedicated to, his Pupils, by N. Ch. Bochsá. Books I. and II. Pr. 8s. each.—(S. Chappell, 135, New Bond-street.)

It is only of late that some of the authors of our most celebrated exercises, or studies, as they are not unfrequently termed, convinced themselves of a circumstance which the public had felt long before; viz. that those exercises, however excellent, were only calculated for players who had already made very considerable progress in the art; or, in other words, that they not only were of little or no use to those that stood most in need of aids of this description, but frequently operated in the way of discouragement with the less advanced, yet zealous student.

The chasm, thus existing between mere rudimental publications and the highly wrought studies in question, has, so far as regards the piano-forte, been filled up to a certain extent, within a recent period; and Mr. Bochsá's work before us has professedly the same sensible aim in view. Each of the two books contains twelve exercises, in themselves

progressive, and successively devoted to the exemplification and acquirement of various digital and other branches of practice peculiar to the harp. Mr. Boehsa's name being a sufficient guarantee for the able and judicious execution and arrangement of such a work, any testimony at our hands, as to its great and conspicuous merits, must be deemed superfluous. We shall therefore content ourselves with adding, that the tasteful and pleasing nature of the subjects introduced in these exercises, and the elegance of their treatment, form a feature of very essential recommendation.

The popular Air, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," arranged for the Harp by S. Dussek. Pr. 2s. — (Chappell.)

Jäger Chorus, arranged for the Harp by S. Dussek. Pr. 2s. — (Chappell.)

The first of these consists of the Scotch theme, with four very pleasing variations, written in a style which does not demand any particular skill on the instrument. These observations equally apply to the Jäger Chorus, upon which some neat, and by no means difficult, variations have also been devised.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Pictura ars quondam nobilis, tunc cum expeteretur a regibus populisque.

PLIN. *lib. xxxv.*

THE *fifty-eighth* Exhibition of the Royal Academy is now open, and the public have, as usual, a fine opportunity of estimating, in its fullest extent, the genius and skill of our artists in the various departments of their profession. It has become almost a trite expression, to bespeak favour for the successive Exhibitions at Somerset-House, by pronouncing the last to be always better than the preceding one. But to forego this practised form, on the present occasion, would amount almost to injustice; for the range of apartments at the Academy does really present to the spectator a greater variety of rich specimens of British art, than we remember to have seen, in the same place, on any former occasion. Of course there will be no pleasing every body; complaints will still be made of

pictures that have been rejected, as well as of some that found admission; and we have heard (as indeed we mostly do) of some of these complaints which appear not to be without foundation. It is, however, in human nature that these partialities should prevail, though the public interests, the character of the art itself, and the respectability of its professors, require that they should obtrude as seldom as possible. We understand, that this year there were five hundred pictures sent away from the Academy; and we have seen some of them which merited a better fate.

The present Exhibition contains upwards of eleven hundred works (the number in the catalogue is eleven hundred and five); of these ninety-three are sculptural, in the Model-Room. The general appearance of the pictures is brilliant and

imposing; and there is, in the prominent display, rather an unusual shew of courtesy from the higher order of academicians, who have conceded their usual places to artists of less note; while, on the other hand, many excellent pictures, most of them of small dimensions, are hidden in corners, and very awkwardly placed for effect, to the injury of those who painted them. There is, however, in the *coup-d'œil* a fine display of genuine merit, on beholding which we are tempted to exclaim, in the language of the poet,

“Hail, colours, which with Nature bear a
strife,
And only want a voice to perfect life!”

The most perfect style of portrait-painting still presides with the President, Sir Thomas Lawrence; his pencil has a Midas touch, it is practical alchemy, and paints gold. There is a grace, an ease, as well as a finish in his works, which mark them as pictures of general value; while the perfect individuality they realize as portraits, gives them a domestic value which will be cherished in private life. His portraits this year are those of the Marchioness of Lansdown, Lady Wallscourt, Lady R. Manners and Child, and Mrs. Thomas Hope; Lord Melville, Mr. Canning, and Mr. Peel. We have here statesmen, and ladies who do more good than statesmen, by the active diffusion of their benevolence; and the likenesses of all are admirable.

Portrait of the Right Honourable George Canning.—Sir T. Lawrence, P. R. A.

We select this portrait, not because it is the largest, but on account of the uncommon merit which it displays. It is a full-length, and the

statesman is represented in a plain blue frock-coat, and his arms folded in that easy attitude which is occasionally the characteristic of Mr. Canning in public life. The colouring is equal to any thing of Vandyke's; the body of the figure rises from the ground-work without the aid of any contrasted colouring; and, unfavourable as the plain costume of an English gentleman must be for the production of pictorial effect, yet Sir T. Lawrence has contrived in this portrait to realize a calm brightness of light and a mellowed shade, which are exquisite. The features of the portrait are rather too delicately effeminate for the original; but perhaps the likeness was taken at a moment of indisposition, or exhaustion from public business. The *Portrait of Mr. Peel* is equally good; the attitude, though we believe it is not unfrequently that of the secretary, is somewhat constrained and affected. The likeness is capital, though the colouring of the face is rather too mealy. The one secretary looks rather coarser than his complexion requires, and the other more transparent.

Portrait of the Hon. W. Edwards,
R. N.—M. A. Shee, R. A.

This clever academician has also some good portraits this year. There is a natural air in the portrait to which we refer, and an agreeable tone of colouring, which are good examples of the artist's skill and taste. The other subjects of Mr. Shee's pictures are, portraits of Ongley Saville Ongley, Esq.; of two Children of the late Joseph Barrette, Esq.; of Miss M. Moffatt; of W. Norris, Esq. late President of the College of Surgeons; and of F. Dizi, Esq.

Portrait of the Hon. Mr. Justice Burroughs.—T. Phillips, R. A.

A very good and well painted portrait, and one only of many similar examples by this artist in the present Exhibition. They are—a portrait of a *General Officer*; of *Major Denham, in an African Bournouse*; and of a *Lady and Gentleman*.

The Quay at Antwerp during the Fair-time; and *Dutch Fishing-Boats running foul in endeavouring to board, and missing the painter-rope.*—Calcott, R. A.

We are always pleased with the tone of Mr. Calcott's colouring; he judiciously adapts his subjects to it; and the transparency of his marine painting cannot be too highly praised. In the picture before us there is a pellucid tone of colouring, which has the pure transparent hue of nature, and a bustle in the town view, which cannot fail to be highly attractive. The Dutch Fishing-Boats running foul in the endeavour to board, and missing the painter-rope, is also an admirable picture; there is a good deal of grandeur in the colouring of the back-ground, and a force and spirit which cannot be too much admired. The waves rise naturally, and as they recede from the eye, have much of the majestic effect of nature. But we cannot say that the waves which top the boat in the fore-ground (if that term be applicable to water,) have the tone which belongs to a marine view. We do not want shore muddiness when we are describing the swelling surface of an agitated sea. The picture is, however, a very fine one, notwithstanding what appears to us a diminution of effect.

Mr. J. Daniel, R. A. exhibits two *Vol. VII. No. XLII.*

pictures—*Hindoo Antiquities on the Coromandel Coast, East Indies*; and *Oriental Costume*.

They are curious and interesting pictures of Eastern habits and scenery.

A Fête Champêtre.—Stothard, R. A.

A very poetical composition, with much grace and liveliness in the figures, and a brilliancy of colouring which cannot be too highly prized. He has also a portrait of a lady in the present Exhibition.

Cologne—The Arrival of a Packet-boat—Evening; *Forum Romanum (for Mr. Soane's Museum)*; and *the Seat of W. Moffat, Esq. at Mortlake (early Summer's Morning).*—I. M. W. Turner, R. A.

The established excellence of this artist renders it only necessary to point to his pictures, to afford the spectator, if he have taste, an opportunity of being delighted by the display of magical colouring, excellent drawing, and that agreeable imitation of nature which must always please. His perspective is uncommonly accurate, and Mr. Turner's proficiency in this branch of science wonderfully assists him in the accomplishment of that effect, which forms so essential a part in the permanent value of his pictures. The *Cologne* view is an inimitable production in this respect; the distant view, where the eye reposes on the faintly perceptible mountains, is admirable. The accessories in the fore-ground are excellent, and assist in giving variety and bustle; while the clearness and brilliancy of the water-view, in the expanse forming the centre of the picture, are productive of the finest effect. The tints and demi-tints of colouring on

the right side of the picture, around the buildings, are finely handled; and also the masts and yards of the shipping in that quarter. The colouring of the boat's sails in the centre looks of a too glaring yellow, and produces a hardness. Why is this?

The Forum Romanum is also a charming picture.

Mr. Ward, R. A. exhibits four pictures in his usual style: *Battle near Boston, Lincolnshire*; a favourite *Horse and Pony*, the property of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle; *Marengo*, the barb charger rode by Napoleon Bonaparte at the battle of Waterloo, the back-ground emblematic of his master's downfall; and a favourite *Hunter*.

It is impossible to admire too much the life and spirit which this favourite artist infuses into his drawing and colouring of animals.

Mr. Cooper, R. A. has five pictures, some of which are extremely clever, in the same department of art: *the Battle of Zutphen, 1586*; portraits of two *Horses*, the property of Lord Charles Townshend, M. P.; the horse, *Painter*, the property of E. Chinery, Esq.; *the Liberator*, a hunter, late the property of Stewart Majoribanks, M. P.; and *Smoker*, a celebrated dog, the property of the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley.

The young Shrimp-Catchers; *Children picking Hops*; and *Fishermen leaving Home for the Night*.—Collins, R. A.

These pictures are in this artist's happy style of imitating nature. His subjects are always simple and pleasing, and the quickness with which he catches the evanescent tints of the atmosphere is productive of beautiful effect. *The Children picking*

Hops is really a delightful picture; the little group excites all our sensibility. Mr. Collins's drawing of these little pastoral figures is very much improved from what it used to be.

Mr. Jackson, R. A. has this year six portraits: of *Earl Grey*, *Mrs. Walker Heneage*, a *Family Group*, *the Hon. James Abercromby*, and a *Gentleman and Lady*. That of Mr. Abercromby is a capital likeness, and the best painted of any of these. The grace and buoyancy of Mrs. Heneage's portrait are very striking.

Mr. Westall, R. A. has some good landscapes.

Mr. Haydon exhibits an historical picture of *Venus and Anchises*, and a portrait.

Sir W. Beechey, R. A. exhibits portraits of *Sir J. Dugdale Astley*, *Sir George Nayler*, *the Rev. Dr. Davy*, and two *Ladies*. They are good likenesses, and the colouring corresponds.

The Judgment of Paris.—William Etty, A.

There is uncommon merit in this picture; the colouring is chaste and brilliant, the grouping excellent, and the whole composition and execution such as denote the hand of a master. It is quite a superior production. The grouping is really beautiful, the drawing most careful, and the landscape richly and grandly coloured. The colouring of the flesh in one of the figures (and only one) appeared to us chilly, and somewhat hard. The general effect is admirable.

Auld Robin Grey.—W. Allan, A.

“My father urged me sair, my mother did
na speak;
But she look'd in my face, till my heart was
nigh to break.”

We have seen better pictures than this by Mr. Allan, who is really an artist of considerable powers. There is some good expression in the composition of the subject, but it fails to interest us, because there is a coldness, a hardness, and chalky hue, in parts of the colouring.

Mr. Briggs has two clever pictures: the subject of one is *Othello relating his Adventures to Desdemona*; and of the other, the *First Interview between the Spaniards and Peruvians*. There is a richness and fine feeling in the *Othello*, which deserves the warmest praise; the colouring is also meritorious.—The second picture is very finely drawn.

Mr. Pickersgill, R. A. elect, exhibits seven pictures, some of them very good: *Portraits* of the late *Lord Lilford*, *Lady Rodney*, *Lady Astley*, *Sir Jacob Astley*, *Lord Rodney*, *John Poole, Esq.* and a *Lady*.

Mr. Leslie, R. A. elect, exhibits *Don Quixote, having retired into the Sierra Morena to do penance, in imitation of Amadis de Gaul, prevailed on to relinquish his design by a stratagem of the Curate and the Barber, assisted by Dorothea*.

There is a great deal of character infused into the composition of this picture. The incident described is the interview between Dorothea, disguised as the Princess of Micomicon, and Don Quixote, in the mountains of the Sierra Morena. Dorothea, and the Barber in the character of her 'squire, are kneeling, and imploring the assistance of the knight, who, with the politeness of a true Hidalgo, is pressing her to rise; while the Licentiate and Cardenio are watching at a distance the

operation of the scheme. The figure of Don Quixote is exactly what we should look for in "that flower of chivalry." The colouring of this picture is very good; and the artist has caught, with a kindred feeling, the spirit of the fine subject upon which he treats.

The Origin of a Painter.—W. Mulready, R. A.

Mr. Mulready's picture does credit to his talents. A boy is tracing the shadow of his sleeping father on the wall, whilst his brothers and sisters are silently observing his performance. The expression of the boy is truly excellent; and the earnestness with which the girl holds the candle, to reflect the shadow for the pupil, is very ludicrous. The clearness of tint and the air of nature, which predominate in this picture, cannot be too highly praised.

The Ducal Palace, Venice.—S. Prout.

There is a good deal of force in this picture, and some fine drawing; but those by the same artist in the Water-Colour Exhibition bear away the palm.

Christ walking on the Sea.—F. Danby.

There is some fine feeling in this picture; but we do not think it on the whole as grand a production as Mr. Danby's in the last Exhibition. Parts of the sea are very finely depicted, but the principal figure did not appear to us calculated to sustain the sublimity of the subject. The awful grandeur of these sublime events, perhaps, excites expectations and emotions of a higher nature than we can expect to see realized in the general capabilities of art.

Venus and Anchises.—B. R. Haydon.

The artist represents the sudden appearance of the enamoured goddess before Anchises, as he is playing his lyre on Mount Ida, and pretends to be the daughter of the king of Phrygia, who had lost her way. There is great softness and delicacy of expression in the figure of Venus, and this picture is on the whole well painted.

The Hunting of Chevy Chase.—
E. Landseer.

This young artist's cleverness in animal-painting, and the freedom and natural spirit which he has the power of giving to his figures in this department of art, no doubt induced him to select such a subject. The picture has all his characteristic spirit. The warriors are, however, made secondary in merit to the animals which they lead to combat, and the stricken deer that perish under their feet.

Landscape.—J. Constable, A.

This landscape cannot be too much admired for the beauty, softness, and delicacy of the colouring.

Captain Macheath unbraidied by Polly and Lucy.—G. S. Newton.

Were Gay alive, he would admire this picture for the fidelity with which it portrays the spirit of a capital scene in his opera. It is not as well painted as other pictures we have seen by this intelligent artist.

The Adoration of the Shepherds—The Holy Family.—Mademoiselle Predl.

We regret that this lady, who to the natural claims of her sex unites those of now exercising, for professional purposes, the talents which she had originally cultivated as accomplishments, before the troubles of war in Germany affected the for-

tones of her family—we regret, we say, that this lady was unable (through the first, we have heard, of the caterers for the Academy,) to exhibit a portrait that displays uncommon delicacy of finishing, and other merits, which are sure to command attention in that well-patronised branch of art. This lady has cultivated with evident enthusiasm, at the shrine of Raphael, her taste for painting. She has evidently studied with care the perfect records of his genius in the celebrated chapel of the Vatican, and her drawing is therefore most perfect; she paints also with great, indeed elaborate, care, and much delicacy. There is, however, too much of foreign mannerism in her finishing; at least there is that polish with which the English eye does not harmonize, probably because our artists pursue a contrary style of execution. At all events, it must be avoided by any persons who make this country the scene of their professional pursuits; and the sooner it is done by Mademoiselle Predl, the more assured she may become, that her pleasing taste and uncommonly correct drawing will secure to her the patronage which, for many reasons, she deserves.

Hylas carried off by the Nymphs.—
H. Howard, R. A.

In this work the artist exhibits his long-established taste for illustrating poetical subjects. There is a buoyancy in the composition of his grouping, and a richness as well as delicacy in his tone of colouring, which must always command praise.

Sabrina, the other poetical subject in this Exhibition by Mr. Howard, is also very beautiful, and sustains the fine impression in Milton's lines of the water-nymphs

“ that in the bottom play’d,
Held up their pearly wrists, and took her in,
Bearing her straight to aged Nereus’ hall.”

River Scene, a Boy going adrift.—
W. Willes.

This is a very pleasing picture; the boy is in the act of pushing the boat towards shore, and finding himself going adrift, he appears roaring for help. The colouring and tints of evening air, which predominate in this picture, are very fine. The *View of London from Greenwich*, by the same artist, is also a well painted work. The composition is elaborately wrought, and represents groups of gipsies and pensioners, in which are introduced touches of individual character and action, which display uncommon humour.

The Enamels are, as usual, exquisitely finished; and Mr. Bone’s continue to maintain their deservedly high reputation.

The Sculpture has nothing particularly remarkable. Mr. Chantrey has two fine models for full-length statues, to commemorate the public services of General Washington and Mr. Grattan. There are some good busts by Mr. Smith, Mr. M’Dowell, Mr. Behnes, Mr. Baily, and Mr. C. Moore. Our older and more emi-

nent sculptors continue to exhibit works, which correspond with the character of their long-established merit.

On the whole, whoever sees this Exhibition, and the immense throng which daily moves to its attractions, must be at once struck with the consolatory reflection, that the time has happily gone by when our artists can reproach any English nobleman or gentleman with a neglect of the claims of the genius of his fellow-countrymen. Twenty years have nearly elapsed since the indignant asserter of our national claims, in allusion to the unpatriotic preference given to past times over the present, by the professed admirer of the fine arts, exclaimed in a tone of rebuke, which is happily no longer applicable—

“ Look round his walls, no modern masters
there

Display the patriot’s zeal, or patron’s care;
His Romish taste a century requires
To sanctify the merit he admires;
His heart no love of living talent warms,
Painting must wear her antiquated charms
In clouds of dust, and varnish veil her face,
And plead her age, as passport to his grace.”

This reproach has, we repeat, grown obsolete, and reason and justice have resumed their influence.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE twenty-second annual Exhibition of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours is now open; and it is most gratifying to find, that this elegant department of the arts, which is truly British, not only still sustains the high reputation it has of late years acquired in this country, but develops new beauties, and a force and boldness of effect, of which un-

til lately its fondest admirers did not deem it susceptible. Nothing can be more creditable to our artists than the progressive improvements they have achieved in the art of painting in water-colours; and we are always pleased to find that such exertions are not lost on the public, but, on the contrary, receive an encouragement commensurate with their deserts, and

sufficiently demonstrating the diffusion of a kindred taste between the artist and his patron.

All the principal members of the Society are, as usual, contributors, and many of them evince, by the multiplicity of their works, the most commendable industry. Mr. Cristall (the President) has several familiar and poetical sketches; Mr. Copley Fielding (the Secretary) abounds with examples of his best and most brilliant style; Mr. Robson still revels in the grandeur of mountain scenery, in

“The mystery and the majesty of earth;” and the other members of the Society, who have acquired such just celebrity, have equally furnished a number of very beautiful drawings. Perhaps one of the most splendid pieces of colouring in this class of painting is

Rubens and the Alchemist.—J. Stephanoff.

Every body remembers the anecdote in Walpole's History of Painting, in which an alchemist is described to have tendered to Rubens a share of his laboratory, and assured him of his hopes of discovering the philosopher's stone; but the illustrious artist, taking the blind enthusiast into his painting-room, told him his offer came twenty years too late—“for so long it is,” said he, “since I found out the art of making gold with my palette.” The composition of this picture is admirable, and the colouring beautiful. The handsome figure of Rubens, the expression of coarse credulity of the artist, the beauty and delicacy of the lady and child, all the accessories of the painting-room, are finished to a degree of perfection which cannot be too much ad-

mired. We do not remember to have seen, on any previous occasion, so successful an example by this artist of brilliant and harmonious colouring. The subject from *Lalla Rookh* is equally beautiful.

View looking across Plymouth Sound from under Mount-Edgecumbe; and the other View of Plymouth Sound.—Copley Fielding.

These are very spirited sea-pieces, and most accurate delineations (particularly the second) of the bustle of harbour-scenery. The *View of Bradling Harbour, Isle of Wight*, is also well painted. We were besides struck with the *View at Dartmouth*, which has a good deal of the richness of Cuyper's golden style. The rigging of the principal ships is admirably touched; but the hulls of the smaller ones have, in one or two instances, an unseemly effect. The “heavy Dutch build” (to use the sailor's phrase) is very unfavourable for the picturesque. Vernet could make little of it. When we have so rich a sunshine effect in this picture, why have we such brackish water? Is that the only element to which transparency is to be denied in a work otherwise so appropriately finished? Waves also should be “translucent,” or our poets, who have so often floated upon them, are good for nothing in powers of description. The distant *View of Dunster Castle* is very beautiful.

Loch Coruisk, and the Cuchulin Mountains, in the Isle of Sky.—G. F. Robson.

This Exhibition is full of excellent works from Mr. Robson's pencil, and we select one, more at random than for any purpose of choice, with the view of praising his admiri-

rable skill in the delineation of mountain-scenery. The present work is a fine illustration of the lines in Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, descriptive of that scenery which yields the prize

"Of desert dignity to that dread shore,
That sees grim Coolin rise and hears Coris-
ken roar."

Greenwich.—G. Barret..

There is a deal of merit in the elaborate finishing of this picture. The clearing away of the storm has a good aerial effect; and the shadowy tints which are shed upon the dome of the building, and on the foliage of the park, are very well managed. Some of the other pictures by this artist in the Exhibition, nevertheless, partake rather more of the air of nature, than this view from Greenwich, by not exhibiting so much of the labour of art.

The Palace of the Tuileries, and Pont Royal, Paris.—*The Wine-Market, and Pont Tournelle, with the Cathedral of Notre Dame in the distance, Paris.*—F. Nash.

In the first of these views, there is a good rainbow effect introduced, and the tints are pleasingly reflected on the water. The architectural parts are correctly finished, and the perspective skilfully delineated.

The Choir of the Cathedral of York.
—*An Interior View of the Cathedral of Cologne.*—C. Wild.

These are very perfect specimens of this artist's powers of architectural drawing. That of York is one of the finest views we have seen of that elaborately beautiful edifice. The Cologne derives much of pictorial effect from the circular figure of the building, and the variegated tints which are shed from its painted windows and rich ornaments.

The Castle of Gloom, Clackmannanshire.—H. Gastineau.

This picture develops a striking improvement in the style and execution of the artist; the back ground displays much grandeur of effect. Mr. Gastineau has other very clever works in this gallery.

Minding Children.—J. Cristall.

There is a good deal of playful expression in this composition, and it is more natural than *the Fountain Scene in Argyleshire*, notwithstanding the poetical air and grace of the figures in the latter. Mr. Cristall has several drawings of classical subjects, which are also very clever examples of his taste and skill.

View of Lancaster.—P. Dewint.

The fore-ground is very naturally painted, and the castle and distant mountains are well finished.

Milan.—S. Prout.

A capital view of this city; the open street is well drawn, and forms a noble avenue to the cathedral. *Antwerp* is also beautiful; the bustle in the streets gives the full character of the busy population: the colouring of the costume and various objects in front of the houses, in both pictures, is remarkably good. In these works we have the breadth and firmness of oil-painting.

Caernarvon.—J. Varley.

A pleasing view of the castle, with the hills and back-ground very well managed. *The View between Barmouth and Dolgelly, North Wales*, is excellent.

We regret that the particular pressure of matter this month prevents us from going into further detail, otherwise we should have gladly paid the tribute of our warmest admiration to the numerous and beautiful drawings of Mr. Hills, which are so

full of nature; to Mr. Cox's landscapes, to Mr. Nessfield's romantic scenery, and to the miscellaneous, and, in most instances, very clever productions of Mr. Harding, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. W. Turner, Mr. Wright, Mr. Cotman, Mr. Essex, Mr. Finch, Mr. Whichelo, Mr. Moore, Mr. Walker, &c.; not forgetting the very elegant contributions, which grace this Exhibition, from Mrs. T. H. Fielding, Miss Barret, Miss Byrne, and Miss Scott.

On the whole, we strongly recom-

mend this Exhibition to the public for its varied and intrinsic merit. It will at one view bring under the eye of the lover of the fine arts, a fair aggregate selection of the works which have so justly obtained for the British school of water-colours, its present high estimation. We were glad to see so many of the pictures marked *sold*; and, if our information be correct, sold for prices which shew how well the public appreciate the merits of our artists.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

DINNER DRESS.

DRESS of Pomona green *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* made moderately high and slightly full in back and front, and ornamented with folds of shaded grenadine, which diverge from a cameo in the centre of the *crêpe lisse* tucker, pass across the bust, and meet in a bow behind. The sleeves are short and rather full, with sleeves *en gigot* in white *crêpe lisse* over them, which are confined at the wrist with tartan bead bracelets, fastened by a cameo. The skirt has two rows of fluted lozenges in shaded grenadine; the longitudinal points connected by a broad flat band of gold-coloured grenadine: beneath is a broad wadded hem or rouleau. The head-dress is very large, and composed of shaded *barège* or grenadine, with a profusion of white ostrich feathers on the left side. The hair parted in front, and arranged in large curls. Gold ear-rings *à la Flamaude*; gold chain and necklace. Circular reticule of *ponceau* velvet, edged with

gold, and trimmed with British lace; strings of *ponceau* and white satin. Short white gloves; white satin shoes; painted gauze fan.

BALL DRESS.

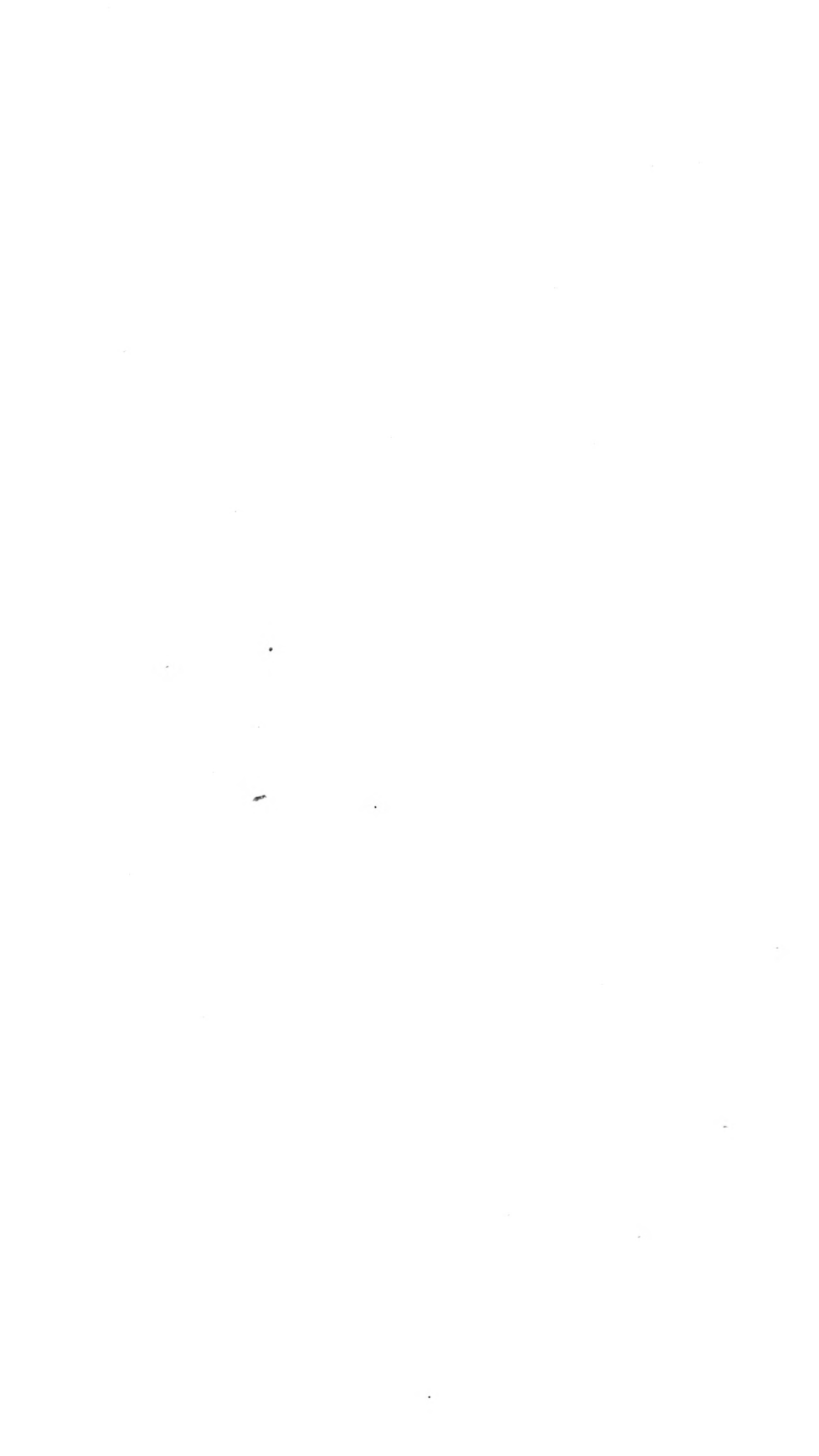
White tulle dress worn over a "Haïti blue" satin slip; the *corsage* high across the bust, very full, and set in a band; the sleeve short and full, with a wreath of China roses down the centre, from the shoulder to the band round the arm. The skirt is decorated with cornucopias of blue and white satin, and a wreath of flowers, emanating from the top of each, falls gracefully, and unites with the point of the next cornucopia: a full puffing of tulle, over a rouleau of blue satin, terminates the edge of the dress. *Ceinture* of Haïti blue; the ends long, the one of white, the other of blue satin ribbon, entwined, and brought across to the opposite side, just above the border, and fastened with a bow and end of each. Head-dress of blue gauze *lisse*; a bow on the right

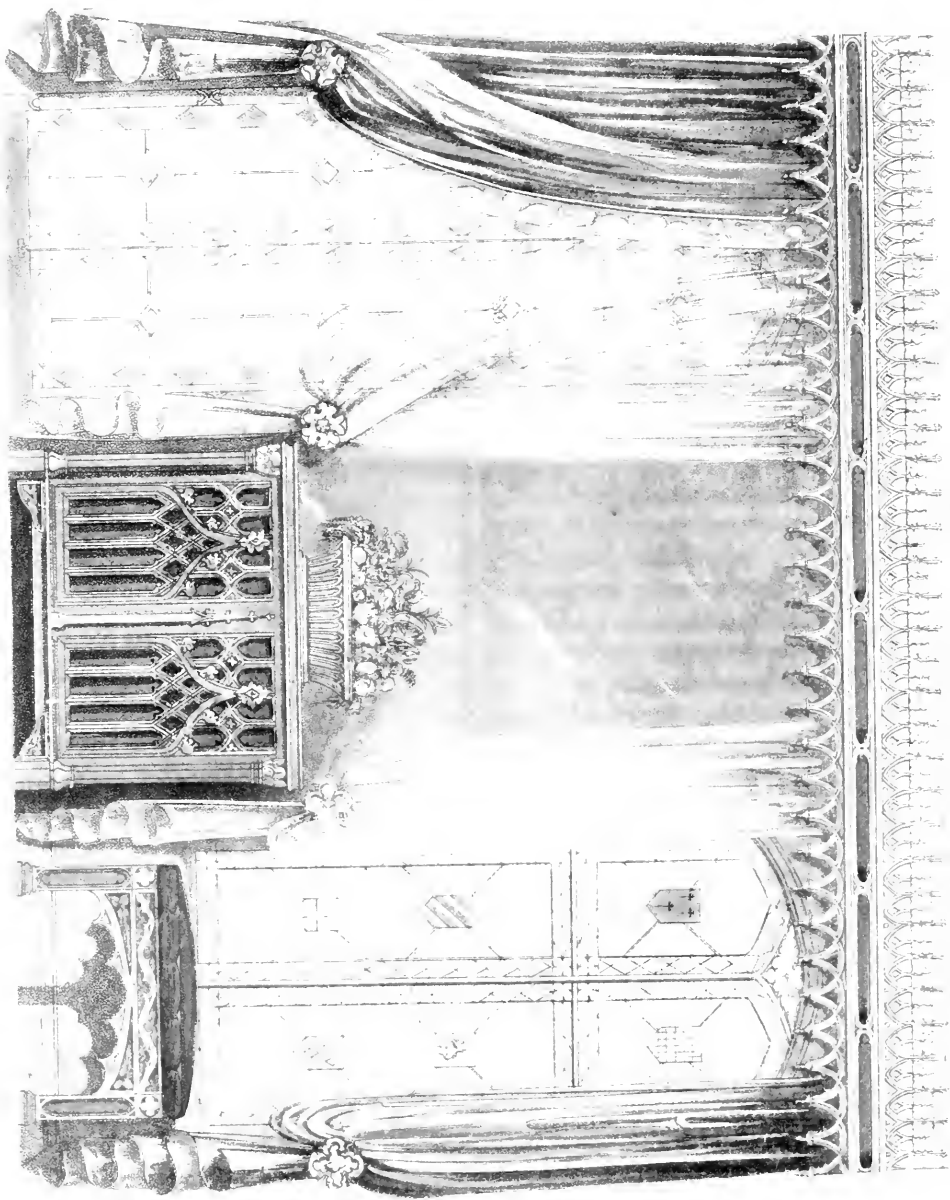












side, confined by a broad plait of hair, which passes behind a small chaplet of roses, placed rather forward on the head: the hair in large curls. Pagoda ear-rings of highly

wrought gold; necklace and bracelets of the same; the latter outside the gloves, which are long and of white kid. Grenadine scarf; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOTHIC WINDOW-CURTAINS.

THE annexed plate represents one side of a small room fitted up in the Gothic style.

There is, perhaps, no part of Gothic decoration which requires more reflection than the interior of a room. Among the few remaining specimens which can convey any idea of the ancient splendour of the interior of rooms, is that of the abbess at the abbey of St. Amand, at Rouen, in Normandy; and even this, elegant as it is, affords but a very slight conception of the luxury of the middle ages. The decorator must, therefore, consult ecclesiastical architecture. But here a new difficulty occurs; which is, that were he to take the arrangement of a whole, and to adapt it to the space of almost any apartment, it would appear more like the model of part of a building, than an architectural composition; and,

on the other hand, were he to place the details in their real proportion, they would appear large and overpowering; and it is that medium and beauty of proportion, so difficult to attain, which alone is pleasing to the eye.

Curtains, although not an architectural ornament, form, nevertheless, a very essential part of interior decoration. The various arrangements of which they are susceptible, the pliancy of their forms, and the different effects that may be produced by their combinations, render them peculiarly useful to the decorator. Of late, the curtain-rod, as in the present design, has been continued the whole length of the room, and, in this instance, passes behind a Gothic ornament. The curtain-pins are also in unison with it.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has ready for publication, a work, intended for the present to consist of two parts, in atlas 4to. each containing six coloured plates, in aquatint, by the first artists, illustrative of the *Scenery, Costumes, and Architecture, chiefly on the Western Side of India, from the Marhatta Country to the Banks of the Indus*, by Captain Robert Melville Grindlay. A vignette title-page, engraved by Agar, will be prefixed to the work, and each plate will be accompanied by descriptive letter-press.

Mr. Ackermann has just imported from Vienna, a highly instructive work, illustrative of the *Natural History of the Vol. VII. No. XLII.*

Animal Kingdom, being a complete synopsis of that branch of science, presented in coloured engravings of the animals arranged in classes, on seven oblong folio plates, accompanied with tables of the names in seven languages—Latin, German, French, Italian, Hungarian, Polish, and English, by the Rev. J. G. Lummitzer, Protestant Minister at Brünn.

Mr. P. F. Robinson, architect, is preparing for publication, a *Series of Designs for Farm-Buildings*, with a view to prove that the simplest forms may be rendered pleasing and ornamental by a proper disposition of the rudest materials.

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