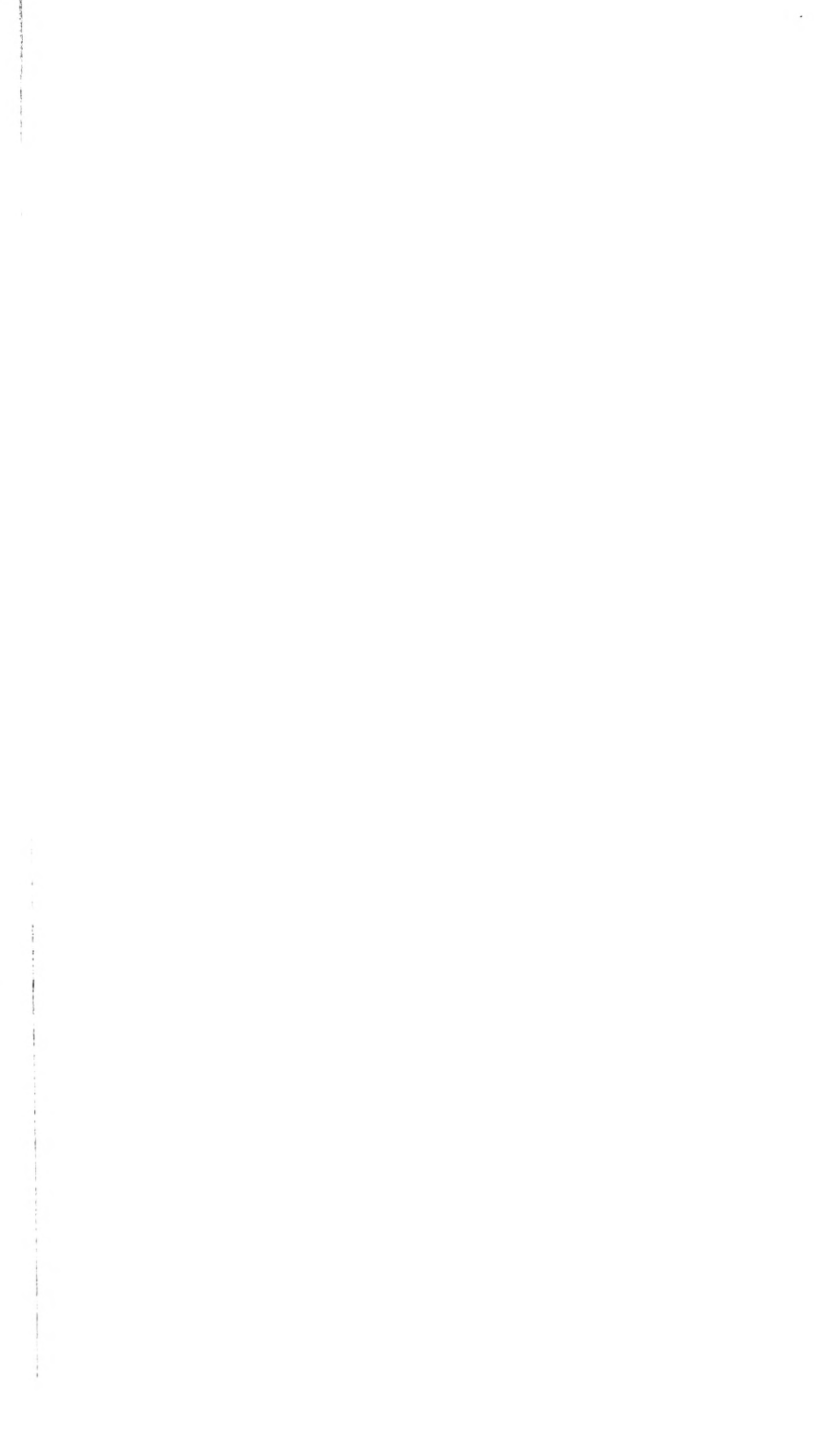




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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII.

JULY 1, 1826.

No. XLIII.

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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 obliging Correspondent at Nairn. The notice respecting the Northern Scientific Institution has been mislaid: can she favour us with another?

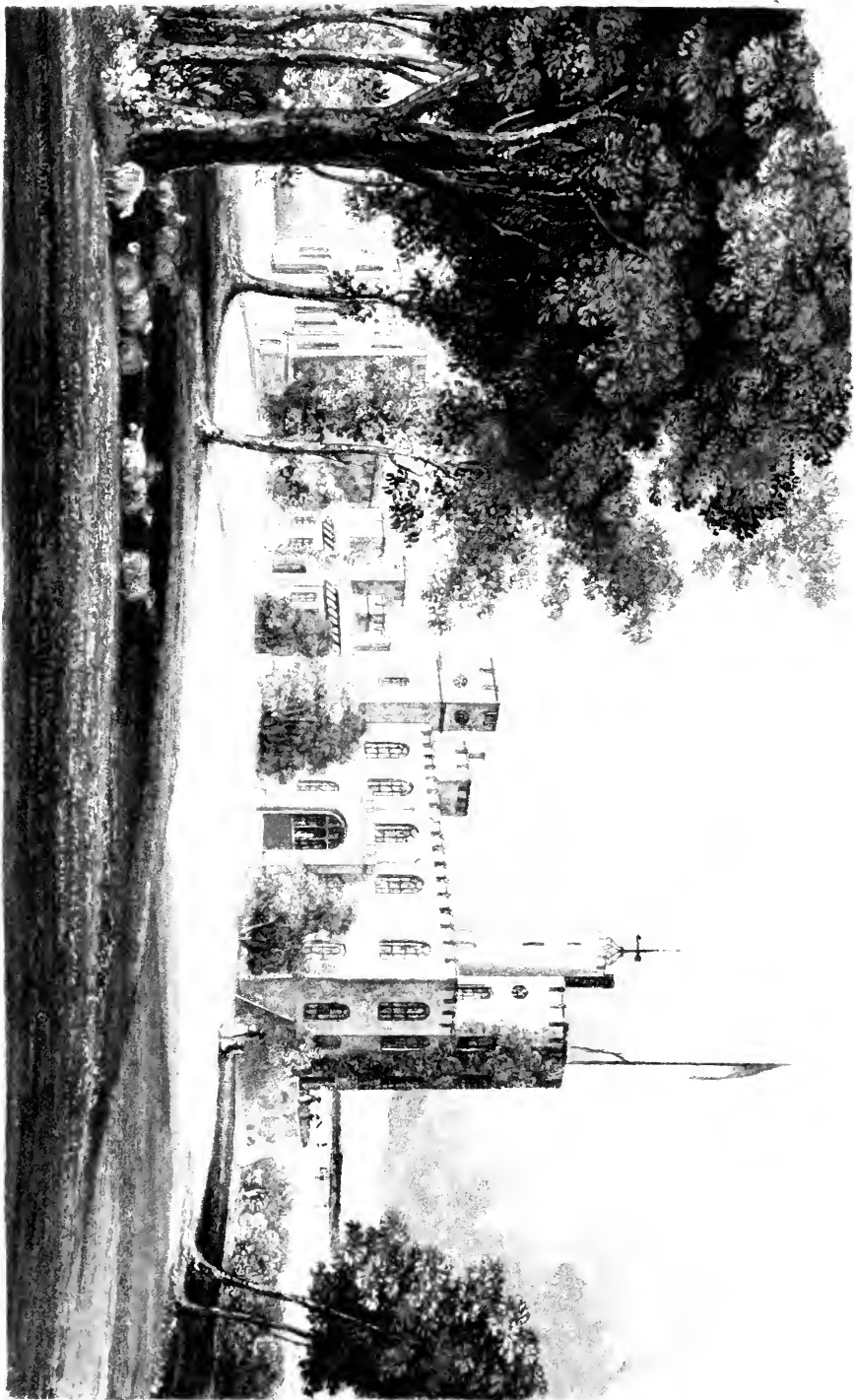
ERRATA.

In the Memoir of Sir JOHN LEICESTER, in our last Number, page 333, line 21, column 2, for "counteracting," read "countenancing;" page 337, column 2, line 40, for "eighty," read "forty;" page 339, column 1, line 11, for "Wood," read "Ward."

The Inscription on the Plate opposite to page 312 should correspond with the Title of the Article on that page.

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

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VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

NORRIS, ISLE OF WIGHT, THE SEAT OF LORD HENRY SEYMOUR.

THIS castellated mansion is situated on the extremity of the chain of calcareous hills that runs through the island from east to west. It is placed on the most northern point, over against the main land. The hill rises above East Cowes over the river Medina, which is here seen to advantage. From its situation on this bold hill it has a commanding appearance, which is borne out by the plain and severe outline of the building. It is a work of Wyatt's, and thought to be one of his most chaste productions; and when time has thrown its varied but sombre hue over this pile, it will become at once, in feeling and effect, all that an ancient castle should be; in ruins it will be rich, as it is now in its simplicity.

embellishes the view from Ryde on the east, while on the other side it is seen to great advantage from the Southampton Water, to which the lawn slopes from the castle, in a beautiful manner, to the water's edge. A lofty tower is placed on the high ground, which at once serves as a sea-mark and lodge. The views from the castle are as fine of the kind as well can be imagined: the Solent Sea lies before it in all its beauty, the playful outline of its banks being perfectly commanded; as well as the line of woody coast from Barton to Nettleston, in all its varied perspective. The view embraces also the entire extent of the Southampton river, with the town of Southampton at ten miles distance, its spires and towers forming a delightful termination to this bewitch-

The principal building, or tower,
Vol. VIII. No. XLIII.

ing scene. Still farther west appear in all their splendour the woods of the New Forest, stretching along the coast, and continuing the rich circle along the horizon, in the centre of which Calshot Castle rises pleasingly on the extreme point of a narrow slip of land, which gives it the appearance of rising out of the sea. This point marks the separation between the Solent Sea and the Southampton river.

In looking to the east, Portsmouth is seen extending itself along the horizon, seemingly into the very Channel (which here opens delightfully), with its mass of shipping, ever changing in quantity, position, and colour; thus keeping up a moving city on the water to delight the eye and charm the senses. Over against this is Ryde, swelling into pre-eminence, with its lengthly pretty accommodating pier.

The castle is built of a silicious limestone, called rag stone; it is ex-

remely durable. His lordship has also constructed a fine terrace with the same materials, to prevent the farther encroachments of the sea. The stone has a curious appearance; many parts are filled with casts of shells resembling *helix vivipara*, Linn. and other fresh-water turbinated shells.

The entrance to this fine mansion excites a solemn feeling, from its extreme simplicity. The entrance-hall partakes of this effect, and the same pervades the whole of the pile, it being uniform and consistent in all its parts. The hall communicates with a circular library, delightfully fitted up, which again communicates with a dining-room, breakfast-room, &c. The range across these apartments is most pleasing: superb chandeliers are suspended from the centre of each; a vista is gained from the entrance through the hall, terminated with a stained glass window, which has a most pleasing effect.

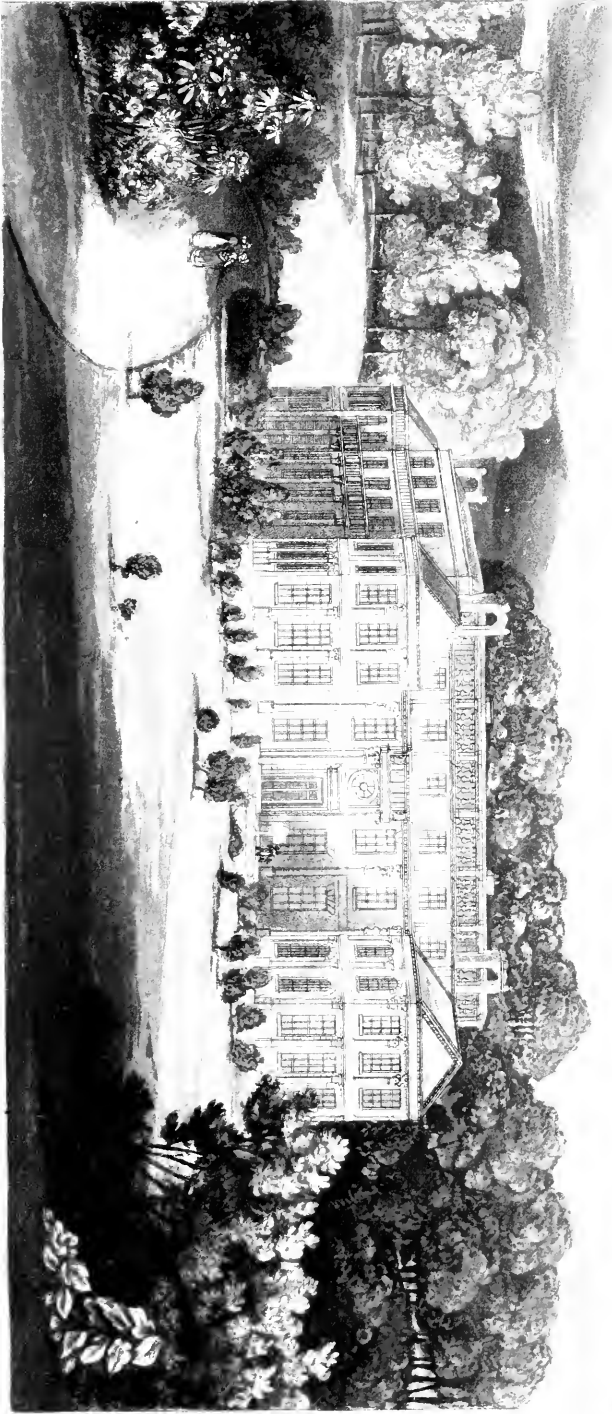
APPULDURCOMBE, ISLE OF WIGHT,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF YARBOROUGH.

This magnificent house is of the Corinthian order; it has four regular fronts. The annexed view displays the east and south fronts, the latter shewing a fine stone colonnade, which has been added to this front. The principal entrance in the east front is through a spacious hall, 54 feet by 24, embellished with Ionic columns and pilasters resembling porphyry. This fine apartment contains a quantity of Grecian antiques and busts, with some fine portraits and paintings; in fact, every apartment in this mansion abounds in valuable works of art, collected by the late Sir Richard Worsley, at an

enormous expense, during the years 1765, 1766, and 1767, in his tour through Italy, Spain, Greece, Egypt, Asia Minor, and Tartary. He engaged some excellent artists, who accompanied him, and even freighted a ship for himself and suite. Two very sumptuous volumes, descriptive of the superb collection which adorns this mansion, have been published, in Italian and English, under the title of *Museum Worsleianum*.

The south hall of entrance is rather small for the size of the mansion. On each side of the door, within, placed in niches, are antique figures, a priestess of the Temple of Apollo,



and an infant Hercules, with a few good pictures :

Holy Family.—*Shidone*.

Cleopatra.—*Murillo*.

Portrait of Sir R. Worsley.—*Stroehling*.

Kemble as Coriolanus.—*Lawrence*.

Descent from the Cross.—*Daniel de Volterra*.

Portrait of Roxelana, in a Venetian dress.—*Gentile Belline*.

Roxelana was mistress to Soliman II. who afterwards married her, and applied to the Doge of Venice to permit Gentile to take her portrait: the artist accordingly went to Constantinople for the purpose.

Nessus, who, in bearing off Dejanira, is seen staggering with the arrow of Hercules in his side.

To the left of the hall is the library, which contains a choice collection of pictures. This room is of moderate dimensions. Over the mantel-piece is a superb landscape, by Salvator Rosa. Here are also a lovely little *Scene on the Ice*, by Cuypp; a *Booth, with Men and Cattle*; *Cupid stretching a Bow*, by Albano; and a portrait of Charles I. given by that sovereign to the Worsley family, who attempted his escape; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the Dowager Queen of France, widow of Louis XII. and several others, by Vandyke; Henry VIII. by Holbein; Edward VI. &c. with a portrait of Essex by Zuccherò, and others by Jansen, &c.

A small room adjoining the drawing-room contains—

The Earl of Pembroke, a small whole-length.—*Vandyke*.

Martyrdom of St. Stephen.—*Domichino*.

Holy Family, small.—*Albano*.

Venus and Cupid.—*Correggio*.

Superb View in Italy.—*Claude*.

Virgin and Infant, small.—*Domichino*.

Circumcision, small.—*Beuvenuto*.

Holy Family, small.—*Parm'giano*.

Head of Madonna.—*Carlo Dolce*.

A superb Holy Family.—*Del Sarto*.

Bath of Diana.—*Titian*.

St. Bruno.—*Andrea Sacchi*.

De Witt and Family.—*Terburg*.

Portrait of a Young Lady.—*Greuze*.

Rubens' two Children, by himself, in a bouquet of flowers.

Berghem, with dog and gun, by himself.

Dead Christ and Mary in the Sepulchre.—*Caracci*.

Infant Jesus and John.—*Vandyke*.

Landscape.—*Brill*.

Satyr Family.

The above are nearly all cabinet pictures.

The drawing-room contains many beautiful specimens of the various masters :

A Magdalen.—*Titian*.

Holy Family.—*Leonardo da Vinci*.

St. Peter.—*Caracci*.

A Sibyl.—*Spagnoletti*.

Portrait of the old Duchess of Lorraine.—*Rembrandt*.

Earl of Essex.—*Sir A. More*.

Queen Mary.—*Ditto*.

Four Family Heads of Females.—*Titian*.

Joseph and Infant Christ.—*Baroccio*.

A Nun.—*Titian*.

Portrait of Pope Alexander.—*Ditto*.

Salvator Mundi.—*Leonardo da Vinci*.

Over the mantel-piece is a superb Titian, representing *the Pilgrims at Emmaus*, or *Christ breaking Bread with two of his Disciples*.

The saloon is a superb apartment, and contains the following pictures :

Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.—*Schiavone*.

Holy Family.—*Schidone*.

A Concert.—*Jordaens*.

John the Baptist in the Wilderness.—*Caracci*.

Spanish Girl.—*Velasquez.*

Spanish Boy.—*Ditto.*

Venus at a Mirror.—*Caracci.*

St. Jerome.—*Salvator Rosa.*

Descent from the Cross.—*Tintoretto.*

A superb picture, a Consecration of a Bishop.—*Ditto.*

Two portraits of Philip and Isabella of Bourbon.—*Parga.*

Also many beautiful antique pieces of sculpture, with Mosaic specimens.

Over the mantel-piece is a superb picture of *the Annunciation*, by Guercino, painted in 1629, purchased of the Confraternity of the Holy Cross at Reggio.

The dining-room contains that very beautiful picture of *a Storm* by Turner; two very fine views by Zucarelli; *Latona changing the Peasants into Frogs*, by Dominichino; a fine Poussin, *Scene from Rinaldo*.

A small room adjoining the dining-room has many sweet pieces of sculpture, with some water-colour drawings. There are days in the week set apart by the noble owner for the public to view this splendid collection.

This mansion was begun by Sir Robert Worsley in 1710, and completed by Sir Richard, who extended and improved the plan. The whole is of freestone; the offices are most commodious; the bed-chambers, with their dressing-rooms, amount to about twenty.

The principal entrance into the park is through an elegant gateway of the Ionic order, which has a fine appearance, and bespeaks the style and magnitude of the mansion to which it leads. On the summit of the park is an obelisk of Cornish granite, nearly seventy feet in height, erected to the memory of Sir Robert Worsley. On a rocky cliff, eastward

of the house, is an artificial ruin, called Cook's Castle, which has a pleasing effect as viewed from the mansion, which is surrounded with hills, being nestled down, as it were, in a well-wooded valley. From Steephill-Shoot a fine view of this sweet vale is obtained; the woods appear to the best possible advantage, the valley being spread out most pleasingly, with its rich pasturage, small farms, and streamlet. The beech-trees are of uncommon magnitude, and the venerable oaks yield to few that we are acquainted with; being, in this sequestered place, screened from the sea air, they stretch their tree-like limbs, and form delightful shade for the herds of deer that are kept here. The house, from its situation, has only its own beautiful home-scene, but the surrounding hills command most extensive and magnificent prospects. Steephill-Shoot has a beautiful view of the Undercliff; while to the east are seen St. Helen's road, Spithead, and Portsmouth; on the north, the New Forest and the Solent Sea; on the south, the British Channel; while on the west, in addition to the Undercliff, may be seen the cliffs at Freshwater, the Dorset coast, and the Isle of Portland.

The name of Appuldurcombe is derived from certain Armoric and Saxon words, signifying "a pool of water in a valley." It was formerly a monastery of the Benedictine order, held under the abbey of Lyra, in Normandy, and suppressed in the second year of Henry V. 1414. It was afterwards granted to the abbess and nuns of the Minorities, of the order of St. Clare, without Aldgate, and at the dissolution by Henry VIII. sold to Sir James Worsley. The

old house of the prior was situated at a small distance from the present mansion, and was pulled down in the beginning of the present century by Sir Richard Worsley.

Sir Richard, the historian of his native island, died at this his favourite retreat in 1805, and was succeeded in the title by the Rev. Dr. Worsley, of Pidford-House, afterwards Sir Henry Worsley Holmes, Bart. who was succeeded by Sir Leonard Thomas Worsley Holmes. The late baronet, Sir Richard, suc-

ceeded his father, Sir Thomas, in 1768, and in 1775 married Seymour, one of the daughters of the late Sir John Fleming, Bart. by whom he had one son, who died before him. By this failure of male issue, a jointure of 70,000*l.* reverted to Lady Worsley, and Sir Richard leaving no will, his estates and property devolved to his niece, the daughter of the Hon. Bridgman Simpson, and were carried by marriage into the Pelham family.

SKETCHES AND CHARACTERS.

No. I.

PETER PARAGRAPH.

I HAVE now in my mind's eye honest Peter Paragraph, the village schoolmaster of ———, and the collector of births, marriages, and deaths, with other remarkable incidents in that vicinity, for the county paper, published in the neighbouring town of ———. Peter, at the age of sixty, was a "hale, hearty old man;" the snow of winter had silvered his locks, but his cheek had not lost its ruddy tinge; and you might walk many miles and not meet with one who carried his years better. Like Shakspeare's Adam,

"He was strong and lusty:

For in his youth he never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to his blood;
Nor did he, with unbashful forehead, woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore his age was as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly."

Peter had more occupations than any individual in the village, not excepting even the barber. He collected the rents of my honoured papa, the squire, and the parson's tithes; he wrote love-letters for all

the young lads and lasses of the village, who, like Cade, thought it a suspicious accomplishment to be able to write, and preferred making their marks, like "honest and plain-dealing men and women;" and, at the period to which I am alluding, that number was much more considerable than it is now, when we have so many "aids and appliances" to boot, to make the rising generation *learned*, if not *wise*. He drew up marriage-articles and made wills; and he had under his care, as schoolmaster, some thirty or forty ragged urchins, whom he instructed in "English reading and grammar; writing and arithmetic; geography and the use of the globes:" so at least his card set forth. Then, as I have said before, he was a collector of paragraphs for the county paper; and his eye sparkled, and his honest countenance assumed a ruddier hue, when any extraordinary incidents occurred, such as a grand christening, Christmas festivities, a churchwar-

dens' dinner, &c. which would enable him to exert his descriptive faculties for the edification of the readers of the *Hum-Fum Herald*; and having gathered the particulars *viva voce*, if he were not himself a spectator, or a party concerned, he would set him down at his desk, push his black velvet cap (which he always wore when writing) half off his head, dip his pen in the ink with the utmost glee, and scribble away his "locals" with as much self-complacency and self-importance as if the fate of empires hung upon his pen.

Honest Peter! on these occasions, and at the wedding-feast, he was in his glory, but more particularly at the latter; and it was rarely that a couple were married at the village of ——— but Peter was at the dinner. It was at one of these happy festivals that I first met him. An industrious carpenter in the village had persuaded my mother's maid to take him "for better for worse;" and in order to grace their nuptials, my mother, with whom Betty was a favourite, gave a dinner to the bride and bridegroom, with their friends, at the King's Arms Inn. In the afternoon the good old lady—heaven rest her soul! she has been dead now for seven years, and I may truly say, "I ne'er shall look upon her like again"—thought it would only be a proper compliment to her favourite maid, if she stepped down to the village, and looked in upon the guests who were made happy by her bounty. My father was then absent on the service of his country (he commanded a man-of-war, and did good service at the battle of Trafalgar); and she took me—then a frolicsome youth of some eighteen or twenty summers—as her squire.

Our arrival occasioned no little bustle: honest Peter was placed at the head of the table; his broad face shining with warmth, and the adhesion of certain glutinous particles of the viands, with which, whilst helping others, he had not forgotten to serve himself. On his right sat the bride, who, though no beauty, was yet a very comely young woman, and seemed duly impressed with the awfulness of his situation; the bridegroom, a good-looking young man, about thirty years of age I should suppose, supported him on his left; and Tom Tonsor, the village barber, was at the bottom of the festive board: the intermediate space, on each side, being filled with the brothers and sisters and sisters' cousins, and cousins a hundred times removed, and schoolmates and playmates, &c. of the newly married couple, to the number of twenty or thirty. When we entered the room, we found the cloth drawn, and Peter was on his legs, in the act of filling the bride's glass out of a bowl of rum-punch which stood before him. As soon as he saw "the lady" and "the young master," the ladle dropped from his hands, he pushed back his chair, and elevating his right arm till it formed an angle of forty-five degrees with his head, he exclaimed, "Lo! the donor of the feast comes to do her servants honour; rise, ye caitiffs, rise, and do homage to the noble lady who deigns to witness your festivities!"

"Nay, nay," said my mother, "sit still," for all the company were simultaneously obeying the commands of their chairman; "if I disturb any of you, I shall immediately retire. But Betty has been a good and a faithful servant; and a wish to sti-

mulate others to follow her example, has induced me to break from my habits, and to intrude upon you, to see that you are comfortable, and to wish her and her husband health and happiness."

"Spoken like an oracle, noble madam," said Peter, on whom the punch had evidently begun to take effect; "spoken like an oracle; and would your goodness please to drink the bride's health in punch?"

"No, Mr. Paragraph, my goodness will drink it in wine."

Old Truman, the landlord, entered with some genuine port, which my mother had ordered to be sent up; and having both of us drunk the health of the bride and bridegroom, and my mother having told both she should be happy to see them at the Hall, after they had got a little settled in their new estate, we left the room. As the door closed, we heard Peter roar out at the very top of his voice, "Now, my lads and lasses, here's the health of Lady Touchstone, and young Master Frank, and, as *we've plenty of time*, we'll drink it with cheers." The windows of the room occupied by the wedding party looked out upon a green in front of the house, which we had to cross, and I had the curiosity to cast my eyes in that direction. Peter was elevated on his chair, giving the time for the cheers with all the precision of a veteran fugleman; and his "Hip, hip, hip, hurrah!" reverberated on our ears, accompanied by the hearty cheers of the guests. We walked home, and did not enjoy our own dinner the less for having given pleasure to so many honest hearts.

Thinking Peter a bit of a humourist, from that day I cultivated his acquaintance; and we remained inti-

mate friends till his death. I expected to find him, from the specimen I saw at the wedding feast, a complete *bon-vivant*, but was agreeably disappointed. He detested drinking, and was never betrayed, by the slightest chance, into any thing like inebriety, except on one or two great occasions: this wedding being one; and the day that the news arrived at —— of my father having received the honour of knighthood, the other. He was always in a bustle; punctual in doing what he knew must be done; but fond of procrastination, when he saw that no particular necessity existed for exertion. In the latter case, when urged to complete any thing which he had taken in hand, "O we've plenty of time," was his reply. He was a great admirer of the fair sex, whom he sometimes described

"As stars of the night, as gems of the morn,
As dew-drops, whose lustre illumines the
thorn."

Yet he was a bachelor. I once rallied him on this point, and urged him to marry. "O we've plenty of time, Master Frank," was his reply; but he died, as he had lived, a single Benedict, never becoming "Benedict the married man."

There was not a soul in the village but knew Peter, nor was there an individual that did not respect him; and there was scarcely a dry eye in the place at his funeral. Peter was a true patriot, one of the old school, who understood patriotism in the right sense. Every one will recollect the enthusiasm which the news of the battle of Waterloo created throughout the country; and as my father was then at the Hall, he determined that all the villagers should have a gala in honour of Wellington. Peter was consulted, and

took an active part in planning the arrangements, which included a dinner to every individual, served up in a large barn belonging to the King's Arms, appropriately decorated for the occasion, and a ball in the evening, besides rustic sports on the green. Peter wrote a copy of verses on the occasion, which his head scholar got by heart, for the purpose of repeating them on the lawn in front of the house, to which all the scholars were marched in procession, led on by Paragraph. I never saw the good old man look so joyous or so happy. He was dressed in his broad best, a suit of sombre black, something resembling the ancient costume of our physicians; he had large silver buckles in his shoes, a gold-headed cane in his hand, and his three-cornered hat, which never saw the light except on high days and holidays, was placed jauntily on his head. His scholars followed him two and two. The orator acquitted himself capitally, and no

small portion of praise was awarded by my father and his guests both to the verses and to the reciter. The urchins were regaled with cake and wine, and returned home in high glee. They had nearly a mile to go to the village, and unfortunately a very heavy shower of rain began to fall before they got half way. The boys soon scampered home out of the rain; but Peter could not move with so much celerity, and before he reached his home, he was completely wet through. Most imprudently, he continued for some time in his wet clothes, the hilarity of the day taking off all thoughts of himself; and next morning he dispatched a spirited account of the proceedings to ———; it was the last paragraph he ever wrote. The damp had struck to his bones; he took to his bed, and died in a fortnight. I followed him to his grave, and now never pass through our homely church-yard, but I think of Peter Paragraph.

FRANCIS TOUCHSTONE.

THE REV. RICHARD HOLE.

THE late Rev. Richard Hole of Exeter, a classical scholar of superior excellence, possessed great poetical genius, which expanded very early, and usually exhibited itself in a peculiar vein of dry and comic humour. In the year 1765, when Bishop Kettel first took up his residence at Exeter, Lady Waldegrave, Lady Kettel's sister, accompanied him. Her extraordinary beauty excited universal admiration; and among others, Mr. Hole's uncle, the Rev. Mr. Wight, and the chanter, Mr. Snow, kindled into poetry in her praise. Mr. Hole sent the following letter as from an Exmoor shepherd (his father's living, Bi-

shop's Nymmett, being in that neighbourhood), with the lines annexed:

"MADAM,

"Though I cannot pretend to *chant* your ladyship's praises like these two gentlemen, I am, with equal respect, your ladyship's most faithful and devoted."

Happy the fair whose matchless charms
Can such cold breasts inspire!
Lo! the *White* frost her beauty warms,
And turns e'en *Snow* to fire.

Lady Waldegrave was so well pleased with the compliment, that "the Exmoor Shepherd" was her frequent toast.

Mr. Hole was also the author of the following *jeu-d'esprit*, on the reco-

very of a young attorney of little practice from a dangerous indisposition:

On his sick-bed as *Simple* lay,
A novice in the laws,
The hapless youth was heard to say,
"How cruel to be snatch'd away,
And die *without a cause!*"

Just wondering hears; his gracious nod
The youth from death reprieves:
Yet, with submission to his god,
His case is still extremely odd,
Without a cause he lives.

Mr. Hole's poetical talents, however, were by no means confined to effusions of wit and humour, as his spirited *Ode to Imagination* and beautiful translation of Homer's *Hymn to Ceres* abundantly testify.

In 1772, when the admiration of "Ossian's Poems" was general and warm, Mr. Hole published his elegant and flowing version of *Fingal*; and in 1789, his poetical romance of *Arthur, or the Northern Enchantment*; a composition, in many respects, superior to any of his former productions, the notes on which display a copious and extensive knowledge of Scandinavian mythology, and a careful discrimination of Celtic and Gothic customs, so often confounded by authors even of distinguished reputation.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

THE products of agriculture began to assume yellow tints beneath autumnal skies, when Lord de Brechin left his fortalice, with the avowed purpose of deer-stalking in Morvern forest of Aberdeenshire, where many of the northern chiefs had assembled for the pastime of hunting and the joys of sociality. The vassals, menials, and retainers anticipated the pleasure of relaxation from their several duties; but some youths envied the distinction and indulgence accorded to the melancholy minstrel, who alone, of all his numerous domestics, was called upon to attend their lord; and they conjectured that the large package intrusted, a few days previous, to Vogra, the wandering armourer, must have contained the garb and apparatus of the chase.

As the bounding fawn of seven moons strains his unpractised sinews to keep pace with a leader-stag, the champion of the high-antlered herd; so Launcelot Gam climbed the steeps or skimmed the vales after David de
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Brechin, the far-renowned nephew of Robert Bruce, the first of that name King of Scotia. Though slender in person, mild and retiring in his demeanour, and passive on trivial occasions of offence, the minstrel, with unconquerable resolution and spirit, had, during a course of years, participated the toils and dangers encountered by his warlike lord. The scorching heats of the East could not enervate his devoted mind, nor had the icy winds of Scandinavia chilled his zealous exertions. Amidst adversaries and adventures, by sea and land, the diminutive Launcelot Gam pressed through hostile ranks, the inseparable, undismayed attendant upon David de Brechin; and every mark of preference was conferred as the meed of faithful, undaunted, and persevering service.

On the first day of their journey, Lord de Brechin and his minstrel-page took their route through the most populous hamlets, leading northwards; but at night, when the waning

moon threw her pale light over the copse-woods that marked the southern skirts of Aberdeenshire, Vogra, the grandson of Mother Hillella, chieftainness of a race sprung from the followers of red-cross knights, cautiously emerged from a thicket, and in silence delivered the package committed to his charge. Lord de Brechin took a key from his pouch, opened the triple-locked leathern sack, and the minstrel attendant drew forth a shepherd's grey plaid and bonnet, with which the warrior covered his padded *pourpointerie*, and enveloped his steel head-piece and frontlet. Launcelot then produced a trusty sword and a two-edged dagger; within the folds of the plaid both found concealment; a shepherd's scrip, filled with homely provisions, hung down from the shoulders, and a shepherd's staff was grasped by the right hand, that never struck a successful blow, nor raised its prowess against a suppliant enemy—the hand which, from the gripe of a Saracen, wrenched the double-edged poniard, when directed to the heart of Robert, the future King of Scotland. Launcelot having equipped his lord, took from the leathern sack a pilgrim's garment, and seeking the closest shade of the birch-grove, entwined by honeysuckles, a reputed work of fairy fingers, he disarrayed himself of the minstrel's vesture, and over his armour of leather, strengthened by thin plates of metal, he laid the pilgrim's cassock of the coarsest German linen. He then carefully folded his robe of fine Spanish cloth, wrapping within it the *bisegel en armes* for his breast, and with his lute and harp inclosed in their respective cases, he deposited all in a leathern bag. As he locked the

triple fastenings and restored the key to his lord, he shuddered with undefinable presentiments. His fears were, in some measure, abated by a brief communication from Vogra; but they rose in new horrors on perceiving that Lord de Brechin had diverged from the north, and conducted him westward, through a wilderness of pines, coeval perhaps with the earliest vegetation in Scotland, and bordered by heathy deserts, trodden only by the animals that fly from the approach of man. If tradition speaks true, these are the haunts of malignant sprites, that oft mislead the stranger in his way: yet De Brechin ventured to pass the shaking bogs, scaled mountains never climbed by the most active hunters, and from their summits the chieftain gazed around, evidently apprehensive that his progress might be observed by unfriendly eyes. At times he lost the intended path, crossed rivers near their hidden sources, and endeavouring to retrace some tracks of human feet, the second night of their pilgrimage brought them within view of Mordun, the giant mountain of Perthshire. De Brechin, always gay and amusing, often looked back to invite his fellow-traveller's nearer approach; but the minstrel referred to a vow he made on becoming a follower of the Lord de Brechin, and kept an humble distance. Wreaths of evening vapours thickened to masses of sombre fog, obscuring all landmarks, except the rocky peaks of Mordun, where entire stillness of the air permitted lighter mists to float like gathering snow, slowly rolling into crevices of the stony or grassy hollows.

The warrior stopped suddenly, and exclaimed, "Launcelot, where art

thou? I cannot see thee; and if I mistake not, we are very close upon the fathomless *lochans* and treacherous marshes, where so many unwary nightwanderers have perished. Thou must take my arm, that we may not separate."

"Let me hold by a corner of the plaid, my lord," answered Launcelot; "my vow sanctions no more."

"I lament, but reverence thy scruples," answered De Brechin.

Sheltered from the north by the towering mountain, grew a belt of oak, hazel, and sallow.

"Here we might find a pleasant resting-place," said the knight, "but the leaves are dripping with the dew. We must ascend a part of Mordun; and perhaps, even amidst darkness, I can reach a well-known projecting crag. Here it is. Launcelot, if thou wilt not share my plaid, thou must take it all. Unfit is thy slender frame to bear the damps of night. I am chilled by them, though born a hardy northern. In such a case the most rigid vow will not prohibit thee from obeying thy lord, that we may reciprocally impart a cherishing warmth."

"My ever gracious lord, pardon the reserves enjoined by holy lips, and rendered sacred by vows. Moreover, this is to me a season of penance. I may accept no defence from any severity of the weather; and, oh! the cares of Launcelot Gam soar so high beyond his own sphere, that privations or external incommunities are unfelt, unheeded. My lord, ever indulgent to the poor minstrel, if indeed the humble fidelity of a weak servant may plead for a privilege of free communion, may I speak from a breast labouring under fears more appalling than the dread of immediate death to myself?"

"Hast thou seen a frightful vision, my poor son of music?" said De Brechin smiling. "Solitude, fasting, and melancholy beget strange fancies."

"I would it were the most hideous creation of the brain that ever impressed the nerves of a feeble mortal, rather than danger, substantial danger, to my lord. Pardon my boldness! I speak in ignorance and presumption, but in devoted attachment to my honoured lord."

"Thou knowest, Launcelot, that I shun no dangers, nor guard against assault, unless where my honour is the mark of a foe; nor art thou a craven follower. Scotland is at peace; my fame is established above the reach of the shafts of malice. Some idle talker makes sport of thy sensitive nature: yet speak with the freedom of a trusted friend; a full disclosure of thy thoughts may dispel their gloom."

"May the humblest of his servants, with the most profound deference, offer counsel to the counsellor of princes and heroes?"

"Speak with the ample licence of a trusted friend. De Brechin, if he cannot approve, will assuredly take thy monitions kindly."

"Then, O my lord, let us meet the northern chiefs in Aberdeenshire, or return to Brechin castle. Perfidy lurks in the south and western district."

"Take care, Launcelot; use no insinuations which thou canst not explain. Thou knowest I spurn darkling hints, and I require thee to utter thy notions without disguise."

"Then, my lord, I shall declare, that when Lord Soulis and his train awakened the echoes of Brechin hills, some of his retinue, inflamed with wine, spake fiercely of good King

Robert's demand for a sight of the charter by which his nobles held their territories; and in terms ambiguous, yet to me intelligible, subjoined, that their mighty lord, endowed with powers beyond the common reach of man, had a right to the crown, which by the nearest relatives of Robert was admitted, and would be supported with bowstring and point of steel."

"Credulous self-disquieter! never mayest thou be long at peace, if the idle bragging of menial pride finds belief with thee. Now to set thy mind at ease, I will divulge to thee the purport of my journey. Know that I am pledged to meet a few chosen friends of Lord Soulis, to arrange measures for releasing his domains from wadset to Mantalant, a knight of new name, who is enriched by the spoils of lands far remote."

"Most honoured Lord de Brechin, not on light suspicion would the poor minstrel dare to trouble the reposing confidence of your generous soul. Precise and deep were the notes of jeopardy conveyed to me, and in faithful solitude repeated to your ear; I may not say whence the alarming sounds vibrated to my heart. I would die to prevail with Lord de Brechin to avoid the Torwood, even for one week; but I dare not live a perjured informer. I may but allude to Mother Hillella and her tribe. Their accuracy and truth are unquestionable, and they are unchangeably bound to serve the Lord de Brechin with hand and spirit. On my knees I beseech thee, David de Brechin, not to mix thy nobleness with the malecontent Soulis and his partisans."

"Minstrel, thou hast computed too largely the extent of my en-

durance, and thou seemest to forget how the blood royal in my veins must abhor all malecontent devices. Hast thou no memory for the recital I made to thee of the defence of Kildrummy castle, where I first raised my arm against the foes of Scotland. I at least should keep in mind, and never shall forget, that Lord Soulis spared my life, when all were put to the sword, or died by the stroke of the executioner. My mother perished in the flames communicated to the castle by the English. I had been two days confined to bed by sickness, which raged in consequence of fatigue and scanty and had provisions in our beleaguered fortress. Roused by the conflagration, I leaped from the bartizan in weeds of night. My youth, for I was a stripling of thirteen years, and my profusion of flaxen hair, made Lord Soulis take me for a girl; but even after he knew I was a kinsman to the Bruce, he treated me with favour, and did not give me up to the English; and should I refuse to help in saving his fortunes from ruin, I must be the basest niggard that ever scraped the mud for sordid ore."

"Thrice honoured warrior, the obscure minstrel hath indeed too boldly tempted your forbearance. Let his blood atone for renewing his impertunity! His zeal and urgency are irrepressible. Your darkening looks cannot intimidate him, when the hazard or loss of life may avert from his lord evils more dire than natural and honourable death. Send this point to my vitals; it gleams through the fog, and I fear not to have it sheathed in my breast. It cannot inflict a pang so bitter as the refusal of that boon I have taxed all my feeble eloquence to obtain. One

week to delay the meeting with Lord Soulis will place beyond all doubt the real intention of this conference."

"Good Launcelot, peace! Thy words are wasted in vain. De Brechin hath given Lord Soulis the pledge of a true knight to meet him to-morrow evening, and will keep his appointment, though death and desolation were the certain issue. I charge thee on thy duty to thy liege lord, speak not another word on this offensive and unavailing topic. Sleep glides over my senses. Let the same oblivious soother hush thy bootless cares. Compose thy perturbed spirit; and since thou wilt not accept my plaid, stretch thy limbs under the screen of this hollow rock to the left, and pray to the saints; or tell thy beads, and sleep will softly weigh down thine eyelids."

The page obeyed; but in the prayers he offered for his lord, sad forebodings mingled with devotion. The night-breeze sprung up; the fogs and dews were dissipated; a sable shroud of obscurity still hung over every object, and the sound of waving trees, with the low murmurs of a rivulet, lulled the warrior to rest. Not so tranquil passed the silent watches with the minstrel. Groping his way from the sheltering rock, he threw himself on the cold sods at some distance. Smothered groans and half-stifled sighs betrayed the dolorous current of his meditations. The voice of De Brechin came to his ear. He wiped his swollen eyelids, and answered the supposed summons with mute alacrity. He found his lord fast asleep, and was again withdrawing, when, in words more distinctly articulated, De Brechin said, "Launcelot Gam, faithful servant, true friend, in the love of David de

Brechin second to none, except Eleanor de Mowbray—Eleanor de Mowbray, loved, forbidden name!"

The minstrel crossed his forehead and breast, then wrung his hands, and with irregular movements regaining his former station, sunk in the attitude of humble supplication to the supreme object of worship. The call of his master summoned him from these prostrate effusions of anguish. "Behold, Launcelot," said De Brechin, "how the faint, yet lovely dawn of morn incites activity! Ah! my self-disquieting page, now I view thee near, I can perceive in what manner the hours have worn away in thy seclusion. I have been too hasty, too thankless for thy faithful remonstrances. They indeed deserved a kindlier reception. Lave thine eyes in yonder mountain stream: the traces of grief on thy cheeks upbraid the rash humour of thy master: yet trust me, that if the paramount favour of De Brechin could diffuse unclouded sunlight over thy fate, no sigh would heave thy bosom, no wish of thine remain ungratified. Think gaily on thy lady-love; quaff to her health from my wine-cup. I understand thy repelling fingers: why hast thou fettered thy life with vows of mortification? Is celibacy included? If not, intrust me with thy wishes, and question not my endeavours to promote their success."

"My gracious lord, in solemn truth I declare, my breast has never harboured a fond thought of woman-kind. To live and die a trustworthy follower of the Lord de Brechin is the height of my pride and my felicity."

"Trustworthy hast thou ever been; yea, thy prudence and valour have been the guardian angels of a reck-

less, restless leader; and when he ceases to value thee and thy service, he must be lost to himself. Cheer thee, my minstrel of vast price, and let this morning morsel recruit thy strength. My repast and a few hours of rest have invigorated all my powers. A little food and a little sleep go a great way to brace the sinews of a warrior. Lo! this beautiful dawn presages a glad evening; and if I have rejected thy solicitations regarding myself to-day, I will grant thee, on thy own account, to-morrow whatsoever thou shalt ask."

Once more the minstrel on his knees, and in a voice agitated by intense anxiety, said, "My lord most honoured, suffer me again to implore from thee, even for three days, a postponement of the journey to Torwood."

Lord de Brechin sprung from his moss-covered seat, and in a tone of displeasure replied, "Silence, good Launcelot, on this important theme! I am off for Torwood. Follow when it likes thee."

De Brechin bounded through a track clothed with herbage so luxuriant as shewed it to be unvisited by man or beast, and the intervening wood concealed it from the common road, which on the hill might be discerned afar off. Launcelot quickly pursued the rapid progress of his lord, saying to himself, "My last hope is now the influence and explicit communications of Mother Hillella!"

De Brechin with frank cordiality spoke to Launcelot when overtaken by him. They proceeded westward by a course the least exposed to observation, and twilight brought them close upon the forest so dreaded by the minstrel. He looked for Mother

Hillella—she came not—and while he stood peering in every direction, his lordship asked him for his golden spurs. "They are in the leathern sack," answered the page.

"I shall then get them at Torwood. A messenger from Lord Soulis would meet Vogra last night, and receive my accoutrements. Thou, Launcelot, art recommended to the holy fraternity in the religious house whose lights are twinkling very near us. I must go unattended to the conference with Lord Soulis and his friends. The dignity of a noble must be guarded by every delicate precaution, nor may I infringe the rules on which we agreed for that effect."

With vehemence of language and gesture Launcelot begged leave to accompany his lord; and when peremptorily forbidden, his distracted importunity almost shook the firm nerves of De Brechin; but rallying his fortitude, he recapitulated the considerations that withheld his compliance. Launcelot's agony subsided, and he compromised for allowance to spend the night in prayers for his lord on the spot where they were to part. De Brechin wrung the hand of his mournful follower, and plunging amidst the trees, was soon concealed by their thick umbrage. During this tedious night, the afflicted, the almost frantic solitary listened with exerting alarm to every sound, or glared with wild impatience to ascertain the cause of hurried accents and inconstant lights which seemed to pass and re-pass beyond the distant interior of the forest. Sometimes he fancied that a gleam from unsheathed weapons flashed upon his sight, and as it became certain, he rushed through the trees, every pulse throbbing with

eager haste to find his lord. He obtained his wish—but, oh! how obtained! A stately figure wrapped in a horseman's cloak was strapped behind a mounted soldier. The care taken to prevent the populace from recognising their idol assured Launcelot, too truly, that the prisoner must be David de Brechin. His visor was closed; but the cloak, too short for a prisoner of uncommon stature, could not hide from the keen glance of the minstrel the golden spurs bestowed on his nephew by King Robert, in acknowledgment of many heroic actions, and of saving his own life. Launcelot could not withdraw his eyes from this woe-ful spectacle, though it froze his blood, and almost suspended every vital function. At that trying crisis a secular priest laid hold of his arm, and hardly conscious of life or motion, the unhappy minstrel was thus dragged to a barrier-gate of Edinburgh Castle. The priest slipped a piece of gold into the fist of the sentinel, was admitted into the fortress, and witnessed the commitment of the prisoner to the keep for state criminals. The priest drew Launcelot aside, and whispered, "We have looked upon a sorry sight."

"Oh! oh!" replied the minstrel in a voice half suffocated by groans, "it was a dream of horrors that might divorce soul and body. Now that I am awake, do you, whoever you are, in pity bring a poor bewildered creature to his lord—the Lord de Brechin—that I may know of a truth that he is safe and free."

"Poor lad! is indeed your mind clean gone? No wonder you have not found me out by the natural voice I now take in speaking to you; but *that* is no wonder, since you believe

a miserable reality to be a dream. Recal your wits, and think of Mother Hillella and her grandson. Returning from where I last saw you, I found the mother and one of my aunts in our hiding-place, half way to the Torwood; my other aunt was gone in search of a horse, or ass, or any beast of sure feet for the mother: she had fallen from a high-spirited sheltly, and dislocated her ancle. I hurried back to your lord with the messages and proofs which Hillella wanted to deliver from her own lips; but though I traveled without rest, like a shooting meteor, I was hours too late. Alas! that the mother, with the over-caution of age, would trust no one but herself to undeceive the noblest, the most betrayed of heroes!"

"Blessed saints, have mercy upon my scorching brain, my bursting heart!" said Launcelot. "I am now awake to my fullest wretchedness—yes—yes—I feel—I know all."

"Son of sorrow," answered Vogra, "you are not in a state to be left alone: yet I dare not fail to bring speedy tidings to the mother. I must see you lodged with a friend. Some of our blood has warmed his brave heart, and at my bidding he will be kind to you. However, keep your own secret, and to him be no more than a pilgrim. If you are forced to trust somebody, let it be him. He has fought and bled with him—that, shame on his betrayers, will lift a spear never more."

"Say not so, if you would not kill me; and, O holy Mary! let me expire before——"

"Poor mourner, praise to the prophet, thy brain is not quite dry! I just wished to set thy tears abroad; but vent your thoughts in a lower

key. You must not be known for a follower of him, who, but yesterday, had the best in Scotland proud to belong to his train. Dry your cheeks, and be more of a man. My heart is half broken for him that was the best protector of our tribe; but I will not wail like a woman. Women were made to weep; but to man every loss may be made up by stout courage in fighting against ill fortune. Come, come, take heart! We are now near your safe lodging, and off I must be."

While speaking, the armourer had drawn Launcelot Gam to a cluster of inferior houses, erected by veteran soldiers, under protection of the castle-walls. Vogra introduced the pilgrim, and spoke to his kinsman in their own foreign lingo. The host set bread and beer before his guests. Launcelot recollected that the last morsel he tasted was given from the hand of his lord, and his senses failed. He was laid on a truss of straw; the soldier covered him with

a cloak, and then tried to open his mouth, that he might receive a little brandy; but Vogra begged him to desist, as the pilgrim was under vows of abstinence.

"A pestilence upon the shaven crowns!" said the soldier. "They forbid brandy to their dupes that they may have the more for their own gullets." Launcelot, a little recovered, begged for a draught of water. The soldier offered beer; but the minstrel shook his head against it, and renewed his entreaty for water: having obtained it, and refused to take a piece of bread, he said he would try to sleep. The kinsmen sat by the fire; the soldier placed a measure of brandy on the bench which served for a table; Vogra produced from his pouch a massy slice of beef, and divided it with the soldier. They talked in their own dialect, and after a hearty meal, Vogra departed.

(*To be continued.*)

CONFESSIONS OF A CRIMINAL.

IN a large city in the south of Germany, there lived many years ago a judge who had acquired the surname of *the Just*. By him the low as well as the high, the poor as well as the rich, were sure to be righted and redressed. He drew forth guilt from its most secret haunts, and punished without respect of persons. Some there were, it is true, who found fault with him for being too severe, and exhorted him to be merciful. "It is the duty of a judge," he would reply, "to be just, not merciful:" and in these words he uttered a grand truth. Mercy is commonly weakness, and clemency is often the

greatest injustice. Others, again, charged him with cruelty; not considering that this was the fault of the laws, which then decreed much more painful punishments than are deemed expedient in our milder age. A third party accused him of a love for the bottle; and this allegation, though not absolutely true, was, unluckily, not absolutely false. It did certainly sometimes happen, that in the social circle he was induced to take a glass more than his head, weakened by nocturnal vigils and close application to business, was able to bear; though it is equally true that he very seldom yielded to such temptations.

His evenings this judge would generally spend in visiting the gaols and conversing with the prisoners, by which he won their confidence, and acquired an accurate knowledge of the human heart. There he learned that one and the same crime may, in different individuals, originate in totally different motives; that a delinquent is not always led on step by step to the deed whereby he forfeits his life, but that sometimes a single moment, in which man loses his trust in God, renders the unfortunate wretch ripe for the scaffold.

One evening he went to see a culprit who, as an incendiary and the murderer of two persons, was to expiate his guilt the next day upon the wheel. He expected to find the wretched man in wild despair, or absorbed in sullen reverie; but was not a little surprised when he walked coolly up to him, took him by the hand, and thanked him for bestowing a moment on an unfortunate creature in the last hours of his life. The judge expressed his sorrow to see him in such a situation. "I am astonished at it myself," replied the prisoner. "I was just considering what it really was that brought me hither. You may look, sir; but believe me, notwithstanding all you know from the proceedings, you are not yet acquainted with the circumstance that had most influence on my fate. If you can spare a few minutes—"

The judge seated himself beside the straw couch of the prisoner, who thus began:

"I was one of the wealthiest tailors in this city: while others were wholly unemployed, I was only puzzled how to satisfy all my customers. My success excited universal envy and enmity. I strove, indeed, to be-

nefit some of my less fortunate colleagues, and divided my work among them as well as I could; but the more my trade increased, the greater was the hostility raised against me on all sides. Meanwhile I quietly pursued my way, neither doing nor fearing harm: but one of my profession, who by vicious courses had reduced himself to poverty, had vowed my ruin, little as I deserved this treatment at his hands. Too soon did he find an opportunity of executing his base design. The lady of a high officer of state was about to give a grand entertainment; the stuff for a new dress, which had been ordered from a great distance, arrived only the preceding day. I fell to work on it with all my men, and finished before the appointed hour. With a light heart I hastened away to try it on, and to my consternation found it totally spoiled. One of my people, bribed for the purpose, had secretly cut two or three stripes out of it. The lady was beside herself with rage, and even threatened me with the house of correction. I sneaked away unobserved in the confusion, well aware that I must never enter that house again; but I was far from imagining that the revenge of a disappointed woman could be carried so far as hers was: in a short time I lost all my best customers.

"I submitted to my lot with resignation, knowing that my misfortunes were not brought upon me by any fault of my own. My wife, however, tormented me late and early with the keenest reproaches, ceased to pay attention to her domestic concerns, and, to spite me, launched out into greater expenses than before. I was soon brought to poverty. Peo-

ple advised me to sue for a divorce; but I deemed this an unchristian procedure, and was unwilling to deprive my children of their mother. My creditors at length came upon me, seized my handsome house, sold my garden, in which I took great delight, and left me nothing but the clothes on my back, and some bedding which I begged of them for my poor innocents. Even this stroke I bore with fortitude. I removed to a small house in the suburbs, supported myself by my work as well as I could, and might yet have enjoyed happy days, had not my wife turned this hovel into a hell."

"And why did you not seek redress of me?" asked the judge.

"I did, sir: but, pardon me, you are after all but man, and cannot penetrate the intricacies of all things. You did not, indeed, dismiss me without consolation; you promised to assist me, but my inauspicious fate decreed otherwise. When I left you my strength was exhausted by hunger and despair. I went to a tavern, the keeper of which owed me money; he did not pay me, and served me with adulterated wine. The intoxicating beverage confused my weak head; I reeled home, and found the unnatural mother beating my youngest, my favourite child, in the most cruel manner, because it cried for bread. I seized her, and thrust her furiously against the wall. During the scuffle the child was thrown down, and its head struck with violence against a bench. The screams brought in some persons who were passing; they parted us, and held me fast. My wife stormed, the children cried, the neighbours inveighed against me, while I sat as if inanimate, deprived by rage and

wine both of sense and speech. At this moment you, sir, entered the room. Appearances were against me. Instead of granting me redress, you sent me to prison for a week, as a brawler and a drunkard."

A gloom overspread the face of the judge, and after a brief pause he begged the prisoner to proceed. "No sooner," resumed the latter, "was I released from confinement than the great dearth befel the country. Ah! sir, how much might be said on that subject! But you, and those who have never known want, would not understand me. I worked night and day; but, good God! what availed it? Our distress was extreme. My wife lay ill of a decline, the eldest boy had severely wounded his hand by falling on a glass bottle, and two little girls were crying with cold. We had neither fuel, bread, nor money. When I saw my children perishing with hunger and cold, my anguish was keener, I am sure, than it will be to-morrow when I am going to the place of execution. At night, on my wretched pallet, I was still more miserable; scarcely did I close my eyes, when I was awakened by the moaning of the poor children, who could not sleep for hunger. In this state we languished for a quarter of a year, by which time I had been obliged to sell every thing, even to my last shirt. My wife was in her coffin; my boy, from the wrong treatment of an ignorant surgeon, was condemned to lose his arm; my landlord threatened to turn me out; my creditors loaded me with insult and outrage; I ran like a maniac out at the gate of the city. A voice seemed to whisper to me, "Rob, to preserve your children." I shuddered and ran on, as if striving to

escape from myself. 'For your children! for your poor starving children!' resounded incessantly in my ears. I fell on my knees. No, I cried, I will beg rather than turn robber. I must have a dollar; if I can collect so much, I will take it for a sign that I must not rob. Ah! full well do I now know that this was wicked, that it was tempting God; but then I was incapable of reflection. I stationed myself by the roadside. At first I was tolerably successful; some compassionate persons put their hands in their pockets, but they had only coin of the lowest denomination to throw into my hat. A gentleman superbly dressed, with a large star at his bosom, presently passed by. I must take courage, thought I; farthings will go but a very little way. I asked for the value of sixpence. 'Can you give me change for a double louis-d'or, my friend?' scornfully replied the stranger, and pursued his way. A little country boy came up; he probably discovered my distress in my countenance: he gave me a piece of bread which he held in his hand, and then reached me a full bottle that he was carrying to his father. Ah! how delicious did this refreshment seem to me! indeed it did more good to my bleeding heart, than to my craving stomach. The benevolence of this boy ought, I confess, to have inspired me with better thoughts; but I was already too hardened. No sooner was he gone, than a splendid equipage passed along the road. Reckless from despair, I threw myself in its way, and implored the lady in the carriage to bestow on me half a guilder to save four human lives. 'Impudent wretch!' cried she, 'go sleep and get sober, and then work or

starve.' Her lap-dog barked furiously, the coachman cut at me with his whip, one of the horses brushed against me and threw me down, and the carriage drove off. 'One more trial!' I exclaimed, gnashing my teeth, 'and then—then'—It was not long before a man came riding up on a stately horse. I laid hold of the bridle. 'A robber!' exclaimed the rider.—'Not so, sir,' said I, with as mild a look and manner as I could command; and from my trembling, indeed, it might have been seen that I was not a practised villain; 'only an unfortunate man whom a guilder would save from destruction.'—'A good-for-nothing scoundrel!' cried the rider: 'how long have beggars dared to impose a tax on travellers?' I implored him once more to give me half a guilder—a few groschen, and at last fell on my knees, and solicited the smallest donation, that I might not wholly despair of the mercy of God and man. 'Not a heller, scoundrel!' cried the cruel man, galloping away.—'Scoundrel!' I ejaculated aloud, 'be it so, then; but be my guilt upon his head!' Not far off stood a detached farm-house; thither I stole as soon as it grew dark. I clambered up, unobserved, to a window, entered and groped about till I found a door, which I opened. By the glimmer of a rush-light I perceived an old nurse fast asleep, and a cradle near her head. I advanced softly, but the old woman awoke, and set up a shriek of terror. I ran to her, and clapped a pillow upon her face; the light was thrown down and set fire to the bed-curtains. The rest you are acquainted with. I meant to take but one dollar—so true as I must appear to-morrow before my God, I intended to steal no

more than the worth of a single dollar, and was fated to burn a house and deprive two fellow-creatures of life. As I escaped unseen, I might have remained undiscovered, but my conscience allowed me no peace; I was constrained to make atonement to the laws. They have sentenced me to death, and I die cheerfully. My wretched lot has awakened hearts which feel pity for my unfortunate children. By nothing less than a painful and ignominious death could their father save them from famishing. I have done with the world, and in heaven I hope to find a Being who will judge me in mercy, as I forgive from my heart the wrongs done me by men. With half the money, probably, which that lady gave for the collar of her lap-dog, she might have rescued me from everlasting perdition, and preserved their father to three orphans; and the gentleman on horseback had but needed to take off his silver spurs to furnish us all with a comfortable subsistence till harvest. Think you not, sir, that this collar and these spurs will once weigh heavy, very heavy, in the balance above? I knew the lady well; she was the wife of a high officer of state—the same who, on account of her spoiled dress, de-

stroyed the happiness of my whole life; and that horseman, sir, was no other than—yourself! Nay, start not, I have just finished. You were coming from a convivial party: you may perhaps still recollect, that the spirited horse which you rode threw you twice running at a very little distance from me.”

The judge had meanwhile started from his seat, shuddering with horror. His agitation deprived him of the power of speech. He hurried home, and fell on his knees, beating his breast, and incessantly ejaculating, “God be merciful to me a sinner!”

Next day the prisoner underwent the sentence of the law; but early in the morning, before the passing-bell tolled, the judge repaired to the royal palace, resigned his offices into the hands of the monarch, made over the greatest part of his property to the children of the sufferer, and fled in haste from the city. The unhappy man buried himself in one of the rigid convents, many of which still existed in Germany. There, after the lapse of a few years, death released him from his misery. His last words were, “Let none be tardy in doing good: the life of a fellow-creature often hangs upon a minute.”

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. I.

THE COUNTESS'S TOWER.

THERE are still to be seen in the little town of Lusignan, the ruins of a castle which formerly belonged to the Counts of Poitiers. Time, which has nearly destroyed the building, seems, however, to have respected a high and massive tower that still

bears the name of the Countess's Tower. It is said, that when a descendant of the family is about to die, a female figure in white is distinctly seen on the top of the tower. The story of this apparition, which has now been current in the pro-

vince during some centuries, is derived from the following romantic legend.

In the early days of chivalry, a Comte de Poitiers, a loyal and worthy knight, brave as his sword, handsome as Adonis, and endowed with all the virtues of his race, which was even then illustrious, chose for the lady of his affections the beautiful and virtuous Leontine de Nevers. In our days, noblemen shew their love by feasting and flattering their mistresses; our ancestors had harder work of it; they spent years wandering about in search of adventures, overcoming giants, exterminating tyrants, destroying monsters, and liberating captive virgins. The Comte de Provence had done all this, and yet he did not think himself worthy of Leontine. He ventured, however, to express to the comte, her father, the hope that he entertained of being one day found deserving of her hand; and the noble Nevers readily promised it to him, upon a condition to which the enamoured lover instantly subscribed.

"Noble knight," said the Comte de Nevers, "he who would win the hand of my daughter, must avenge the injuries of our race. It is now some years since the estates of my nephew, Robert, were seized, and he himself treacherously murdered, by the infamous Raoul, who, apostate from the laws of his God and those of honour, seeks in necromancy that aid which brave and free knights derive from their good swords. I should have sought long since to avenge my lamented nephew's murder, but my forces alone would have been wholly insufficient; and to lead my brave followers against Raoul, would have been to consign

them to certain destruction. Join your forces to mine, assist me to conquer the usurper, and the hand of Leontine shall be the reward of your valour."

The overjoyed Albert hastened to prepare for his expedition, bade adieu to his mistress, who promised to offer up her prayers for his success, and set forward at the head of his brave troop, accompanied by the Comte de Nevers and the flower of his vassals. They were two days' march from the territories of the usurper, and their intention was to surprise him, if possible, in a defenceless state. They halted for the night in the midst of a thick wood. The Comte de Poitiers felt little disposed to seek that rest which his brave associate and their soldiers eagerly coveted; his thoughts were with his Leontine, and it was near midnight when he threw himself at the foot of a tree, to recruit by a short repose his wearied frame. As he lay vainly courting sleep, he heard his name pronounced in a clear and harmonious voice; and looking up, saw at his side a lady of ravishing beauty. "Brave knight," said she to him, "the beneficent spirits whom the Most High permits to aid the children of men, see with pleasure the courageous proof thou givest of thy love for Leontine; and they will assist thy noble purpose. Take this sword and shield; they will render thee invincible. Adieu! March to glory, and believe that a high destiny awaits thee!"

She vanished as she spoke; and the comte would have thought the whole a dream, had he not seen the sword and shield lying by his side. He seized them immediately, and sought in vain to compose himself to

sleep; he could think of nothing but his mysterious adventure. Need we say that he performed prodigies of valour? His first care was to single out the usurper, who, carrying also a charmed sword, strewed the ground with the dead and the dying. The combat between them was dreadful, but Raoul found his master; twice he was unhorsed, without receiving any wound. The second time, he had no sooner touched the ground than he assumed the form of a monster, half wolf and half man, and nimbly avoiding the deadly blow which Albert aimed at him with his magic sword, disappeared in an instant.

Thrown into confusion by the loss of their chief, the usurper's army soon yielded to their enemies. They threw down their arms, received quarter, and the Comte de Nevers took immediate possession of the estates of his nephew. He would have ceded them to Albert, whom he already looked upon as his son, but the knight, as generous as brave, refused to receive them; declaring positively, that during the lifetime of the comte he would take nothing from him but the hand of Leontine.

Leaving a strong garrison in his new possessions, the Comte de Nevers and his brave associate returned to Nevers, where they expected to be received with every demonstration of joy. They wondered that a deputation of the inhabitants did not come out to meet them; and this wonder was changed into terror, when, on entering the city, they found the streets hung with black, and all the houses closed. At the same moment the governor of the town, followed by a deputation of the inhabitants, all clothed in the

deepest mourning, advanced in procession to meet them, and announced, in a voice stifled by sobs, that the victory had cost them dear; for that on the preceding evening, as the princess sat surrounded by her ladies, a horrible monster suddenly appeared in the midst of them, and seizing her in his enormous claws, instantly vanished with her.

At these dreadful tidings, a loud cry of despair burst from the miserable father, and the unfortunate lover stood transfixed with horror. Suddenly a ray of hope entered his heart: "All is not lost!" cried he; "the disappearance of the princess must be the effect of magic. I fly to seek her, and something tells me that I shall succeed." He instantly departed, and hastened to the forest where the lovely vision had appeared to him, full of the hope that the beneficent being who had already so powerfully aided him, would assist him to regain his adored Leontine. He threw himself under a tree, and awaited, with a heart throbbing alternately with hope and fear, the hour of midnight: no sooner had it struck than his benefactress appeared. "Rise, comte!" said she; "follow the guide that I give thee; be discreet and be fortunate." She vanished as she spoke, but Albert saw a few paces from him a fiery serpent, who flew before him: he instantly mounted his horse, and followed the luminous guide. A little before day-break, the serpent entered a cavern at the foot of a mountain; the knight tied his good steed to a tree, and without hesitation proceeded forward in a narrow winding path, on each side of which was a frightful abyss. The light that emanated from the serpent was the only one

that shone in this dreadful place, which the knight continued to traverse for many hours with unshaken perseverance. At length he found himself in the midst of a subterranean plain, which was lighted by pillars composed of precious stones. Here he saw a number of swarthy little beings, all engaged in extracting from the earth precious metals, or gems. At the sight of the knight they desisted from their work, and hailed him with a universal cry of welcome. "Thou art the first mortal, brave knight," cried one, approaching him, "who has ever penetrated into the kingdom of the Gnomes; but we receive thee with the respect due to the chosen of our sovereign. Yes, noble Albert, the queen who reigns over the spirits of the earth and the air, has ordered us to serve thee, and we obey with pleasure. We know you seek the lady of your love; mine is the task to conduct you to her." He seized the hand of the knight; the earth opened to afford them a passage, and after descending with incredible rapidity, and in darkness, during a long time, they stopped at an iron gate, which the Gnome had no sooner touched with his wand than it opened, and they entered a frightful dungeon. "It is here," said the Gnome, "that you will find your mistress. But remember the command of your protectress: it is discretion, and not valour, that will give her to your arms. If you attempt to enter the magic circle within which she is confined, before you have vanquished her persecutor, she is lost to you for ever."

The comte bent his straining eyes forward, and saw, by the sepulchral light of a lamp, the beloved of his soul extended on the earth, her de-

licate limbs loaded with chains. The infamous magician, Raoul, in his natural form, lay sleeping at her feet. "Traitor!" cried Albert, drawing his sword, "hope not, this time, to escape my vengeance!" The usurper started up, uttered a hideous yell, and in an instant the dungeon was filled with flames. But the undaunted Albert pressed on through them, unharmed, to his savage foe, who, perceiving the effect of his first spell destroyed by the courage of the knight, stamped with his foot upon the earth, repeating at the same time some magic words; and instantly an innumerable multitude of toads, serpents, bats, and owls, issued from the different corners of the dungeon. Albert waited their approach with unruffled mien; but he had no sooner touched them with his enchanted sword than they disappeared.

The magician seeing his enemy thus powerfully protected, quitted his natural shape; in an instant he stood before the knight in the form of a giant, brandishing an enormous club, and waited with firmness the attack of the knight. The combat was long and obstinate; at last, the magic sword of Albert shivered the club of the magician into a thousand pieces. The monster fell to the earth, but as the comte stooped to inflict the death he had so well deserved, he suddenly sunk into it, and these words were heard as from afar: "Tremble, wretch, in the bosom of victory, at the price thou must one day pay for thy triumph!"

The comte flew to release his beloved; but no sooner had he touched her chains, than the lovers found themselves in the palace of the Comte de Nevers, which their presence converted in an instant from the abode

of misery to that of joy. Their return was celebrated by the most splendid *fêtes*, and immediate preparations were made for their union. But in the midst of the universal joy, the comte perceived with dismay that Leontine appeared at times unhappy. He earnestly inquired the cause, and she confessed that her sorrow was occasioned by the words which the magician uttered after he had disappeared. "Hear me, noble knight," continued she, seeing the comte about to interrupt her; "the malice and the power of that monster may well excuse the alarm which I feel. He will seek our destruction by all the means that his infernal art can furnish; and, alas! in marrying you, I must exact from you a condition which will leave us but too open to his malice. You must promise, that on one day in every week you will allow me to remain alone for twelve hours. Without that promise I cannot marry you; and the breach of it will infallibly cause your destruction. Judge, then, if I have not reason for my fears."

Though internally surprised and grieved at what he heard, Albert doted too fondly on his Leontine to hesitate about subscribing to the sole condition on which she solemnly declared he could obtain her hand. He pledged his knightly word, which he had never yet broken, to leave her to herself once a week for twelve hours; but as he gave the promise, a sentiment till then unfelt by him oppressed his heart with sadness.

The nuptials were celebrated with a splendour till then unknown; they bade adieu to the Comte de Nevers, and returned to Poitiers, where one of the first cares of the young comtesse was to cause the tower above-

mentioned to be added to the magnificent palace of her husband. Until it was built, she secluded herself one day in every week in her own apartment; afterwards she passed that day in the tower. Excepting this singularity, her whole conduct was open, amiable, and affectionate in the highest degree. Peace and order reigned in that princely mansion, of which she was the brightest ornament; her vassals adored her, and the fame of her beauty and her virtues caused the lot of her husband to be regarded with envy.

Yet in the midst of this apparent felicity, a secret thorn rankled in the breast of the comte; he often thought of his promise, and he felt that his wife's continuance in her mysterious course of life was an infringement of the duty she owed him; but he confined his discontent to his own breast, and never reproached her either by word or look. At the expiration of a year she presented him with twins, a boy and girl, lovely as the day. The comte welcomed them with transport, and hoped that their birth would change the comtesse's mode of life. To his sorrow it had no effect; she still shut herself up as usual, and though at other times she could scarcely bear her children from her sight, on that day she saw them not.

Six months had passed since the birth of the infants; the comte grew every day more unhappy; but he still kept his promise. One evening while his wife was as usual secluded, he wandered in his park, where he met an old man, whose venerable appearance inspired him with respect; he saluted him, and, in the manner of those times, asked his blessing.

"You have it, my son," cried the old man: "I wish that it could chase the cloud that hangs upon your brow."

"Ah, father! that cloud is caused by an evil for which there is no remedy."

"And why not? May not a promise rashly given be broken?"

"What!" cried the comte, with astonishment, "do you then know" — He stopped.

"Yes, I know your honour demands that this mystery be immediately cleared. Your wife has been long the dupe of an illusion; the moment of her and your destruction approaches. You can save her only by entering the tower."

"O heavens! can it be possible?"

"Nothing is more true. Fly, my son, and break the spell that even now is working your ruin."

The comte staid not to hear more. He hastened to the tower, entered it, and beheld a vision that wrapt him in awe and astonishment. Two females, the lustre of whose charms no mortal eye could bear to look upon, were seated near each other; wings, in which a thousand different hues sparkled in dazzling brightness, issued from their shoulders; and a radiant light played around their lovely forms. Scarcely had the astonished Albert presented himself before them, when, with a mournful shriek, they vanished, and he beheld at his side the enchanter Raoul, who greeted him with a loud insulting laugh. "At last," cried he, "my

vengeance is complete; Leontine is lost to thee for ever! She was no mate for thee, nor was she the Leontine thou hast so fondly loved. The daughter of the Comte de Nevers perished by sudden death, while thou and her father were combating against me; and Etherine, the loveliest of the sylphid race, the daughter of their queen, assumed her form, that she might bestow herself upon thee. Long had I loved and wooed her, but my prayers and threats were vain; aided by her mother's power, she braved me, and the enchanted sword forced me from the body of Raoul, which I had possessed for a hundred and fifty years, to suffer all the torments that rebel-spirits endure. But I fall not unrevenged, since thy happiness is blasted for ever."

The evil spirit vanished. His words had raised a conflict in the breast of the unhappy comte too strong for reason to subdue. Despairing ever to regain her whom he had lost through his own fault, and unable to live without her, he threw himself upon his sword.

The children of this singular marriage lived long and happily; but their mother never more appeared to mortal eyes, till she was seen upon the top of the tower the night before the death of her son, the successor of his father in the title and estates of Poitiers; and since that time her unearthly form, wandering round the battlements of the tower, has been the constant harbinger of the dissolution of all her race.

THE WEIRD BEAUTY.

“ Fly the weird charmer,
Though lovely as the mildest beam of spring :
The sparkle of her eye shoots witching ills ;
Her wishes strike as messengers of fate.”

THE first and second weeks of November 1542, were unparalleled in the memory of the oldest Scots for severe vicissitudes in the weather. The army embodied by James V. suffered extreme hardship from every change ; as the snowdrift, which annoyed the soldiers in marching forward, became heavy rain, and tempestuous winds sent drenching showers to penetrate their garments. With a full moon, the weather settled in keen frost, and a great ebb favoured entering England by the sands of Solway. The Scottish king, with a chosen body of reserve, secured a position to hold in check the Duke of Bedford and his veteran troops that had possession of Berwick. James was oppressed by melancholy, supposed to arise from the failure of George Gordon of Huntley in an enterprise against the pillagers of the border ; but the death of both the king's sons, almost at the same hour, so tallied with the denunciations uttered by Sir James Hamilton and Lady Jane Douglas, immediately before their cruel execution, that the sovereign was filled with the most gloomy terrors of superstition ; his dreams, awful and portentous, deprived him of refreshing sleep ; debilitated in mind and in bodily constitution, he allowed greater ascendancy to the priesthood than formerly ; and they employed numerous hidden devices to aggravate the forebodings of evil, that gave them a command over their royal master.

Preparations for war roused new energies in the bosom of James ; he

appointed Lord Maxwell to lead his forces ; but at the same time gave a secret commission to Oliver Sinclair to keep a minute journal of all proceedings, and to forward to him a duplicate of the same every twelve hours. Oliver punctually attended to these instructions ; but his messengers were intercepted and made prisoners by a dexterous band of Northumbrians. Disguised as pilgrims, as minstrels, or foreign mendicants, these gallant yeomen espied every movement of the Scottish army ; seized stragglers, searched travellers of suspicious appearance, and, in short, cut off all communication with the body of reserve.

Days and nights of watchful suspense grew so intolerable, that James resolved, at all hazards, to discover the cause of Sinclair's apparent neglect of the confidential orders. The trust he had reposed in the favourite could not with safety be imparted to any of the courtiers or officers at his camp ; and to give his secret to their inferior might be still more dangerous. He had often and successfully extricated himself from a dilemma by his own agency ; and why not try this expedient on the present occasion ? His swift and sure-footed nag, Tantallon, had borne him on excursions both political and frolicsome ; and many times had he been saddled by the royal hand, that, in the silence of the night, carrying a dark lantern, found and speedily equipped him for the road.

In the garb of a church dignitary James left his camp ; the pass-word

afforded him free egress; and having crossed the firth of Solway about the dawn of day, he saw two peasants, better mounted than himself, pertinaciously tracing his steps. He had some advantage of his pursuers, in that Tantallon was accustomed to hill and dale, bog and moorland, and would never be retarded by a rugged way. With many doublings he left the peasants *at fault*, and plunging into Nikel forest, leaped from his galloway and climbed a beech-tree, trusting for concealment to the russet hue of the leaves, so nearly the colour of his cloak. He ventured to look from the topmost boughs, and saw the peasants at different stations, evidently lying in wait for him. He concluded that he must remain till darkness should favour his escape. Clinging to the branches, his limbs were benumbed by frost and want of motion; and with darkness the cold increased. Sleep was gradually confusing his perceptions, and he durst not taste the cordial in his travelling flask, lest its narcotic influence might quite overwhelm his senses. In a short time he suffered extremely from thirst. The rising moon gave him an extensive prospect of the country beyond the west and northern verge of the wood. He looked anxiously for water—a cupful of that simple element would have been luxury to the crowned chief of Scotia; but not a streamlet reflected the luminaries of night. It was, however, some consolation that the stately steeds were no longer within view: yet it was probable that they were removed only with a design to throw him off his guard, and that the riders were ready to entrap him. What course should he adopt?

Notwithstanding the impulse of

anxiety, his eyelids were weighed down by sleep, his limbs almost without sensation, his head became dizzy, his sight impaired, captivity or death approached. He might drop from the tree, and become the unconscious, unresisting prisoner of England; or he was likely to expire unnoticed. His death must bring ruin upon Scotland. Torn by internal factions, she would fall an easy conquest to the ambitious Henry of England; or should his emissaries make the imprudent wanderer a captive, the ransom demanded for him would exhaust his impoverished treasury. He unsparingly blamed his own rashness in hazarding mischances so formidable; but one bold effort might avert the worst consequences; and could the descendant of a long line of heroes be wanting to his kingdom in emergency? Every sacrifice was his bounden duty, and he would risk all for the good of his people.

For a moment his thoughts were concentrated by impending danger; the tread of a horse drew nearer and more near. James had been inured to nocturnal rambles and to actual warfare more than any monarch of his era. He was enterprising, brave, and resolute: yet his firmness was shaken by supposing his retreat to have been discovered. However, he determined to sell his life and liberty very dearly, and to meet the foe. When near the ground, his foot touched a saddle, and the well-known voice of Tantallon greeted his ear. He returned the half-drawn sword to its scabbard, and repeatedly crossing his breast and forehead, offered thanksgivings to St. Andrew, the tutelar saint of Scotland, for the seasonable attendance of his equine ser-

vant, and relying upon supernal aid, took the bridle, giving himself up to the marvellous guide. Tantallon proceeded at an easy pace through the intricacies of Nickel forest, until he arrived at a small rick of fodder, which doubtless had attracted him. James released him from the bit, and, with kind caresses, encouraged him to banquet on the hay.

The moonlight was fading away; but a cottage beyond the rick where Tantallon regaled, offered the king a hope of allaying the torment of thirst. He reconnoitred the premises, where a few feeble rays of light transpired through seams in the door. He knocked gently, holding his weapon in readiness for defence, if needful. His low tap was answered by a female voice, saying, "Good gaffer, I have long and impatiently expected thee." The latch was raised, and a woman in homely attire, yet dignified and prepossessing in the maturity of her charms, held a lamp to the face of James. On seeing a stranger, she retreated a few steps, and said, in a tone of solemn emphasis, "Let suffering and death, the common lot of human nature, find reverence due."—"Lady," replied the traveller, "my sacred garb might have prevented your evident alarm. A perishing wanderer solicits your charity; half-frozen with cold, parched with thirst, and sinking under fatigue." The lady welcomed and invited the holy man to take a seat by the fire, and made haste to bring a flaggon of ale, which she warmed with a toast held to the clear coals by her own fair hands. James took a draught, and thanked his hostess in terms more gallant than beseeemed his clerical character: but this impropriety passed unheeded by the lady; her attention

was engrossed by an aged sufferer laid on a couch on the opposite side of the hearth. A deathlike paleness had not quite extinguished the expression of his noble features; though the feeble restlessness of his hands, the convulsive starting of his jaws, and his eyes, half open, rolling in vacancy, shewed the last struggle of vitality. James, who was chafing his hands in the genial warmth, had all his presence of mind on the stretch in this abode of uncertain security; however, he forgot selfish caution when he beheld the dying man, and the tears of the beautiful attendant at his pillow. He rose, and with heartfelt sympathy recommended some cordial that might act as an opiate. The lady said she had expected some medicines and cordials all the preceding day, and was sorely disappointed that the good gaffer delayed coming. James produced a flask, assuring the lady that a few drops of its contents had often relieved the distressed poor. A small quantity, diluted with water, was eagerly received by the patient, and he appeared to wish for more. He was indulged. After a few minutes he drew a long sigh—opened his glazy eyes—fixed them on the stranger, and faintly articulated, "Jam—es! Jam—es!"

"He raves continually about James of Scotland," said the lady. "By him was my dear honoured father reduced to this misery. Yet why trouble you with our sad story?"

"Lady, I beseech you to relate it," answered James. "From the first moment, I perceived that your russet stole could not veil noble birth and courtly address."

"And I, father," responded the lady, "take upon myself to infer,

that the priestly vestments have not long bound you to mortification. Your countenance speaks of accustomed pre-eminence in command, and of passions unrestrained."

"Your penetration could not be eluded, if I should desire to withhold the truth from you, fair daughter," answered the king; "but ere I declare it without reservation, let me hear how and wherefore I see you in a situation so obscure. The gentleman sleeps quietly; will it disturb him if we talk in a low voice?"

"Alas!" answered the lady, "no sound affects his ear since he greatly overheated himself, keeping pace on foot with James of Scotland on horseback."

"James of Scotland must be a tyrant," responded the seeming ecclesiastic, "since he has reduced you to behold your venerable parent closing the scene of life in this miserable hovel. England, that affords the poor shelter, will perhaps avenge your wrongs."

"God forbid! God and the blessed army of the saints forbid! If the sovereign meets disaster, my dear country will also suffer; nor do I now imprecate vengeance upon the oppressor of my father. I have borne to him the most profound and deadly hate: yet in filial obedience I have forgiven our irreparable injuries. The only coherent sentences spoken by my dear father in this illness, enjoined me to cleanse from my heart all resentment against James of Scotland; and I will not disobey the command. Holy man, you are shocked by my inveteracy; listen then to my provocation. Behold in me a maiden of Scotland, who loved and revered her father with a devotedness only surpassed by religious

adoration. I was the offspring of his old age, his only daughter. My brothers were slain in the wars of Scotland, or in fighting the battles of our allies, the French. My mother pined in grief and died. I alone was left to console my father in his grey-haired sorrows; he cherished me as the idol of his tenderest affections. Could I be insensible to his fond indulgence? I speak it not in the boast of womanish vanity, but in sooth to excuse my strong resentment against the oppressor of a faithful subject, that, when bereaved of hereditary possessions and exiled from his native land, my father was forced to take refuge abroad, I rejected splendid offers of marriage, and accompanied a banished parent to France. He had given an asylum to the Count de Marcon when in disgrace with his court, and the service was now repaid by the count. Years passed away, when my father perceiving a rapid decay in his strength, became anxious to lay his bones with the dust of his ancestors. He proposed leaving me with the Countess Marcon, while he threw himself at the feet of his sovereign, imploring pity for an old servant, once a favourite, distinguished by the name of Greysteil, the king's most admired hero of romance; and moreover the exile could justly plead, that no offence had been imputed to him; he was merely included under the general sentence against a turbulent clan. I reminded my father, that King James had sworn never to shew lenity to the race of Douglas; and in agonies of dismay I said, that if my only protector left France I would cling to him in every step of his pilgrimage. On my knees I besought him by the spotless fame of my de-

parted mother, and by his own honour, not to leave me the helpless prey of strangers."

"Ha!" interrupted James, "your words remind me that Francis, the Catholic king, was deeply enamoured of a fair damsel of Scotland, whom men call the Weird Beauty, on account of her fascinating charms; and it was believed, that by unholy influences she fixed her own image in the heart of Francis, so that he had no rest by night or day from the haunting vision; and he sent far and wide, with magnificent proposals, to induce the return of his enslaver, or, at least, to obtain a release from her incessantly present idea or lovely phantom."

"Catherine of Kilspindie speaks to you, reverend father; and I hold the meanest of my clan to be far above the place of dishonoured companion to any monarch. If men call me the Weird Beauty, they may seek in their own wayward nature for the power of my witching arts. They eagerly pursue the object that disdains their wiles. My honest pride, my untainted virtue was all the magic I employed, all the shield I could use against a mortal enemy in the disguise of an obsequious lover. I had for some time suspected the Count Marcon of a design to barter my innocence for the royal favour: yet I dared not breathe the apprehension to my father. He would have challenged Francis and his minion to combat; and his grey hairs and the justice of his resentment would not have protected him from the penalty he must incur by drawing his sword against the king. Let me be candid, and while condemning others, let me not spare my own weakness. I felt that the most dangerous foe was lodged in my own

bosom. The bounty of Francis, the honours he bestowed, raised my father to full equality with his countrymen who came as envoys or visitants to the court of France, and my gratitude exceeded due limits. My only safety could be found in avoiding the adulation with which, in every captivating form, I was hourly assailed by the most engaging of deluders. I saw that the Countess of Marcon wished to supplant me, and would readily assist in my departure; and as I could not prevail upon my father to take me with him, I applied to the countess to help me in following at a short distance. In the semblance of a gipsy mendicant, I kept sight of my parent, and did not make myself known until it became necessary to crave his interference to obtain for me a passage from St. Brieve, in France, to Dungarvon bay, in Ireland. I could then reveal why I fled from the court of France; and all my fears, my sorrows and fatigues were forgotten in my father's approbation, and the comforts of his society.

"With many a weary step my dear father reached Carrickfergus, and he seemed to be reanimated when he inhaled the air of Scotland. I still followed him at a little distance; but seemingly unknown and unconnected with him. In the twilight we conversed in a lone wood, or a by-way, screened by rocks. Our pleasure in meeting was alloyed by my father's regrets at seeing me in the despised garb of an Egyptian, and I procured as soon as possible the dress peculiar to descendants of Mother Hillella. Since the days of good King Robert, the progeny of the Easterns that came to Scotland with the knights of the holy war had sadly degenerated: yet they re-

tained a portion of the valuable qualities that the mother instilled into her descendants and followers. They were, therefore, a trusty, useful, and ingenious tribe; and as artisans, they far excelled the lately introduced foreigners, who professed armoury and working in gold and silver, or more arrogant pretensions to divination. All my interest in those peculiarities has passed away. Let me then go on to the crisis of our adventures. My father and I came late in the evening to Stirling: I was allowed in charity to creep for the night into a nook under the same roof with him; and next day my straining eyes pursued his every movement, watching the king's return from a deer-hunt. How my heart fluttered as between life and death when I heard James exclaim in merry tones, 'By the mass, there is my Greysteil, Archibald of Kilspindie!'

"I saw my honoured parent kneel on the hard cold ground; his locks, bleached by more than seventy winters, blown about by the winds; and so had been scattered the remembrance of his services. I heard his entreaties for leave to spend his few remaining days, penniless and obscure, in his own country, that his corpse might lie in the beloved soil that gave him birth. The king rode off without vouchsafing a word or look to him, in whose arms he was often carried during childhood, and whose blood had been shed in the wars of his manhood. Still hoping to soften a royal heart, the supplicant, though encumbered with armour under his garments, kept pace with the king's gallant hunting steed; but his voice and uplifted hands were disregarded. Spent with fatigue, and overwhelmed with grief, he sat down at the gate of Stirling Castle, and

asked for a draught of water. Even that humble boon was denied; for the menials of the great imbibe the spirit of their employers. I flew to the nearest well, and brought a drink to my almost fainting parent, muttering to myself as I held it to his lips, 'Power of justice! be thou inexorable to James of Scotland in his utmost need; and, like my father, may he die of a broken heart!' But I have recalled this imprecation. My father, meek, yet high-minded, never swerved from loyalty. He exhorted me to forgive; and after a long struggle with the feelings of nature, I forgave our oppressor, as I hope to be forgiven by the Supreme Judge of all the earth.

"Without one friend to sooth or sympathize in his calamity, Archibald of Kilspindie regained his poor lodging, followed by the beggar-girl. We set out for Edinburgh, and finished the journey just in time to witness the cruel and unmerited execution of our kinswoman, the Lady Jane Douglas, sister to the Earl of Angus. Before we were aware, the crowd had fixed us within sight and hearing of the heroic victim. I averted my eyes; but could not exclude from my ears the calm, dignified, convincing affirmations of innocence she addressed to the populace, and the tremendous visitations of evil she denounced against her persecutors. My father and I could not extricate ourselves from the awful, the heart-rending spectacle. I gave one involuntary glance to the victim of perjured enemies; she appeared as an angel of loveliness and virtue taking a last farewell of a sinful world. I looked almost in distraction, and called upon the King of kings to avenge her barbarous murder."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XVII.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. Miss, and Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, REGINALD HILDEBRAND,
Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. APATHY, and Mr. MONTAGUE.

The Vicar. Our friend Counselor Eitherside has written me a letter, to account for his absence. Shall I read?

Omnes. Yes, yes.

The Vicar. Thus he begins:

———, June 5, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am now at this place for the purpose of superintending my friend ——'s election, which is likely to be very warmly contested; so here am I—I who have been living a quiet retired life for several years past—I who have become so nervous as absolutely to dread the appearance of turmoil and strife, and who would as soon encounter the tongues of a hundred scolding fishwives, fresh from Billingsgate, as again embark in those scenes of strife and commotion which are to be found in the courts where I spent all the best days of my life—here I am, I say, now up to my ears in all the hurry and bustle of a canvas, preparatory to a contested election. Ours is the popular party though; and that is some consolation. I can imagine nothing more frightful—nothing more horrible—than to canvas a town, the inhabitants of which are warmly opposed to you; to be exposed to contumely, hisses, and groans; to be obliged to press the greasy palm of every “unwashed artificer,” and perhaps to kiss his child, reeking with impure odours—fah! the very thought makes me sick—and even, after having gone through this ordeal, to be compelled to listen to his senseless abuse, and to hear him say, instead of promising you his support and interest, “I vote for thee! I’ll see thee hanged first.”

But from this worst of all possible evils I am preserved. My friend’s name

is highly popular. The lower class are all Tories; and so are most of the middling and higher classes: his canvas has more the appearance of a triumph than any thing else; and the ladies—God bless them!—shower their smiles and blue favours upon us in abundance.

Of the other candidates, one is a good Tory, like my friend; the other a thorough-paced Whig; and as he is supported by the united interest of the corporation of the borough and a neighbouring aristocrat, I shall have much pleasure in beating him. This, by the way, we are sure of doing. So you must make my excuses to the Coterie, and tell them to drink in a bumper success to my friend ——'s election.

FRANK EITHERSIDE.

Mr. Apathy. I shall drink no such thing; for I hope, wherever there is a contested election, the Tories will go to the wall.

Mr. Mathews. And I wish the Tories every success. The Whigs are such a——

The Vicar. Come, I won’t have my friend’s letter made the means of introducing election politics. Let us change the subject. Reginald, open your budget.

Reginald. I have another offspring of female genius to lay at the feet of the ladies—*Tales round a Winter-Hearth*, by the Misses Porter: two ladies who have contributed their full share to the fictitious literature of England; and the elder of whom undoubtedly was the founder of that species of romance, the genuine historical; which has since, from the magic pen of the author of

Waverley, assumed such a fascinating form and become so popular*.

* Perhaps the following brief sketch of these ladies may not be uninteresting to our female readers: Miss Jane and Miss Anna Maria Porter are the daughters of an officer in the army, who has now been dead some years. Their mother, a lady as venerable for virtue as for years, is still living; their elder brother, Dr. Porter, is a well-known physician at Bristol; and the name of their younger brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, the author of *Travels in Persia*, and several other works, must be familiar to all our readers.

The first literary production of Miss Porter was *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, an historical novel of great interest, in which the characters are finely contrasted, and drawn with much force and discrimination; particularly that of the hero. This work has been followed by *The Scottish Chiefs*, *The Pastor's Fireside*, *Remarks on Sidney's Aphorisms*, and *Duke Christian of Lunenburg*. *Thaddeus of Warsaw* appeared in 1803; it has gone through a number of editions, and is still read very generally. *The Scottish Chiefs* is, however, Miss Porter's most eminent production; it is that with which her name is most generally coupled, and which will be the means of conferring upon her a deathless fame.

The genius of the younger sister, Miss Anna Maria Porter, is scarcely inferior to her sister's. Perhaps she does not soar quite so high in her flight; and yet we cannot help thinking, that her works display more of imagination than even those of Miss Jane Porter. Her principal productions are, *The Hungarian Brothers*, *Don Sebastian*, *The Recluse of Norway*, *The Knight of St. John*, *The Fast of St. Magdalen*, and *Roche Blanche, or the Hunters of the Pyrenees*. The only joint production of the two sisters, as far as we are aware, is *The Tales round a Winter-Hearth*.

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Mr. Apathy. Something on the plan of Miss Lee's *Canterbury Tales*, I suppose; but I question whether equal to them.

Reginald. I am a great admirer of Miss Lee's *Tales*, and must always read them with pleasure; but those by the Misses Porter are of high merit. They are supposed to be told at the domestic tea-table of a quiet family in the country, where the party was unexpectedly detained by a sudden snow-storm; and the first and second are said to have been "related to the writer by a lady of high rank, distinguished for many accomplishments."

Mr. Mathews. As you appear to have been beforehand with us in perusing this fresh accession to the already numberless list of books, let us have a sketch of the contents.

Reginald. Willingly. The first tale, called the *The Castle of Glenar-*

The Misses Porter are as amiable as they are accomplished; and it is a little remarkable, that they should still be living a life of "single blessedness." They reside, we believe, with their mother, who may well be proud of her children, destined as they are to shed a lustre on the name of Porter, which will never be effaced.

As for the style of these young ladies, perhaps Miss Porter's is rather more elevated than her sister's; it is more the language of poetry; but that of Anna Maria's is often the language of feeling. In drawing her characters, Miss Porter usually soars into the *beau idéal* of romance, and presents us "faultless" beings; but they are not monsters. Her sister's heroes and heroines approach nearer to common life. We scarcely know which we prefer; but we heartily recommend the works of both to our readers.

F

von, is a Scottish tradition of the year 1745. It contains nothing remarkable, either in the story itself, or in the manner in which it is narrated. It is scarcely equal to the general standard of Miss Porter's productions. The second, *Lord Howth*, is founded upon a most singular tradition, which the narrator informed Miss Porter is still religiously believed in Ireland. It reminds us of the fairy transformations which we read of in the nursery. Lord Howth, an amiable young nobleman, but of a violently irritable temper, on one occasion preserved the life of a young water-rat, which was attacked by a dog belonging to one of his companions. This rat afterwards followed him wherever he went, and became quite familiar, so much so, that a kind of sentimental attachment ensued between them; and his lordship fastened a gold thread round the foot of the animal, as a sort of distinguishing mark. Teased and ridiculed, however, by his companions about this singular follower, he resolved, at length, to quit Ireland; but the rat followed him, and in a moment of frenzy, at some taunting remark made by a companion, he accidentally killed his little pet at an inn at Holyhead. This incident preyed upon his spirits and affected his health; but he recovered, and returned to his estate, devoting his life to acts of useful humanity. One day (the third anniversary of that on which he had killed the rat) he was traversing the beach, "under a sky of portentous gloom," when a vessel in distress hove in sight, and first striking against a rock, was then engulfed in the bottomless abyss.

But one human form was seen floating upon the waves after the vessel sunk; it was that of a woman, whom Lord

Howth had seen throw herself into the water as the sloop struck.

Still impatient and impetuous, my hero leaped into the boiling sea; and, as it happily drove the female form towards him, he succeeded in catching at her white garments, and dragging her through a tremendous surf to land.

The lady appeared quite dead; but Lord Howth, animated by the hope of being allowed to restore a life during this day, on which he bewailed having taken one, as if endowed with supernatural strength, hurried with her in his arms to his own house, and there, by the aid of Mrs. Florence [his aunt], had the joy of witnessing animation restored.

Even while the fair stranger lay senseless on Lord Howth's shoulder, he remarked the uncommon loveliness of her form and features, the alabaster whiteness of the throat falling back from his support, the long and shining tresses of raven hair which streamed, sea-dropping, over a cheek that wanted only life to kindle into a rare beauty. Even these passive charms fixed his admiring gaze.

But when, reviving, the stranger opened her dark dewy eyes and fastened them upon him, the look penetrated him with a feeling hitherto unfelt, and from that moment he certainly gazed less with the eyes than with the heart.

As Mrs. Florence addressed the rescued lady, the latter sadly shook her head, laid her hand on her bosom in token of gratitude, pronouncing in silver tones, accompanied by gushing tears, a few words in some unknown language.

Miss Primrose. Well, what is the end of all this?

Reginald. You shall hear: the lady recovers, is taught to speak English, and becomes the bride of Lord Howth. They lived most happily for some time; though the constitutional irritability of his lordship is somewhat excited by the pertinacity with which Alma—such is the

fair-one's name, refuses to take off a curiously wrought bracelet that encircled her arm, and which his lordship fancied had belonged to a former favoured lover. On one occasion his temper broke out into violence; but the gentle soothing of his Alma subdued him, and the subject of disagreement was forgotten.

Some few weeks after this scene, Lord Howth, who was going to bathe, and had therefore risen early, returned from his dressing-room, ere he descended to the hall, to steal a kiss from his sleeping wife.

The weather was unusually hot; and Alma had unconsciously thrown herself partly out from the bed-clothes, and was now lying with no other covering over her beautiful face and shoulders than the loosened tresses of her abundant hair. Through its black and shining tresses, the roseate tints of her cheek and the ivory whiteness of her finely rounded throat appeared almost dazzling.

As the doting husband stood and watched her slumbers, at each soft breathing the roses of her cheek seemed unfolding visibly, deepening in colour with every breathing. At once a lover and a poet, Lord Howth murmured to himself,

“The fresh air,

Stirring the living roses of her cheeks,
Bears their rich fragrance with it.”

He might have finished his rhapsody, had not Alma changed her position, and flung one arm out of bed. It was that on which she wore the bracelet! Like Parian marble, and rounded with the sculptor's art, that beauteous arm fixed the gaze of Lord Howth; but it was neither the matchless form, nor the blue veins, crossing and intersecting each other, under its transparent surface, which arrested and fixed him—it was that fatal bracelet.

Alma drew a troubled sigh; he looked intently at her—she had sighed in her sleep. He looked again at her arm, and

made a few steps forward; the light fell direct upon the face of his wife, which, by the alteration of her position, was now completely exposed to observation: he saw tears standing on her cheek, like dew-drops on roses newly gathered.

“She is dreaming of her former lover,” he muttered to himself—“perish all memorial of him!” And as he spoke, with momentary madness, he tore away the fatal ornament.

Alma roused with a piercing shriek: once before only, Lord Howth had so thrilled with a cry. She opened her eyes, and turned them upon him: that look! it went to his soul; it was the last from her dying eyes. She strove to raise herself with outstretched arms to meet his distracted embrace; but, even in the act, her eyes closed, and she fell back upon the pillow, no longer his living Alma. Wild, yet stupefied, Lord Howth stood for a few moments incapable of motion. Alma might have fainted only, from strong emotion! But no! there is a fearful something in the presence of death, which makes itself be felt: who may mistake it? While the grief-shrunken husband stood rooted by the bed, he saw something stir near Alma: what was his amazement and horror when he beheld a rat start forth, cast at him such a look as Alma herself had given him, and disappear from his sight! With maddened impulse, Lord Howth looked at the bracelet in his convulsed grasp; it was gorgeously worked without, but within he beheld the identical gold thread which he had fastened round the foot of his little favourite.

Miss Rosina. And Lord Howth?

Reginald. Died shortly after; thus fulfilling an ancient prophecy, that the last of the Howths should owe his death to one of the rat species.

The Vicar. A singular tale, certainly; but traditions of that kind are still currently believed in Ireland.

I have heard many a wild and romantic tale of superstitious lore from the peasant's wife, as, seated by her peat-fire, she has called to remembrance the stories she had heard or read in the days of infancy.

Miss Primrose. You have often promised to relate to us some of those tales, papa; but I think the promise is yet unfulfilled.

The Vicar. Well, my child, some day I will collect a few of the traditional anecdotes I have heard, and throw them into some sort of form for your amusement.

Mr. Apathy. What is the subject of the next tale?

Reginald. It is a delightful sketch of the lives and fortunes of some individuals of humble life in Scotland, that land of romance, which has become so familiar to us all, since the author of *Waverley* first drew our attention to the various gradations of character which exist among the people; and, by his animated and picturesque descriptions, brought before our mind's eye some of its most celebrated scenes. *Jeannie Halliday*, the tale in question, contains a touching picture of true love, both in man and woman; and some of the incidents possess the most vivid interest. The most important of the tales, however, occupies the whole of the second volume, and is ushered in by a narrative of the adventures of a lady of "the old house of Huntercombe," where a manuscript is discovered, which contains "*The Pilgrimage of Berenice; a Record of Burnham Abbey.*"

Rosina. A tale, I suppose, of monkish superstition and bigotry?

Reginald. Not exactly. It is a record of the life of Berenice, the daughter of Eustace de Bouillon,

brother of Godfrey, the first King of Jerusalem, one of the most renowned chiefs of the Crusades. It is not a very well told tale, for the language is, in many places, slovenly and incorrect; but it contains some brilliant and vivid passages, worthy of the fame of the fair authoresses. The character of Eustace de Bouillon is the best in the tale. It is well drawn, and seems to have been the writer's favourite.

Mr. Mathews. The posthumous work of Mrs. Radcliffe, that we have heard so much of, has also appeared; it is imbued with all that vivid genius, that sublimity of conception, which abound in her earlier works; but there is a deviation in the machinery. In *The Romance of the Forest*, and *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, all the apparently supernatural events are brought about by human means: in *Gaston de Blondeville*, however, a real spectre is introduced; a visitor from the unknown world of spirits comes upon the scene, and develops circumstances of strange import, which I shall leave to you ladies to find out upon perusal.

Miss Primrose. That is very ungallant of you, Mr. Mathews, to excite our curiosity, and then refuse to gratify it.

Mr. Mathews. Curiosity, you know, is said to be the besetting sin of your sex; and sins should be curbed, restrained, and mortified—certainly not gratified.

Miss Primrose. Worse and worse. I declare you grow such a mere cynic, that it is impossible to get a civil answer from you. I shall request Mrs. Mathews to lecture you very severely, unless you improve, and that very shortly too.

Mr. Mathews. Well, if she complies with your request, I must do as I did when forced to remain in M'Culloch's lecture-room, out of politeness to a Scotch friend, whilst the professor was prosing about political economy.

Miss Primrose. How's that?

Mr. Mathews. Why I must make up my mind to bear it as patiently as I can, and pray for a good deliverance, and soon.

Reginald. There are poems, I think I heard, appended to the romance?

Mr. Mathews. Yes; the principal one is called *St. Albans Abbey*, the most striking passage in which I think I remember:

"Throned in the vale and pomp of wood,
The Norman Abbey darkly stood,
And frown'd upon the place of blood,
Beneath the lowering western cloud;
Till the sun, from stormy shroud,
Look'd out in fierce yet sullen ire,
And touch'd the towering pile with fire.
Below, each battled turret seem'd
The martyr's crown of flame to wear;
While through the airy arches there,
The sun's red splendour stream'd.
But transept roofs and aisles between
Lay stretch'd in darker tint and mien,
As if they mourn'd the slaughter'd dead
Laid out in blood beneath their shade.
Slowly the vision changed its hue,
In sullen mists the sun withdrew,
A ball of lurid fire, from view:
Yet curving lines of burnish'd gold
(Traced where light clouds their edges fold)
Through the red haze his station told.
Then evening fell o'er all the vale,
Faded each tower and turret pale;
Till, shapeless, huge, obscure as doom,
The Abbey stood in stedfast gloom;
Vast, indistinct, and lone,
Like being from a world unknown."

Reginald. There is something of the spirit of the mighty wizard of the North, Sir Walter Scott, in those lines: they have his rapid, smooth versification; his power of description; his admiral tact in giv-

ing "a local habitation and a name" to the creations of fancy, the emanations of genius.

Mr. Mathews. I was much pleased with a short poem entitled *December's Eve at Home*, so much so that I committed it to memory:

"Welcome, December's cheerful night,
When the taper-lights appear;
When the piled hearth blazes bright,
And those we love are circled there!

"And on the soft rug basking lies,
Outstretch'd at ease, the spotted friend,
With glowing coat and half-shut eyes,
Where watchfulness and slumber blend.

"Welcome, December's cheerful hour,
When books, with converse sweet combin'd,
And music's many-gifted power,
Exalt or sooth th' awaken'd mind!

"Then let the snow-wind shriek aloud,
And menace oft the guarded sash,
And all his diapason crowd,
As o'er the frame his white wings dash.

"He sings of darkness and of storm,
Of icy cold, and lonely ways;
But gay the room, the hearth more warm,
And brighter is the taper's blaze.

"Then let the merry tale go round,
And airy songs the hours deceive;
And let our heartfelt laughs resound,
In welcome to December's eve!"

Reginald. Pretty, but somewhat tame. By the bye, we have lately been inundated with poetry. Milman's *Anna Boleyn*, Joanna Baillie's *Martyr*, Carrington's *Dartmoor*, and Mrs. Hemans' *Forest Sanctuary*, have been sent me by my bookseller within the last month; together with some volumes of verses and poems, so called, in which nothing is discoverable but an absence of every requisite that we look for in poetry.

Miss Primrose. What do you think the great requisite in a true poet?

Reginald. Imagination, which, inspired by true genius, enables him

to embody his ideas in words that breathe life and animation even to the most torpid heart—imagination, which conceives things that common minds ne'er dreamt of, and communicates them to the world in language fraught with feeling and with force—imagination, which enables him to take in the whole range of creation, and even to penetrate "the world unknown," for subjects for his "Muse of fire."

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;

And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unkuown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing

A local habitation and a name."

Miss R. Primrose. And what are the proper objects of poetry?

Reginald. You appeal to me, as if I were capable of settling a question on which so much has lately been said, and which has engaged the talents of a Byron, a Bowles, a Campbell, a Roscoe, and a Gilchrist, in the controversy: but, really, I must confess my inability to execute a task of such magnitude.

Miss Rosina. But you can give your opinion: are objects of nature or of art the most adapted to poetry?

Reginald. I should say neither, exclusively; and that very often both combined form the finest subjects for poetical description. For instance, take one of the noblest productions of art, standing by itself, and unconnected with other associations—York Minster; or take one of the most awful of nature's works—Vesuvius, when exhaling showers of fire and streams of lava: both might be made the subject of a fine poem, the latter certainly affording

the finest materials to work upon. But still finer would be found in the description of a gallant vessel struggling with the conflicting waves, and enduring all the horrors of the storm. True genius, however, can dignify almost any subject; there is nothing so trivial or unimportant which it will not adorn; whilst to the more exalted feelings and affections, passions and objects, it imparts still higher attractions.

Mr. Apathy. I think Milman's *Anna Boleyn* displays very few signs of genius.

Reginald. No; it is tame in most places, in some absolutely insipid: yet, in other parts, there are passages which rise into eloquence. For instance, the speech of the queen on being carried prisoner to the Tower:

"Back, back, I say!—

I will not enter! Whither will ye plunge me?
Into what chamber but the sickly air
Smells all of blood? The black and cob-
webb'd walls

Are all o'er traced by dying hands, who've
noted

In the damp dews indelible their tale
Of torture; not a bed nor straw-laid pallet
But bears th' impression of a wretch called
forth

To execution. Will ye place me there,
Where those poor babes their crook-back'd
uncle murder'd

Still haunt?—Inhuman hospitality!

Look there! look there! Fear mantles o'er
my soul,

As with a prophet's robe; the ghostly walls
Are sentinell'd with mute and headless spec-
tres,

Whose lank and grief-attenuated fingers
Point to their gory and dissever'd necks,
The least a lordly noble, some like princes:
Through the dim loopholes gleam the hag-
gard faces

Of those whose dark unutterable fate
Lies buried in your dungeons' depths; some
wan

With famine, some with writhing fingers fix'd
In the agony of torture! Back, I say!
They beckon me across the fatal threshold,
Which none may pass and live."

Mr. Montague. Milman never wrote any thing equal to his *Fazio*. That production stamped his fame as a poet; and if he had never written any thing else, he would have stood on a proud eminence, from which each succeeding work has only still further removed him. This is much to be regretted, because I believe he has all the innate genius necessary to constitute a good poet; but he sacrifices his own feelings and opinions to the force of a foolish prejudice. He thinks it indecorous in a clergyman to write for the stage; and hence, though his powers are purely dramatic, and he is capable of producing, I firmly believe, even a finer tragedy than his *Fazio*, he mars all his works by curbing the bent of his genius, and writing dramatic poems for the closet, instead of plays for representation.

The Vicar. I have no hostility to the stage, far from it; I hold it to be, when properly regulated, a good school for virtue, and a scourge for vice: but I still think that a clergyman may be more appropriately employed than in writing plays.

Mr. Montague. Granted: yet as Mr. Milman *does* write upon subjects not connected with his profession, I think the world would sooner forgive him for writing a good tragedy, than it would for producing a bad dramatic poem; and that there would be no greater moral crime in the one than in the other.

The Vicar. There I agree with you; and I also think Milman has failed in the choice of his subjects: they are more suited to the epic than the dramatic Muse; and he would have succeeded better, I think, had he assumed the mantle of

Milton, instead of that of Shakespeare.

Mrs. Primrose. Does Joanna Baillie's *Martyr* sustain her former fame?

Reginald. I think it does: it is a simple story, of the era of Nero's persecutions, beautifully told. I have read and re-read it with increased admiration. Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Hemans I deem the master female spirits of the age. The *Forest Sanctuary*, by the latter, is a delightful poem.

Mr. Mathews. I like her smaller poems better than her more extended compositions. "*He will never smile again*," *Gertrude*, and a hundred others I could name, make an impression on the heart which can never be effaced.

Reginald. I grant you that her longest are not her most finished pieces; but the *Forest Sanctuary* contains some exquisite passages. I will quote only one in support of my opinion, because I wish you all to read and judge for yourselves. Inez, a lovely young Spaniard, is about to suffer martyrdom at an *auto da fe*, as a victim to the Inquisition, when her lover rushes in:

"But she, as falls a willow from the storm,
O'er its own river streaming—thus reclined
On the youth's bosom hung her fragile form,
And clasping arms, so passionately twined
Around his neck—with such a trusting fold,
A full, deep sense of safety in their hold,
As if nought earthly might th' embrace
unbind!
Alas! a child's fond faith, believing still
Its mother's breast beyond the lightning's
reach to kill.

"Brief rest! upon the turning billows'
height,
A strange, sweet movement of some heavenly strain,
Floating between the savage gusts of night
That sweep the seas to foam! Soon dark
again

The hour—the scene—th' intensely present,
 rush'd
 Back on her spirit, and her large tears gush'd
 Like blood-drops from a victim, with swift
 rain
 Bathing the bosom where she lean'd that
 hour,
 As if her life would melt into th' o'erswelling
 shower.

“ But he whose arm sustain'd her!—oh! he
 knew
 'Twas vain, and yet he hoped! he fondly
 strove
 Back from her faith her sinking soul to woo,
 As life might yet be hers! A dream of love
 Which could not look upon so fair a thing,
 Remembering how like hope, like joy, like
 spring,
 Her smile was wont to glance, her step to
 move,
 And deem that men indeed, in very truth,
 Could mean the sting of death for her soft
 flowery youth!

“ He woo'd her back to life—‘ Sweet Inez,
 live!
 My blessed Inez! visions have beguiled
 Thy heart—abjure them! thou wert form'd
 to give
 And to find joy; and hath not sunshine
 smiled
 Around thee ever? Leave me not, mine own,
 Or life will grow too dark! for thee alone,
 Thee have I loved—thou gentlest! from a
 child,
 And borne thine image with me o'er the sea,
 Thy soft voice in my soul—speak! oh! yet
 live for me!

“ She look'd up wildly; there were anxious
 eyes
 Waiting that look—sad eyes of troubled
 thought,
 Alvar's, Theresa's! Did her childhood rise,
 With all its pure and home-affections
 fraught,
 In the brief glance? She clasp'd her hauds
 —the strife
 Of love, faith, fear, and that vain dream
 of life,
 Within her woman's breast so deeply
 wrought,
 It seem'd as if a reed so slight and weak
 Must in the rending storm—not quiver only
 —break!

“ And thus it was—the young cheek flush'd
 and faded,
 As the swift blood in currents came and
 went;

And hues of death the marble brow o'er-
 shaded,
 And the sunk eye a watery lustre sent
 Through its white fluttering lids: then trem-
 blings pass'd
 O'er the frail form, that shook it as the blast
 Shakes the sere leaf, until the spirit rent
 Its way to peace—the fearful way unknown!
 Pale in love's arms she lay—*she!* what had
 loved, was gone!”

Mrs. Primrose. Beautiful! Mrs. Hemans writes with a true woman's feelings, and her descriptions come home to every heart.

Reginald. *Dartmoor* is an admirable poem. Carrington, the author, is a schoolmaster, not very well endowed, I believe, with this world's goods, who resides at Devonport. I wish most heartily this work may be the means of making him better known.

Mr. Apathy. I have read *Dartmoor*, and have been delighted with the many exquisite touches with which it abounds. It is certainly one of the best descriptive poems in the English language.

Reginald. It often reminds me of Thomson; not that remembrance which arises from perusing the servile imitation of some vile poetaster, but that which the similarity of thoughts and feelings between two great geniuses often excites.

Mr. Apathy. I think I can recal to my recollection one passage—an Invocation to Spring:

“ O welcome Spring! whose still small
 voice is heard
 E'en by the mighty tempest of the North.
 Who strays amid thy empire, and feels not
 Divine sensations?—feels not life renew'd
 At all its thousand fountains? Who can bathe
 His brow in thy young breezes, and not bless
 The new-born impulse which gives wings to
 thought,
 And pulse to action? But for *me*, the gale
 That wantons with the flower, and fans the bud
 Into the living leaf, and wafts around
 Fragrance and health, breathes not. The
 bird which sings

His touching lay of liberty and love
To thousands, sings not to my ear. The
hymn

Of earth and sky—the breeze, the flower, the
brook—

All sights and sounds delicious—cheering
still,

From morn to eve, the blushing vernal hour—
Are for the joyous many, who can stray
At will, unshackled by the galling chain
That fate has forged for Labour's countless
sons;

A chain unbroken and unloosen'd oft
From youth to toiling age, save just to taste
How sweet a thing is liberty; to mark
How green the earth, how beautiful the sky;
How all-magnificent the sea—and wear
The hated bonds again. On me the sun
Has seldom shone—a freeman; free to rove
At morn, and hear the feathery nations pour
Their strains full-hearted, ere the ray has
drunk

The dew-drop of the vale; to hear the rills
In joyful tumult rush adown thy slopes,
Devonia; and with lightsome step to scale
Thy hills green-breasted, and delighted view
The infinite of prospect; free at noon,
By fringed brooks, in meditative mood,
To rest where nothing breaks the hallow'd
pause

But lapse of living waters; free at eve
To tread some sun-illumin'd ridge, and gaze
Enraptured on the cloud that sails the west,
With hues celestial tinged, and hear the
song

That bids the day farewell: how seldom
free,

Through life's dull, dreary, heartless round,
at night—

Dear night!—to draw my curtain on the
world,

Invoke the Muse, commune with ages past,
And feast on all the luxury of books!"

Reginald. I recollect that passage; and the poem abounds with equally fine ones. The Rev. W. L. Bowles has also published a volume of beautiful little poems, entitled *The Little Villager's Verse-Book*. It is delightful to see minds like his unbending for the improvement of the humbler classes of society. *The*

Child and Blind Grandfather is equal to any thing in Wordsworth:

“ Though grandfather has long been blind,
And his few locks are gray,
He loves to hear the summer wind
Round his pale temples play.

“ We'll lead him to some quiet place,
Some unfrequented nook,
Where winds breathe soft, and wild flowers
grace
The borders of the brook.

“ There he shall sit as in a dream,
Though nought he can behold,
Till the brook's murmur—it shall seem
The voice of friends of old.

“ Think no more of them, aged man,
For here thou hast no friend;
Think—since this life is but a span—
Of joys that have no end.”

Mr. Montague. Have you read the *Life and Times of Frederic Reynolds*?

Reginald. Yes; and a most amusing book it is; full of anecdote—*piquant* and lively. The author seems to have infused his own spirit into his characters of Vapid, Gossamer, &c.

The Vicar. Well, there rings the supper-bell: such of you as prefer mental to corporeal food, remain here; those who like the latter, follow me.

I must confess all followed our worthy host; and we were soon as busy in the supper-room, discussing the excellent viands set before us, as we were in the library, in settling the merits of the various literary productions brought under our notice.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
June 11, 1826.

A DIRECT ROAD TO THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN:

A true Story; containing important Truths for the Fair Sex.

THE circumstances we are going to relate occurred some ten years since; and have been recalled to memory by two publications eminently calculated for affording edification to the ladies. The first in date is a volume on the culinary art, by Mrs. Margaret Dodds, of the Cleikum Inn. The introduction and notes are adorned by learning, wit, and humour, worthy to entertain a masculine and cultivated mind; the receipts are all practical, and many of them rare or new; and the style, though plain, is spirited and elegant. The other more recent work is publishing in four parts, at a very low price; the pious editor being more anxious to disseminate enlightened views of the phenomena of nature, than for individual advantage. It is entitled *Popular Philosophy, or the Book of Nature laid open upon Christian Principles, and agreeably to the Lights of Modern Science*. By J. Millar, Dunbar, editor of the "Cheap Magazine," &c. &c. The first part only has come out; and it affords, within a narrow compass, a fund of information, calculated for elevating religious impressions, and for rational amusement, in lightly treading the paths of modern discovery. If the pretty girl, of whom we are now to speak, had been an attentive reader of the above-mentioned productions, or, as they were not then extant, had been led to regard domestic economy and mental improvement as entitled to a higher place in her thoughts than dress and small-talk, she might have been a happy matron, instead of being now a faded beauty, in single life, killing

time with a tasteless succession of frivolities. She was well born and accomplished in fashionable education, and might be near the age of nineteen when a young gentleman of handsome fortune was advised by a relation to ask her in marriage. "If Miss — could be always young, and I was to see her only in a crowd, your advice might be taken; but," said Mr. —, "what qualification does she possess to supply the charm of youth, or to endear her by a recollection of domestic hours sweetened by her influence or exertions? I have tried her on many points; for, I confess, her lovely face and playful refinement of manners laid hold on my fancy; but ignorant of arithmetic, how could she regulate household expenses? and despising or neglecting the arrangements of her father's table, how could she direct mine? I have asked her the ingredients in such and such dishes in a strain of raillery, yet with serious intentions. Her answers shewed she knew nothing, and desired to know nothing, of the matter. As a companion, she does admirably for *badinage* in a gay party; but I could never know heartfelt satisfaction with a wife who could not talk with me as a reasonable reflecting being—a being whose religious principles are grounded upon a deep and enlightened conviction of the goodness, the wisdom, the all-pervading power of God. A perpetual round of amusements cannot be supposed to increase the capacity of a young lady for the duties of a wife and mother, nor to cherish the love of home and of simple pleasures."

Mr. — married a young relation

of his own, not distinguished for personal attractions, but genteely educated, though far from pretending to *blue-stockingism*, and qualified to give unassuming opinions upon most subjects. Her mother had been dead a few years, and she presided in her father's house, with a superintendence of her younger sisters, almost maternal. Her household and table were conspicuous for economy, neatness, and elegant propriety. She has a large family of daughters, who, by her precepts and example, are trained to unite graceful accomplishments with humble usefulness. Mrs. — says she was not out of childhood when she heard a remark of Lady C——'s, which she never forgot—that mothers, in their husband-hunting projects, mistake the infallible and direct road to the temple of Hymen. A man of sense requires in a wife not merely an agreeable person and fashionable manners; not a mere musician, paintress, or dancer; he expects to have his family affairs judiciously managed; his servants instructed, if deficient in some points; and, above all, he desires a friend, whose counsel may assist his judg-

ment, and whose habitual love of home will fix her in the sphere of duty.

I have always remarked that young ladies who are usefully employed, especially such as give much attention to housekeeping and the regulation of a handsome table, are happily settled in life before beauties, if they neglect the minor virtues that are in hourly requisition to produce substantial comfort. The insect in the fable fluttering gaily through the summer, in winter melancholy and deserted, is a fit emblem of girls who spend the transient season of youth in idleness and gaiety, thoughtless of the inanity and sadness awaiting their old age.

Lord Lyttelton beautifully inculcates the domestic virtues here recommended :

The household sceptre, if he bids you bear,
Make it your joy his servant to appear;
From fond concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The mistress still will charm him in the wife;
And wrinkled age will unperceived come on
Before his eye observes one beauty gone:
Ev'n o'er your cold, but ever-honour'd urn
His faithful heart will never cease to burn.

MENTOR.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE annual meeting of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, for the distribution of the rewards adjudged during the last year, was held, as it has been for several years past, at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on the 29th of May; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, collected a large concourse of persons interested in the proceedings of the day. The general effect of every part of this splendid house was very striking; the pit, boxes,

stage, and the front of the gallery, being crowded chiefly by well-dressed females.

Mr. Aikin, the secretary, first read an address on the purposes of the Institution, and the success which had attended the cultivation of several of the branches which it is its object to cherish. The Royal President, the Duke of Sussex, then presented the honorary and pecuniary rewards to the various candidates, one hundred and twelve in number, in the following order:

IN MECHANICS.

Mr. T. Collett, Upper Greystocke-place, Fetter-lane, for a pair of shears for making tags for laces—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. George Hooper, Chelsea, for a build-ers level—five guineas.

Mr. C. Hartley, Battle-bridge, for a hand-rail sector—large silver medal.

Mr. W. Spencer, Chatham, for his improved method of letting go an anchor—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. E. Carey, Bristol, for his improved dead-eyes for shipping—silver Vulcan medal.

Mrs. Henry Goode, Ryde, Isle of Wight, for a blind for circular-headed windows—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. James Skinner, New Park-street, Southwark bridge, for an improved stage-coach—thirty guineas.

The same, for a trap for vermin—five guineas.

Mr. Joshua Jenour, jun. Hampstead-road, for a shot-cartridge—fifteen guineas.

Mr. J. Adcock, Leman-street, Goodman's Fields, for an adjustable door-lever—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. J. T. Towson, Devonport, for a banking for a chronometer—silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Mr. W. Palmer, Clifton-street, Finsbury, for an improved ruling machine for engravers—large silver medal.

Mr. D. Magson, Harp-alley, Fleet-street, for a valve and stand-pipe for water-mains—five guineas.

Mr. G. Edwards, Lynn, Norfolk, for a levelling and surveying instrument—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. C. Fay, Piccadilly, for his forceps for dentists—large silver medal.

Mr. J. D. Holmes, Old Fish-street, for his craniotomy forceps—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. J. P. Clark, King-street, Holborn, for his improved cupping apparatus—silver Vulcan medal.

Joseph Goodwin, Esq. clerk of the stables, Carlton Palace, for his table for veterinary operations—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. S. Williams, Ratcliff, for his drag for drowned bodies—silver Vulcan medal and five guineas.

R. Cowen, Esq. Carlisle, for his apparatus to carry off the dust produced in dry-grinding—large gold medal.

Mr. J. Alderson, Pimlico, for an instrument for describing arcs of circles the centres of which are not given—ten guineas.

Mr. M. A. Alderson, Manchester, for a set of working drawings of a steam-engine—thirty guineas.

Mr. P. Henry, Limhouse, for a set of working drawings of a boat steam-engine—twenty guineas.

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

Bryan Donkin, Esq. Chairman of the Committee of Mechanics, for a German boring bit and a French drawing pen.

G. Mainwaring, Esq. Marsh-place, Lambeth, for a working drawing of an hydraulic pressure-engine, erected by him at Whitby.

IN CHEMISTRY.

Mr. J. H. Abraham, Sheffield, for his mode of neutralizing magnetism in the balances of watches—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Roberts, St. Helen's, Lancashire, for his improved safe lamp for miners—silver Vulcan medal and ten guineas.

Mr. J. Cathery, Hyde-street, Bloomsbury, for a mode of coloured etching on ivory—five guineas.

Mr. W. Cooke, jun. Seymour-street North, Clarendon-square, for improvements in etching on steel—gold Isis medal.

Mr. W. Humphrys, Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, for his menstruum for etching on steel plate—gold Isis medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

M. Barbé, the Mauritius, for importing 76 tons of cocoa-nut oil—gold Ceres medal.

The Thanks of the Society were voted to Mr. Huxham of Travancore, for his method of preventing leakage in casks of cocoa-nut oil, and the same was ordered for publication.

IN POLITE ARTS.

Mr. C. Galpin, of Charmouth, Dorset, for his mode of applying black-lead in drawings—silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. Tuson, Queen-street, May Fair, for models in wax of fruit—silver Isis medal.

Mr. D. Fox, Derby, for an improved mode of casting in plaster of Paris—large silver medal.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

Mr. J. Bizo, White Rose-court, Coleman-street, for a drawing in Indian ink of a head—silver palette.

Mr. W. J. Chambers, Long-Acre, for a copy in pen and ink of an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Mr. F. H. Grace, Kensington, for a copy in pencil of an historical subject—large silver medal.

Miss Eliza Stephens, West Brixton, Surrey, for a copy in chalk of figures—silver Isis medal.

Miss Mannoer, Regent's-park, for a copy in chalk of figures—silver palette.

Miss B. S. Wiggins, Piccadilly, for a copy in pencil of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Miss Arabella Thynne, Old Palace-yard, for a copy in pen and ink of a landscape—silver palette.

Miss F. H. Henslow, Cambridge, for a copy in Indian ink of an historical subject—silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water-Colours.

Miss M. A. Cockburn, Regent's-park, for a group of portraits—large silver medal.

Miss M. E. Friend, Shoreditch, for a copy in water-colours of a landscape—large silver medal.

Miss Clark, Kensington, for a copy in water-colours of flowers—large silver medal.

Miss Birtha Thatcher, Walham-green, for a copy in water-colours of fruit—silver medal.

Original in Water-Colours.

Miss Charlotte Chapman, Great Russell-street, for a composition of flowers—large silver medal.

Mr. W. Downor, Woolwich, for a composition of flowers—large silver medal.

Miss Matilda Jones, Coleman-street, for a portrait, a miniature—silver palette.

Miss Twining, Norfolk-street, Strand, for a portrait, a miniature—large silver medal.

Miss Buckton, Birmingham, for a landscape—large silver medal.

Original in Oil.

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

Miss Manning, Leatherhead, for a group of portraits—large silver medal.

ARTISTS.

Copies in Chalk, Pencil, or Indian Ink.

Mr. C. Bradbury, Strand, for a drawing in pencil of a figure—silver palette.

Miss Caroline Derby, Hampstead-road, for a drawing in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Mr. W. Chevalier, Clarendon-square, for a portrait in pen and ink—silver Isis medal.

Mr. James Eke, Somers-town, for a drawing in Indian ink of Ionic capitals—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. Slade, Hatton-garden, for a drawing in pencil of a landscape—silver palette.

Mr. Henry Guest, Bear-street, Leicester-square, for a drawing in pencil of a landscape—silver palette.

Miss Raimbach, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, for a drawing in pencil of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Cornelius Durham, Arundel-street,

Strand, for a drawing in chalk of animals—silver Isis medal.

Drawings and Paintings from Statues and Busts.

Mr. W. Smith, John-street, Crutched-friars, for an outline of the dancing faun—large silver medal.

Mr. G. F. Ball, John-street, Fitzroy-square, for a finished drawing from a statue—large silver medal.

Mr. S. A. Hart, Newcastle-street, Strand, for a finished drawing from a statue—silver Isis medal.

Mr. S. T. Jarrett, Hackney, for a finished drawing from the life, the silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Brigstocke, Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—large silver medal.

Miss Alabaster, Piccadilly, for a drawing in chalk from a bust—silver palette.

Mr. J. Reeve, Brunswick-street, Black-friars, for a drawing in chalk of a horse's head—silver Isis medal.

Copies in Water-Colours

Mr. James Walsh, Chiswick, for a composition of fruit—silver Isis medal.

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

Original in Water-Colours.

Miss M. Ross, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, for a group of portraits, a miniature—gold Isis medal.

Miss Jane Drummond, Rathbone-place, for a portrait, a miniature—silver Isis medal.

Mr. Edward Stow, King-street, Portman-square, for a landscape from nature—large silver medal.

Miss Eliza West, Bath, for a landscape from nature—silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. Hayley, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, for a composition of fruit—large silver medal.

Miss A. Gwennap, Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East, for a composition of shells—silver Isis medal.

Mr. C. Bentley, Mile-End-road, for a landscape from nature—large silver medal.

Copy in Oil.

Mr. D. Pasmore, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, for a composition of figures—large silver medal.

Original in Oil.

Mr. H. T. Bone, Charlotte-street, Portland-place, for a portrait—large silver medal.

Mr. J. P. Downes, Doughty-street, for a portrait—gold Isis medal.

Mr. R. W. Buss, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Mr J. W. Solomon, King-street, Covent-garden, for a portrait—silver palette.

Mr. R. A. Clack, Somers-town, for a portrait—silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. R. Patterson, Broadway, Westminster, for a landscape from nature—large silver medal.

Miss A. M. Arnald, Weston-street, Pentonville, for a landscape from nature—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Clarke, Guildford-street East, Spa-fields, for a composition of flowers—large silver medal.

Mr. W. R. Earl, Kennington, for a group of animals—large silver medal.

Models.

Mr. R. D. Webb, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, for a figure in the round, a copy—silver palette.

Mr. James Hacker, Camden-town, for a bust from the antique—silver palette.

Mr. M. J. Crake, Norton-street, Fitzroy-square, for a figure in the round, a copy—silver Isis medal.

Mr. George Legé, Foley-street, Portland-place, for a figure in the round, a copy—large silver medal.

Mr. E. G. Physick, Regent's-park, for an original group of figures—large gold medal.

Model in Wax.

Mr. T. Taylor, Soho, Birmingham, for a miniature whole-length portrait—

Carving in Wood.

Mr. H. Bailes, Oxford-street, for a carving of a bird—silver palette.

Architecture.

Mr. Richard Richley, King-street, Holborn, for an original design for a national gallery—gold medallion.

Mr. Benjamin Bond, Upper Montague-street, Montague-square, for an original design for a national gallery—large silver medal.

Mr. J. H. West, Villiers-street, Strand, for models of the arch of Constantine at Rome, and the west front of Peterborough Cathedral—

Engraving and Etching.

Mr. W. Hill, Birmingham, for an engraving of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Mr. E. Radclyffe, Birmingham, for an engraving of cattle—silver palette.

Mr. J. H. P. Stubbs, New Road, for an etching of cattle—silver Isis medal.

Miss Eliza Lee, Kensington-square, for an etching of a landscape—silver palette.

Surgical Students.

Mr. J. R. Alcock, New Burlington-street, for a coloured model in wax of a dissected arm—large silver medal.

Mr. H. Attenburrow, New Burlington-street, for an original coloured drawing of a dissected arm—large silver medal.

Mr. Joseph Towne, Royston, Cambridge-shire, for a model of a skeleton—large silver medal.

AGRICULTURE.

Mr. W. Stickney, Ridgmont, near Hull, for his improved variety of ray-grass—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Milton, Great Marybone-street, for an improved bee-hive—silver Ceres medal.

MANUFACTURES.

Miss Pether, for silk raised in England—large silver medal.

Mr. Joseph Loug, Barham, near Ipswich, for a hat of British Leghorn—ten guineas.

Messrs. J. and A. Muir, Greenock, for a hat of British Leghorn—large silver medal.

G. Mainwaring, Bennenden, near Cranbrook, for a hat of British Leghorn—ten pounds.

Frances Cobbing, Bury St. Edmunds, for a hat of British Leghorn—eight guineas.

Mrs. Ingledon, Aldborough, Yorkshire, for a hat of British Leghorn—five guineas.

Mrs. Lourey, Exeter, for a hat of doubled split wheat-straw—five guineas.

Mr. J. Horne, jun. Kenninghall, near Bury St. Edmunds, for Leghorn plat made of English spring wheat—ten guineas.

The following Candidates in Polite Arts had each a Medal awarded to them; but by the Rules of the Society were precluded from receiving it, having had on former occasions an equal one in the same Class of Art:

Miss S. Field, Lower Tooting.

Miss H. Salmon, Piccadilly.

Miss Is. Waters, Hackney.

Mr. E. W. Webb, Tamworth, Staffordshire.

Mr. H. Pearsall, Bath.

Mr. S. Clint, Rolls-buildings, Fetter-lane.

The continued prosperity of this useful Institution may be inferred from the circumstance of the election of seventy-six new members since the last distribution.

ANECDOTES, &c.
HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

NOTION RESPECTING THE GIFT OF
CUTTING INSTRUMENTS.

THE superstitious notion which still prevails among the vulgar, that it is unlucky to give away a sharp or cutting instrument without receiving something in exchange, formerly prevailed among persons of the highest rank. An old French work, *Le Cabinet de Louis XI.* contains a letter from Antoine de Chabannes, Count de Dampmartin, steward and favourite of King Charles VII. and Louis XI. to the Marshal de Gié, who had solicited the gift of a sword from him. He thus writes: "My nephew, Vigier, has acquainted me with your wish to have a sword in my possession. It would afford me pleasure to have it in my power to gratify you in any other way. You should have it in preference to any one else. I am determined to adhere to the maxim of the late king, Charles VII. who disapproved the making a present of any cutting instrument. I will therefore send the sword to M. de Bajaumont, and he may dispose of it to you." A memorandum subjoined to this letter states, that the said M. de Bajaumont sold the sword which he received to the marshal for *six blancs*; for which one mass was said, that the sword might not be considered as absolutely given away.

FUNERAL OF A WIG.

In a letter written in 1777 by the celebrated Madame d'Épinay to the Abbé Galiani, she relates the following anecdote: The lieutenant of police was one day invited to a grand dinner, and bespoke a new wig for

the occasion. The day arrived, but the wig was not sent home. At length a messenger was dispatched to the wig-maker, who, it appeared, had been in a good deal of trouble. His wife had a few days before been delivered of a child, which had died the following day, and the mother was still in imminent danger. These circumstances would, he trusted, be a sufficient excuse for his not keeping time with the lieutenant. "The wig is nevertheless ready," said the *frisieur*, "only I had nobody to send with it. There it is in that box." The valet, curious to see it, opened the box, but found that, instead of the wig, it contained the dead infant. "Good God!" exclaimed the *frisieur*, "then they have buried the wig!" This was actually the case; and it required a special order of the archbishop and the municipality before the wig could be disinterred, and the remains of the infant committed to the earth.

DAMIENS.

When Damiens, who attempted to assassinate Louis XV. was executed, a lady of distinction hired a place at a window in the Place de Grève for twelve louis-d'ors, and amused herself with playing at cards till the malefactor was brought forth. This fact was related to the king, who, covering both his eyes with his hands, exclaimed, "*Fi, la vilaine!*" Another lady, pitying the horses which required a good deal of beating before the muscular frame of Damiens could be torn asunder and quartered, cried repeatedly, "*Ces pauvres chevaux!*" The king,

who considered the malefactor as insane, and would have granted him his life, never called him by his name, but only *Monsieur* or *Le Monsieur*.

LOUIS XV.

Louis XV. was extremely afraid of death. "You are getting old, commander," said he, once addressing M. Souvré; "where will you be buried?"—"At your majesty's feet," replied the commander. The king spoke not another word the whole evening. Notwithstanding this dread of death, Louis felt a particular interest about graves, corpses, and funerals.

RELICS AT DOBBERAN.

The church at Dobberan, in Germany, contained several centuries back, when it belonged to an abbey, many relics which were carried off during the Thirty Years' war, and the place of which has been supplied by others. The principal was a piece of the cross of Christ, presented to the abbey by Duke Henry the Pilgrim. The curious are here still shewn the following articles: 1. Some flax from the spinning-wheel of the Virgin Mary. 2. A bundle of hay left behind by the three wise men of the East. 3. A rag belonging to the garment of poor Lazarus. 4. The first joint of the thumb of St. Christopher the Great. 5. A shoulder-blade of the same saint. 6. A piece of linen which the Virgin Mary made with her own hand. 7. A piece of the head of the fish which would have swallowed Tobias. 8. A bit of the napkin of the bridegroom at Cana, in Galilee. 9. Some bones of Adam's grandmother. [The person who shews these curiosities, when he comes to this lot, takes care to

remark, that this Adam was not the first man, but Abbot of Dobberan.] 10. The piece which Potiphar's wife tore out of Joseph's mantle when he fled from her caresses. 11. The knife with which Dalilah cut off Sampson's hair. 12. A piece of the apron of the butcher who killed the fatted calf on the return of the Prodigal Son. 13. The stone with which David killed Goliath. 14. A piece of the swaddling-clothes of Christ. 15. The Virgin Mary's night-cap, in which are some bones of the Innocents massacred by command of Herod. 16. The night-cap of the infant Jesus. 17. Half of the head of unbelieving Thomas. 18. and 19. The heads of Paul and Peter, whose skulls are but half as thick as Thomas's. 20. A piece of Peter's rent net. A bone of St. Ignatius Loyola, some hairs out of St. Jerome's mustaches, a piece of Judas's entrails, and a small sprig from the tree on which Absalom was left hanging, are not now extant; but an image of the Virgin is still shewn, which, being once stolen and carried out to sea, raised so violent a tempest, that the thieves were obliged to carry it back to Dobberan.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

Not long before the king's death, Lucchesini, Herzberg, Görz, and other ministers came to him as usual. "I have not closed my eyes all night," said the king, "and in the morning, when I felt disposed to sleep, I was obliged to attend to business."—"Your Majesty," replied Görz, "might surely have indulged yourself."—"What!" rejoined the king, looking stedfastly at him, "do you suppose I am paid by the state to do nothing?"

DANCING DRESS AT THE COURT OF
LOUIS XIV.

In Moliere's time, as it is well known, ballets were so much in vogue at the French court, that Louis XIV. himself danced in them. The dress of the ladies would appear extraordinary at the present day: the robe was slit up at both sides, and under it they wore black drawers reaching to the knee and white silk stockings; otherwise, in side steps, the leg and thigh as high as the hip would have been exposed.

LUDICROUS MISTAKE.

Reynolds the dramatist, in the interesting *Memoirs* which he has just given to the world, furnishes an amusing instance of the ludicrous mistake to which travellers are liable in a foreign country with the language of which they are not well acquainted.

"Wanting to walk on the pier" (at Calais), says he, "I asked the *garçon*, who spoke English very tolerably, the French for it. He thinking, as *Milord Anglais*, I could mean nothing but *peer*, a lord, replied *paire*. Away then I went, and passing over the market-place and draw-bridge, stumbled on the *pier*, without having had occasion to inquire my way to it by the *garçon's* novel appellation. There I remained strutting my half hour till dinner-time. At the *table-d'hôte* the commandant of the troops of the town sat next to me, and among other officers and gentlemen at the table were the president of the council at Ratisbon, a Russian count, and several Prussians, in all amounting to about twenty, not one of whom, as it appeared to me, spoke English, except a

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remarkably pretty Irishwoman. I thought I could never please a Frenchman so much as by praising his town. 'Monsieur,' I said condescendingly to the commandant, '*j'ai vu votre paire*,' meaning, I have seen your pier—but which he naturally understood, I have seen your *père*, father. This address from a perfect stranger surprised him. '*Il est beau et grand, monsieur*,' I continued. The commandant examined me from head to foot with an astonishment that imparted to me an almost equal share. I saw there was a mistake, and I attempted to explain, by pronouncing very articulately, '*Où, monsieur, j'ai vu votre paire sur le havre*.'—'Eh bien, monsieur,' replied the commandant, '*et que disait-il?*'—I was astounded, and looking round the room for the keeper to the supposed madman, I discovered that the eyes of the whole company were upon me. 'Monsieur,' I cried, again attempting to explain, with as much deliberation and precision, and in as good French as I could command, '*monsieur, est-il possible que vous résidez ici, et que vous ne connoissez pas votre paire—votre paire si—si long!*' This speech naturally only increased the incomprehensibility of the whole conversation; and the commandant beginning, in rather *haut en bas* terms, to demand an explanation, like all cowards when driven into a corner, I became desperate. 'Messieurs,' I cried, somewhat boisterously, '*il faut que vous connoissez votre paire—le paire de votre ville, qui est fait de pierre et a la tête de bois—et à ce moment on travaille à lui raccomoder sa fin, à laquelle le vent a fait du mal.*' This was the *coup-de-grace* to all decorum; every Frenchman abandoned

himself to his laughter till the room fairly shook with their shouts, and even the astonished commandant himself could not help joining them. 'Allow me, sir,' said a gentleman sitting by the side of the Irish lady, and whom I had not previously observed—'My dear sir,' interrupted I, 'you are an Englishman—pray, pray explain.'—'Sir,' he replied, 'you have just told this gentleman,' pointing to the commandant, 'that his father is the father of the whole town—that he is made of stone, but has a wooden head—and at this moment the workmen are engaged in mending his end that the wind has damaged.' I was paralyzed. 'Tell me,' I cried, as if my life had depended on his answer, 'what is the French for *pier*?'—' *Jetée*, or according to the common people, *pont*,' he replied. I had scarcely sense enough left to assist the Englishman in his good-natured attempts to unravel the error. He succeeded, however, and then commenced in French an explanation to the officers. At this moment the waiter informed me the St. Omer diligence was about to depart. I rushed from the scene of my disgrace, and stepped into the vehicle just as the termination of the Englishman's recital exploded an additional *éclât de rire* at my expense.

TALE OF A TRAVELLER.

From the same writer to whom we are indebted for the preceding article, we extract the following:

"Travelling by the night-coach (from Bath to London), when we reached Chippenham, we were joined by a most garrulous, but at the same time a most agreeable, passenger, at least such he appeared to me; and as he may probably prove not unentertain-

ing to others, I will risk narrating some of his anecdotes. This young gentleman had lately been on a visit to Lord Harcourt, at Nuneham, where he had met divers persons of celebrity, amongst others Mrs. Siddons, of whom he spoke in terms almost of rapture, both of her public and private life. 'During the summer,' he said, 'he had been at an evening party at her favourite cottage at West-bourn, on the Harrow road, to which pleasant residence only one annoyance was attached—an adjoining small tavern and tea-garden. So narrow was the separation between the two houses, being merely divided by a hedge, that the publican, after displaying in large letters, 'Licensed to sell wines and spirituous liquors,' left remaining in larger letters, long placed there to mark the separate establishment—' *N.B. No connection with next door.*' Proceeding to another subject, our indefatigable orator now informed us, that he was present at the first review of the Prince of Wales's corps after Andrews' appointment to the colonelship. Being asked by a countryman standing near him, who was the commander of the regiment, our witty fellow-traveller pointed to Andrews, whose celebrity in a particular branch of dramatic composition must be remembered, and said, 'He with the *epilogues* on his shoulders.' Our amusing friend had likewise seen, what many others of that day had seen, a multitude of martial heroes, who, owing to Buonaparte's threatened invasion, had suddenly entered volunteer corps, and assumed a red coat and a flashy outside; but he had never seen the dramatic writer, he added, who, resisting this military mania, had returned to the deputy-

lieutenant on the printed circular, as a ground of exemption from service—'Lame and a coward.'—'Certainly,' he continued, 'very candid, and not in the least similar to Falstaff or Bessus. My father, however,' he went on, 'has seen the said dramatist (Reynolds), and he says that he talks much better than he writes. In my opinion, certainly, this is no very difficult task, as any gentleman here, who, like myself, has had the misfortune to witness the representation of any of his innumerable five-act farces, will also, I am sure, willingly testify.'—'I have seen many of of them,' I replied, 'and judging by the specimens of dialogue they offer, I should imagine that the author could not even possess so much conversational talent as you are pleased to allow him.'—'I beg your pardon, rejoined my companion: "my father once met him at Dr. Parr's, where the conversation turning on the Hebrew language, Reynolds, among the rest, proceeded to give his opinion; when he was suddenly interrupted by the author of a confused and failing novel, then lately published, who jeeringly cried, 'Come, come, Mr. Dramatist, you know nothing of this matter—no, not even one of the names of the few Hebrew books now in existence.'—'Don't I?' rejoined the playwright, 'I know the names

of two: one is *The New Testament*, and the other *your new novel*.'—'This retort completely silenced Mr. Novelist, I assure you.'—'No doubt,' I rejoined, 'for a very neat retort it is: indeed I have only one slight fault to find with your whole story, and that is, in the first place, this retort was never made by Reynolds; and, in the second place, Reynolds never dined with Dr. Parr.'—'Indeed, sir!' said my amazed companion, 'and pray who told you so?'—'Reynolds himself, who at this moment has the pleasure *personally* to assure you of the truth of his assertion.' Owing to the darkness of the night I could not perceive the alteration of his countenance, for that there must have been a very striking one I infer from the striking change in his conversation. From this moment he became extravagantly and ridiculously civil, helping me most prodigiously at supper, superintending the removal of my luggage from one coach to another, raising and lowering the window at a hint or even a gesture; in short, during the remainder of the journey, I had an active and zealous servant free of all expense. And this is not the first, nor will it be the last time, that an author has gained as much by censure as by panegyric. Any thing but obscurity!"

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Companion to the Piano-forte Primer, containing the Rudiments of Fingering, &c. with Remarks on the Mode of Practising in general, intended to assist the Student in the absence of the Master, by J. F. Burrows. Op. 14. Pr. 10s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

THE present work, joined to Mr.

B.'s Piano-forte Primer, forms a complete body of instruction on that instrument; the former containing the theoretical branch, while "the Companion" is exclusively appropriated to execution. Treatises of the latter description have appeared frequently of late, and several of them have been commented upon in our critiques.

Their contents are so similar, that a detail, in the present instance, appears to us scarcely necessary. Every species of digital and manual drill, and of passages on record in classical works, is illustrated by the necessary exercises, accompanied with directions for their proper performance. In this respect, Mr. B.'s book possesses decided advantages, from the great number and variety of examples (439 in all), and the aptitude, as well as the perspicuity, of the didactic portions of the work. The instructions given "on the mode of practising" in general are very valuable, however brief. The chapter "Of Expression," as in most treatises, is confined to the due observance and proper execution of the marks affixed by the composer; and the nature of this kind of works may, perhaps, be pleaded as a justification for not transgressing these limits, narrow as they are. The written directions of the composer can embrace but a small part of what we would comprehend under the term of expression, and much of which we conceive to be capable of positive illustration by means of short examples. Expression, in our sense of the term, consists in properly representing the musical sense of a period, giving it its due musical utterance, its declamation, as it were, with reference to accent, variation of force, general meaning, and feeling.

Upon this subject, scarcely any thing has, as yet, been said in books of instruction; and, although a great deal, no doubt, must be left to the taste and feeling of the performer, we are convinced that even so much as can be positively exemplified would be of infinite use to the student, were it only to call his attention to so im-

portant an object, and put him into the right path for ulterior investigation. Even so little as six or eight pages devoted to this chapter would go a great way. When we reflect on the mass of musical publications incessantly put forth, it is a matter of regret not to see a few sheets exclusively appropriated to the purpose in question by some one of our numerous professors sufficiently qualified for the undertaking. As Mr. B. ranks high among that number, our present hint may perhaps induce him to think of the matter, and devote a portion of his time to so laudable an object.

Study for the Piano-forte, consisting of a daily Practice on the Scales in all the Major and Minor Keys, &c. composed and arranged by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell, Bond-street.)

Mr. Klose's book (9 pp.) sets out with stating the general rules, and their exceptions, for fingering all the major and minor scales. These rules are next exemplified by an exhibition of the scales themselves, accompanied with short observations; and last of all, a table is given of the signatures of the major keys, as well as of the minor keys on the same note, and of the relative minor keys of each major key, duly arranged for the purpose of a general view and comparison. As all this is done with proper care and perspicuity, the book cannot fail to be useful.

Grande Sonate à quatre mains pour le Piano-forte, dédiée à Monsr. Onslow, par Fred. Kalkbrenner. Op. 76. Pr. 10s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co. Chappell and Latour.)

It is not often that, in these times, a composer for the piano-forte ventures upon a work of such extent as

the present sonata, which contains an allegro $\frac{4}{4}$ in F major (33 pp.) an andante $\frac{3}{4}$ in F minor (8 pp.) and a rondo $\frac{4}{4}$ (22 pp.) in all 63 pages for both performers! All this voluminous aggregate of music is written in a superior style, with abundance of science, modulation, counterpoint, &c. brought into play with taste, and with that maturity of compositorial knowledge and experience for which Mr. K.'s works are generally remarkable. But we are free to own, the quantum of sterling original melody is comparatively small. There is less to touch the heart than to employ the head and fingers. Under the hands of two good performers, this sonata will be found highly effective; for the two parts are interwoven into each other with great skill, and with an obvious view, nay, we may well add, with an evident certainty, of their conjoint result.

La Rosière, a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, composed by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s. — (Latour, Bond-street.)

This divertimento we feel warranted in introducing to the notice of amateurs of moderate proficiency, with strong recommendations. We meet, it is true, with various ideas not altogether original (the *Crociato*, among others, has not remained unremembered); but there is a captivating ease and elegance of style and treatment, an absence from any affectation of learned profundity, and yet a due portion of science, displayed in *La Rosière*, which, we doubt not, will please all parties, including even the adepts in the art. Every thing is clear and good.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *A Selection of favourite Airs from the*

Opera of "Il Crociato in Egitto," composed by Meyerbeer; arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by F. J. Klose. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Chappell and Co.)

2. *Favourite Airs selected from Meyerbeer's celebrated Opera, "Il Crociato in Egitto," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by J. Purkis.* Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)
3. *Hodsoll's Collection of Duets.* No. 57. pr. 1s. 6d.; Nos. 58. and 59. pr. 2s. 6d. each.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)
4. *Petit Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by S. F. Rimbault.* Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)
5. *Mozart's celebrated Grand Symphony, adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for a Flute, Violin, and Violoncello, ad libitum, by S. F. Rimbault.* Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s.—(Hodsoll.)
6. *"Oh! merry row the bonnie bark," with an Introduction and Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by G. Kiallmark.* Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

1. Mr. Klose's collection has three fine airs from the *Crociato*—"Vedi il legno," the charming chorus and dance, "Cara Mano," so justly admired for its elegant simplicity, and "Giovinetto Cavalier," which, in various shapes, has occupied our critical pen more than a dozen times. These tunes Mr. K. has arranged very neatly and effectively, yet so as to require no great skill of execution; and there is moreover a good flute part to them.

2. The favourite airs selected by Mr. Purkis from the *Crociato* are—"Giovinetto Cavalier" (of course!); the march, "Queste destre;" "Cari oggetti;" and "Ah questo è l'ultimo." The several subjects have been strung together under various transpositions of keys, in a manner similar to that adopted in Mr. P.'s previous operatic divertimentos, to which this selection may be considered as forming an additional link in the chain, full as interesting and

unclogged by difficulties as any of its predecessors.

3. 4. 5. The contents of the three above-mentioned numbers of Mr. Hodson's Collection of familiar Duets are as follows: No. 57. the waltz from poor Weber's *Freyschütz*; No. 58. three airs from Salieri's *Tarare*; No. 59. Rossini's "Una voce poco fà." The arrangement of all three is by our indefatigable friend, Mr. Rimbault, who has done the needful with great propriety and in a workmanlike manner. It is curious to observe the vast difference of style between what was considered good music forty years ago (Salieri's), and indeed is so still, and the two airs of Weber and Rossini. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the arrangement is perfectly easy.

Our No. 4. also by Mr. Rimbault, is a rondo of very slight materials and texture, obviously intended for juniors, and proper enough for that purpose.

No. 5. is a well-known symphony of Mozart's in B b, with the beautiful andante in three flats, the eighth in the series of Mozart's Symphonies published by Mr. Hodson. The adaptation by Mr. Rimbault is, as usual, very meritorious and complete.

No. 6. The introduction to Mr. Kiallmark's variations upon this Scotch theme is satisfactory. Of the variations themselves we cannot say much, either in the way of praise or blame. There is nothing very striking in any of them, except perhaps the end of var. 4. which is showy. In the finale, pages 8 and 10, some fair ideas occur to attract a certain quantum of attention. But upon the whole, the publication cannot have cost much trouble to its author.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. "Alas! he's gone," a Moral Song, composed by E. Solis. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Horn, Borough-road.)
2. "Oh! sweet was the hour," a Canzonet, written, and adapted to a favourite Italian Air, by W. Ball. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell, Bond-street.)
3. "O beauteous river," written, and adapted to a favourite French Air, by W. Ball. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Chappell.)
4. "Rising in her holiest lustre," written, and adapted to the favourite French Air, "Te bien aimer," by W. Ball. Pr. 1s.—(Chappell.)

1. The poetry of Mr. Solis's moral song is so so; and the first line of the second stanza is so materially defective, that it cannot be sung to the melody. As to the latter, it affords, amidst some minor objections, sufficient grounds for exhortation to continued lyric exertion.

The circumstance of the vocal periods having but three bars, uncommon as it is, presents no ground of objection here, due metrical symmetry of periods being preserved. In the melody itself, a greater degree of unity of character and of tonic would have been desirable. The signature is D minor, and the vocal portion occupies just four lines; but in this short space *four* different tonics are brought into action, D minor, F major, C major, and A minor, besides resolving dominants, sevenths, &c. of different kinds and shapes. Here, therefore, the harmony is too varied and chequered, considering the compass of the air, and—what thus was scarcely avoidable—the transitions from one harmony to another are sometimes too sudden.

Setting aside the above objection, which, in fact, is finding fault with having too much of a good thing, we are free to say, that a high degree

of tasteful conception, and, occasionally, strong touches of deep feeling, are observable in this composition. One would almost think the composer, in bewailing the loss of a promising boy, had been influenced by stronger impressions than those which a mere effort of his art could excite.

2. 3. 4. The numerous foreign melodies of Mr. Ball's adaptation, which we have noticed on different occasions, appeared to us invariably selected with taste and judgment. Those referred to under the above numbers, have already been brought before our readers in other shapes, and they are all extremely attractive. The two French airs, in particular, are simply sweet, and altogether truly fascinating. The accompaniments, although presenting no strong features of interest, are sufficient and proper. The poetry is fair enough upon the whole; but there are words here and there which do not adapt themselves kindly to the original melody.

HARP, GUITAR, VIOLIN.

1. *First Duet for the Piano-forte and Harp, arranged and composed by J. Mazzinghi.* Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)
2. *Second Petit Mélange for the Harp, on favourite Airs from "Il Crociato in Egitto," composed by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 4s.—(Chappell.)
3. *No. 3. of Dramatic Scenes from Italian Operas, containing the favourite Military Chorus in "La Donna del Lago," arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 6s.—(Chappell.)
4. *Soirées Dramatiques, select Airs from the latest and most admired Italian, French, and German Operas and Ballets, arranged as Solos for the Harp, with Accompaniment of Flute, ad libitum, by the most celebrated Composers for that Instrument.* Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)
5. *Fantasia for the Spanish Guitar, composed by J. A. Nüske.* Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Boosey and Co.)
6. *Six Quartetts for two Violins, by T. Howell.* Pr. 7s. 6d.—(T. Howell, Bristol.)

1. Mr. Mazzinghi's duet for the piano-forte and harp consists of the theme "nel cuor piu non mi sento," with variations and digressions of divers kinds, shared alternately by both instruments, and requiring a certain degree of executive dexterity. Under the latter condition, the duet will be found highly effective, and as interesting as the universal currency of the theme for these forty years and more will admit of.

2. Of Mr. Bochsa's second *mélange* from the *Crociato*, we have only to say, that it contains four or five very fine airs from the opera, arranged with great taste for the harp; not very difficult, yet in a style so as to demand some experience and practical knowledge.

3. The third number of Mr. Bochsa's dramatic scenes from Italian operas contains the grand military chorus in *La Donna del Lago*, together with the andante sung by Roderick Dhu; the arrangement for the harp, piano-forte, flute, and violoncello is rich and most effective, even without the aid of the two last-mentioned instruments. It would be difficult to point out a more brilliant and interesting adaptation of this kind.

4. Messrs. Boosey and Co. have commenced their selection of *Soirées Dramatiques* for the Harp, with a real novelty; the first number containing four or five pieces from the new opera, *La Dame Blanche*, by Boieldieu, which has caused great sensation in France, and is now performing with enthusiastic applause, not only in Paris, but in most of the great theatres in the provinces. The music certainly has considerable merit, and is, we conceive, superior to our own dramatic compositions of the present day; but the French over-

rate its value in pronouncing it a classic work, likely to maintain a permanent reputation. Many of its pieces are pretty and melodious, and exhibit occasionally striking dramatic touches, especially the choruses. On this account they are well calculated for instrumental extracts of the present description, and the anonymous adapter of the number before us has performed his task with taste and judgment.

5. Of Mr. Nüske's fantasia for the Spanish guitar we can only speak theoretically, our acquaintance with that instrument not being of a practical nature. There is a *largo* and *andantino* of considerable extent, and these are followed by six variations upon "God save the King." The score of these is uncommonly full and complete, the same invariably embracing three, and even four, distinct parts, besides divisions and amplifications of considerable rapidity and intricacy. An experienced player is therefore indispensable to do justice to Mr. N.'s fantasia.

6. Six *Quartetts* for two Violins! Two and two used to make four, but here, it seems, twice one is four. To be sure, as there is such a thing as killing two birds with one stone, it would follow, according to Cocker, that four might be hit with two. Mr. Howell literally has two strings to his bow, which exactly amounts to four strings for two bows; and this, at once, will let our readers into the secret of his publication, without attributing the mystery of its title to the neighbourhood of the Irish Channel, from whence the work has reached us. Each violin has two parts, *i.e.* double notes, almost throughout; and we thus certainly have four parts, but still not *quartetts*; for the

terms duet, trio, quartett, &c. are not, at least in instrumental music, deduced from the number of parts assigned to each instrument, but from the number of performers for which the piece is intended: otherwise we should have innumerable duets, trios, &c. for *one* performer on *one* piano-forte, on which instrument not only two hands are at all times brought into action, but three, four, and more distinct parts are often allotted to one player.

But enough of the title, the correctness or incorrectness of which is of secondary consideration. The object of the work will best appear from the author's own explanation: "These quartetts are intended to form a study particularly designed to remove the great difficulty of playing nicely in tune, by affording a combination of sounds, that can be more accurately judged of by the student, than a melody, by which the ear is more easily deceived; they will likewise tend to form an excellent position of the left-hand fingers, and to give a correct knowledge and command of the most general double stops on the instrument," &c. &c.

Mr. H.'s intentions in writing these duets—quartetts, we were going to say—are certainly laudable and judicious; and we feel no hesitation in declaring that he has successfully accomplished his object. He has furnished the student with a well-digested and very useful book for practice, especially as regards the execution of double notes with the necessary facility and purity: in fact, upon the aforesaid principle of having two strings to one bow, every piece may be said to furnish a double lesson, and the pupil, moreover, can-





not fail to become intimately acquainted with the nature and the true distances of every interval on the violin; while, at the same time, Mr. H.'s arrangement will go a great way in familiarizing the pupil with all sorts of harmonic combinations.

In conclusion, we have to add that the composition is so arranged as to admit of the first violin being played without the aid of the second violin part; or, as the author states, "these quartetts may be played as duets for one violin."

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

WALKING DRESS.

PELISSE of straw-colour *gros de Naples*, fastened in front; the collar low, but rather deeper, and projecting as it reaches the back, admitting a narrow *ruche* of fine tulle: the waist is long and drawn behind, but made to fit the shape in front. The sleeves are large and full to the elbow, whence they gradually lessen, and are finished with a plain neat cuff. The skirt is trimmed down the front with the same material by a continuation of scrolls, enlarging as they descend, attached on the outside by buttons, and within united by their circular termination. The effect is very pleasing. Pelerine or *fichu* of straw-colour *gros de Naples* like the pelisse, trimmed with a double *ruche*; narrow at the *ceinture*, and expanding towards the shoulders. Hat of straw-colour *gros de Naples*; the brim large, circular, and flat in front, but shallow behind, ornamented with rays of royal purple ribbon, and a bow at the edge on the left side; the strings uncut; the crown rather high, fully and fancifully trimmed on the right side with broad purple and straw-colour ribbon. *Cornette* of tulle; the hair in large curls; red cornelian brooch, ear-rings, and bracelets. Gloves of pale blue kid; geranium-colour shoes;

pale-rose-colour parasol, with a white border.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white *satın Turque*; the *corsage* cut bias, plain and close to the shape, made rather high and circular, and ornamented with a pale blue satin trimming, having very deep scollops corded at the edge; between each scollop is a gold-colour satin piping. The sleeve is very short, moderately full, and set in a band, and has a second row of trimming on the shoulder. The skirt has two flounces; the upper headed by a blue satin rouleau, from behind which golden straps proceed at equal distances, fall over, and sustain the deep scollops, and conceal the commencement of the lower row, which reaches half over the wadded hem at the bottom of the skirt: gold-colour satin sash. The hair is in ringlets, and parted in front *à la Vandyke*, with bows of blue satin on each side, just above the ear. Gold chain with an ornamented cross; long pendant gold ear-rings and necklace; cameo bracelets outside the long white kid gloves, which are French trimmed. Shaded grenadine scarf; white satin shoes; painted horn fan.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

HORIZONTAL GRAND PIANO-FORTE.

THE knowledge of music is now so generally diffused, that musical instruments are almost become an essential part of furniture, and among them we can reckon none more frequently used than the piano: we have, therefore, selected it for the subject of the annexed plate, which represents a horizontal grand piano-forte. As this, from its size, would be a leading feature in any apartment, it ought to partake of the style of decoration adopted for the latter.

This instrument being totally unknown to our ancestors, and only invented within the last half century, we can merely decorate the given

forms by traceries and other Gothic ornaments best calculated to assist the sound, and to fulfil the intent of the instrument. We have chosen the style of the 15th century, as being the most applicable to our purpose, and admitting the greatest variety of arrangement.

The stool partakes also of the same character.

The appellation *piano-forte* is compounded of two Italian words, which signify *soft* and *loud*, intimating that this instrument can be played in either manner; and in this respect it differs from the harpsichord, which is not capable of that variation.

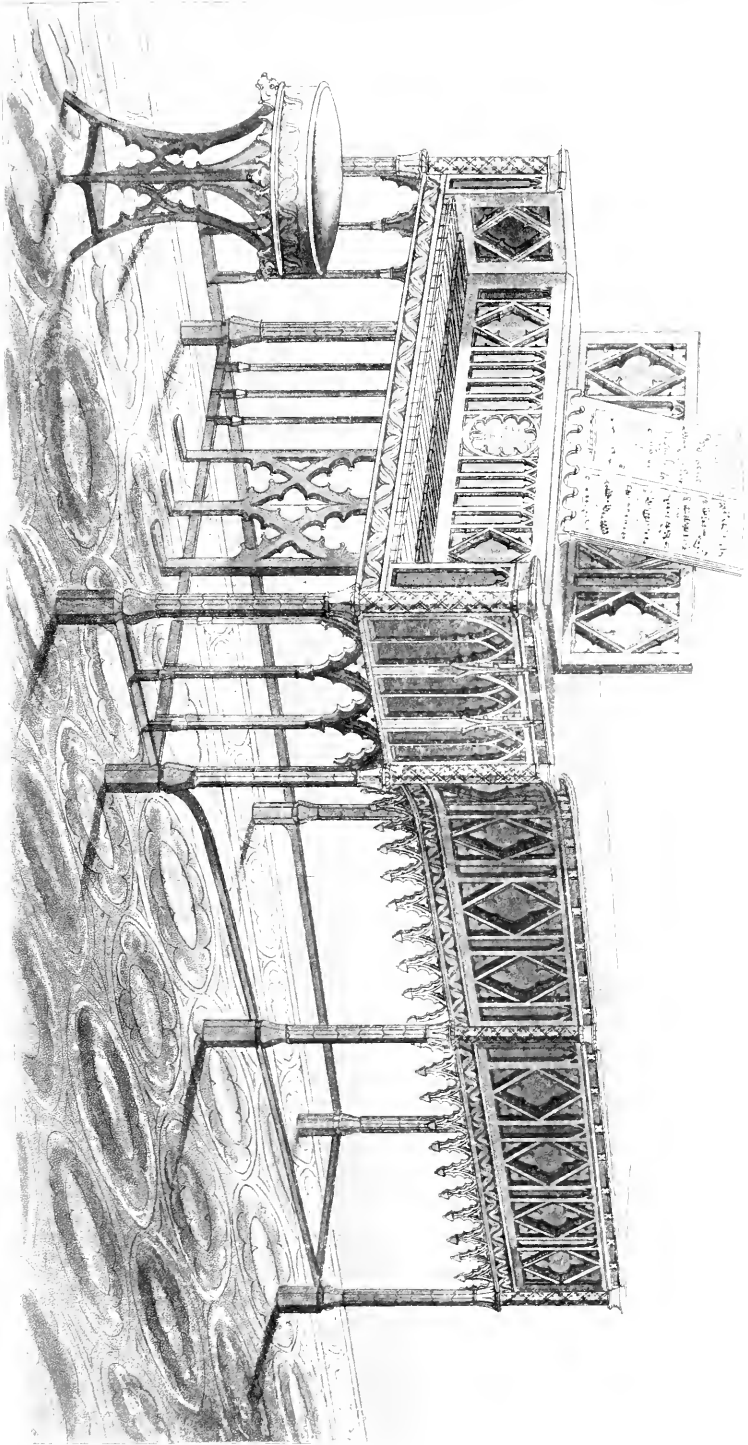
INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE public is already aware that, a few years since, Drs. Spix and Martius were sent by the King of Bavaria for the purpose of making scientific researches in the interior of Brazil, and more particularly into the natural history of that country. An English translation of the first volume of the Travels of these gentlemen has already appeared: the second volume of the original, containing Travels through the provinces of Pernambuco, Piauhy, Maranhao, Para, and Rio Negro, as far as the frontiers of Peru, will appear in the course of the present year. The most remarkable subjects in the animal kingdom, collected by these travellers, and deposited in the Brazilian Museum at Munich, are described by Dr. von Spix, in several distinct portions, with numerous coloured plates; and the botanical part is treated in like manner by Dr. Martius. The whole forms the most valuable and splendid illustration of the natural productions and

scenery of Brazil that has yet been given to the world.

Mr. Ackermann is about to publish, in two quarto volumes, a Spanish translation of the *History of Ancient Mexico*, by the Jesuit Father Clavigero. It is a singular circumstance, that this work, though originally written in Spanish, should never yet have been printed in that language, as the manuscript was deposited in the Vatican library, and first became known to the public by an Italian version, from which the translations into other European languages were made. The present translation, executed by Mr. J. J. de Mora, a distinguished Spanish scholar, and author of many reputable works in prose and verse, will be illustrated by twenty engravings.

A new division of *The World in Miniature*, containing the Costumes, &c. of *Great Britain*, in four volumes, illustrated by upwards of eighty coloured engravings, by the author of "Wine



and Walnuts," is just ready for publication.

The Russian sloop *Predprietie* (Enterprise), commanded by Captain Kotzebue, has arrived at Portsmouth, from a three years' voyage of discovery; and it is the intention of her commander to sail again for St. Petersburg immediately. Professor Eschschlötz the naturalist, who accompanied Captain Kotzebue, and who is at present in London, has undertaken to draw up for publication a narrative of this voyage, which will probably extend to two volumes, and be illustrated by plates and maps. The observations in natural history and other sciences will be reserved for a distinct work.

Miss Landon, author of "the Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," &c. has a new work in the press, entitled *The Golden Violet*, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other poems.

The sixth number of Mr. Williams's *Select Views in Greece* will be published in the course of July.

Illustrations of Conchology, according to the system of Lamarck, in a series of twenty engravings, on royal 4to. each plate containing many specimens, by C. A. Crouch, is nearly ready for publication.

Reflection, a tale, by Mrs. Hoffland, is in the press.

The Little World of Knowledge, arranged numerically, and designed for exercising the memory, and as an introduction to the arts and sciences, history, natural philosophy, belles lettres, &c. &c. by C. M. Chasse, will appear next month.

Lectures on Astronomy, accompanied and illustrated by the *Astronomicon*, or a series of moveable diagrams, designed for the use of schools and private students, by W. H. Prior, will be ready for publication in a few weeks.

Dr. Elliotson is preparing a translation of the last Latin edition of the *Institutes of Physiology*, by Dr. J. F. Blumenbach,

Professor of Medicine in the University of Göttingen.

In the press, with plates, *The Sheffield Anti-Slavery Album, or the Negro's Friend*.

In the press, *A Concise Historical View of Galvanism*, with observations on its chemical properties, and medical efficacy in chronic diseases, by M. La Beaume.

A Selection of Sacred Harmony, by J. Coggins, is in the press.

Messrs. Nichols have announced for publication, by subscription, *An Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Account of the City of Westminster*, including biographical anecdotes of the most illustrious and eminent individuals connected with the city. It will be published in five or six parts, forming two 4to. volumes.

Mr. Sass is preparing for the press, *A History of the Arts of Painting and Sculpture in England*, as far as is connected with his own time, detailing their progress for the last twenty-five years; with remarks on the works of the artists during that period, giving an account of the different institutions, and drawing a comparison between the British school of painting and the modern school of France and Italy.

Mr. W. G. F. Richardson has in the press, a translation from the German of the *Life of Carl Theodor Körner*, written by his father, with selections from his poems, tales, and dramas.

Mr. P. F. Robinson, architect, is preparing for publication, *A New Vitruvius Britannicus*, comprehending plans and elevations drawn from actual measurement, and accompanied by scenic views of all the most distinguished residences in the united kingdom remarkable for their architectural features, with historic notices of each.

The *Principles of Light and Shadow*, being the second part of *Practical Hints on Composition in Painting*, illustrated

by examples from the most eminent painters, by John Burnet, is in the press.

A History of the Parish of St. John, Hampstead, particularly during the last thirty years, with some curious information respecting its church, &c. is announced as in preparation for the press by an old inhabitant.

A gentleman educated for the Church at Magdalen College, Oxford, has in the press, *Four Years in France, or Narrative of the Residence of an English Family there during that Period*, preceded by a memoir, giving an account of the conversion of the author to the Catholic faith.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription, *Specimens of the British School of Painting*, in a series of highly finished lithographic drawings by Messrs. J. D. Harding and R. J. Lane. The work will appear in quarterly numbers, each containing four subjects, and no more than five hundred copies will be printed.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE BOILER AND ENGINE.

The march of science and art is generally steady and progressive, each accompanying the other onwards to the improvement and happiness of mankind. Sometimes, however, they separate, and it not unfrequently happens that science, plodding on, oppressed with difficulties and obscurities, outstrips its lighter companion; for it is observed, that the floating knowledge of the world, on some subjects, is far in advance of its application to useful purposes. In no case is this more observable than in the phenomena and application of steam.

The power of water when converted into steam under certain circumstances, the peculiar laws by which the change takes place, the cause of its mechanical force, are all matters which science has explained and left behind for several years; but the best means for applying this knowledge to our uses are still very defective. Every day, however, art gains

ground, and, perhaps, ere long we shall see it close at the heels of its mighty companion.

Perhaps, amongst the rapid advances that have been observed in the arts for the last few years, none is of more importance, or likely to benefit this country so much, as the one we are about to notice.

For all purposes where locomotion is necessary, the present steam-engine cannot be applied without annihilating a considerable portion of its power; the great weight of the machinery having the direct effect of retarding its motion, and, in some cases, destroying its action altogether. We may instance a steam-vessel, and a steam-carriage on common roads, as cases in point. In other cases, again, transportation to situations where steam-engines would be of the greatest value is impossible; for instance, from this country to the interior of Mexico: in other cases, equally important, the present weight of the steam-engine must for ever prevent its employment.

For some time experiments have been made by Mr. Gurney, of Argyle-street, a gentleman well known to our scientific readers, with a view to reduce the weight of the steam-engine. The boiler being by far the most ponderous part of the machinery, and the laws of heat having been his more immediate study, induced him at once to endeavour to construct a smaller and lighter apparatus for the purpose of generating steam. How far he has succeeded our readers will judge when we state, that a boiler, weighing only 230lbs. has been at work for some time, and is at this moment driving an eight-horse engine in the manufactory lately occupied by Mr. Perkins in the Regent's-park. Our readers will recollect, that an ordinary boiler, to do the same work, must weigh from four to five tons. There can be no mistake respecting the properties of this apparatus; the engine is open to public inspection, and the power of the boiler has been carefully

estimated by the quantity of water evaporated in a given time, as well as by the work actually performed.

We regret that this subject did not come to our knowledge in sufficient time for us to notice it more fully in our present Number.

We have just time to state, in addi-

tion to the above, that Mr. Gurney has invented a steam-carriage, which has been successfully propelled by this boiler on the road with apparent ease. This fact is as important as the former: we shall, therefore, in our next Number give a particular description of both the boiler and carriage.

Poetry.

LINES

On the Death of a Dormouse.

By the late THEODOSIA CANDLER, of Ipswich.

GRAY, in harmonious plaintive lays,
Once deigned a favourite cat to praise;
And three domestic playful hares
Were once the gentle Cowper's cares.

But neither Tabby's gambols gay,
Nor Puss, nor Bess, nor Tiney's play,
Philander's Dormouse could excel,
Whose fate the youthful Muse will tell.

When winter's snows the earth o'erspread,
Retir'd within its woolly bed
It long enjoyed a sleep profound,
Nor cold, nor care, nor hunger found.

But spring reviv'd its torpid powers,
And life infus'd for joyous hours;
And then would evening's shades delight,
And lunar beams to mirth incite.

Around its ample cage it played,
And there were nuts and apples laid,
Of dainty food a plenteous store;
And what could Dormouse wish for more?

Whether for friendship's joys it pin'd,
Companions social of its kind—
Or long'd for liberty denied—
The little favourite drooped and died.

Alas! no more its winning play
Shall chase Philander's care away;
Its sports amusing all are o'er,
Its beauteous form exists no more.

STANZAS TO AMANDA.

Amanda, mark, where shrinking from the
gale,

Its silken leaves yet moist with early dew,
That faint fair flower, the lily of the vale,
Droops its meek head, and looks, methinks,
like you!

Wrapped in a shadowy veil of tender green,
Its snowy bells a soft perfume dispense;
And bending, as reluctant to be seen,
In simple loveliness it soothes the sense.

With bosom bared to meet the garish day,

The glaring tulip, gaudy, undismayed,
Offends the eye of taste, that turns away
To seek the lily in her fragrant shade.

With such unconscious beauty, pensive, mild,
Amanda charms, Nature's soft, modest child.

NATURE'S UNIVERSAL THEME, "FORGET ME NOT."

By J. M. LACEY.

"Forget me not!"—what magic sounds!—
Nature, throughout her mighty bounds,
Disowns them not:

Each vocal tenant of the grove
Seems warbling to a god of love,
"Forget me not!"

The flow'ry gems that deck the plain,
Or harvest-field of golden grain

In some lone spot,
With piety seem bending there,
And fancy well might deem the pray'r
Of each, "Forget me not!"

When tempests roar 'midst winter's cold,
Each trembling tenant of the fold,

By man forgot,
Crouches and bleats in bitter tone,
And seems to say in ev'ry moan,
"Forget me not!"

And shall not man—in whom we find
God's image in the godlike mind—

In court or cot,
Join Nature in her gen'ral cry,
And let one chorus fill the sky,
While this shall be its minstrelsy,
"Forget me not?"

THE MEED OF VIRTUE.

From the German of SCHILLER.

To Virtue's meed two ways are given
To mortals by indulgent Heaven:
The fortunate by deeds attain it;
By suffering the patient gain it.
Happy the man whose mortal days
Are mark'd by both these different ways.

A STRING OF PLAYS, ENTITLED
"MATRIMONY."

By J. M. LACEY.

"Lover's Vows," if sincere, no "Blind Bargain" can prove,
But "The Way to get Married" will shew;
If the snitor, "Poor Gentleman," gives
"Love for Love,"
Soon "A Cure for the Heart-Ach" he'll know.
"A Bold Stroke for a Wife" brings "The Wedding-Day" near;
If a "Clandestine Marriage," what then?
"Isabella," if willing, "The Stranger" will cheer,
And make him the happiest of men.
If "Three Weeks after Marriage," "The Honeymoon" o'er,
"Lovers' Quarrels" begin to appear;
Then 'tis "All in the Wrong," peace deserts
from their door,
While the high "Road to Ruin" is near.
That sometimes "Such Things are," is, alas!
very true,
And give grief to some fair "Mourning
Bride;"
Or to some "Provoked Husband" give good
cause to rue
That in wedlock he ever was tied.

ON WHAT IS CALLED "LOVE AT
FIRST SIGHT."

(From "The Judgment of Babylon, the Siege of Masada, with other Poems, by JAMES CAMPBELL," just published.)

No, never from a transient glance
Can genuine pure affection spring;
Passion or fancy may perchance,
But love—oh no!—'tis no such thing!
Beauty of form hath charms, 'tis true;
And he that with indifference can
Its fascinating witchery view
Must be—or more or less than man.
But lovely features, beaming eyes
Of purest blue or brilliant jet,
Cheeks which the blooming rose-blush dies,
Love's genuine flame ne'er kindled yet.
Thousands by beauty's charms deceiv'd,
Have to the treacherous idol bow'd,
Its power love's influence have believ'd,
And deathless constancy have vow'd.
Too soon, alas! the spell which bound
Their captive souls in willing chain,
Dissolves in air—no more is found—
Indifference and disgust remain.
True love is gendered by esteem;
True excellence its growth supplies;

Unlike fierce Passion's feverish dream,
Such love endures—it never dies.

Hence though no feature of the face
Is cast in beauty's perfect mould;
Though in the form few lines we trace,
Such as in sculpture we behold:
Yet sense combined with sweetness may
The soul subdue, the heart engage,
And love inspire, which no decay
Shall feel from youth to withering age:
Whose steady flame shall brightly shine,
Undimm'd by sorrow's wintry blast;
Whose glow shall cheer life's last decline,
When all the fire of youth is past;
Whose light shall triumph o'er the gloom
Of death—then rise to worlds above,
And Heaven through endless years illumine,
Foster'd by him whose name is Love!

TO ANNA.

Anna, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But, ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely fair,
To hope may be forgiven;
For sure 'twere impious to despair
So much in sight of heaven.

ADDRESS TO THE BUTTERFLY,

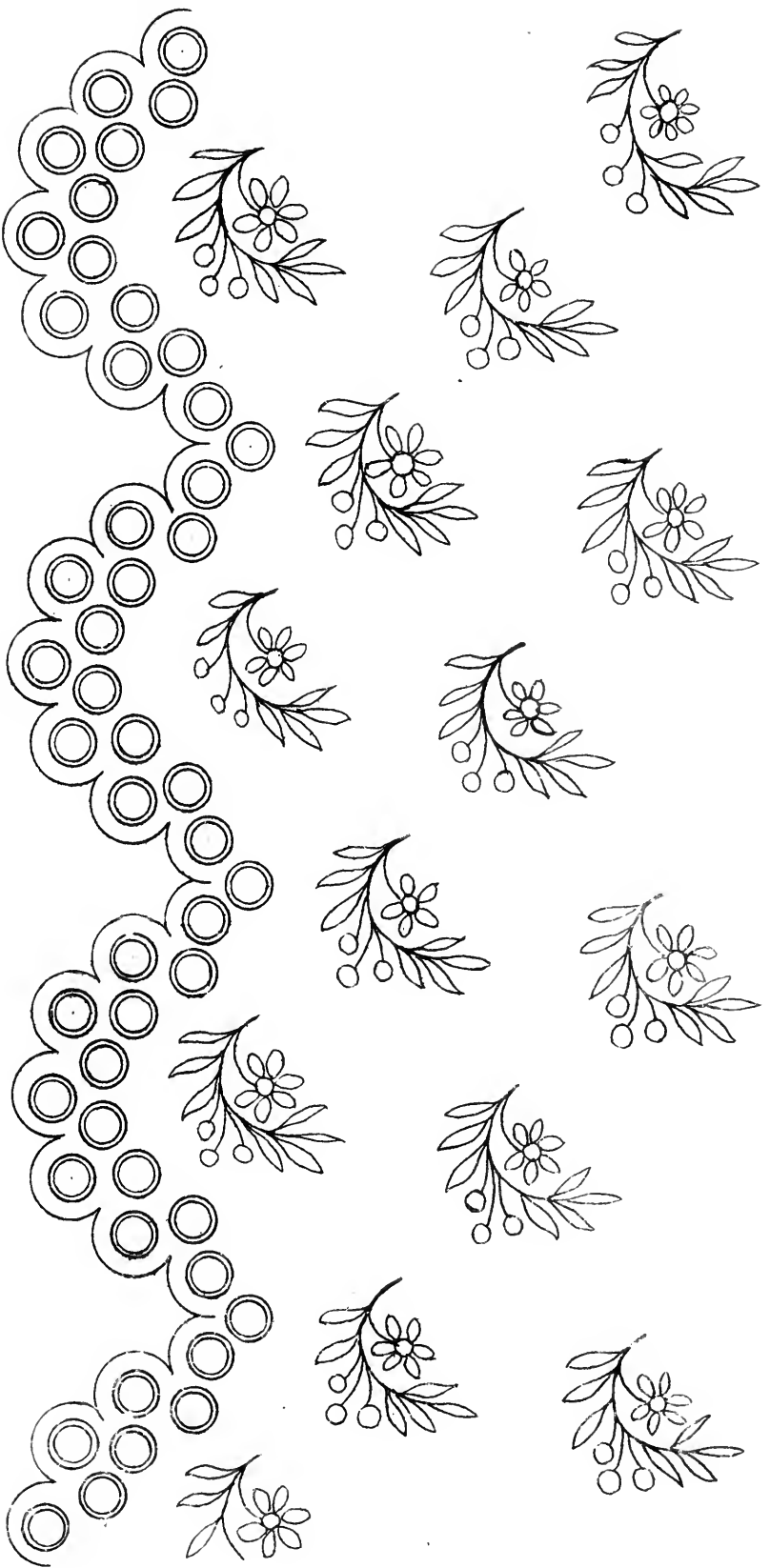
On PLATO'S Personification of Psyche freed,
or the Soul released from Mortality. From
the German of MATTHISSON.

O beauteous sylphid, flutter still
From rose to rose, and in the rill
Gaily thy flower-like form display;
Drink th' ethereal breath of spring,
Then rest from mazy flight thy wing
On myrtle spray.

Glad may thy short existence seem,
Like a bright flitting May-day dream;
Henceforth may no ill-natured bee
Presume to chase thee from thy store
Of sweets, and Venus' doves fly o'er,
Nor injure thee.

When Orchus bids thy fluttering cease,
On Plato's brow thy shade in peace
May rest; his doctrine first decreed,
That after death the soul, like thee,
Released from earthly veil, shall flee
As Psyche freed:

That, like thy renovated birth,
Bursting its chrysalis of earth,
The eternal spirit upward flies;
No longer check'd by the controul
Of gross mortality, the soul
Shall seek the skies.



MUSLIM PATTERN.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII.

AUGUST 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.

The communication of Gulielmus reached us too late for insertion in the present Number. We hope to hear further from him.

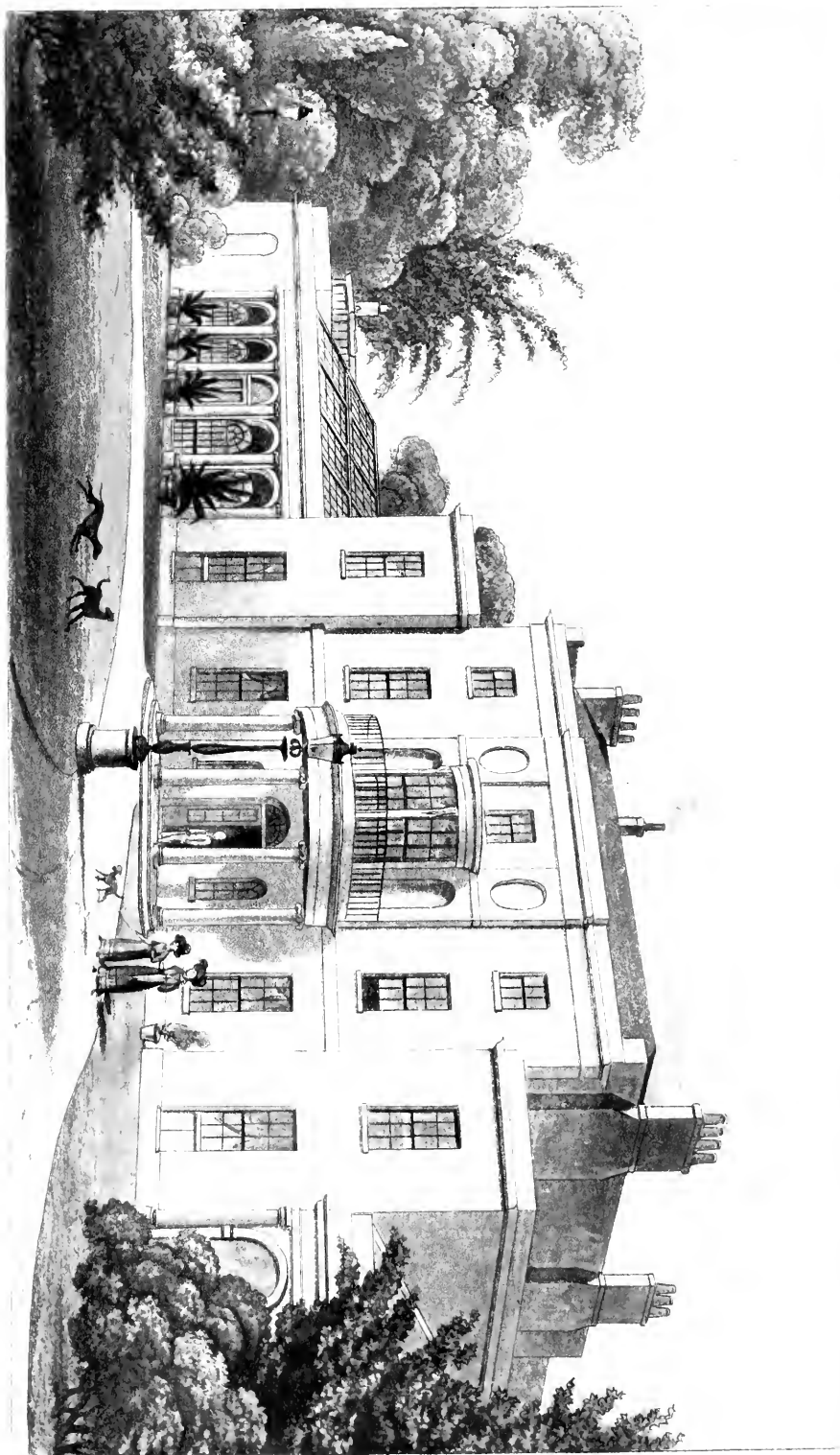
The packet inquired after by our esteemed Correspondent at Nairn reached us safely; and we acknowledge the receipt of two others during the past month.

ERRATUM.

In our last Number, in the head of the article commencing on p. 2. and in the inscription to the annexed plate, for "the Earl of Yarborough," read Lord Yarborough.

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.

WIMBLEDON-HOUSE, SURREY, THE SEAT OF MRS. MARRYAT.

WITHIN the short space of ten miles from the metropolis most of our wealthy merchants possess places of retirement from the fatigue of business, and among the numerous edifices which have been constructed of late years (at least during the rage for modern improvement), none surpasses Wimbledon-House; indeed, it may scarcely be credited, but it is not the less true, that this place (considering its local situation) possesses attractions equal, if not superior, to those of most of the residences of the nobility. This circumstance has no doubt arisen from its having had so many owners, and most of them having expended a portion of their wealth in embellishing the estate.

The house is situated at the southern extremity of Wimbledon common; and although the principal

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front, which forms the subject of our view, does not possess much interest in point of architecture, yet the grounds and plantations are such as to inspire the most lively emotions, and to gratify the taste of every visitor. The principal apartments, after passing a spacious hall, are mostly on the ground-floor, and they are all fitted up in the most elegant style. In the saloon, which opens to the lawn, are several choice works of art, but the best of them is a fine piece of sculpture of *Bacchus and Ariadne*, said to have been executed by a pupil of the celebrated Canova. The drawing-room has a circular roof, from which is suspended an elegant chandelier; it is fitted up in the most costly manner and in the French style, and has a very imposing effect. Among its numerous ornaments are two China

vases of English manufacture, highly deserving of notice; and in the saloon is a curious table, composed of various specimens of marble, and which was the property of the late Lady Hamilton. In the dining-parlour, which has also a circular roof, are two large pictures, one of *Still Life*, and the other representing the *Death of St. Cecilia*, by Andrea del Sarto; but the former is considered the most valuable. In the library are several works of art, among which is a very beautiful picture by D. Teniers, another by Schalken, and a fine *Head of a Cardinal*. Here is also a fine bust of the late Samuel Marryat, Esq. by Behnes. The books comprise a valuable selection in every branch of literature, fitted up in the most elegant style. In the anti-room, a large picture by Claude has a very striking effect; but although it possesses great merit, yet the back-ground has not that delicacy of touch for which that truly great artist was so much celebrated. Here is also a fine *Cattle-Piece* by Cuypp, and a few other pictures of inferior merit. Adjoining the conservatory is a very neat billiard-room, which is embellished with two paintings by De Louthembourg; and over the fire-place is also a fine statue of *Hebe*, by the same artist as the *Bacchus and Ariadne* above-mentioned.

On ascending the staircase leading to the upper apartments of the mansion, a large painting of a *Boar-Hunt*, by Snyder, has a very imposing effect. The whole of these apartments are also fitted up in the most elegant and comfortable man-

ner, and embellished with many objects of curiosity; but the boudoir is particularly deserving of attention. Here is a most elegant cabinet, containing an immense number of stuffed birds, minerals, fossils, &c. Indeed, to particularize the whole of these interesting curiosities would far exceed the limits of our work.

On the western side of the mansion is a large building which has been frequently used as a ball-room; near it, a winding path leads to a very beautiful and extensive flower-garden, which in summer is a most delightful spot. The green-houses are also very spacious, and contain a great variety of the most valuable plants. It is but justice to remark, that most of the embellishments in the grounds have been completed under the direction of Mrs. Marryat.

The promenade through the plantations extends nearly two miles, and they are so formed as to be really enchanting. Here is also a very handsome grotto, very similar to that at Menabilly in Cornwall; besides fish-ponds, rustic bridges, and numerous other objects to promote enjoyment. But such is the uncertainty of happiness, that we can only participate in the general feeling of regret for the loss of the individual who was once the proprietor of this desirable estate, and whose distinguished character as a British merchant and a member of Parliament is too well known to need any eulogium here.

For the above particulars, we are indebted to Mr. F. W. L. Stockdale.



WEST-FARM, HERTS,

THE SEAT OF — BEVAN, ESQ.

WEST-FARM, near East-Barnet, Herts, is pleasantly situated on the road leading from Southgate to Potter's Bar, about ten miles from London. Its late proprietor, Mr. George Idle, expended nearly 8000*l.* in altering and improving the house and grounds. The house, a south-west view of which is given in the plate, contains on the ground-floor, an entrance-hall, with orangery above; a drawing, breakfast, and dining-room, *en suite*; the former communicating by folding doors with a green-house; the latter leading to a billiard-room, beautifully painted in fresco by Aglio; beyond which is a bath and dressing-room, communicating with a conservatory, also painted in fresco by the same artist. The billiard-room and conservatory are heated by steam from the bath. On

the north-east side of the house are the kitchen and other domestic offices. Attached to the house are the dairy, laundry, brewhouse, servants' hall, coach-house, stabling, &c. &c. on an extensive scale.

The house, according to the drawing, commands an extensive and beautiful view towards Barnet, Hadley common, Whetstone, and over a vast extent of country. The sketch was taken by B. Frost in 1823; and Mr. Bevan, partner in the firm of Barclay, Tritton, and Co. bankers, Lombard-street, the present proprietor, purchased the estate in the same year for about 3500*l.* at public auction. The land belonging to it consists of about forty-two acres, of which about two and a half are laid out in garden, lawn, and pleasure-grounds.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. II.

THE DEVIL'S BARN.

IN the beautiful province of Champagne might be seen until very lately a barn, which, for nearly a century, was currently believed to have been built by the devil. The legend which has been handed down to us respecting it, is still often repeated and implicitly credited among the peasantry.

An honest peasant, named Jean Mullin, lived in peace and comfort upon the produce of a small farm, which he cultivated with his own hands. He had been some years married, and he saw, not only without uneasiness but with pleasure, the annual increase of his family. His wife was an active industrious wo-

man, very fond of her children and her husband; and his greatest pleasure was to work for her and them. She had already brought him five, and when she informed him of the probability of another addition, he answered, "So much the better! when God sends mouths he always sends meat, and we shall find enough to feed the new-comer, I warrant thee."

But he who relies upon the continuance of good-luck too often reckons without his host; and so it fared with our honest farmer. Lightning fell upon the farm, and not only destroyed the house and all the offices,

but consumed also the whole of the crops which were stored in the barn and the granary; nothing was saved, and poor Mullin would have been entirely ruined had he not fortunately possessed a round sum of money, which he had saved during the preceding years.

Grieved, but not despairing, he lost no time in vain regrets, but set himself to work immediately to rebuild his farm, for which he flattered himself that he had sufficient funds; but he soon saw with sorrow that he had miscalculated, for by the time the house was finished his cash ran very low. He contrived, however, to complete his stables, and had begun his barn, when all at once he found his money exhausted. He applied successively to his relations and friends, who, as usual on such occasions, had nothing to give him but expressions of sorrow and regret, of which they were not sparing. Some had no money to lend, others were bound by oath never to lend any. One friend could have given it to him if he had applied the year before; and another might, perhaps, be able to oblige him in a twelve-month to come. In short, the poor fellow came back empty-handed, and sorrowfully repeating to himself, "An ounce of help is worth a pound of pity."

What to do he did not know, for as his farm was at a distance from any other, he could not avail himself of the barns of his neighbours, and he saw with the greatest uneasiness the autumn approach, and the barn no nearer to being finished. One evening as he was walking in a cross-road near his house, thinking of his sad situation, he saw a tall man dressed in black coming towards him; he

wore boots of a singular form, which entirely concealed the shape of his feet, and his hands were covered with flame-coloured gloves.

Accosting Mullin with a frank cordiality, he asked what made him so sad: the other very readily told him. "Courage, my friend!" cried the stranger; "only trust to me, and you shall soon see your barn finished."—"How so?" said Mullin.—"Why," replied the other, "I am—but don't let it frighten you—one that you have heard a great many lies about. The priests, who have a mortal hatred to me, say, that I am always employed in doing mischief: 'tis no such thing; if now and then I do play a malicious prank, I am not always ill-natured; and to prove that I tell the truth, I am willing to do you a considerable service for a small return. I am particularly fond of little children, and if you will only agree to give me the one that your wife is now pregnant with, your barn shall be finished before the cock crows."—"Jesu! Maria!" cried the terror-struck farmer, crossing himself devoutly. The man in black disappeared that instant, and left Mullin firmly persuaded that he had just received a visit from the devil.

He hastened home trembling like a leaf, and did not say a word to his wife of what had passed, but he swore in his own mind never to make such a bargain. Yet when the harvest drew quite near, and he was still without the means to finish the barn, he often recollected the offer of the devil, and though he rejected the thought with horror, it continually occurred to him. "After all," said he one day, "if I could see him again, and he would offer other terms! But no—has he not said that he is

particularly fond of little children?"—and poor Mullin renewed, shuddering, his resolution never to give the fiend one of his.

The month of July came, his situation appeared utterly hopeless, and his reflections became more sorrowful. In one of his evening strolls he returned mechanically to the place where the devil had appeared to him; it was just nightfall; he seated himself on the turf, and sighed bitterly. At that moment he heard a slight noise, turned round, and saw the man in black. "Well, Mullin," said he, "have not you made up your mind yet? You have five children, what will you do with the sixth if the others and their mother die of hunger? Besides, what have you to fear in giving it to me? I shall take care of it, and you will be rich."

Mullin would have tried to procure other terms, but Beelzebub would not hear of them; and he drew such a hopeless picture of the farmer's situation, that he succeeded in frightening him out of his consent: in short, the unfortunate man signed with his blood an engagement, by which he agreed to deliver to the bearer the child with which his wife was then pregnant, on condition that his barn should be finished that night before the cock crew. No sooner was the engagement signed than the devil vanished. Mullin returned sad enough to his house; he could eat no supper; and when every body was in bed, he went into the yard to see what was going on. He found it full of little imps, all as busy as bees; they brought beams, straw, planks, and mortar; and worked in silence, but with incredible rapidity. Their flame-coloured visages, crook-

ed claws, and cloven feet; their horns, and the long tails that they switched without ceasing, convinced him directly that they were inhabitants of the infernal regions. Their chief, a monster of gigantic dimensions, hurried on the work. Mullin recognised him directly by his voice for the fiend with whom he had signed the contract; but his heart died within him when he beheld him in his native ugliness. He was naked; his body black, but stained here and there with flame-colour; his legs were crooked and covered with coarse black hair, and his feet cloven. He had the head and beard of a goat, the talons of a vulture, the ears of an ass, and a mouth still more frightful than that of any known animal, filled with teeth prodigiously large and sharp. Sulphureous flames issued from his enormous eyes; and, as he moved to the right and left, he lashed with his long tail those devils who did not get on so fast as he wished.

Poor Mullin's blood ran cold at the sight of this horrible monster; he thought with the keenest agony on the fate to which he had consigned his poor child. Suddenly a ray of hope beamed upon him, and he quitted the yard precipitately to run and tell the *curé* of his parish.

He was obliged to pass through the house, and in doing so he met his old nurse coming in search of him. She had been in the family from the time she suckled him, and was as fond of him as if he had been her own son. Perceiving his dejection and want of appetite, and thinking that the latter circumstance, a very unusual one, boded no good, she was coming to look for him. Seeing the state in which he was,

she laid hold of him, and protested that he should not move till he had told her the cause of it; which Mullin, fearing lest he should be too late with the *curé*, did in a few words. One may easily conceive the fright of the good nurse. She hurried him off with the speed of lightning, calling upon all the saints to quicken his steps, that he might be in time to break the infernal bargain.

Hardly was he gone, however, when she began to despair of his success. The night was already so far advanced that it appeared impossible for him to go and return before cock-crowing. This thought filled the mind of Marie with dismay; for, being learned in these matters, she knew that if the devil finished the job, the child would be lost without resource, as the contract had been drawn according to the regular forms of the French law on one hand, and signed on the other in the usual manner of the courts below, by the human contracting party in his blood. Thus Beelzebub, who, it must be confessed, is no fool in such affairs, had contrived to bind the poor fellow both ways, and Marie shuddered to think that it was next to impossible for him to escape the clutches of the fiend.

Thus every moment appeared an age to her. At last she summoned courage to go into the yard; but we may conceive the consternation that seized her when she found the barn not only raised, but very nearly covered. "Eh! good Lord!" said she to herself, "is there no way to outwit that renegade Beelzebub?" and inspired, no doubt, by her good angel, she ran to the door of the hen-house, and shook it with all her might. The cocks, thus rudely rous-

ed from their slumbers, crowed loudly, and at the same moment the whole infernal band disappeared with a tremendous yell. Truly it was time to interrupt their labours, in another minute there would have been no resource, for there remained only about the breadth of two feet of the roof to cover in.

It was nearly a quarter of an hour afterwards when the farmer and the *curé* arrived, out of breath with running. We may easily guess the joy and gratitude of Mullin. The *curé* applauded the nurse's stratagem, and exacted a promise from Jean, which he readily gave, and religiously kept, never to have any more dealings with the black gentleman, from whose clutches indeed he did not consider himself yet thoroughly extricated.

All the neighbours were astonished when they saw the barn, and heard how it had been built. Several of them said they should not be sorry to make a similar bargain with his infernal majesty; but he appeared no more. Forewarned forearmed, says the old proverb; having been once tricked, no doubt he had no mind to expose himself to such treatment a second time. The corn was reaped and stored in the barn, which was very complete in all respects except the hole in the top, and that they strove in vain to cover; for whatever they did to it in the day, was sure to be undone in the night. Finding then that Beelzebub was determined that none but his own workmen should have a hand in this job, Mullin desisted, and was contented to use it as it was.

Our readers will easily imagine the anxiety with which Mullin and his wife waited for the birth of their child; it took place at the regular

time. Catherine was delivered, after a very sharp labour, of a girl, whom they took care to have baptized immediately. She was very weakly and hard to rear, but by the incessant care of her mother she grew up one of the prettiest girls in the province. Nothing remarkable occurred in regard to her, but in the year that followed her birth all the inhabitants of the farm-house were dreadfully alarmed on the anniversary of the building of the barn. At the hour when the devils had been sent about their business, a tremendous noise was heard all over the farm, and particularly round the barn. The most horrible yells, mingled with claps of thunder, were heard during the uproar; and the neighbours declared that they had seen the most hideous monsters jumping on the roof of the barn, and flying round it; they had bats' wings, cloven feet, long tails, and red horns.

The girl, whom they named Mannette, grew up, as we have said, extremely pretty, and when she had attained the age of fifteen, her parents determined upon marrying her, to rid themselves at once of the fears which they still entertained of the devil. They were not at a loss to find her a husband, for several of their young neighbours had already asked her hand; but she had hitherto shewn no preference for any one: however, at the desire of her parents, she promised that within a month she would fix her choice, and accordingly she set herself seriously to think about it. The task was not a very easy one for her. She had no mind to leave a home where she was perfectly happy; she thought first of one, and then of another of her sweethearts, without being able

to determine which she liked best. She was strolling one evening, in a melancholy mood, ruminating upon this subject in a wood near the house, when she saw a very handsome young man approach her; it was evident from his air and his dress, that he was much superior to any one she had ever known. He fixed his sparkling eyes upon her; their amorous expression caused her to blush and cast hers down. He then took her hand, and kissing it, said, "You are about to choose a husband, charming Mannette; if your choice is not already made, look with a favourable eye upon me. I can place you in a very different situation from what you will have if you marry any of these clowns who pay their addresses to you." Mannette blushed, and stammered out something about her father: the stranger, without appearing to notice it, said so many fine things that he succeeded in turning the poor girl's head. He prevailed upon her, before they parted, to promise that she would meet him the next night. She kept her word. He was still more urgent than in the first interview, and he drew from her, without much difficulty, a promise to be his, and his alone, for ever. He charged her to say nothing of what had passed to her parents, and promised, before the expiration of the time appointed for her answer, to present himself to them, and to ask her hand. The time, however, drew on; he came not, and Mannette began to be very unhappy. Mullin asked her several times in vain, which of her suitors she meant to have. He received always the same answer, that she would tell him when the time came. At last, irritated at hearing continually this reply, he swore that,

if she did not choose then, he would choose for her. There remained only three days till the expiration of the time. Mannette's faith in her unknown lover began to waver; and as she was strolling that evening in the wood where she first met him, she reflected sorrowfully on what she should do if he did not come. "Ah!" said she aloud, "is it possible that he can be so perfidious?"—"No, lovely Mannette," said a voice close to her, "it is not possible;" and turning, she found the stranger at her side.

The artless girl betrayed plainly enough the joy she felt at seeing him again. She would have led him directly to her parents, but he begged of her first to hear what he had to say; and after abundance of fine speeches, he proposed to her to flee with him to his estates, which were, he said, at a great distance. This proposal was a thunder-clap to our pretty villager. But in spite of her love for the handsome stranger, she had the courage to resist it firmly. In vain he wheedled and flattered, and reminded her of her oath to be his; for she always replied, that she would be his, but it must be with the consent of her parents.

"Well," said he, at last, in a very angry tone, "since thou wilt have it so, I will take thee from their hands, but not to-night." He turned sullenly away, and Mannette hastened back to the house. No sleep closed her eyes that night, and she kept repeating incessantly to herself, "Ah! if he should be offended and should come no more!" Scarcely had the clock struck twelve, when she heard at a distance a frightful noise, accompanied by claps of thunder and flashes of lightning, in the midst of which she perceived by her

bed-side a horrible spectre. She was about to cry out, when he placed his death-cold claw upon her mouth, making her at the same time a sign to be silent. It was unnecessary; for the poor girl, sinking with fright and horror, had not the power to cry. He then seated himself by the bed-side, and stooping over her, looked at her in silence, and with eyes which seemed ready to devour her, for almost an hour; then rising, and taking her hand, he cried in a terrible voice, "Thou art mine to all eternity! thou hast sworn it to me." And with these terrible words he vanished, leaving in the chamber a poisonous stench, and in the heart of the unfortunate Mannette all the terrors of hell. Her screams soon brought assistance. We may easily conceive the alarm of her parents when they heard what had happened: they instantly sent for the *curé*, who came and watched her during the two following nights, but nothing appeared, and they began to think that the supposed spectre was only the night-mare. The next day was that fixed for making her choice: she had till then said nothing about the stranger; but pressed on all sides, she could keep silence no longer. She owned what had passed between them.

Honest Mullin heard her with indignation. "What!" cried he, "thou hast the presumption to fancy that a great lord like this will marry thee? Foolish girl! his only design is to ruin thee: he has shewn that plainly enough; but I will be a match for him, I warrant. You shall choose a husband this day, or I will choose one for you; for you shall not bring shame upon me in my old age." In vain the poor girl wept, in vain the

mother entreated, for, mother-like, it did not appear to her improbable that a great lord might take a fancy to her daughter, the old man was inflexible, and finding that the day wore away without his daughter's coming to any resolution, he sent to invite her suitors to supper, determined that her choice should be made that night. The hour of supper drew near; the poor girl was almost in despair, when, to her infinite joy, the stranger appeared. "Cease," cried he in a stern tone, "cease to torment this maiden; she is mine by right, and I come to claim her." The farmer uttered a cry of terror, for he recognised in the tones of the handsome young pretender to his daughter's hand, the voice of the fiend to whom he had sold her yet unborn. Beelzebub, for it was he sure enough, finding himself discovered, no longer kept any measures; quitting his assumed form in the twinkling of an eye, he stood before the astonished Mannette in the exact shape of the horrible monster who had presented himself at the bedside. "Hope not to escape me," cried he in a voice of thunder, "since thou art mine to all eternity! thou hast sworn it to me."

At this dreadful sight, at these frightful words, the suitors all but one ran away, and he, seeing the fiend spring forward to seize his prey, threw himself in the way; but the mother had already made a rampart of her body for her daughter, whom she held closely clasped in her arms, crying to Heaven for assistance. The fiend declared, with horrible blasphemies, that the maiden was his by all the ties that could render a compact sacred, since he had both her own consent and that of her

father; and that if any further opposition was made to his taking his own, he would carry off not only Mannette, but all the inhabitants of the farm; and in proof of what he could do, he instantly raised a most dreadful tempest, accompanied with strange noises and the appearance of the infernal band who had built the barn.

At this moment Marie came undauntedly forward. "Since," cried she, "this unfortunate girl has given her consent, it is of no use to attempt to save her. We acknowledge then that you have right on your side, but if we consent to yield her up to you without more ado, at least you will not refuse to allow her time to bid farewell to her parents and to me. We ask but a short delay, only till the candles, which are now half burnt, are consumed."

The devil had not expected to get off so well, for he reckoned, no doubt, on having a tough struggle for his prey. He consented then, after a moment's silence, to the terms offered; and Marie, triumphing in the success of her stratagem, instantly extinguished the candles, and plunged them into a vase of holy water, which was placed, according to the custom of the times, in a corner of the apartment. Thus the fiend was obliged to retire without his prey. He vanished, with his infernal troop, in the midst of the most horrible yells and execrations. Mullin and his wife fell at the feet of Marie, whom they called their guardian angel. She joined them in recovering Mannette from a swoon, into which terror had thrown her. No sooner did she open her eyes than she fell at the feet of her parents and her deliverer,

begged their pardon for the undutiful action which had nearly been so fatal to her, and readily gave her hand to the honest young miller, who had courageously disputed the possession of her with the devil. They were speedily married, and lived long and happily together, without ever

being disturbed by her infernal lover. Mullin, his wife, and Marie ended their days quietly and comfortably in the farm; and the latter was generally known all over the province by the name of the old woman who got the better of the devil and his horns.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

(Continued from p. 16.)

LAUNCELOT had slumbered—his dreams were filled with images of the Lord de Brechin. He seemed to figure the charm and grace of festive hours, at the social board, or in the dance, or he trod the hills gay and free as a hunter, or shone terrible in ranks of war—now he was a captive to barbaric hosts and bathed in blood. The minstrel cried out, "My sword! my dagger! I will rescue the Lord de Brechin or die with him!" His own voice awoke the sleeper. A light flashed close to his face, and looking up, he saw the soldier with a lamp, as if scrutinizing his countenance.

"Where, where am I?" said Launcelot.

"In safe keeping," replied the soldier, "and safe shalt thou be, though thy own lips have betrayed thee. Thy ravings in sleep have told that thou hast served the Lord de Brechin. He is now on his trial, awful to the bravest, for the bravest quake if their fair fame is assailed. The loss of life is but as the scratch of a thorn to mortal anguish for tarnished honour."

"Who shall dare to tarnish the honour of Lord de Brechin?" said the minstrel. "I give them the lie to their teeth, and this arm shall vindicate my words."

"This is raving awake, poor mourner," answered the soldier. "If courage and might could justify thy lord, his own hand would vanquish his false accusers; but, alack! he was caught in a trap, he was caught as the confederate of traitors, and the haste of his judges to convict him shews no touch of lenity; and a murrain on them all that sported in the warm light of the great star of Scotland! they have to a man deserted him in his fall, except the high-minded English gray-haired glory of chivalry, Sir Ingram de Umfraville: yet he is not the only lord or cavalier of the court that owes his life to the hand disarmed by lying witnesses."

"You give me a ray of comfort," said Launcelot; "but are you sure that Sir Ingram owes his life to the bravest of men, and adheres to him in his desolation?"

"Hast thou never heard of that noble exploit, and hast been so long in his train? Yet it is possible thou mightst live ages with the Lord de Brechin and never be told of his achievements. I can relate to thee how he snatched Sir Ingram de Umfraville from the death-points of ferocious enemies. These eyes saw him fight his way through a crowd of assassins with the wounded Sir Ingram on his back; and this old

fist, with a blade of our own tempered steel, and supported by a handful of Scots and a few faithful English, defended the gallant David on his rear. Many a piece of coin had he given me in memory of that action when I chanced to meet him alone; but never would he mention it if other ears would share the tale. However, I have not told you how the fray began. You surely know how Isabella of France, the stain of womanhood, wandered from the honest love of her royal consort to a foul passion for Mortimer; and from him her vagrant fancy fixed upon Hildebrand de Umfraville, the most beautiful and handsome youth that ever attracted a female's glances. Mortimer, stung with jealousy, collected a number of desperadoes to force Hildebrand, dead or alive, from his father's castle. The youth had served under the Lord de Brechin in the Eastern wars, and they loved like brothers. Lord de Brechin, with a small retinue, visited Sir Ingram de Umfraville and his son at their castle; and while engaged in hospitable and social pleasures, a fierce band beset the walls, and got in at the portal under a sham of coming as messengers from the court. When the gates were unbarred to give access to half a score men who first shewed themselves, the rest burst forward; and when the knight and his son and their Scottish guest went to see the cause of a tumult, a ruffian sprung at Hildebrand, and thrust him through the heart, before his father or De Brechin could turn aside the murdering stroke. The villains also aimed at Sir Ingram de Umfraville, and in the name of the king denounced him and his son as traitors. I bear on my body

the scars of that fight; and, though our enemies were at least five to one, we got from them, for some of the monsters were more intent upon plunder than of seizing the knight. I have already said he was borne off upon the back of our heroic leader, and some of us wounded severely and few quite unhurt, we got on board Lord de Brechin's ship in Druridge bay. Sir Ingram never returned to England."

"Saint Mary be praised," said Launcelot Gam, "that Lord de Brechin has still one fast friend! Oh! let me get speech of Sir Ingram de Umfraville! With very little aid of money from him to purchase the sentinels, I may set my lord at liberty. I can climb like a wild cat. I could scale the keep. I am light, and in such a cause I could be bold and nimble. I want but to know the exact point where I may soonest enter. My life is of no value. I can but lose it in this attempt, and I wish not to survive my honoured lord."

"Thou art a brave and faithful page. At first I could be sworn thou wast of the tender sex; but thy courage proves manhood. Yet think not of a risk so foolish and unavailing. I am no coward, and readily would I hazard my few remaining years to save the Lord de Brechin; but it would be more desperate than valiant; it would be foolhardy to bid defiance to twenty fearless Scots on guard at keep, and all the garrison on the alert to prevent a rescue."

"If you, brave veteran, are so attached to David de Brechin—if Sir Ingram de Umfraville openly adheres to him, because he saved his life—what should not I peril to serve my generous master in this extremity? I can but die; and if any man that

knows the access to the keep would shew me the way, I would hazard all I have to lose, for him to whom I owe life and all I have been. Valiant soldier, if ever you have gained honour in following the banner of Lord de Brechin—if ever his voice of kindness has been felt at your heart—if ever his open hand relieved you in need, carry this hallowed token to the noble De Umfraville, and bid him name where I shall see him. In pity help me to rise! if I can stand, I may be able to walk. I have taken long rest, that I might be fit for action. I can stand—yea, and I can walk. Good veteran, speed thee to Sir Ingram, and, oh! return as soon as thou hast done thy errand!”

“My heart cannot withstand thee,” said the soldier, taking the rosary, and hastening on his mission. It was near midnight when he re-appeared, and found Launcelot like a statue in the same spot where he was left. Like a person suddenly roused from sleep, he asked what news.

“Question me not,” the soldier replied. “I thought my heart was hardened by scenes of bloodshed; but here I am a very woman.”

“A woman!” sighed the minstrel; “but man must learn firmness, and learn to endure the worst tidings that——”

“We have no moments to waste in words,” said the soldier: “Sir Ingram de Umfraville waits thee at a dark corner of the ruined rampart, where Vogra took thee from observation in thy sorrow.”

“Come, let us fly to find the knight,” said Launcelot, running as he spoke, and vaulting up the steep and broken stair of the rampart, in tones of agony asked Sir Ingram for the Lord de Brechin.

“He desires to see thee,” said Sir

Ingram, “and the king has allowed thee a last interview. His mighty heart is pierced with grief for the son of his sister. He would spare De Brechin if the laws permitted mercy, but misprision of treason is a crime upardonable. He believed the assertion of the prisoner, that on his part no conspiracy was ever imagined; so is believed by the king, but, taken with those against whom their own papers prove treason, his nephew must share their doom.”

“Oh! let me die with him, if I may not die for him!” said Launcelot. He then detailed his purpose of scaling the keep, and could hardly be dissuaded from the attempt, until he saw how impregnable were the walls, and how bristled with spears in the hands of men selected by the enemies of De Brechin to repel any wild effort for his liberation. Sir Ingram made the unfortunate minstrel take his supporting arm in crossing the outer ballium of the keep; and at sight of the king’s signet all the bolts of the inner prison were opened. Sir Ingram led his sad charge to the door of Lord de Brechin’s ward, and beckoning to the gaoler to retire with him, they left the master and devoted servant to unreserved communion. Lord de Brechin, with a breviary in his hand, stood bending towards the lurid light of his lamp, his back turned to the door, and regardless of the creaking of hinges and bars, his attention was fixed upon the offices of religion, until a stifled moan from Launcelot attracted his ever-susceptible feelings. He would have clasped his humble follower in his arms, but the mourner sunk on the ground, and, clinging to the feet of his lord, firmly resisted all efforts to raise him.

"Thou faithful unto death!" said De Brechin: "death levels all distinctions. No longer a servant, but a loved and trusted friend, refuse not my first and last embrace. The distance between us subsists no more."

Launcelot still persisted in declining his lord's caresses, repeating, "To the last—to the last, may I hold the honourable place of servant to the best and noblest of men! and O Lord of life! in thy pitying mercy, then take me from this earth."

"Not so, my dear, my only unalienable follower!" answered De Brechin, forcibly lifting the minstrel from his prostrate attitude: "I have much to say to thee, and our time is short. Let us seat ourselves on this bench; shrink not from occupying the same resting-place. In the eye of God and man, thy vows of extreme and superfluous distance and respect are cancelled by the doom pronounced on David de Brechin. Weep not, my kind friend, but prove thy obedience to thy some time master, by an exertion of fortitude, and by listening with earnest composure to his last request. Thou hast professed a desire to continue subservient to David de Brechin while he exists—act up to thy profession, and hear his injunctions and behest. Thou must be his knight-errant to bear this golden crucifix to a lady—the lady Eleanor de Mowbray. It was her gift; I promised my own heart to keep it until death. Restore it to her, with the fondest adieus and blessings.—Why didst thou start? Why that tremor in thy grief-exhausted frame? Thy sensitive rectitude need not be appalled at the name of a beloved, a spotless female. The name

of Eleanor de Mowbray can be associated with no recollections to sting the conscience of a dying man, and a brief sketch of our disastrous story will remove from thy scrupulous mind all objections to seek her out, and to deliver the pledge of my unalterable esteem for her virtues. Years are past since we have seen each other, and two months earlier than your entry into my household was the first date of our acquaintance. A few weeks preceding that most interesting point in my existence, I was sent with a large command of soldiers and mariners, to check the pirates that so often ravaged the coast of Ayrshire. The spoilers had spread such terror, that all who were unable to defend themselves fled, and removed their property to inland fortresses. The marauders laid every building in ashes, and while my men were busied erecting huts, they sheltered themselves by night in the caves of Culzean. It was in stormy weather that the pirates made the most successful attacks upon our shores; and during a violent gale which sprung up late in the evening, I gave orders, in case they might come, to prepare our boats to repel them. I was buckling on my sword to take the direction of our force, when a man, reputed a champion in mountain warfare, but who was never at the sea-side until he attended me in Ayrshire, left his post, and darted into my cave, with his countenance distorted by affright. I ordered him to account for having left his post; and, gasping with terror, he answered that a flaming demon was riding on the waves, and would be upon us before our prayers could avert his landing; for too surely mother Hillella was at her cantrips to welcome

the evil spirit. 'If mother Hillella has any influence,' I answered, 'she will not employ it to our hurt.' When I gave this reply I had left the cave, followed by the quaking soldier. A voice responded, 'Hillella is in duty and inclination bound to serve the Lord de Brechin, but the demon so formidable to that white-livered champion is a ship on fire.' I waited to hear no more; but all hands exerted every nerve to push our boats out to sea. The night was dark, but the flaming ship shewed to us three boats struggling against the raging billows. Before we could reach them they ran foul of each other, and all our endeavours could save only one slender being, whose lightness and the buoyancy of her wide garments floated her. The father of Vogra, a brave and active fellow, snatched her from death, and gave her to my care. I had dispatched a boat to desire mother Hillella to have beds ready for the sufferers we hoped to rescue. Her wisdom had anticipated my suggestion, and I found the preparations completed. I had the lady carried to my own cave, purposing to shift for myself among my vassals, and I left the patient to mother Hillella and her daughters. One of the younger girls soon came to say, that acute sense of pain had called the lady to life, and that the mother wished me to give my opinion of the cause. Since the days of Josina, the ninth king of Scotland, all the nobles and chiefs have paid great attention to leechcraft, and I had much practice during the wars. I found a fracture of the lady's collarbone, and her shoulder bruised, which gave occasion to the torture she endured when the women un-

dressed her. I attended her as a leech, a friend, and—must I confess it?—as a lover. I forgot my compulsory betrothment to Margaret Douglas; I forgot all but the charms, the excellencies of Eleanor de Mowbray. Those are as fresh in my mind as if no more than days had elapsed since I beheld her. My existence has since been a blank, filled only by impressions associated with her idea. Even now, on the verge of another world, I seem to gaze on the ship that bore the lovely Eleanor to our shores. I see the horrid piles of smoke, surmounted by flashes of ruddy light; the heaving, yawning surges, threatening to swallow up the boats where her crew took refuge; and I almost hear the yells and groans of those that had not got into the boats, and of the unhappy beings who, flying from a devouring conflagration, were ingulphed by the watery element. Perhaps the strong excitement created by this scene disposed my heart to deeper susceptibility. The sweet delirium had no intermission until all my hopes were blasted. A special messenger called me to bring the mariners and soldiers under my command to the northern coast, which was menaced by a Scandivian fleet. I was obliged to obey; and, separated from Eleanor de Mowbray, I recollected my engagements to Margaret Douglas, with indignation against her for ensnaring my youth. I was but sixteen, and Margaret Douglas within one year of double my age, when her beauty and address flattered my vanity in being singled out by the blandishments of the most admired, the most exalted lady at the court of King Robert. I fancied myself captivated by her, and when the king,

my uncle, proposed our betrothment, I consented with the facility of a giddy boy. The king saw his own advantage in my alliance with Sir James Douglas, the most powerful chieftain in the realm. I soon repented my enthralment, and twice volunteered to foreign wars, to shun riveting my chains by marriage. I know that to the resentment of the Douglasses I may attribute my present condition: yet, weep not, my soft-hearted friend! death is preferable to an enforced marriage, and such has been the alternative offered to me. Be comforted, and hear how I was separated from Eleanor! I am now certain that some creatures of the Douglasses were spies on my conduct, and gave notice that a lady lodged in the caves of Culzean. To that centre of my wishes I hastened to return. Cold, dark, cheerless was the place where I hoped to find a congenial soul. I rushed with impetuous speed to Hillella's cave, the cave where she chiefly resided. In answer to my inquiries for Eleanor de Mowbray, she gave me a slip of parchment, on which was written, 'Eleanor de Mowbray is now aware that the Lord de Brechin is the betrothed spouse of the Lady Margaret Douglas; and Eleanor adjures him by every sacred name to fulfil his engagement. She exhorts him to look upon the golden crucifix, as a monitor that duty should rule inclination. Eleanor de Mowbray has taken a vow of celibacy, and no search can discover the place of her retreat.' I read this fatal scroll, and life seemed departing from me. I was long ill, and may ascribe my recovery, kind Launcelot, to thee: thy offices of faithful service, of friendship, have been innumerable;

and crown them by seeking Eleanor de Mowbray. I shall die satisfied, if thou wilt promise never to remit thy search while any means are left untried to find her. Promise this, good Launcelot — thou canst no longer doubt her innocence."

The minstrel, in broken, tremulous accents, replied, "On that head, my honoured lord, be assured of my fidelity. With truth I speak it, that, with the aid of mother Hillella, I may confidently engage to deliver the crucifix to Eleanor de Mowbray. She will——"

These words were interrupted by the entrance of Sir Ingram de Umfraville with the father confessor. Lord de Brechin rose, and taking the right hand of Sir Ingram, placed within it the cold passive hand of Launcelot Gam, who now seemed unconscious of any presence or transaction. "My dear Sir Ingram," said De Brechin, "I have done with all earthly concerns: when this poor minstrel is placed under your guardianship, the king will allow him a pension from my heritage."

"I take Launcelot Gam under paternal guardianship," said Sir Ingram, "but I require no pension for him. My fortune will suffice for us both, and he shall be my heir. God and the saints, and this holy father, are witnesses to my promise; and may all the heavenly powers forsake me, if I break the engagement!"

The appearance of a priest with Sir Ingram de Umfraville apprised the minstrel that his lord drew near the final hour. The stupor of overwhelming sorrow paralyzed his faculties. No tear, no word vented his feelings. Sir Ingram and the father confessor raised him from his seat, gave him in charge to the old

soldier with whom he had lodged, and a trusty domestic of the English knight was directed to take him to his house within the precincts of the court. As Launcelot left Lord de Brechin's ward, the noble victim crossed his arms on his breast, and breathed a prayer for his afflicted servant, whose mind, overpowered by anguish, was insensible to all around him. Sir Ingram's domestic took him by one arm, the soldier seized the other, and several of the running footmen belonging to the knight's household gathered round, that their tall figures might screen the diminutive minstrel from observation. He was taken to the apartment destined for him. Bread and wine stood on the table; the servants withdrew, leaving the soldier to attend Launcelot Gam. It was no trivial proof of the popularity of Lord de Brechin with all who served under him, that when Launcelot rejected a goblet of wine, and the veteran half raised it to his own lips, he set it down, muttering, "No, no," I could not swallow any liquor from the best vintage of France, and he—I cannot speak the rest. Often has he led me to victory. Would that the hero had died in battle!"

To this soliloquy, though the most touching to his heart, Launcelot

gave no attention. With person immoveable, his every feature fixed, and his eyes glaring, he remained until late at night, when Sir Ingram returned to his house. He spoke to the minstrel, but received no answer. He shook the poor wasted arm, and squeezed the slender fingers. The minstrel jumped on his feet, looked wildly around, and recognising Sir Ingram, exclaimed, "Ah! ah! I now remember. Has—how could I forget—I must, I will see him!"

"For that end have I come," replied Sir Ingram. "Let me conduct you where he lies."

"Did you say '*where he lies?*'" said Launcelot; "then I have no more concern with the world, but will join in the last office of the church for his soul."

Sir Ingram took the minstrel to this solemn scene of interment. The king permitted all honours for the obsequies of his long-loved nephew. Launcelot never left the grave while Sir Ingram continued in Scotland; and they departed together in less than twenty-four hours after the execution of David de Brechin. We shall attempt to give our readers some account of that cruel exhibition.

(To be continued.)

SKETCHES AND CHARACTERS.

No. II.

WHAT IS LIFE?

THE other evening I was "invited out," as the song says, to spend an hour or two with an old maiden aunt, who resides in one of our northern cities (I shall not say which), where I am at present on a visit. I went at seven o'clock, and was ush-

ered into a very handsome apartment, brilliantly lighted, in which I found four tables set for cards, and only one person in the room (besides my aunt), who was dressed in all the fashionable frippery of the times, and flounced and furbelowed like any

young girl, though Time had set his mark upon her brow, and I could perceive from beneath her borrowed tresses a grey hair or two slyly peeping, silent mementoes which she utterly disregarded, and though her whole frame began also to warn her, that a time was approaching when she must abandon all the frivolous gaieties of this life, in which she seemed too much inclined to indulge. There is nothing I so completely dislike as to see old people, men or women, assuming the manners and the garb and following what ought to be the exclusive amusements of young ones. "There is a time for every thing," and the pursuits of youth, its follies, and even its harmless gaieties, are incongruous with the state of man or womanhood, much more with what can fairly be called old age. Old people are never so respectable as when they adapt their conduct and their habits to their time of life; when they reflect that they are "falling into the sere and yellow leaf," and that sober and steady and rational objects should be their proper pursuits; and not the idle amusements which served very well to pass away the joyous hours of youth, but which should be laid aside as man approaches nearer to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

My dear aunt, though too much given, with an easy facility of disposition, to "do at Rome as the people at Rome do," is an old woman whom I can love and esteem. She dresses respectably, but soberly; is religious without cant, charitable without ostentation, and is sure to win the affections of all who know her. I found she was much visited by the idle dowagers of the place, out of

compliment to whom this party was given; and, as a stranger, I was invited, though gentlemen in general were excluded from their coteries.

Well—thirteen more ladies arrived soon after I had made my bow. With the exception of two, whom I afterwards found to be nieces to the lady whom they accompanied, they were all past the middle age, and some verging fast upon four-score, to judge by their haggard looks and infirm gait. As they entered they sat down at the different tables, and cards being brought, the amusement of the evening began. Tea, "the cup which cheers but not inebriates," was introduced about an hour afterwards, and taken at the card-table without any cessation of playing. In the course of the evening various refreshments were sent round, but still the game went on; the eternal cards were shuffled and cut, and dealt and played, *sans* intermission; whilst the conversation was somewhat of the following description:

"You have heard of poor Miss S.'s misfortune?"

"No, ma'am—what is it?"—"Oh, you want a spade. I haven't one in my hand—there's a trump."

"Well, as I was saying, I was at Mrs. F.'s last night: such a set-out! I am afraid them people are living too fast."

"My dear sir (this was to me), you have revoked. Why positively I believe you are listening to that noise in the street, instead of minding your cards."

At that moment, a man and woman were singing "Bonny Doon" just under the window, with a pathos which I have rarely heard excelled. I was certainly paying much more attention to them than to the

bits of painted paper in my hand, and merited my partner's rebuke. I begged pardon, and promised to behave better in future.

At another table (in an interval when my partner and our two opponents were engaged, for a minute or two, in munching a biscuit and drinking a glass of wine), I overheard the subjoined interesting colloquy :

"Four by honours and two by cards, ma'am."

"Yes, ma'am—my niece is a very fine girl of her age. I always make it a point to introduce her into a select society, and that gives girls a proper degree of confidence, without making them bold."

"We are the odd trick, ma'am."

"I called upon her yesterday—found the house shut up, and a bill on the shutter announcing the furniture for sale. I always said what it would come to."

Nothing more intellectual passed during the six hours I was chained to the card-table; and on inquiry of my aunt the next morning, I found that this was the way in which old and middle-aged ladies generally spent their time in ———; gossiping about all the morning, to collect anecdotes of scandal, that are eagerly retailed at the card-tables, to which the evenings are devoted. In short, I found this was what *they* called "life!"

I thought this a most irrational mode of spending time; for although I have no objection to a merry round game, and like very well to play at Pope Joan, speculation, or commerce, with my fair cousins at the Christmas holidays — and do not think, as a gentleman mentioned in Shenstone's Essays is said to have done, that "if a person offers me

cards, it is his private opinion that I have neither sense nor fancy;" yet, the sacrifice of so great a portion of time to such an irrational amusement certainly does appear to me the very acme of absurdity.

This is not the only absurdity, however, which a residence in the world will enable an observer to notice, nor are the old dowagers of ——— the only persons who seem to have a curious opinion of "life."

There's your fox-hunter, for instance; he sets out in the morning, habited in his scarlet coat, buckskin breeches, and jockey cap, mounted on a spirited horse, and followed by dogs equally spirited. He dashes "up hill and down dale," swims rivers, leaps fences, and runs the risk of breaking his neck; and for what? Why to see the dogs worry an animal which, when caught, is not worth a farthing, and perhaps to attain the high honour of being in first at the death, and thus winning the brush! The chase over, a good dinner assembles the members of the hunt round the social board; the toast, the joke, the laugh, and the song go round. Those who have not heads strong enough to bear half-a-dozen bottles of wine tucked under their belt, are left under the table in a happy equality with the dogs who make their lair at their master's feet. And this *they* call "life."

Then there's the frequenter of the turf; he has his favourite horse, on which he bets thousands. The day of trial comes; the race-course is thronged with the young and the gay; and all the beauty and fashion of the neighbourhood are collected on the grand stand. The scene is animated even to those who do not bet; to those who do it is enchant-

ing. But see! the riders are now at the scales, they are weighed, they mount, and the horses are taken to the starting-post. The signal is given, and they are off with the fleetness of the wind; the horse on which the better has staked his money takes the lead—he keeps it; he offers to bet another thousand—“done” and “done” resound from various parts of the stand: he now leaves all the others far behind; he offers one thousand to ten, and still “done’s” the word. But, behold! scarlet comes up, he hears the favourite: the backers of the latter begin to look blue; as they approach the goal the jockeys exert all their powers; they urge the horses to the very utmost of their speed; scarlet passes, and a shout, long and loud, rends the air. Now whip and spur are at work; the backers of the favourite attempt to hedge off; they offer any odds, which are refused; the inveterate better whom we have in our eye stands the gloomy victim of despair, till another shout announces that the race is decided. He rushes to learn the result; finds that the horse he had betted on so largely is beaten; a stupor comes over him; he hurries from what was the scene of enchantment, but which now seems a very pandæmonium, and wakes to reflection in a gaol. And yet *this*, too, is “life!”

Then there is your sportsman of another class; he who thinks

“ ’Tis ‘life’ to see the first dawn stain
With sallow light the window-frame;
To dress—to wear a rough drab coat,
With large pearl buttons, all afloat
Upon the waves of plush; to tie
A kerchief of the king-cup die
(White-spotted with a small bird’s-eye,
Around the neck, and from the nape
Let fall an easy fan-like cape.”

He is at home at the Fives-Court,

knows all the boxers by their names, is familiar with Cribb, and hand-in-glove with Belcher. He can drive four-in-hand, handle the gloves like an adept, drink blue ruin, kick up a spree, and floor a Charley. He patronises the ring, and is never absent from the *Hurst* when a battle is to be fought. He thinks it “life”

“ To see a proud
And dauntless man step, full of hopes,
Up to the P. C. stakes and ropes,
Throw in his hat, and with a spring
Get gallantly within the ring :”
“ To watch the noble attitude
He takes, the crowd in breathless mood ;
And to see, with adamant start,
The muscles set, and the great heart
Hurl a courageous splendid light
Into the eye—and then—the fight !”

Aye, “the fight!” which ends in beating one champion to a mummy, whilst the other is sometimes borne away in triumph amongst the huzzas of the crowd; at others is himself, though the victor, so exhausted, as to be insensible to the congratulations of his friends. Not unfrequently, too, life is forfeited in these pugilistic encounters; and always rogues and pickpockets reap a rich harvest amongst the dissipation and confusion which prevail. And this is “life!”

The soldier sees “life” in the tented field, when he hears the spirit-stirring trumpet, and when his war-horse neighs proudly, and snuffs the air, as if in impatience to be led to the charge. He thinks not of the miseries of war; of towns destroyed, of wives made widows and children fatherless—he thinks not of these things, till, wounded and in pain, upon his bed of straw, they are brought home to his breast by somewhat like a personal feeling: yet, even then, if he be a patriotic soldier, his heart beats high for his country’s cause; and even, as “life” ebbs from

his death-wound, his last sigh is for that and victory!

The sailor's "life" is to be on shore, after a long cruise, with plenty of "yellow boys" in his pockets, a brace of girls, and a fiddler to play his favourite tunes, whilst he drinks his grog, and puts round the toast, which is so often given on the fore-castle on a Saturday night:

The wind that blows, the ship that goes,
And the girl that loves a sailor.

Forgotten then are all the perils of the deep, the gales which threaten to overwhelm the shattered barks, and the rocks and quicksands on which many a gallant vessel is wrecked. Jack thinks not of these in the hour of enjoyment; but with his full bowl before him, a short pipe in his mouth, his hat (bedecked with blue ribbons) knowingly cocked on one side, a black silk handkerchief tied round his neck, he bids the fiddler strike up "God save the King," and "Rule, Britannia;" and says, "D—me, this is 'life!'"

The lawyer sees "life" in a crowded court, where he can talk of pleas, rejoinders, and demurrers, and set the gaping crowd a-staring at the fluency with which he harangues the bench and jury, or at the dexterity with which he extracts the truth from the unwilling witness. This is his "life;" he thinks not of the evils caused by the law's delay, the expenses of litigation, or "the glorious uncertainty" of his favourite science: ambition blinds him to all this; his profession constitutes his "life," and he perseveres in the pursuit, till a silk gown or a seat on the bench—the *summum bonum* of his ambition—rewards his efforts. This is the "life" of the lawyer.

In ——— there is another class

of society, besides the old and middle-aged ladies, whose notion of "life" deserves to be mentioned. These are the better sort (as they call themselves) of tradesmen. Their "life" is to give a splendid party during the Christmas holidays, to which every body they know is invited. Each tries to outdo his neighbour in the style of his appointments, the number of his guests, and the profusion and elegance of the refreshments with which he supplies them. His pleasure is not complete if all his *friends* are not present to witness it; and *friendship* in ——— consists in inviting a man to a party once a year, and turning up your nose at him if you meet him in the street the next day. To give these entertainments I have known many men half starve themselves and their household during the remainder of the twelve months; but then they were enabled to give a more stylish party than Mrs. Furbish; they had *two* more persons squeezed into their rooms; they gave port, sherry, and Madeira, whereas Mrs. F. only gave port and sherry, and their macaroons and rout-cakes were allowed to be much more exquisite! This is no caricature; it is the plain fact, and is "life" among the shopkeepers of ———.

The "higher orders," as they call themselves of ———, are not much more rational in their notions of "life:" with the ladies of this class, it is life to spend their nights at a card-table, their mornings in bed, and midday in shopping or scolding their maids: with the gentleman, the billiard-table or the news-room is the only resource. During the winter, concerts and assemblies are given: from the former tradespeople are tacitly considered as excluded, or, if

they go, they are eyed with contempt; and the same persons who, perhaps, have two or three years' bills standing in their books, sit aloof, and look down upon their creditors, as if their presence was contamination. This is the more inexcusable, as the "quality" are not sufficiently numerous to support concerts of themselves; therefore, they never hear any distinguished performer, but are compelled to put up with some provincial Squallini, who strains her throat beyond her natural pitch, ascends to the skies in the enthusiasm of her professional passion, and thinks she is a second Catalani, because she cracks the ears of all who

hear her. To the assemblies no tradespeople are admitted; and they are, without exception, the dullest parties I was ever present at. A few quadrilles and waltzes are danced; then the company adjourn to partake of some stuff called tea, for which one shilling each is demanded. Another dance or two generally follows, and then the thirty or forty persons who are present go home "soberly," as Lady Grace says; and this finishes the routine of "quality life" at ———.

But this "sketch" has run out to a length perhaps more than commensurate with my reader's patience; so here break we off.

WHIMSICALITIES AND PECULIARITIES OF THE LONDON CRIES.

MUCH may be said, and doubtless much has been said, and loudly too, about the cries of London; our childhood has been amused with coloured pictorial representations of them, and the various and uncouth beings who utter them, many of whom are *public characters* in their way; and even our "larger growth" has been indulged with something of the same sort, so fertile is the subject.

Fastidious folks complain that the whole thing is a nuisance; and, to a certain degree, perhaps it may be so; but to one who endeavours to find "good in every thing," much of usefulness will be discovered in the circumstance of almost every possible article you can want being thus brought, by these ambulatory merchants, to your very door; and in those parts of this overgrown metropolis which are remote from any market, this must be particularly the case, and more especially in the articles of

fish and vegetables. "True it is, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that these itinerants want a good deal of looking after to keep them honest; but, independent of all that, a variety of feelings may be, and are, excited, and amusement created, by the London cries.

In very early spring, almost before the dreariness and desolation of winter have passed away, we are pleasingly surprised some morning with the cry of snowdrops or primroses; and hoarse though the voice may be that thus intrudes itself upon the ear, and coarse and dirty the habiliments of the first handmaid of Flora, to the citizen she is, nevertheless, a harbinger of better things, and leads our thoughts and wishes to fine weather, and purling streams, and blooming hedge-rows, and breezy hills, and all the thousand pleasures that the lover of the country is fond of recalling to his mind, when con-

fined amid the closeness of a crowded city.

There are many singular peculiarities attached to the London cries, which, from being constantly sounded in our ears by the stentorian costermongers, &c. are not noticed; for instance, lavender is always cried *by the pennyworth*; and, I suppose, to induce an idea of its cheapness, one bunch is not thought sufficient for that sum, but we are tempted with "Sixteen bunches a penny, sweet lavender!" though there may not be more than four or five heads in each bunch; and this I take to have been a custom, which, like many others, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance, handed down from father to son, and mother to daughter, from time immemorial, as is doubtless the case with most other peculiarities of the sort. Herrings are always cried *by the groat*, whatever the quantity sold for that sum: thus we have fresh herrings from six to sixteen a groat, as the case may be. Radishes are cried *by the market hand*; asparagus *by the bundle*; and as to measure, these criers have no notion that any measure can be so good as *alehouse measure*: thus we have gooseberries *a full alehouse pint* for a penny, or currants sixpence *a full alehouse quart*; they know nothing about Winchester or imperial measure, not they—the alehouse is all in all to them.

Then as to the truth of this noisy portion of society, we certainly cannot say much for the immaculacy of it: we have pretended Thames fishermen, who go about with a bell, emulating those noisy dogs the dustmen, and who cry, and I suppose would not much mind swearing, that their dark, muddy, Dutch grigs, at

three-pence a pound, are fine silver Thames eels; *silver* is the word for an eel, not one would slip down a cockney's throat with any other cognomen.

There never yet was a water-cress brought into London that was not *young*: "My nice *young* water-cresses" is the invariable cry, let them be ever so tough, hot, and old. Then our peas, if yellow enough to want to be sent to Hammersmith as the best way to turn 'em green, are inevitably *fresh gathered*, though they have been metropolitan residents for a week or upwards; and they are for the most part as inevitably *marrowfats*, a pea now very rarely seen.

"Cherry ripe" has of late been a popular cry, thanks to the style of Madame Vestris's singing the pretty rondo to which Herrick's quaint old words are set: now cherries are always cried *round*, and as constantly *sound*, let them be ever so bruised or rotten; and this, with their price at per *pound*, makes as pretty a crying triplet as need be, and may form a very good lesson for a young poet-aster. Strawberry pottles are always *full to the bottom*, even though part of the contents be paper. All itinerant dealers in poultry cry nothing but "*Chicken*, or a *young* fowl," though some of the unfortunate purchasers occasionally find their bargains so tough that they can scarcely hew them to pieces; but even here we have a poetical suggestion, for it reminds me of Bloomfield's Suffolk cheese, and his descriptive line,

"Too big to swallow, and too hard to bite."

Another remarkable circumstance is that our fish are all *alive*. We have "Sprats alive, oh!" "Live mackarel," and indeed most other fish; and some, by way of out-he-

roding Herod, cry them *leaping alive*; and one particular fish is not only *alive* but *dainty*, for we invariably hear "Dainty live cod."

Oysters, let their state and condition be what it may, are constantly "*All fat, oh!*" and let them be bred where they will are generally *navities*. Any small plaice, or other flat fish, are sold to the flats for Thames flounders; and muscles, let their colour be what it may, even a good copperas green, are always "lily white muscles."

I had nearly forgotten a quality—a curious one to attach to fruit—that

of courage, which is ever bestowed upon currants, and often upon gooseberries: in the season you may hear fifty times a day, "*Brave* ripe currants," "*Brave* red currants," "*Brave* white currants," and so on, but all *brave*.

These are but a few of the whimsicalities and peculiarities of the London cries, but even these may afford five minutes' amusement; and till some abler hand takes up the subject, my readers must take the will for the deed.

J. M. LACEY.

THE WEIRD BEAUTY.

(Concluded from p. 31.)

"THIS last calamity to the name of Douglas," continued the lady, "overpowered my father. His strength of mind and body were for ever impaired. I besought him, since to me France was full of peril, and our country was lost to us, to let us throw ourselves upon Divine Providence, which was all-sufficient to stir up friends for us among the natural enemies of Scotland. My hopes were prophetic. An English farmer crossed the Tweed in the same bark with us; I had laid aside the gipsy habit, and my father and I now travelled in the garb of decent tradespeople. Our fellow-passenger had the countenance of old age; yet vigorous, fresh, and cheerful. He looked at my father with scrutinizing earnestness, and embarrassed me by staring intently. 'My good lass,' he said, 'you need not so highly colour, when a gaffer of three score and fifteen years fixes his old eyes upon you; and if you knew my thoughts, you would be flattered.

That smile, young maiden, reminds me of the Lady Kilspindie: are you of her kin? This changing world sometimes shares the blood of the rich with the poor.'—'Ah!' said I, 'the Lady of Kilspindie was my mother, and there is my father.'

"'Gracious Disposer of events,' exclaimed the old man, 'I have prayed that I might once more see Kilspindie; but to meet him so unlike himself wrings my heart.'

"'How has my father gained such an interest in your mind?' I questioned: 'when I know the grounds of your favour, I shall tell you our misfortunes.'

"'Lady,' answered the farmer, 'you perhaps have heard of the good town of Alnwick; but probably you know nothing of the tax imposed on us by King John. It is worth telling for pastime, and it leads to the pith of my story about the Laird or Lord of Kilspindie. The charter of Alnwick was given by John, as we call him, Lackland; and as he

once in his mad frolics got himself mired in a dirty pool, since named the Freeman's Well, he made it a part of our charter, that when a free-man is to be chosen, he must leap the well, where all candidates must appear on horseback very early on St. Mark's-day. Each man has a sword by his side; he is clad in white, and a white night-cap on his head. They dismount, draw up in a body to some distance from the well, and making a rush all at once in full speed, they attempt to leap, but plunge into the mud, and must scramble out of it as fast as they can. Then taking a dram and changing their clothes, they remount their horses, and, with swords drawn, gallop through and around the district. Returning to the town, they are met by the women in all their finery, with bells and garlands, dancing and singing, and they go to make merry at houses distinguished by a great holly bush. The merriment of youth often leads to folly; and I, a bold spanker, had a squabble with the son of a common-council-man. He got a broken head, and the arm of power being against me, I had nothing for it but to hurry over the border. In my haste, and with a brain confused by liquor, I fell and broke my leg. The Laird and Lady Kilspindie taking a morning walk, found the poor stranger lying near their house. They nursed me with as much care as if I had been their own son, and Douglas wrote to a friend in Alnwick, and got me off from penalties. I have prayed that I might be able to prove I had an English heart alive to the calls of gratitude; but to see him and his child in such a plight pierces my

very soul. Who has done the cruel deed?"

"The ingrate James of Scotland," I replied; "may the Lord requite him according to his tyranny and injustice!"

"My father had his eyes fixed on me, and though he could not hear, he judged by my looks that I was speaking of King James. He wrote on his tablets, 'Take care what you say of your king: you shall be no child of mine, Kate, if a disloyal word passes your lips. Let me tell our story.' I wrote, in answer, that I would be all obedience, and I informed him to whom I was speaking. He invited the farmer to come near, and told our wrongs, so as to soften all the harshness of our royal master. Reverend father, you are greatly touched; but unless you could know all we have endured in our wanderings, and the bitterness of disappointment to our hopes, and the desolate feeling of an exile, you could not appreciate the Christian meekness, the unshaken loyalty of him who lies before you on his bed of death, in a hovel, which, in his better days, he would have thought too wretched for the meanest domestic animal in his possession."

Grief suppressed the lady's voice. When she composed herself, she said, "My narrative is now near a close. Gaffer Oldmixon took us to his house, and behaved to us with the most respectful kindness. I had saved some trinkets, which, being rarities in that quarter, sold well, and my lace and embroidery were in great request. I hired a cottage, and was able to earn a decent livelihood for myself and my father till lately, when the disturbed state of the border

drove every one that could not fight to seek refuge in walled cities or natural fastnesses. My father was feeble; but I hoped he could bear the removal to a place of safety. Alas! the severe weather hastened the decays of old age, in spite of all my care to defend him from the sleet and cold winds. Gaffer Oldmixon attended our journey, and directed us to this woodman's summer-hut, when my father could no longer bear to proceed. He provides necessaries for us, and comes under the veil of night to see us: for two days I have looked in vain—he appears not—the tread of your horse gave me hopes.”

While the duteous daughter related her story, her eyes were continually fixed upon the patient. She moistened his pale lips from time to time with a feather dipped in a cordial, or she softly replaced the coverings that, in his unquiet slumbers, he threw from his arms and breast.

“Pray for the dying!” she exclaimed, with uplifted hands. “This struggle must soon release his soul.”

The king kneeled by the lowly couch, and in contrite humiliation, bending his head, he supplicated the Supreme Lord of Life in mercy to receive the parting spirit, and to pardon James of Scotland, by whose unhallowed resentment the latter days of a faithful servant were im-bittered. The dying ear seemed to have resumed its suspended functions, and to recognise the voice of James. Douglas opened his eyes, looked earnestly at the priest, and exerting all his strength, uttered, “Jam—es—Jam—es—I—forgive—and bless—.” The faint accents died

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away, and he expired. The priest begged Catherine to command his utmost services.

“I thank you, reverend father,” she said, “but indeed I can do no more until gaffer Oldmixon communicates the instructions my father gave respecting his interment. I wish to fulfil his every wish, and if the gaffer does not soon appear, what will become of me?”

“Lady, I am bound on a special mission to the Scottish camp. I have some influence with the chiefs of their army. Douglas of Kilspindie wished to lay his bones in his own country, and I may venture to promise an honourable escort of his countrymen to bear him to the cemetery of his ancestors in the churchyard of Annan. On his grandmother's side he is lineally descended from Randolph, Lord Regent of Scotland, and with the dust of the Randolphs he has good right to be laid.”

“Father,” replied Catherine, “my heart is almost bursting with sorrow; but I have been so long constrained to limit the indulgence of my feelings to hours of privacy, that I cannot obtain relief in tears until I am alone. Accept this simple morning repast, and then I will shew you a path through the wood, which, in half an hour, will bring you to the Scottish camp. I climbed an eminence yesterday to look out for gaffer Oldmixon, and my woe-worn mind seemed to have gathered new strength at the unexpected sight of my countrymen. I have here my father's cloak. It is well known in this neighbourhood, and whoever wears it will find there is protection in every sign of affinity to a good man. These viands are unpalatable, reverend fa-

N

ther. If I had better, they should be at your service."

James had not tasted a morsel. He had laid his head on the table, and penitential tears bore testimony to the worth of the departed servant he had so harshly driven from his native land. Catherine Douglas saw the briny traces on his cheeks, and the sluices of her grief were opened.

"Lady," said James, "do not impute it to the quality of your viands that my appetite has failed. I could not taste the most sumptuous breakfast ever prepared for Henry of England. I must not be tardy when I go your errand: yet, my daughter, it is doleful to leave you in solitude with the dead."

"Alive or dead, the person of my father is my dearest earthly object," said Catherine. "God and the saints are with me, and mortality should have no horrors for a creature now left alone upon earth."

James departed, wrapped in Kilspindie's cloak, and wearing his English cap. Catherine Douglas shewed him a short path to the Scottish camp, and Tantallon, sure-footed and wary, soon carried him thither. Catherine, on her knees beside the dead body of her father, passed the day in mourning and prayer.

Night began to close in before gaffer Oldmixon joined her. He had been ill, and travelled with difficulty. He was not seated in the hut, when a large party of Scottish gentlemen, in sacerdotal habits, appeared. They were led by the priest, and their garb ensured for them reverence even in a hostile country. James called Oldmixon aside to inquire what instructions Kilspindie gave for his interment. He had briefly requested to be laid, if pos-

sible, in the soil of Scotland. The band of priests came provided with every necessary for a funeral, and a palfrey for the lady to accompany the procession. A blaze of torches shewed the safest track over the Solway. Catherine Douglas, in weeds of woe, and covered with a long black veil, rode at the head of her father's coffin; the king kept beside her until she came to the water's edge. He then put a sealed packet into her hand, and requesting her to examine the contents when the last duties had been paid to the laird of Kilspindie, he bade her adieu, and turned to the place where a suitable escort awaited their royal master. Catherine secured the packet without bestowing on it another thought. Her whole mind was absorbed in the solemn duty she had to perform; and she did not observe that, on reaching the Scottish border, the nobles who formed the funeral cavalcade threw off their clerical cassocks and cowls, and received from attendants their plumed helmets, standing confest as knights in armour, as becomed the sepulchral train of a warrior renowned in feats of arms.

The solemn service being finished, Catherine rose from her knees, and looked round for a person to whom she could apply for hospitality to gaffer Oldmixon for the night—for herself she had resolved to keep vigils at the grave of her parent. The composure of her self-possession was a little disturbed on seeing the ecclesiastics all gone, and herself encompassed by belted knights. Yet even these were the chiefs of Scotland; and though they had forsaken her father in adversity, they paid the last honours to his memory. She was going to address a venerable warrior,

when an aged lady spoke to her, requesting her to accept a home with her for a week or two, that she might fix upon a settled abode. "A week or two!" cried Oldmixon, who had bustled up to Catherine Douglas to bid her good night; "a week or two is cold comfort for an orphan. Make your home with me, dear lady. I am indeed a poor representative of the fatherly protector we have just laid in his narrow dwelling of dust; but I and my sons, and their wives and children, will be your humble and faithful servants. I leave you to-night by the grave of him whom you best loved and all revered. I must join my sons and the army of my king; for an Englishman should never quit his post while he can stand or move. To-morrow, if I live, and am able to ride or walk, I will meet you on the border, and a child's part of my substance shall be yours, whether I live or die."

The earnest and loud voice and expressive gestures of the honest yeoman had drawn crowds round him and the mourner. She was suppressing her emotion to make a reply, when a grey-haired warrior interposed.

"Before you give an answer, madam, it may be proper to examine the contents of the packet I saw our good King James deliver to you."

"The king!" replied Catherine Douglas, her pale complexion changing to the deepest crimson.

"Lady," answered the Lord Hay of Kinfauns, "I swear to you by the holy cross of St. Andrew, that by command of King James I carried to the brink of Solway a packet wrapped in black silk, and bound with a silken string of the same colour. There I delivered my charge to the royal hand, and my eyes be-

held that hand present it to you. In your grief you received it, and, as if scarcely conscious of the act, you placed it in your bosom. Take counsel of an old man; go with the Lady Bonnymains, and see the inside of the kingly gifts. Our good King James doth not scatter chaff to his selected favourites."—Catherine's eyes flashed with indignant scorn.—"Pardon me if I have ill chosen my words, lady—no ill was intended."

"Of that I am sure," said Oldmixon. "Take counsel, lady, and come with your kinswoman for one hour."

Lord Kinfauns took Catherine's hand, the Lady Bonnymains laid hold of her arm on the other side, and Oldmixon followed. As soon as they entered the hall of Bonnymains, he said, "The King of Scotland, in the guise of a churchman, gave me this purse of gold to be disposed of as the daughter of Kilspindie shall please. I leave it here at her will, in case spoilers may cross my way."

While Oldmixon spoke, Catherine Douglas unwrapped the packet from its sable envelope, and the royal signet appeared on broad seals. The contents were an act of grace, clearing from attainder the late Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie and his offspring; and restoring to Catherine Douglas, the daughter of Kilspindie, all her father's rights and possessions in land or moveables; with a gift of crown-lands in the vicinity of Annan. A letter, penned by the royal hand, acknowledged, with many thanks, the hospitality of Catherine, and the momentous safeguard her father's cloak had afforded. Four yeomen observed and knew Tantalou as a Scottish nag; but on seeing

the cloak, the men said to each other, it would be shameful to molest a friend of the good Douglas. James said he would keep the cloak and cap as mementoes that a king should never disregard a supplicant; and that a crown and sceptre may be of less value in exigency, than the aid of a true and worthy subject. He concluded by mentioning, that he felt it incumbent to remunerate Oldmixon for his services to Kilspindie and his daughter, and knowing that the loyal Englishman would accept no Scottish coin while the sister kingdoms were at war, he had given the sum as for the disposal of Catherine. It may be supposed that the lady, with unspeakable pleasure, confirmed the donation to her English friend; and they parted with a promise to see her in a few days.

A very few days brought terrible rumours of defeat, and all the cruel atrocities which marked the early wars between England and Scotland were recollected and denounced as impending on the border. Since Catherine Douglas had solately come from that country, many applied to her for her opinion. She said, that, for the honour of her beloved fatherland, she hoped it never would be known on the other side of the Solway or Tweed, that Scottish hearts or Scottish lips could dread or speak of renewing the barbarities of olden times, when the enemy on both sides purchased prisoners for the horrible brutality of inflicting upon them torturing deaths. The brave feel no resentment against a vanquished enemy, nor will they apprehend it from others.

On the fifth day after Kilspindie was gathered to his fathers, the defeat of the Scots was confirmed by

multitudes flying from Solway. King James, with his body of reserve, lay near, and when apprised of the disaster, he said, "The weird wishes of Catherine Douglas have fallen upon me!" The words were reported to the queen, whose inquiries brought forth the circumstance we have related; and certain it is, that James V. of Scotland died, like Douglas of Kilspindie, of a broken heart. But the discomfiture of James's army was caused by his own irfatuated favouritism, and the ill-timed resentment of his nobles and their great vassals. The king had given to Oliver Sinclair a secret commission for the chief command of his army. Exalted upon crossed pikes, the minion was shewn to the armed host while his high appointment was proclaimed. The enraged soldiery broke their ranks; the English observing some confusion among their adversaries, bore down upon them; the Scots, panic-struck, dispersed and fled. Seven lords, two hundred gentlemen, and eight hundred soldiers, were prisoners to the English; and they took twenty-four pieces of ordnance, at that time a very important capture. Before a truce could be settled between the contending realms, the victors ravaged the southern counties of Scotland, except the lands and property of Catherine Douglas; and her influence saved many of her friends from pillage. The Lady Bonnymains perceived many advantages from an alliance with an heiress respected even by the natural foes of the border, and whose wealth derived lustre from her wisdom. She advised Catherine to think of matrimony, and secretly wished that one of her own sons might gain the prize. Catherine re-

plied, that she had lived too long without a master to purchase one in the decline of her life; and as to *bairns*, she had the largest family in *braid* Scotland, for every poor woman's bairn would find in her a second mother. No man would take her for her own sake, when she had only herself to bestow; and now she was not to give her goodly lands as a bribe for leading her to the altar; and she would prove that a single woman can rule her heritage for her own weal and the weal of her country.

The character of Catherine Douglas has been variously represented; but all agree that her undertakings were uniformly prosperous. This success was ascribed to magical arts by the Catholics; Protestants attributed to her prudence the good fortune which invariably attended her. She was a zealous follower of the re-

formed religion, and a mighty protectress of such as suffered persecution for their enlightened principles. She retained her beauty at the age of fourscore; a singularity imputed by the Catholics to necromantic agency. In their legends she is accused of numerous witcheries, and is always styled the *Weird Beauty*. But the traditions of the reformers, and of the reformed professors of Christianity, delineate the person and countenance of Catherine Douglas as deriving their captivations from mental endowments. Her courageous, firm, benevolent spirit beamed in her brilliant eyes, and beautified every feature, even at the age of fourscore; for to the latest period of her life she thought and acted for herself with wisdom and unremitting beneficence.

B. G.

THE POISONED TRAVELLER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN your last number you gave from Reynolds' *Memoirs*, a practical illustration of some of the inconveniences attending the imperfect acquaintance with a foreign language, which indeed, in some instances, proves more embarrassing than total ignorance. The following narrative, transcribed from a recent work, entitled *Continental Adventures*, which professes to be a novel, but in which most of the circumstances are real, and the descriptions true to fact, furnishes a still more humorous elucidation of the subject, and will at least serve to amuse

your readers, if you can spare a page for it.

I am, &c. &c.

R. S.

"The mountain of Rossberg, as well as the Righi, and most of the others in this neighbourhood (near the lake of Lucerne), being of an aggregate formation, and extremely loose and adhesive, the central beds of the coarse breccia, or what in English is called plumpudding-stone, of which the whole mass is composed, having to support such an enormous superincumbent weight, must, when loosened by the long

continuance of wet weather, be very liable to give way. On the overthrown mountain, beneath which lie the mangled corpses of the unfortunates whom it overwhelmed, the new church of Lowerz, an inn, and a few houses have been built. This lake is haunted, not indeed by the ghosts of these poor victims, but by the apparition of a young female, whom one of the ancient tyrants of these cantons carried off, from her betrothed lover, to the castle of Schwanau, on one of the islands in the lake, the ruins of which are still to be seen. The melancholy tale of his cruel persecution, and of her cruel sufferings, is still told by the peasants as they point out the now desolate island; and they relate that annually, on the anniversary of the fatal day on which she terminated her life by throwing herself into the water, her spectre is seen at midnight, on the summit of the ruined tower, attired in dishevelled garments, with streaming hair, bearing a lighted torch, and pursuing the ghost of her relentless ravisher, who is armed from head to foot, with loud shrieks, until both are lost in the dark waters of the lake. The caitiff-knight, however, according to tradition, fell a sacrifice to the just vengeance of her brothers.

“ We had scarcely heard this lamentable history, before the sounds of complaint and distress caught our ears; and turning the projecting point of a cliff, we beheld a tall stout man in a travelling dress, crying and wringing his hands in the bitterness of despair; while his guide, in broken French, seemed vainly endeavouring to comfort him. In answer to an inquiry of what had happened, the stranger's perplexed-looking Swiss

guide shook his head, and declared, in very bad French, that ‘ really he did not know, but that monsieur had all at once, without any reason, broke out into this violent taking.’—‘ You lie, you d—d scoundrel, you lie! You've poisoned me, you villain; and then you pretend you don't know what's the matter with me!’ exclaimed the Englishman, pouring out a torrent of accusation and vituperation against the Swiss, who continued shrugging up his shoulders, and making significant gesticulations that the gentleman was not in his right mind; while the latter began anew to wring his hands and bewail himself, repeating, ‘ But it's all over with me now!—I'm a dead man! I've not half an hour to live!—I'm poisoned! Oh! oh! oh!’—‘ What is the matter?’ we both exclaimed, in great alarm.—‘ Poisoned!’—‘ How? What poison have you swallowed?’—‘ The poisoned water he gave me!—Oh! oh! oh!—I feel it in my bowels!—Oh! oh! oh! the agony is coming!—O Lord! O Lord! what shall I do?—And in this cursed country, too, where there's never a doctor to be had for love or money—Oh! oh! oh!’—‘ If you would only explain, sir,’ I said, ‘ perhaps you might yet be saved. What poison did he put into the water? How do you know it was poison?’—‘ He owned it—I made him own it—a villain! He acknowledged it was poisonous after he gave it me!’ exclaimed the man. ‘ Oh! oh! I'm rack'd—I'm tortured!’—He was interrupted by Lady Hunlocke, who never travels without some medicines, and who had, at the first sound of his having swallowed poison, flown to the cart, and tearing open her travelling-bag, seized upon

a bottle of ipecacuanha wine, with which she now returned, breathless with speed, exclaiming, 'Take this! take this! swallow it instantly!—this will save you!—this is an emetic!' and the poor man seizing the bottle, poured it down his throat with the utmost avidity, making, however, an involuntary grimace at its nauseous taste, as he finished the draught. 'Do you really think it will save me?' he asked, in an altered tone.—'I have no doubt of it,' said she: 'but how did all this happen? and what poison was it?'—'The poisoned water of the lake, I tell you!' exclaimed the Englishman; 'and—'—'The water of the lake poisoned! but how did he poison it?'—'He gave it me to drink, knowing it was poisonous, and offered me more of it, pretending it was very good; and then he owned afterwards, when I asked him, after I saw it in the book, that it is very poisonous. He wanted to poison me with it, to get my money and effects—the villain!'—'But how did he poison it?'—'Why its poisonous water—the water of the lake is poisonous.'—'Poisonous!'—'Yes, it's very poisonous; and after I had drunk it, the fool gave me this French book to read about it, and the first thing I saw—for I understand French—was, that the water of the lake is very poisonous. You see here it is: he says 'this lake is very poisonous — *bien poissonneux*,'—shewing us the words in a French book containing a description of the lake of Lucerne. Here Lady Hunlocke and I burst out into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. 'I don't know what you see to laugh at,' he exclaimed, looking very angry: 'for if you don't believe it, I can tell you it's true—and too true; for the ras-

cal himself owned it to my face when I asked him. He said it was very poisonous—*bien poissonneux*—and he told me, too, of I don't know how many hundreds of people that died all in one day with drinking of it—the villain! But he shall drink it himself—I'll be hang'd if he shan't!' And instantly as this thought struck him, he seized the unlucky little Swiss by the collar, who kicked and rebelled with all his might, conceiving himself in the grasp of a madman, who was going to toss him into the lake; but his struggles were in vain, for he was a shrimp in the hands of the athletic Englishman, who dragged him in a moment to the water's edge, and standing over him in a menacing attitude, exclaimed, '*Boir! boir!*' The trembling Swiss, who fancied he himself wanted to drink, submissively ejaculated, '*Oui, monsieur!*' and filling a leather cup, which, with a shaking hand, he drew from his pocket, he presented it to the Englishman.—'You d——d impudent rascal!' exclaimed the enraged Englishman, "do you want to poison me again?" and seizing him by the shoulders, he shook him until his bones must have been nearly dislocated, saying, '*Boire vous! vous êtes to boire!*' in a voice choked with passion. Trembling in every limb, the poor little Swiss, now beginning to understand, passively took a drink. 'There! now, I think, I've done for you!' exclaimed the Englishman triumphantly: 'I've paid you up! But oh! oh! —the poison! the poison! Oh! think of dying this way!—poisoned like a rat! Oh! I'm sick!—oh! oh! oh!' Lady Hunlocke, who as well as myself had been all this time in convulsions of laughter, now attempt-

ed to articulate.—‘It is the emetic! you are not poisoned! the water is not poisonous!’—‘Oh! oh! you foolish woman! Oh!—why you don’t understand French. The book says the water is *très poissonneur*, which in English means—’—‘That it’s very full of fish,’ interrupted Lady Hunlocke.—‘Of *poison*! I tell you. Oh!’ ejaculated the poor sick wretch.—‘Of *poisson*, which means fish, certainly; and *poissonneur* means fishy,’ exclaimed Lady Hunlocke, in a fresh paroxysm of laughter. When at last he was with some difficulty convinced that the lake, instead of being poisonous, merely abounded in fish, he went nearly

distracted with rage, and raved at his own stupidity, at the guide’s stupidity, at our stupidity, and at the unlucky emetic, which now began to make him extremely ill in good earnest. We were by this time close to the little inn of Lowerz, towards which we began to conduct him the moment he had swallowed the emetic; and having explained the mistake to his own guide, and to the people of the inn, we left the poor wretch, whom we sincerely compassionated, though it was impossible to help laughing, to the paroxysm of sickness which was his inevitable lot.”

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XVIII.

Present, the VICAR, Miss and Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, Captain PRIMROSE, Captain FIRE-DRAKE, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. MONTAGUE, Mr. APATHY, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

The Vicar. WELCOME back, Counsellor, from your country excursion. How did your election end?

Counsellor. Oh! we beat our man to a stand-still, and then he gave in: he hadn’t a chance from the beginning; but he was in the hands of bad advisers, who persuaded him to stand the contest, to the great joy of the victuallers and inn-keepers, as well as of the voters; but, I assure you, much to the detriment of his pocket and ours.

Horace Primrose. Oh! that of course; you cannot interfere in elections without expense.

Basil Firedrake. The man who exposes himself to all the insults and outrages of a popular election, and spends his money, besides, on the rapacious crew generally dignified with the name of electors, deserves

to receive a round dozen at the gangway. I have detested popular elections ever since my friend, Sir Murray Maxwell, was so ill-treated at Westminster.

Mr. Montague. But there is a great deal of true English feeling displayed at popular elections, with all their inconveniences. They are component and essential parts of our constitution, and I would not have them dispensed with. The little effervescences which occur at those times soon subside, whilst the benefits which result from them are solid and lasting.

Reginald. There is nothing I so much enjoy as an election. I like all the bustle which attends it; I enjoy the canvassing. What if you do meet with a few rebuffs? they are counterbalanced, and more than counterbalanced, by the hearty greet-

ings of your friends; and the smiles of the ladies are in themselves a sufficient reward.

Mr. Mathews. But how if the ladies frown, instead of smile? What is to be your reward then?

Reginald. Oh! the ladies never frown on a *true blue*. Were our cause to be decided by them, we should carry it in every county, city, and borough in the kingdom.

Mr. Apathy. What whim could have influenced the Earl of Radnor when he returned Southey to Parliament for the borough of Downton?

Horace Primrose. What could influence him, but a desire to do homage to his talents, which every man capable of appreciating them is ready to acknowledge, though fools and snarlers cavil at, and ridicule, what they do not understand.

The Vicar. My friend Southey's habits will never let him sit in Parliament. He will feel the obligation under which the earl has laid him, but depend upon it he will not take his seat in Parliament.

Reginald. He has declined that honour—were you not aware of it?

The Vicar. No.

Reginald. He has, however, and very properly. Parliamentary hours and parliamentary business would never suit a man of Southey's retired and studious habits. He also assigns his limited fortune as another reason why he should not take his seat.

Mr. Mathews. I should have liked to see the faces of the mean-souled calumniators, as they were reading this announcement, who had circulated the report, that it was mean motives of personal ambition which had prompted him to become the tool of a borough-proprietor, for the sake of

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having a seat in the House. If they could blush, their faces must have been as red as scarlet, on finding that their malicious surmises were all false and unfounded.

Basil Firedrake. Blush, did you say? Did you ever see a Negro change colour? When you can wash the Ethiopian white, you may expect to see these habitual calumniators blush.

The Vicar. Come, I must put my veto upon political subjects; we have had quite enough of a topic which too often leads to dissension; and as we are all friends, differences would not be agreeable. Mary-Ann, my love, what are you thinking of?

Miss Primrose. I wanted to ask Reginald if he knows *who* and what Mr. Hazlitt is?

Reginald. He was once a painter of bad pictures—now, a writer of bad books; a man of whose private character and conduct I know nothing; but who has taken great pains to exhibit himself, in his productions, in a most offensive point of view. But may I ask how *you* became interested in such a man as Mr. Hazlitt?

Miss Primrose. Simply from perusing some pages in a volume of which, I have been told, he is the author. It is called, *The Plain Speaker, or Opinions on Books, Men, and Things*; and I confess, that although I regretted to find a man could exist capable of holding himself and his companions up to the world in such a despicable light, yet, at the same time, I rejoice to think that he has enabled us females to repel a stigma which is often cast upon us.

Mr. Apathy. What is that?

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Miss Primrose. Why, you lords of the creation ascribe to us poor weak women solely the inclination to asperse and slander each other. You say that we cannot exist without scandal——

Basil Firedrake. And there are more reputations destroyed over a tea-table, than can possibly be repaired in any other place. Tea is a natural generator of scandal. If you ladies were to drink grog, as we sailors do, you would never talk scandal.

Miss Primrose. Hold your tongue, saucebox! or I shall throw down my gauntlet, and dare you to the field, for the honour of my sex.

Reginald. Basil would not dare to meet you. He would feel he had a bad cause; and though bold as a lion, he would shrink from the encounter. But what pleased you so in Hazlitt's book — for it *is* his, though published anonymously.

Miss Primrose. Why, I made the discovery that if we women do occasionally amuse ourselves with developing each other's faults, that you men are not altogether exempt from the same foible. But I will read the passage, which I deemed so curious that I thought, with Hamlet, "meet it were I wrote this down." So here it is. (*Reads.*)

I don't know what it is that attaches me to H—— so much, except that he and I, whenever we meet, *sit in judgment on another set of old friends*, and "carve them as a dish fit for the gods." There was L— H—.

Reginald. Leigh Hunt.

Miss Primrose. John Scot.

Reginald. The unfortunate, but clever editor of the *London Magazine*.

Miss Primrose. Mrs. ——, whose dark raven locks make a picturesque

back-ground to our discourse; B——, who is grown fat, and is, they say, married; R——. These had all separated long ago, and *their foibles are the common links that hold us together*. We do not affect to condole or whine over their follies; we enjoy, we laugh at them, till we are ready to burst our sides, "*sans intermission, for hours by the dial.*"— We serve up a course of anecdotes, traits, master-strokes of character, and *cut and hack at them till we are weary*. Perhaps some of them are even with us. For my own part, as I once said, *I like a friend the better for having faults that one can talk about*. "Then," said Mrs. ——, "you will never cease to be a philanthropist!" The only intimacy I never found to flinch or fade, was a purely intellectual one. There was none of the cant of candour in it; none of the whine of mawkish sensibility. Our mutual acquaintance were considered merely as subjects of conversation and knowledge, not at all of affection. We regarded them no more in our experiments than "mice in an air-pump;" or, *like malefactors, they were regularly cut down, and given over to the dissecting knife*. We spared neither friend nor foe. We sacrificed *human infirmities* at the shrine of truth. *The skeletons of character might be seen, after the juice was extracted, dangling in the air, like flies in cobwebs; or they were kept for future inspection in some refined acid*. The demonstration was as beautiful as it was new. There is no surfeiting on gall; nothing keeps so well as a decoction of spleen. We grow tired of every thing, but turning others into ridicule and congratulating ourselves on their defects.

There, gentlemen, what say you to that? Will you now affirm that scandal is confined exclusively to the females? This delectable passage you will find at page 317 of the first volume, for I like to give chapter and verse.

Mr. Mathews. I would not destroy your exultation before you had favoured us with the passage on which it was grounded; but, my dear Miss Primrose, the writer of those despicable lines, the heartless avower of those contemptible sentiments, is not a man—we disown him. He is only a gruel-sipping, tea-drinking cockney.

Basil. There, you see, I told you so! Had he drunk generous flip or substantial grog, he'd never have talked scandal, depend upon it.

Mr. Mathews. He has, in another passage, a little previous to the one Miss Primrose has just read, avowed sentiments, if possible, still more heartless; expressed opinions even still more repugnant to every manly, every honourable, every humane feeling. I confess I blushed for myself to think that I belonged to the same species with the person who could pen such a passage as this:

I have quarrelled with almost all my old friends (they might say this is owing to my bad temper; but) they have also quarrelled with one another. They are scattered like last year's snow: some of them are dead, or gone to live at a distance, or pass one another in the street like strangers; or if they stop to speak, do it as coolly, and try to cut one another as soon as possible. Some of us have dearly earned a name in the world, whilst others remain in their original privacy. *We despise the one, and envy and are glad to mortify the other.* Times are changed; we cannot revive our old feelings; and we avoid the sight and are uneasy in the presence of those who remind us of our infirmity, and put us upon an effort of seeming cordiality, which embarrasses ourselves, and does not impose upon our *quondam* associates. Old friendships are like meats served up repeatedly, cold, comfortless, and dis-

tasteful. The stomach turns against them.

Reginald. Hazlitt is a disappointed man; one of a class of writers, who endeavoured, if I may use the term, to *denationalize* our sound English feelings and principles; and whose ability to do evil was cramped and curtailed by some powerful writers in Blackwood, who gave them the cognomen of the *Cockney School*. At his first *entrée* into the literary world, he was praised and caressed by a little knot of sycophantic flatterers, who, utterly destitute of any thing approaching to talent themselves, looked with admiration on Hazlitt; and received all his fine wire-drawn deductions, and absurd paradoxes, and ill-digested, half-formed ideas, as master-pieces of human wisdom. Then his connection with Leigh Hunt procured him some puffs in the *Examiner*; and poor Hazlitt thought himself little less than a demigod. The world thought otherwise; and, despised and neglected, he now seeks to vent his spleen against all his former associates, whilst his vanity enables him easily to reconcile the light estimation in which his productions are held to his own feelings: listen. (*Reginald takes a volume from his pocket, and reads.*)

Here (he is writing from Winterslow) I came fifteen years ago a willing exile; and as I trod the lengthened greensward by the low wood-side, repeated the old line,

“ My mind to me a kingdom is!”
I found it so then, before, and since; and shall I faint, now that I have poured out the spirit of that mind to the world, and treated many subjects with truth, with freedom, and power, because I have been followed with one cry of abuse ever since, *for not being a government tool?*

Here I returned a few years after to finish some works I had undertaken, doubtful of the event, but determined to do my best; and wrote that character of Millimant, which was once transcribed by fingers fairer than Aurora's, but no notice was taken of it, *because I was not a government tool!!* and must be supposed devoid of taste and elegance by all who aspired to these qualities in their own persons. Here I sketched my account of that old honest Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, which, with its fine, racy, ærial tone, that old crab-apple G*ff*d would have relished, or pretended to relish, *had I been a government tool!!!* Here, too, I have written *Table-Talks* without number, and as yet without a falling off, till now that they are nearly done, or I should not make this boast. I could swear (were they not mine) the thoughts, in many of them, are founded as the rock, free as air, the tone like an Italian picture! What then? Had the style been like polished steel, as firm and as bright, it would have availed me nothing, *for I am not a government tool!!!*

Thus he goes on; and the end of the whole is, that he is dissatisfied with himself and with every body; that he finds his opinions of men and of things were not the best founded in the world; that he has been "the dupe of friendship, and the fool of love;" and that he "hates and despises himself," and "chiefly for not having hated or despised the world enough."

The Vicar. Such a man is to be pitied. He is incapable of feeling the generous emotions of which the human heart is capable, and insensible to the charms of real friendship; he is dead to the pleasures of true happiness.

"Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies or damps an undivided joy.
Joy is an import, joy is an exchange,

Joy flies monopolists: it calls for two;
Rich fruit! heaven-planted! never plucked
by one.

Needful auxiliars are our friends to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast."

Reginald. I would go on with the quotation, and say,

"Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder
froze.

True love strikes root in *reason*, passion's
foe:

Virtue alone endeth us for life:

I wrong her much—endeth us for ever.

Of *friendship's* fairest fruits the fruit most
fair

Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,

And emulously rapid in her race.

O the soft enmity! endearing strife!

This carries friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

"From friendship, which outlives my former
themes,

Glorious survivor of old Time and Death;

From friendship thus, that flower of heavenly
seed,

The wise extract earth's most hyblean bliss--
Superior wisdom crowned with smiling joy."

Mr. Mathews. Friendship and love, which is the most lasting, the most enduring passion?

Reginald. Love, to be pure, ought to be founded on friendship: in fact, it is only manly friendship refined by that delicate and ardent sensibility, which must actuate every man when he thinks of woman—lovely woman—without whom society would be divested of half its charms, the world would be a blank.

"The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man, the hermit, sighed till woman
smil'd."

So said or sung Campbell; and his

Pleasures of Hope do not contain a distich that embodies more truth.

Mr. Apathy. But both friendship and love are frequently the cause of unhappiness; and woman—the ladies will excuse me—though often man's greatest blessing, is frequently his greatest curse.

Reginald. Friendship may be misplaced; love may be devoted to an unworthy object. In those cases unhappiness, misery, even despair, may be the result: therefore,

—“since friends grow not thick on every bough,

Nor every friend unrotten at the core,
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift, not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.”

The Vicar. If that rule were followed, we should have few false friendships, few unhappy lovers; and friendship and love would then not be disgraced by having the faults of vain and capricious attachments—attachments founded on no good quality of the object, but merely the fruit of a restless fancy, or a vain desire, and therefore as evanescent as the clouds which the beams of the morning sun disperses—ascribed to them.

Basil. The charms of friendship and the delights of love are best experienced by us tars: we confide wholly and solely in a friend or a mistress; we are distracted with no doubts or jealousies, but taking the world as it goes, we let it wag merrily on, satisfied that

“In every man we find a friend, in every port a wife,”

as the old song says.

Mr. Mathews. There's some philosophy in that, and some comfort and consolation, as far as the friend may be concerned; but for the wife, why

I think one is enough for any reasonable man; and I have, certainly, no wish to find one in every place to which chance or design may lead me.

Reginald. Indeed! When I become a Benedict, I think—mind, I can't, like you married men, speak from experience—I think I should like to find a wife in every spot it might be my lot to visit; but that wife must be the dear and loved one to whom I plighted my troth at the altar, and to whom, with my hand, I gave my heart: I do not mean to approve of the seamanlike construction which our friend has put upon Basil's quotation.

Basil. Faith, it's the correct construction; and the same is put upon it by every man in the fleet; many of whom, I assure you, are practical proofs of the truth of the honest rhymer's adage.

Reginald. Then I shall not subscribe to the doctrine of the fleet, though no one owns the influence of woman to be more potent than myself, or is more attached to the society of the fairer half of the creation: as one of our lyrists says—
(sings)

“O think not that in scenes of noise,
Allured by thoughtless pleasure,
The heart can find those hallowed joys
That memory loves to treasure.
No—seek the bow'rs remote from art,
That love and peace illumine;
And share the sunshine of the heart,
The smile of lovely woman!

“Believe not in the sparkling bowl
That bliss has e'er resided;
It lights the eye, but shades the soul—
Then let it be derided:
Go, seek the bow'rs removed from art,
That love and peace illumine;
And share the sunshine of the heart,
The smile of lovely woman!”

Mr. Apathy. I wonder, Reginald, you have never yet commenced Benedict.

Reginald. Because I love all women so dearly that I never yet have been able to prefer one above the rest so exclusively as to justify me in making her my wife; that is, with the view I have of the devoted attachment a husband ought to feel for his wife. But, Apathy, you are not Inquisitor-General, nor is this a time or place for my confessions; we will change the subject.

Mr. Montague. I was lately lounging in — shop, at —, when a new novel lying on the counter caught my eye, with the curious title of "*Alla Giornata*," or *To the Day*. I was called out of the shop by my friend, Tom Harebrain, before I could make any inquiries: do any of you know any thing of it?

Reginald. It is a tale full of sentiment and romance; alternately grave and gay; but the former preponderating so as almost to entitle it to the epithet of dull. The language is not classical, nor are the characters very ably discriminated, or the plot very clearly developed: yet it contains a number of amusing incidents; and is pleasant light reading for this hot weather, when the thermometer is upwards of 80 in the shade. It is interspersed with several pleasing copies of verses; and the poetry is of a higher order of merit than its prose. The page's song in the first volume is excellent in its way:

"How blest to be that lady's page,
And live at her command;
To give or leave her soft message,
Or glove her lily hand!

"How sweet to watch her meaning eye,
And ere she breathes a prayer,
Guess, and perform it instantly,
Then read her kind thanks there!

"How blest to catch her raven hair,
That lucky chance unties;

The beauteous mischief to repair,
And touch the silken prize!

"What joy to place within her arms
The lute she loves so well;
For o'er it as she bends her charms,
It seems my love to tell!

"For, as her fingers press the strings,
It yields a softer tone;
And from her touch divine there springs
Sounds all to earth unknown.

"But of these visions heav'nly bright,
Which pass in fair array,
I'll be content to dream by night,
And sigh for all the day.

"Let me but be that lady's page,
I ask nor fare nor fee;
To do her bidding I'll engage,
Whate'er that bidding be.

"I'll place my pride in serving her,
My fame beneath her feet;
I'll live and die deserving her,
And think such death is sweet."

The Vicar. I have been reading Captain Maitland's *Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, and of his Residence on board the Bellerophon*: it contains some amusing traits; and if we had no other record of that extraordinary man, if no other memorial of him should be handed down to posterity, he would hold a much higher place in the estimation of future generations than he is now likely to do. He appears to have conducted himself, whilst under Captain Maitland's *surveillance*, with prudence and fortitude; and such is the influence of misfortune, when united with those qualities, that I confess I rose from the perusal of our honest sailor's unpretending narrative, with a more favourable opinion of Buonaparte than at one time I thought it possible I could ever have entertained.

Capt. Primrose. I think Buonaparte put a restraint upon his feelings and his conduct whilst on board the *Bellerophon*, in expectation of

being allowed to remain in England, which does not authorize us to look at that period of his life as a fair criterion from which to judge of his character. I am willing to do all justice to his conduct during the time he was with Captain Maitland; but, I confess, my general impression as to his character and conduct remains unchanged.

Basil Firedrake. And mine. He was a great man, but a great villain: he raised himself to a lofty station, but more by his crimes than his talents; and no real Englishman can ever speak of him in terms of respect.

Mr. Apathy. That's only the prejudice of your profession, captain: it is as natural for you to hate Buonaparte as it is to become infinitely attached to the first pretty woman you encounter after a nine-months' cruise. You cannot help feeling this prejudice; and therefore it is useless arguing with you.

Reginald. Why, upon the character of Buonaparte, there is no room for argument; the facts upon which it is established are too notorious for scepticism to cavil at, or effrontery to deny. Captain Maitland's narrative proves that he could conduct himself like a gentleman, and that he was not always, and *par force*, the repulsive person he frequently shewed himself; but it neither weakens the force of historical evidence already collected relative to the events of his life, nor changes the nature of that evidence, so as to make us look upon him as an ill-used or ill-rewarded potentate, whom we have heretofore regarded as a justly punished usurper.

The Vicar. Your observations are just, and we will not prolong the discussion; for when we cannot speak

well of the dead, I do not wish to speak of them at all, if it can be avoided. But there are many interesting particulars of the individuals who accompanied Buonaparte which may be read with interest.

Reginald. Yes; but a much more interesting publication to me is the *Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France, during the Revolution.* They are compiled by a lady high in the confidence of the Princess Lamballe, from the journal, &c. of that princess; and are, I believe, perfectly authentic. I have been assured, from a quarter upon which I can rely, that there can be no doubt on this head.

Counsellor Eitherside. The Memoirs are indeed interesting; they detail a series of atrocious actions, a continued tissue of profligate conduct, which make us shudder whilst we read; nor can we wonder that the vengeance of heaven visited the unfortunate nation whose governors and leading men were absolute monsters. I regret that the work is not, from the too free disclosure of certain scenes, adapted for the perusal of the ladies; but it will form a most valuable auxiliary to the future historian.

Reginald. There are some very interesting anecdotes of the murdered queen, the beautiful Marie Antoinette—her, of whom Burke truly said, that the age of chivalry was gone, or ten thousand swords would have leapt from their scabbards to avenge her.

One day (says the Princess Lamballe), her Majesty, Lady Spencer, and myself, were observing the difficulty there was in obtaining a correct pronounciation of the English language; when Lady Spencer remarked, that it only required a

little attention.—“ I beg your pardon,” said the queen, “ that’s not all, because there are many things you do not call by their proper names as they are in the dictionary.”—“ Pray what are they, please your Majesty?”—“ Well, I will give you an instance: for example, *les culottes*, what do you call them?”—“ Small-clothes,” replied her ladyship.—“ *Ma foi!* how can they be called small-clothes for one large man? Now I do look in the dictionary, and I find, *pour le mot culottes*, breeches.”—“ Oh! please your Majesty, we never call them by that name in England.”—“ *Voilà donc j’ai raison!*”—“ We say inexpressibles!”—“ *Ah, c’est mieux!* Dat do please me ver much better. *Il y a du bon sens la dedans. C’est une autre chose!*” In the midst of this curious dialogue, in came the Duke of Dorset, Lord Edward Dillon, Count Fersen, and several English gentlemen, who, as they were all going to the king’s hunt, were all dressed in new buckskin breeches. “ I do not like,” exclaimed the queen to them, “ those yellow *irresistibles!*” Lady Spencer nearly fainted. “ Vat make you so frightful, my dear lady?” said the queen to her ladyship, who was covering her face with her hands.—“ I am terrified at your Majesty’s mistake.”—“ *Comment?* did you no tell me just now, dat in England de lady call de *culottes irresistibles?*”—“ O mercy! I never could have made such a mistake, as to have applied to that part of the male dress such a word. I said, please your Majesty, *inexpressibles.*” On this the gentlemen all laughed most heartily.—“ Vell, vell,” replied the queen, “ do, my dear lady, discompose yourself. I vill no more call de breeches *irresistibles*, but say small-clothes, if even *elles sont* upon a giant.” At the repetition of the naughty word *breeches*, poor Lady Spencer’s English delicacy quite overcame her. Forgetting where she was, and also the company she was in, she ran from the room with her cross stick in her hand, ready to lay it on the

shoulders of any one who should attempt to obstruct her passage, flew into her carriage and drove off full speed, as if fearful of being contaminated; all to the no small amusement of the male guests. Her Majesty and I laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks.

The Vicar. Poor lady! her reign of mirth was soon over.

Reginald. It was indeed. Here is an anecdote of another class:

May 5, 1789.—At the very moment when all the resources of nature and art seemed exhausted, to render the queen a paragon of loveliness beyond any thing I had ever before witnessed, even in her; when every impartial eye was eager to behold and feast on that form whose beauty warmed every heart in her favour; at that moment, a horde of miscreants, just as she came in sight of the Assembly, thundered in her ears, “ *Orleans for ever!*” three or four times, while she and the king were left to pass unheeded. Even the warning of the letter, from which she had reason to expect some commotions, suggested to her imagination nothing like this, and she was dreadfully shaken. I sprang forward to support her. The king’s party, prepared for the attack, shouted, “ *Vive le roi! Vive la reine!*” As I turned, I saw some of the members lividly pale, as if fearing their machinations had been discovered; but as they passed, they said, in the hearing of her Majesty, “ *Remember, you are the daughter of Maria Theresa.*”—“ True!” answered the queen. The Duke de Biron, Orleans, La Fayette, Mirabeau, and the Mayor of Paris, seeing her Majesty’s emotions, came up, and were going to stop the procession. All, in apparent agitation, [the scoundrels!] cried out, “ *Halt!*” The queen, sternly looking at them, made a sign with her head to proceed, recovered herself, and moved forward in the train, with all the dignity and self-possession for which she was so eminently distin-

guished. But this self-command in public proved nearly fatal to her Majesty on her return to her apartment. There her real feelings broke forth, and their violence was so great as to cause the bracelets on her wrists and the pearls on her necklace to burst from the threads and settings, before her women and the ladies in attendance could have time to take them off. She remained many hours in a most alarming state of strong convulsions. Her clothes were obliged to be cut from her body to give her ease; but as soon as she was undressed, and tears came to her relief, she flew alternately to the Princess Elizabeth and myself; but we were both too much overwhelmed to give her that consolation of which she stood so much in need.

Mr. Apathy. The fate of Marie Antoinette was indeed pitiable. She

was of a kind-hearted, generous disposition, and had she lived in better times, would have been a blessing to the country under her husband's sway. She was cruelly, barbarously used.

Reginald. That sentiment, Apathy, will atone in my mind for many aberrations of which you are occasionally guilty. I can pardon the faults of the head, when the heart is right.

* * * * *

The supper-bell ringing, here put an end to our colloquy; and probably my readers may think it was high time.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
July 11, 1826.

ABEN HAMET, THE LAST OF THE ABENCERAGES.

SUCH is the title of a new romance from the pen of the Viscount de Chateaubriand, forming part of the collected works of that distinguished writer, now publishing in France, from the English translation of which the following passage is extracted.

Aben Hamet, the last of the tribe of Abencerages, who, after the conquest of Grenada, settled in the neighbourhood of Tunis, revisits the country of his ancestors. Arriving with his guide at the city of Grenada, he is conducted to a khan opened by the Moors of Africa, who were attracted thither in great numbers by the trade in silks. The author then proceeds:

“The Abencerage was too agitated to enjoy much rest in his new habitation; the idea of his country tormented him. Unable any longer to controul the feelings which preyed

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upon his heart, he stole out privately, in the middle of the night, to wander about the streets of Grenada. He strove to discover some of the monuments which the elders of his tribe had so frequently described to him.

“Perhaps the lofty edifice, the walls of which he could but imperfectly distinguish in the dark, was formerly the residence of the Abencerages. Perhaps it was in this solitary square (in which the khan was situated) that in other times those splendid carousals were given which raised the glory of Grenada to the skies; there it was that, on such occasions, troops of horsemen, superbly dressed, marched in procession; there were stationed the galleys loaded with arms and flowers, and dragons vomiting fire, and carrying illustrious warriors concealed within them—ingenious

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inventions of pleasure and gallantry.

“But, alas! instead of the sound of trumpets and songs of love, the most profound silence reigned around Aben Hamet. This mute city had changed its inhabitants, and the victors reposed on the couches of the vanquished. ‘They sleep, then, these proud Spaniards!’ exclaimed the young Moor, with indignation, ‘under the roofs from which they have banished my ancestors! and I, an Abencerage, wake unknown, solitary, and forlorn, at the gate of the palace of my fathers!’

“Aben Hamet then reflected on the destinies of man, on the vicissitudes of fortune, on the fall of empires, on Grenada itself, surprised at last by its enemies in the midst of pleasures, and exchanging all at once its garlands of flowers for chains. He pictured to himself its citizens forsaking their homes in gala dresses, like guests who, in the disorder of their attire, are suddenly driven from the halls of festivity by a conflagration.

“All these images, all these ideas, crowded on each other in the soul of Aben Hamet. Full of grief and anguish, his thoughts were principally turned to the execution of the project which had brought him to Grenada. Day surprised him in this reverie: the Abencerage had lost his way; he had rambled far from the khan, to a remote suburb of the city. All its inhabitants still slept; no noise disturbed the silence of the streets; the doors and windows of the houses were yet shut; the crowing of the cock alone proclaimed the return of labour and pain in the habitations of the poor.

“After wandering about for a long time, without being able to find his

way, Aben Hamet heard a door open. He saw a young female come forth, dressed nearly like the Gothic queens who are to be seen sculptured on monuments in our ancient abbeys. A black corset, trimmed with jet, compressed her elegant waist; her short petticoats, narrow and without folds, discovered a beautiful leg and charming foot. A black mantilla was thrown over her head; with her left hand she held this mantilla, crossed and drawn up close like a stomacher, under her chin, in such a manner that nothing was seen of her face but her large eyes and rosy mouth. A duenna walked by her side; a page preceded her, carrying a prayer-book; two footmen in livery followed at a distance the beautiful unknown. She was repairing to morning prayers, which were announced by the ringing of a bell in a neighbouring monastery.

“Aben Hamet fancied he beheld the angel Israfil, or the youngest of the houris. The Spanish maiden, not less surprised, looked at the Abencerage, whose turban, robe, and arms set off his noble countenance to still greater advantage. Recovering from her first astonishment, she beckoned the stranger to approach, with the grace and freedom peculiar to the women of that voluptuous country. ‘Senor Moor,’ said she to him, ‘you appear to have recently arrived at Grenada—have you lost your way?’

“‘Sultana of flowers!’ replied Aben Hamet, ‘delight of men’s eyes! Christian slave, more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia! thou hast rightly guessed. I am a stranger in this city: having lost myself amidst its palaces, I was unable to find my way back to the khan of the Moors.

May Mahomet touch thy heart and reward thee for thy hospitality!

“ ‘The Moors are renowned for their gallantry,’ replied the lady, with the sweetest smile: ‘but I am neither the sultana of flowers, nor a slave, nor desirous of being recommended to Mahomet. Follow me, sir knight, I will lead you back to the khan of the Moors.’

“She walked lightly before the Abencerage, led him to the door of the khan, to which she pointed, then passed on to the rear of a palace, and disappeared.

“To what then is the repose of life attached? His country no longer occupies solely and exclusively the

mind of Aben Hamet. Grenada is no longer in his eyes deserted, forsaken, widowed, and solitary. She is dearer than ever to his heart; but it is a new illusion which embellishes her ruins. With the recollection of his ancestors is now mingled another charm. He has discovered the burial-place where the ashes of the Abencerages repose; but while he prays, prostrates himself on the ground, and sheds a flood of filial tears, he fancies that the young Spanish maiden has sometimes passed over these tombs, and he no longer considers his ancestors as so unfortunate.”

AN ADVENTURE AT VENICE.

From the German.

At the time that I belonged to the Pension-Office, in —, an old Franciscan came to us every quarter to receive his allowance. He was very chatty, and often amused us for an hour, which we were glad to steal from our dry avocations, with a description of his mode of life in the convent, which, though dissolved, was still inhabited by him and his brethren. At such times we frequently entered into little discussions with him, as we could not help praising the measures of government, and congratulated him on the liberty he consequently enjoyed; while he, on the contrary, extolled the former rigorous system, and asserted that content depends not on external conveniences, but on an internal ascetic idea, which makes a man feel as comfortable in a hair garment as in silks, and sleep as softly on straw as on a bed of down.

From these disputations, in which Father Ambrose displayed himself

to us as a man advantageously distinguished above many of his profession, he sometimes digressed into narratives of adventures which had befallen him in his travels; for he had in his younger years had occasion to visit Rome and Naples, and the recollections of Italy seemed to cheer his old age like flowers in winter.

I will endeavour to relate as nearly as possible in his own words one of these adventures, which I still remember.

I was once going, began Father Ambrose, from Trieste to Venice. The sight of the sea was yet new to me, for it was the first time that I had trusted myself on its boundless expanse. I had retired from the rest of the passengers and seated myself on the deck, absorbed in the contemplation of the infinite plain over which the rays of the rising sun poured upon us from the east like a torrent

of fire. It was not long before I was joined by a young merchant from Grätz, who had made the trip several times, and who was capable of giving me every requisite information relative to the sea, shipping, and maritime commerce: for it was my way from my youth to make minute inquiries concerning all about me, in order to increase my store of knowledge, and to familiarize myself with the pursuits of men and things.

After a while two Venetians, with whose profession we were unacquainted, came up to us. The conversation turned to other subjects. I soon perceived that the Italians took particular notice of the merchant, though their attention seemed to escape him; for, much as his manners were polished by travel, still he belonged to that class of people who think more of themselves than of others, and for that very reason possess but little skill in physiognomy.

As moderate as were his opinions in regard to the concerns of private life, so violent were they on political topics, in adverting to which he seemed to be a totally different person. In early life he had probably experienced severe oppression; for in no other way could I account for the vehemence with which he talked of liberty and independence, in opposition to tyranny and arbitrary government. Probably too the trite observation, that a man often feels the strongest enthusiasm for things which he cannot see distinctly, and defends his ideas the more obstinately the fewer he has, would have applied to my fellow-passenger. At length he became so violent that I began to feel quite uneasy. The Italians were incensed at the intempe-

rate language of the man, who, conceiving himself to have been injured in commercial matters by their government, was going in person to seek redress: yet it did not escape me, that their anger was kept within bounds by a certain coolness with which they watched their object.

As soon as I was left alone with the merchant, I read him a severe lecture, warned him against the crafty Venetians, and advised him, for fear he might involve himself in something unpleasant—which, from what I had seen of his temper, I conceived to be almost unavoidable—to return by the first vessel, and to leave his government to fight the battle. At the same time I reminded him emphatically of his wife and children, who would die of grief if any harm should befall him. He seemed not disinclined to follow this counsel, and acknowledged that he was afraid he should be unable to restrain himself, if the Venetian government should refuse him redress.

We pursued our voyage, but I had some trouble to prevent the merchant from entering into altercation with the two Italians. At length the "Sea Cybele" appeared rising at the horizon out of the world of waters; every moment the different objects became more and more distinctly visible, and presently we landed in the canal. No sooner was my fellow-traveller on shore, than he seemed to conceive an irrepressible desire to force the validity of his claims down the throats of the Venetians. While I was lost in astonishment at the strange world around me, he seemed scarcely to notice any thing; and I could perceive how contemptuously, nay, almost maliciously, he looked at those who passed us, as though they

had all participated in the wrong which had been done him. I would have taken him with me to the inn, and then accompanied him to the next ship that should sail for Trieste, but he was now not to be persuaded. He well knew, he said, the dilatory progress of business when a man does not attend in person to his affairs, and seemed to place no particular reliance on the interference of his government.

We parted. I went about my own business, and availed myself of my leisure hours to inspect the most remarkable objects of that remarkable city. Sometimes I was in the Place of St. Mark, which, of itself, presents a world wholly unique, at others on the seashore; now in the magnificent churches, and now in the musical conservatories.

In this manner some days had passed, when one evening, just as I had descended from the lofty tower near St. Mark's, where I had enjoyed a view over the prodigious marine city, the sea, the islands, and the beautiful shores, by sunset, the waiter at my inn came hastily in quest of me, as a person wished to see me. On my return I found there a servant of the government, who had directions to take me with him.

In the consciousness of my innocence, I accompanied him with more curiosity than uneasiness. He conducted me to the building of the State-Inquisition, where I was blindfolded, with the assurance that no harm should be done me. After being led through many a passage, and up and down many a flight of steps, I found myself at length in a subterraneous vault, in which, dazzled by the lights after the removal of the bandage, I could at first distinguish

but little. At length several figures became visible in the *chiaro-scuro*: I perceived an officer of justice, with two sturdy fellows, and, in the background, a man who seemed to be the object of these melancholy arrangements.

The first of these persons addressed me in a solemn tone, and said that, as a German priest, I had been summoned to attend a man who had transgressed against the state, and who was already acquainted with his sentence, in his last moments. Though I had expected something of the kind, yet I was so shocked at this communication that I was unable to utter a word. The officer remarked my agitation, and strove to reassure me. "Such a duty," said he, "cannot be new to you; and as you edify, warn, and admonish the healthy at church, and comfort the sick on the bed of pain, you will surely find a few words for this unhappy culprit, which may excite in him sincere contrition for his guilt, and, by inspiring him with hopes of the divine mercy, preserve him from despair."

I endeavoured to rally myself: on a table placed at one side of the dungeon I found a crucifix and the consecrated wafer. I prepared to hear the confession of the wretched man; but what was my horror on discovering in him my fellow-passenger, who had thus fared much worse than I had ventured to anticipate! I was near swooning. He recognised me, fell about my neck, and wept like a child.

I pitied him more than I can express. I conjured the judge to make one effort to save the poor man. I related the circumstances which had occurred on ship-board, and attributed what he might further have

done amiss to defects of temperament and erroneous principles. The Venetian listened calmly to me, and then replied, "With these maxims we should be obliged to excuse and release every criminal; for the reason why a person acts thus and not otherwise is sure to be found at last either in education, temperament, or disposition. The law asks if a man has wilfully transgressed its ordinances, and in this case decrees irrevocable punishment. I can do nothing for this delinquent; nay, you expose yourself to danger, if you intercede any longer for him, or refuse to perform what is required of you, although we know you to be a quiet and pious man."

My feelings were more harrowed perhaps than those of my unhappy companion, whose senses were stunned by the enormity of his fate. He confessed as well as he could; I administered the sacrament; I sought, by the consolations of religion, to elevate his thoughts above the appalling moment that was to terminate his life, and to direct them to that unknown but assuredly promised realm, where crimes and punishments shall be alike unknown. The unfortunate man seemed somewhat more composed, and clung with a convulsive grasp, as it were, to the consolation which I held forth to him.

The servants of justice meanwhile made their preparations in the background. The officer gave me a sign.

I embraced the young man—his limbs were as if disjointed. "Had I followed your advice, this would not have happened!" he sobbed forth in a voice scarcely articulate. "Comfort, if you can, my poor wife and children!"

I promised to fulfil his request, tore myself from him, and tottered, almost insensible, towards the dark passage. In a few minutes a light was brought, and I was again blindfolded and conducted into the street.

My inquiries respecting the nature of the offence committed by the victim, in which, however, I was obliged to use the utmost precaution, were fruitless; and I felt convinced in my own mind, that he, like numberless others, had fallen a miserable sacrifice to a cruel form. As to the mode of execution in these prisons, I learned so much, that the delinquent is strangled by means of a rope passed through an aperture in the wall.

I now did not so much pity the unfortunate merchant, who, in the stupor of the moment, was hurried away by a speedy and perhaps not very painful death, as the widow with her children, to whom I communicated the dreadful tidings, but in such a manner as to spare her feelings as much as possible; for, by what I hope will be considered a very venial deviation from truth, I represented his death as the consequence of a fatal disease which attacked him during his confinement.

APHORISMS, REFLECTIONS, &c.

It is sweet, says the agreeable poet of Venusium, to lay aside our wisdom, and to indulge, on a proper occasion, a species of temporary folly.

Charming is the social hour when

solidity of judgment is enlivened by brilliancy of wit, and the lively sallies of imagination by a sweet interchange of pensive gravity.

Ease, freedom, and the unstudied

effusion of the sentiments, which naturally arise in cultivated minds, form a very delightful recreation, and dismiss the mind to its serious employments with new alacrity.

What pleasure and what improvement would be derived from conversation, if every one would dare to speak his real sentiments, with modesty and decorum indeed, but without any unmanly fear of offending, or servile desire to please for the sake of interest!

Truth and simplicity of manners are not only essential to happiness, but, as objects of taste, truly beautiful.

The pleasure of scraping his bass-viol to Bach's, or to any body's fiddle, was so essential to the celebrated painter Gainsborough, that he would at any time sacrifice to it a drawing that could not be *matched*, or an opportunity of professional advantage that could not be *recovered*.

EXCHANGING CARDS.

From REYNOLDS' "Life and Times," lately published.

MR. RICHARD REYNOLDS (the author's elder brother) was one day preparing to go to a dinner-party in Pall-Mall, when he received a letter brought by a porter from an anonymous writer, informing him that a Captain Smith had been called a black-leg at the Bedford, by a person who, the captain was informed, was Mr. Richard Reynolds. By the advice of his father, however, Richard did not notice this letter, but proceeded to join the party to which he had been invited.

After dinner Mr. Reynolds, "hot with the Tuscan grape and high in blood," accompanied his host to his box at the opera. For a short time the dancing of Baccelli solely engaged Richard's attention; but it was suddenly withdrawn by something in the adjoining box far more attractive. This something was an extremely handsome woman, the wife of Sir Charles ———, a baronet of fashion and fortune. At her Richard gazed and glanced and sighed so deeply, that he rendered himself ridiculously conspicuous, not only to the object of his idolatry, but to

her whole party, amongst whom was rather a rare character at the opera—a loving, jealous husband.

The ballet being concluded, the lady and her friends left the box, followed at a respectful distance by the enamoured tipsy Richard. They entered the hall, the carriage was announced, and he was on the point of losing his fair inamorata, when the violent pressure of the crowd momentarily separated her from her party. Seizing the golden opportunity, Richard gallantly advanced, and triumphantly handed her into her carriage, when, forgetful of his usual good taste and good manners, he placed his foot on the step with the intention of accompanying her.

At this unlucky moment "the green-eyed monster," the furious husband, darted forward and grasped his arm; high words ensued, and cards were exchanged, Richard putting into his pocket that of "Sir Charles ———, Lower Grosvenor-street," and the husband putting into his pocket that of "Mr. Richard Reynolds, John-street, Adelphi." After this preamble to ano-

ther exchange, I mean that of shots, Sir Charles, instead of getting into the carriage, proceeded towards White's in a fit of spleen, leaving his wife to return alone.

The disappointed Richard, in the interim, also attempted to bend his way homewards, but from the increasing effects of the wine, he lost all recollection. After wandering for some time in St. James's-square, he at length, completely confused and exhausted, seated himself under a portico, and instantly fell asleep. In this condition a watchman discovered him, and after several vain attempts to awake him, committed him to the guardianship of the chairmen of an empty sedan that was passing at the moment. In this, with some difficulty, they had placed their torpid load, and were preparing to depart, when one of the chairmen cried to the watchman, "Paddy, Paddy, who is he? and where is the direction-post?"

"True, Phelim!" added his brother in portorage; "at this rate we may come out with him at the world's end, and be no jot the richer or wiser."

"Faith, he is no acquaintance of mine, honeys!" replied the watchman; "but if on searching him I find nothing of the jontleman about him, by the powers I'll coolly house him with the constable of the night!"

The search commenced—no letter! no memorandum! poor Richard was in dreadful peril, when a solitary card was discovered, and, by the light of his lantern, the watchman read aloud, "Sir Charles —, Lower Grosvenor-street."—This was the passport, and away they trotted, much gratified by so sufficient and satisfactory a direction.

On arriving in the above-mentioned street at one o'clock in the morning with the supposed baronet, and drawn blinds to prevent an exposure of his humiliating situation, the chairmen knocked, and a servant appeared. On their inquiry whether that were the house of Sir Charles —, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, the chair was conveyed into the hall. The Paddies explained to the servant how and where they found his master, and shewed his card.

As this was an unusual occurrence, the servant, alarmed, feared to disturb the baronet till he had received the instructions of her ladyship, who, having awaited the return of her husband a considerable time, had at length retired to her room. The servant, therefore, sent one of her women to inform her of his master's arrival; and then, with the assistance of the chairmen, removed the chair into the library, when they themselves were sent below to wait for further orders.

The minor performers having left the stage, the principal now remained solus. My brother having awaked, raised the lid of the chair, and finding himself housed, at first naturally thought some kind person had conducted him home, but great were both his surprise and alarm when he discovered that he was in a strange house.

Eager for explanation, he was proceeding to ring the bell, when he heard a loud knocking at the street-door, and, at the same instant, the loved cause of his pursuit, the identical fair-one of the opera, rushed into the room. Breathless with joy and astonishment, he stood motionless, when the baronet's wife, de-

ceived by the imperfect light of a single wax-taper, and half blinded by her agitation, rushed into her supposed husband's arms, who, "nothing loath," was about to return her embrace, when, lo! the real husband entered and stood aghast. Rage deprived him of utterance; his wife, confounded by the error, seized her husband's hand, and wept in silent entreaty; while Richard, completely sobered, explained and apologized.

By degrees the baronet yielded to the *naïveté* of my brother's account, his own reflections, and the corroborating testimony of the chairmen, when suddenly his passion again broke forth, and he exclaimed, "This is not the only provocation I have received from you. Do you know a Captain Smith, sir?"—"I have heard," replied my brother, "of such a man this evening, for the——"—"Hear me then, sir," interrupted the impetuous baronet. "Passing up St. James's-street not half an hour ago, and assisting in emancipating this Captain Smith from a ring of pickpockets, he would not leave me till he was informed where he was to call to return his

thanks. I gave him my own address as I thought, but, unluckily, it proved to be your card. He had no sooner glanced his eye over it, than he cried, 'So, sir, I have found you at last;' and was proceeding to use the most intemperate language, when, fortunately for both parties, a friend explained to him his error; otherwise, sir, there I should have been as much indebted to Mr. Richard Reynolds for the loan of his name and character, as I am here for the unexpected pleasure of his company."

To conclude, it was at length determined to postpone all further discussion till the morrow; Richard pledging his honour that the baronet should then one way or another have satisfaction. My brother kept his word; for, having gone to the Bedford, and learned from Captain Smith himself that another Mr. Richard Reynolds had been his traducer, he and the captain proceeded together to Grosvenor-street, where, instead of the anticipated exchange of shots, they exchanged apologies, and there the matter amicably terminated.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

INVENTION OF STEAM-NAVIGATION.

IN a letter from a Spaniard, named Navarete, to Baron von Zach, the writer boldly asserts that the honour of the invention of steam-boats belongs neither to England, France, nor America, but to his own country. In favour of this claim he adduces the following facts: So far back as the year 1543, Blasco de Loyola, a Spaniard, made proposals to the Emperor Charles V. and his son Philip,

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to build a vessel which should be impelled by steam. The documents in proof of this fact are still preserved in the archives of Simaucas*. Blasco de Loyola had enemies; the emperor seems not to have been aware of the importance of his invention, and it

* We suspect that there must be some error in this name, which is so written in the German publication from which the article is translated.—EDITOR.

was soon forgotten. The support and diffusion of great inventions, which form, as it were, steps in the civilization of the human race, must proceed from nations themselves. It is not surprising that at a time when Charles V. was extinguishing the last spark of civil liberty in Spain, an invention which can only be appreciated by industrious, wealthy, and free citizens, should sink into oblivion.

THE FASHIONABLE SALAD-MAKER.

M. Brillat de Savarin, a French writer recently deceased, has given, in an admirable satire on Gastronomy, which he lately published, a curious story of a French emigrant who made his fortune in London by his skill in cooking a salad. We give our readers this story as we find it, without vouching for the truth of the particulars.

The name of the emigrant in question is D'Albignac. Though the narrow state of his finances prevented him from keeping a sumptuous table, yet he was one day in one of the most celebrated taverns in the British metropolis. He thought, like many more, that a man may make shift with a single dish, if it be but excellent. While he was feasting on a juicy slice of roast beef, five or six young men were enjoying themselves at a table near him. One of them rose and politely addressed him in the following terms: "It is universally allowed, sir, that your nation is unrivalled in making salad: will you have the goodness to make one for us?" D'Albignac hesitated a moment, but at length acquiesced. He called for whatever he thought requisite to produce a master-piece, took pains with the composition, and succeeded. While thus engaged,

he frankly answered the questions put to him respecting his situation. He said that he was an emigrant, and acknowledged, not without a blush, that he participated in the bounty of the English government. One of the young men now conceived that he durst slip into his hand a bank-note of five hundred pounds, which, after civilly refusing, he at last accepted. He had given his address, and he was not therefore surprised when some time afterwards he received a letter, in which he was requested, in the most polite terms, to go to one of the finest houses in Grosvenor-square, to furnish a specimen of his skill in salad-making. D'Albignac had foresight enough to perceive that something beneficial might result from his compliance; he made no ceremony therefore, and went punctually to the time, provided with a few new ingredients to give *éclat* to his work. He had thoroughly studied his business beforehand; he had the good luck again to please, and this time was presented with a remuneration which, a due regard for the future, would not permit him to refuse. It may easily be supposed that the party to whom he had shewn the first civility had praised him to the skies. The second company extolled him still more, so that D'Albignac's fame soon spread far and wide. He acquired the name of *the Fashionable Salad-maker*, and in the land of novelties, all who belonged to the fashionable world of the capital of the three kingdoms were soon sighing for a salad of the French gentleman's making. D'Albignac profited like a prudent man by this mania. He bought a gig, that he might go the more expeditiously to the places to which he was summoned, and a servant carried af-

ter him a small mahogany chest, containing all the ingredients with which he had enriched his receipts, such as vinegar of different exquisite scents, oils with or without the taste of olives, caviar, truffles, anchovies, gravies, and even yolks of eggs. In the sequel, he had similar chests made and furnished with the requisite articles, and sold hundreds of them. He returned to Paris, but took no delight in parading the *paré* of that capital; on the contrary, with a laudable anxiety for the future, he invested sixty thousand francs in *rentes*, and purchased a small estate in the Limousin, where, as he understands the art of limiting his wishes, he is probably still living content and happy.

DENON'S CURIOSITIES.

Among other curiosities in the collection of the celebrated Denon, which, in consequence of his death, have just been brought to the hammer at Paris, were the following: Various instruments which belonged to the tribunal of the Inquisition at Valladolid—The ring of John without Fear, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge of Montereau, found in his grave in 1792—Plaster casts of the heads of Cromwell, Charles XII. and Robespierre — Fragments of bones found in the burial-place of the Cid and Ximena at Burgos—Bones from the grave of Abelard and Heloise, at Paraclete—Hair of Agnes Sorel, who was buried at Loches, and of Ines de Castro at Alkaboga—Part of the mustaches of Henry IV. found in excellent preservation when the royal tombs at St. Denis were emptied in 1793—A piece of Turenne's shroud—Bones of Molière and Lafontaine—Hair of General Desaix—

A tooth of Voltaire's—A piece of the shirt stained with blood worn by Napoleon at the time of his death; a lock of his hair, and a leaf of the weeping willow which overshadows his grave at St. Helena.

THE MATRIMONIAL LOTTERY.

The most celebrated saints of Argathela, now called Argyleshire, were St. Couslan and St. Cowin. Couslan was remarkable for austerity; Cowin, with more success, inculcated purity of morals, by exhibiting virtue in a cheerful garb. Couslan punished connubial dissension severely; Cowin shewed his pastoral charge that a licence for change would not promote their happiness. He proposed that all who did not find themselves satisfied with their wedded partner should be indulged with an opportunity to make a *second* choice. For this purpose he permitted all discontented couples to assemble annually at his church in the gloom of midnight. Saint Cowin in person attended to observe that each candidate for release was straitly blindfolded. At his command they were to set out full speed, and run round the church; a ceremony which was styled *mixing lots in the urn*. The moment the race was finished, St. Cowin called aloud, "*Cabag!*" a Gaelic phrase, signifying "Seize quickly;" and, on hearing it, each man laid hold of a female. Whether old or young, ugly or handsome, good or bad, this new lot was unalterable; and the parishioners of St. Cowin came to understand, that it was much better for them to adhere to their first choice, than to take a blind bargain.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A Grand Sonata for the Piano-forte and Violoncello, composed, and dedicated to her Imperial Highness Maria Paulowna Grand-Duchess of Russia and Hereditary Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, by J. H. Hummel. Op. 104. Pr. 7s.—(Boosey and Co.)

OF works of so classic a stamp as this, any critical analysis, however minute, would convey but a meagre and imperfect idea. To designate its character and merits in general terms is all that can be required of us; the individual beauties and special features must be left to the discovery and the judgment of the performer. The sonata has three movements—an allegro $\frac{6}{4}$ A major, a romanza $\frac{3}{4}$ C major, and a rondo $\frac{4}{4}$ A minor. In these, but above all in the allegro, the student will find a display of contrapuntal workings of the highest order, interwoven with the finest specimens of melody, and with modulations of the deepest and boldest description. The latter are rather frequent, and thus, perhaps, interfere with the general keeping and distinctness of plan in the piece; a most essential requisite in composition, but which is often not sufficiently attended to. In capriccios and fantasias, the composer is almost at liberty to write down what is uppermost, so that it is good in itself, and bears some connection with his subject and the general object in view; but in more regular writings, and particularly in the sonata, although we would not wish the composer to *write* with an inch rule and compasses, it is desirable that he should revise his labour, with a view,

among others, of seeing what proportion the component parts bear to each other, whether there is symmetry and good keeping in their aggregate. To exemplify to the eye of the reader what is meant for the ear, we will suppose that a composition in its skeleton reduced itself to a diagram of somewhat the following kind :

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*   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *
*   *   *

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&c.

Here would be evident want of symmetry; the parts would not balance. But a piece which admits of the following scheme would be free from this objection :

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*   *   *   *
*   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *
*   *   *   *   *   *
*   *   *   *

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&c.

Not that the performer or auditor positively proceeds to such an admeasurement, but his ear unconsciously is affected by any rhythmic unevenness. The ear measures as much as the eye, although we may not be equally aware of the process.

To return to our sonata, the second and slow movement, which Mr. H. calls a romanza, and which partakes somewhat of a Scotch style, is remarkable for the sweetness of its melody, and the *regularity* observed in its construction.

The rondo, with its highly original beginning by the dominant seventh appertaining to the key, and

its very attractive *motivo*, quite à la *Russe*, must be numbered among Hummel's most happy and masterly productions; a quaint *naïveté* and freshness pervade the whole movement, the interest is uninterruptedly kept up by a succession of novel and elegant ideas, and there is throughout such fulness of harmonic support, spread and entwined with such consummate art, that not one of the ten fingers (thumbs included, on the best authority,) will have to complain of want of employment.

"*Le Pas de Pologne*," Introduction and Polacca for the Piano-forte, composed by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)

Original ideas in polaccas have long been a desideratum; the very peculiarity of their established rhythmic form throws difficulties into the way of the composer. Hence, no doubt, Mr. B.'s "*Pas de Pologne*" is less remarkable for absolute novelty, than for the good tact, cultivated taste, and regularity of plan, which prevail throughout. It is a pretty piece, susceptible of much expression by proper accentuation, and well deserving the notice of the student, who will not be harassed by any executive intricacies whatever.

A short and familiar Voluntary for the Organ, composed by S. Wesley. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

In this voluntary the author has blended, with his usual contrapuntal colourings, a greater degree of attractive melody than what we have met with in some pieces of this description from his able pen. At the head of the fourth page, the word "*minore*" has puzzled us; for although the melody, in its further progress and conclusion, certainly ar-

rives at A minor, it is obvious that where the above term is placed, and for a good while after, the prevailing tonic is C major.

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. "*Una voce poco fà*," and "*Ecco ridente il cielo*," from Rossini's Opera "*Il Barbiere di Siviglia*," arranged for the Piano-forte by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street.)
2. "*Alelillo*," the much-admired Spanish Air, arranged as a Rondo, with an Introduction for the Piano-forte, by Sixto Perez. Pr. 4s.—(S. Chappell.)
3. *Select Airs from Henry R. Bishop's Romantic Opera of "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp,"* arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad lib. by J. F. Burrowes. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)
4. "*Are you angry, mother?*" Air sung in "*Aladdin*," arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by Edward Knight. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
5. *Three Fantasias for the Piano-forte and Violoncello*, composed by Thomas Powell. Nos. 1. 2. and 3. Pr. 3s. 6d. each—(Dover and Henderson, Chancery-lane.)
6. *Airs arranged as Rondos for the Piano-forte*, by L. Sacchini. Nos. 1. 2. 3. 4. 7. 8. Pr. 1s. each.—(Cocks and Co.)
7. *The Emperor of Russia's favourite Parade March*, composed by Dr. William Carnaby. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
8. *The favourite Scville Waltz, with Variations and Introduction for the Piano-forte*, composed by Samuel Poole. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)
9. "*New-Year's-Day*," a familiar Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by Samuel Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)
10. *Hodsoll's Collection of Popular Dances for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin*. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll.)

1. Mr. C. Pleyel's adaptation of "*Una voce poco fà*," and "*Ecco ridente il cielo*," is well calculated to convey an adequate idea of those airs to such players as are debarred from enjoying them vocally. Both pieces are arranged in a very effective manner, so as to present the whole of the two airs in full, with all their numerous ornamentals, and with scarcely any adventitious matter, except that the

end of "Una voce" has a digression to the key of C to connect it with "Ecco ridente;" and in the latter, some passages from the first duet in the opera are appropriately brought into play towards the conclusion.

2. Senor Perez has almost made too much of an excellent thing, by allowing his composition to extend to fifteen pages. But this objection aside—and with many probably the objection will not be concurred in—his labour is such as to prompt us to request our readers' special attention to it. The Spanish air which forms the ground-work is beautiful, and in the treatment Senor P. has frequently and most successfully deviated from the ordinary routine forms according to which arrangements are generally manufactured. The music even *looks* differently from what we are accustomed to (it often bears a guitar aspect), and this difference to the eye is advantageously acknowledged by the ear. We hope there is no bull in this! The whole bears a vocal air, and the melodious diction is enhanced by a system of forcible and occasionally novel accompaniment. In the course of the piece, as well as in the introductory adagio—in the latter especially—the author shews himself to be possessed of a high degree of chaste musical feeling. The winding-up is perhaps the least effective portion, and it is almost a pity the author did not enter upon a "commencement de la fin" at p. 9, which was well calculated for the purpose.

3. 4. Although the critics have complained of want of originality in Mr. Bishop's opera of *Aladdin*, we must confess the music appears to us very pleasing, and well written, and certainly not inferior to his late pro-

ductions. This opinion, we presume, will in some degree be corroborated by the two publications before us. Mr. Burrowes' book contains five or six pieces of the opera, among others, the favourite "Are you angry, mother?" and although there certainly occur a number of ideas which are far from defying a good memory, we are free to say, that a greater quantum of good melody, and of generally pleasing ideas, has seldom been concentrated in a space so limited as that of Mr. Burrowes' book before us.

As to Mr. Knight's labour, it is confined to six variations on the air above-mentioned, which evince good musical knowledge and considerable taste. As a remarkable, and once in a way not objectionable feature, we may observe that the variations are all in different keys.

5. Mr. Powell's three fantasias are founded on the following operatic airs: No. 1. "Su l'aria," and No. 3. "Voi che sapete," both from Mozart's *Figaro*; and No. 2. "Regna il terror," from Rossini's *Tancredi*. The violoncello is not only obligato, but frequently charged with solos, either belonging to the airs, or consisting of active passages of digression or amplification. The effect of such instrumental aid, when devised by a professor of Mr. Powell's skill on the violoncello, may almost be anticipated; and although we ourselves are only able to judge from a *vivâ voce* execution of the violoncello parts, we can fully appreciate the effect of a more legitimate performance. As to the piano-forte part, it is written in an easy and agreeable style; the digressions, numerous as they are, will be found to be in good keeping, and in proper analogy with

the subjects. We are glad to perceive that these pieces have also been published for the piano-forte with the accompaniment of a flute, by which means a much more extended circulation will be given to them.

6. The six little rondos bearing the name of L. Sacchini, are founded on the following subjects: No. 1. "Planxty Kelly;" No. 2. "Zitti, zitti" (Rossini); No. 3. "Le petit Tambour;" No. 4. "March of the Christians" (Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*); No. 7. "Sul Margine d'un Rio;" No. 8. "O dolce concerto" (Mozart). Nos. 5. and 6. we have not seen. Whether Mr. Sacchini is a descendant of the great composer bearing the same name, we are unable to say. The little fugitive pieces before us are of too humble a nature to admit of an opinion as to the rank of the author in the profession; they are short easy trifles, intended for juvenile performers, and as such may fairly claim admission in the way of early lessons, more particularly as their subjects possess the advantage of melodic attraction.

7. The beginning of Dr. Carnaby's march reminds us of a march in one of Rossini's operas (*La Donna del Lago*, if we are not mistaken). Whether the composition has had the distinction of being performed at the Grand Parade at St. Petersburg, we have not the means of knowing positively, but from the title we are justified in presuming this to have been the case. The march is respectable, and, with the full force of a military band, likely to be very effective.

8. 9. Mr. Poole's "Seville Waltz" is a waltz theme, with seven variations, written in an easy and satisfactory manner. They are all more or

less attractive, and two or three have really a brilliant effect. Of this gentleman's "New-Year's-day rondo" (9.) we can only say that it is evidently meant for absolute beginners, that it is perfectly proper for their practice, and likely to win their favour.

10. Mr. Hodson's collection of dances has been noticed in various of our monthly reviews: its price is reasonable, and it contains many of the most favourite and really select dance tunes that have been current for a series of years. In the present sheet, No. 35. the choice is good. There are five country dances and one waltz, chiefly of foreign origin, supported by an easy but sufficiently effective accompaniment.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. *A Selection of Popular National Airs, with Symphonies and Accompaniments*, by Henry R. Bishop; the Words by Thomas Moore, Esq. No. 5. Pr. 12s.—(Power, Strand.)
2. *A Selection of French Melodies, with Symphonies and Accompaniments*, by W. Evestaff; the Words by W. H. Bellamy, Esq. No. 6. Pr. 3s.—(Evestaff, Great Russell-street.)
3. "Say what can hapless woman do," a Ballad; the Words by Mrs. Catherine Ward; the Music composed by E. Solis. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co. Cheap-side.)
4. "The Tear," a Ballad; the Music composed by F. J. Klose. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)
5. "Cupid's Visit," a Ballad; written by Daniel Weir, Esq.; the Music composed by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)

1. The fifth number of Mr. Power's Collection of National Popular Airs presents us with a very preponderating proportion of excellence, to which our scanty limits compel us to advert with the utmost brevity.

No. 1. a Danish air, is conspicuous for the attractive simplicity of its melody. The semiquaver accompaniments, especially when dwel-

ling among the higher notes, are not quite suitable to the tenderness of the melody and text, though, without reference to the latter, the system of accompaniment is neatly and cleverly devised.

No. 2. is inscribed "Hindoo Air," and, we make no doubt, has been received as such by the arranger. But we have seen such a variety of dubious Hindostanee tunes, that we look upon music from that quarter with a certain degree of incredulity. With regard to the present case, we doubt whether the Hindoos possess any melodies so decidedly founded on the harmonic system of Europe as the one before us. Be this as it may, the air is formed into a very pleasing duet, exempt from the slightest vocal difficulty.

No. 3. "Spanish;" unquestionably authentic; a very original plaintive air in G minor, requiring special care as to accents and expression.

No. 4. "unknown," has variously appeared in print before as a Spanish melody. No doubt of a national character, and highly interesting.

No. 5. A very excellent German hunting song, full of true originality.

No. 6. "Scotch;" a charming, simple little duet.

No. 7. "Unknown;" the symphony tolerable, but the air itself, and its treatment, beautiful. Quite German, and much in Beethoven's manner, who, if he be the author, need not be ashamed of it.

No. 8. "Russian;" may be so; its minor melody is of a wildish complexion, and good. The change of time from $\frac{6}{8}$ to $\frac{2}{4}$ has a happy effect.

No. 9. A beautiful Spanish air, strikingly original, and requiring ori-

ginality and a peculiar feeling in its vocal execution.

No. 10. A well-known, but very pleasing and regular French air.

No. 11. "Italian;" a lovely composition; fresh, of elegant musical diction, and replete with feeling.

No. 12. "German;" also excellent. There is a graceful freedom and freshness in the melody, and much originality in the cadences.

The above concise sketch may serve to convey to the minds of our readers some idea of the nature of the collection, and of its intrinsic merit. We look upon it as a valuable acquisition to the vocal amateur; he will not often meet with an equal quantum of excellence in a selection of this description and extent. Mr. Bishop's part of the undertaking has been performed with his usual ability, and with much taste. The typographical execution is in the first style of elegance; but the musical type is on somewhat too reduced a scale, a circumstance likely to be felt in those airs where more than one voice have to read out of the book, which is the case with seven of the twelve pieces.

2. The sixth number of Mr. Eavestaff's collection of French melodies, we believe, terminates the work. We have, at proper opportunities, noticed the previous portions, and on every occasion felt called upon to express our approbation. This is also the case with the present book, which includes four airs, "Portrait charmant," among the rest. The whole work just fills one hundred pages, and contains about twenty songs. The price of it, therefore, considering the value of the contents, and the uniform typographical ele-

gance of the whole, is extremely moderate.

3. The text of Mr. Solis's ballad is not new to us; the melody is one of impressive simplicity and chaste feeling. In the second period (p. 2, l. 3,) we are reminded of a parallel idea in "Nel cuor più non mi sento." The cadence in the symphony upon C minor (p. 1, l. 2,) is somewhat hard; indeed it presents consecutive fifths in the extreme parts.

4. "The Tear," by Mr. Klose, has some ideas which are more or less familiar, and, towards the end, treads closely on a well-known French melody; but the song is tasteful as a whole, regular, correct, and altogether well set.

5. "Cupid's Visit," by Mr. Crouch, admits nearly of the same observations as the preceding. There is nothing very new in the several ideas; but the melody is in proper style, well put together, and sufficiently attractive to impart additional interest to the text.

HARP AND FLUTE.

1. *Three National Polonaises, arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co.)
2. *Camille Pleyel's Introduction and Rondo on "Vieni fra queste Braccia,"* from "La Gazza Ladra," arranged for the Harp by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)
3. *Second Set of Bagatelles for the Harp, composed* by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 7s.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)
4. *The admired Air, "Are you angry, mother?"* with a spirited Introduction and Coda, composed by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
5. "Petite Pastorale" for the Harp, introducing two Airs from Henry R. Bishop's Opera of *Aladdin*, composed by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)
6. *Selection of favourite Melodies for the Flute and Piano-forte, arranged, with appropriate Embellishments,* by Raphael Dressler. Nos. I. to XII. Pr. 2s. each.—(Cocks and Co.)
7. *Sacred Melodies set for the Flute* by Chas. Saust. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

Vol. VIII. No. XLIV.

1. The three Polonaises arranged for the harp by Mr. Bochsa consist of two excellent Polonaises by Hummel, and the celebrated Polonaise by Oginsky, of which latter our Miscellany gave probably the earliest copy in this country. The adaptation is good, and as free from difficulties as from adventitious matter.

2. What Mr. C. Pleyel had arranged for the piano-forte from Rossini, that Mr. B. has arranged for the harp from Mr. C. Pleyel's copy; and a fourth party, perhaps, may think it worth while to re-arrange Mr. B.'s re-arrangement, for the guitar, in this age of arrangements. As our feeble hands cannot stem the tide, we have only to add, that Mr. B.'s publication is very satisfactory as far as it goes, and by no means intricate.

3. The first number of Mr. Bochsa's "Bagatelles" for the harp has been noticed some time ago with commendation, and the same favour is due to its successor. The pieces are of a very select conception, and as interesting and pleasing as they are clever in point of treatment; but they require a greater degree of proficiency than what the title would lead one to expect.

4. 5. Mr. Bochsa's "Are you angry, mother?" has a neat introduction, and is arranged with much taste. Among the digressive matter, other passages from the opera of *Aladdin* have been opportunely brought into play. The "Petite Pastorale" (5.), founded on the same opera, deserves equally the attention of harp-amateurs, as affording a very pretty lesson, without requiring superior executive perfection.

6. Mr. Dressler's collection of melodies contains the following airs:

R

1. "Cease your funning."—2. "Le petit tambour."—3. "Fra tante angoscie."—4. "Rousseau's Dream."—5. "Portrait charmant."—6. "Carnaval de Venise."—7. "Oh! Nanny."—8. "Zitti, zitti."—9. "Giovinette che fate."—10. "March, Mosé in Egitto."—11. "Planxty Kelly."—12. "God save the King."

In these the flute acts generally as principal, and the piano-forte is chiefly matter of accompaniment, yet of a very select and effective description. Although the flute part is obviously not intended for tyros on the instrument, a moderate stage of ad-

vancement will be found to suffice for its satisfactory performance, all abstrusities and eccentricities being excluded; and yet a considerable proportion of tasteful embellishment introduced, wherever the melody presented a fit and available opportunity for ornament or amplification.

7. Mr. Saust's little volume of Sacred Melodies contains about thirty tunes of good selection, including several German hymns. The music being, as it should be, quite simple, a beginner may master the whole, and edify as well as improve himself, even on Sundays.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

DRESS of azure *gros de Naples*; the *corsage* regularly full in back and front, rather high and confined by a band of the same material round the top; the sleeve full and large to the elbow; it then fits the arm to the wrist, where it is terminated in a neat full cuff set in a band. The skirt has three flounces, tastefully arranged in divisions of three flutings, then plain, then the flutings alternately; beneath is a wadded hem. Embroidered lace pelerine outside the dress, which reaches to the waist behind; the ends in front are much longer, and pointed and confined by the *ceinture*: it has a falling collar, fastened in front by a cameo brooch. White *gros de Naples* hat, large and open; the crown rather low, with bows of white satin ribbon on each side, and a piece placed obliquely across the front; white satin bows inside at the commencement of the strings, which hang loose to the *ceinture*,

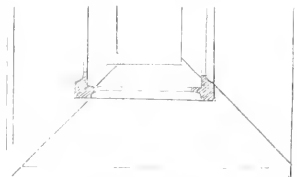
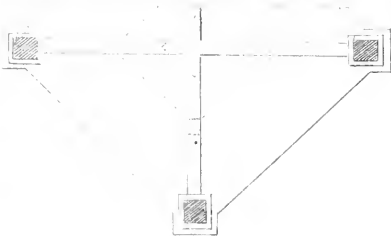
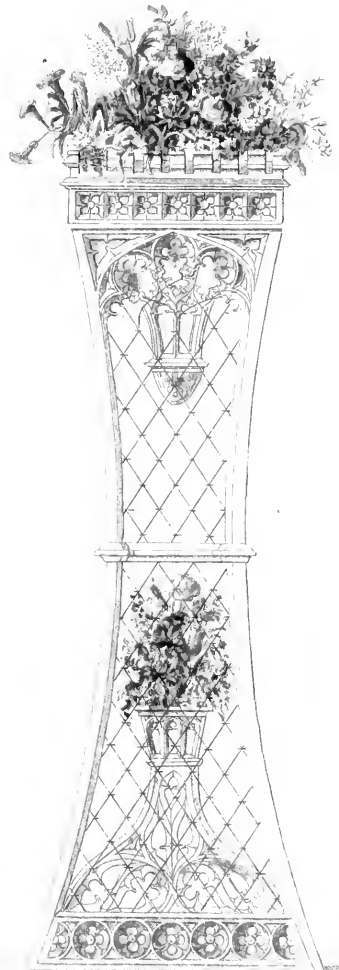
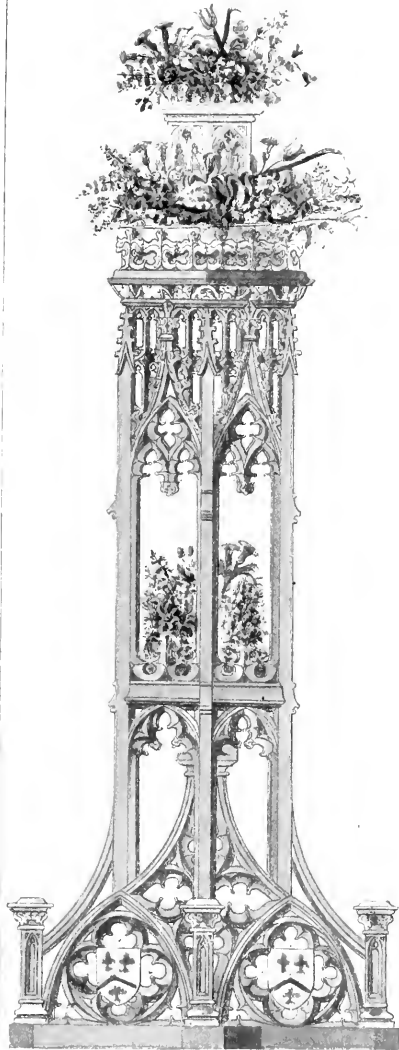
where they meet in a bow, and are fastened in front: a deep blond curtain veil is attached to the edge of the brim. The hair is parted and in large curls; blond cap, the border very full. Gold bracelets and earrings; yellow gloves; morocco shoes; rose-colour parasol, with a carved ivory stick ornamented with brass.

EVENING DRESS.

White *crêpe lisse* worn over a white satin slip; the *corsage* full, and ornamented with a rose-colour satin cape, corded at the edge, very narrow at its conjunction in front, and extending like a zephyr's wing as it reaches the shoulder, where two ornamented scollops unite it with a similar wing or cape behind: the under-sleeve is short and full, and the long full sleeve over it is terminated at the wrist with a white satin Vandyke cuff, and fastened by a broad gold bracelet with a medallion clasp. The skirt has a deep border of rose-







colour satin arranged in two rows; the upper ornament is salver-shaped, supporting an oval composed of flat bands, which cross in the centre, like trellis-work; these ovals are united by bands forming an arch, two extending from the top of one oval to the bottom of the next, and from the other side one band passes behind, reaching from the salver-shaped ornament on the upper row to that on the lower: beneath are two broad rose-colour satin rouleaux. The head-dress is a kind of turban, formed of rose-colour bands, interwoven like trellis-work; the crown is long and

rather small towards the top, very similar in shape to the Likanian cap. A white *crêpe lisse* rouleau, in *bouffants* entwined by rose-colour bands, reaches round it, lessening as it approaches the right side, where an ornament in rose-colour satin, doubled and in large plaits, extends over the ear. The hair in large curls on the left side, and *à la Madonna* on the right; necklace of medallions united by rows of gold beads; earrings *à la Flamande*; shaded gauze scarf, fringed; white kid gloves; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

FLOWER-STANDS.

AMONG the various decorations of modern apartments we can reckon none, perhaps, more pleasing than a flower-stand: it diversifies and enlivens the appearance of almost any room; and the odoriferous perfume proceeding from the flowers, and the beautiful appearance of their variegated hues, tend at once to delight and charm the senses. There is no style more appropriate for this sort of decoration than the Gothic: its crockets, finials, foliage, pendants, &c. all flowing and pliable, seem to be a continuation of nature; while its open and fanciful traceries contribute to the lightness of its effect.

Whether the flower-stand is of any great antiquity or not, we can-

not pretend to determine; but of this we are certain, that if of modern introduction, it is one of the greatest improvements in the decorative style, and is now almost universally adopted. But different situations have been assigned to flower-stands in apartments; some place them in the windows, others in niches or recesses; and, indeed, their position is regulated entirely by taste.

It is hoped that the designs in the annexed plate will, in some sort, exemplify our observation, that Gothic is the most appropriate style for this sort of decoration. Two different designs are given; they are both square in their plan, and may be executed either in fancy wood or metal.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

ILLUSTRATIONS of the *Passes of the Alps* by which Italy communicates with France, Switzerland, and Germany, from drawings by W. Brockedon, Esq. are in a forward state of preparation.

Mr. Nicolas has in the press a *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, from contemporary authorities, the greater part of which have been hitherto inedited; together with a copy of the Roll returned

into the Exchequer, by command of Henry V. of the names of the nobility, knights, esquires, and others who were present on that occasion, and biographical notices of the principal commanders.

Memoirs of the Life of M. G. Lewis, author of the romance of "The Monk," are preparing for publication.

A translation of Tieck's novel, entitled *Sternbald, or the Travelling Painter*, is in the press.

Shortly will be published, *The History of Armenia*, by Father Michael Chamich, translated from the original Armenian by Johannes Avdall.

Mr. Richard Dagley, author of "Select Gems from the Antique," has announced *Death's Doings*, consisting of humorous - pathetic designs, from the pencil of this ingenious artist, in which Death is acting various parts; and each design is illustrated with serious or solemn stories, in prose and verse—a picnic contribution by a score of popular authors.

Mr. Percival, whose "History of Italy" is before the public, has been for some time engaged on a *History of France*, which is designed to extend from the foundation of the monarchy to the second restoration of the Bourbon dynasty.

Messrs. Carvill, of New-York, have issued a prospectus of an American *Annual Register*, to be published every August, in an 8vo. volume of about 800 pages.

Mr. George Samouelle, author of the "Entomologist's Useful Compendium," has nearly ready for publication, *General Directions for Collecting and Preserving Exotic Insects and Crustacea*, with illustrative plates.

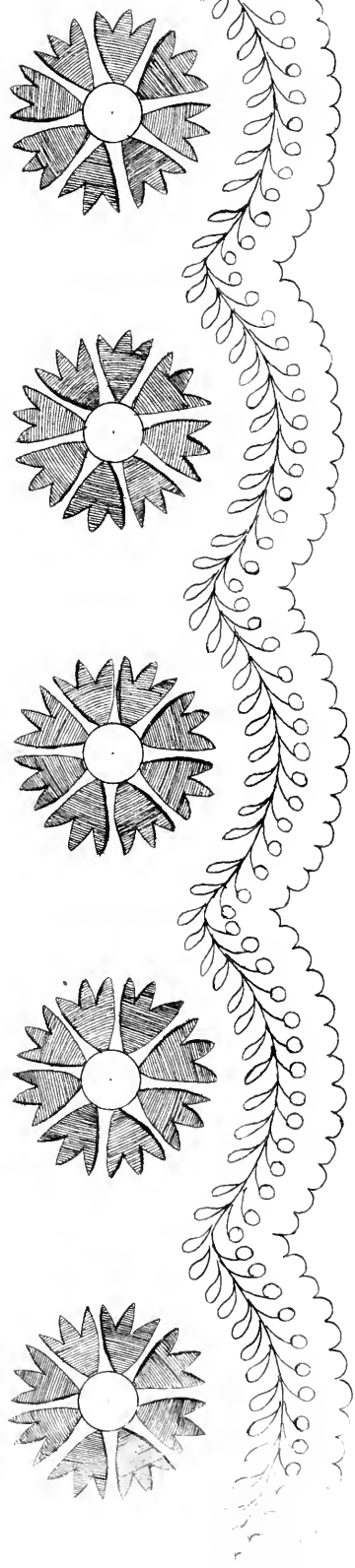
LONDON UNIVERSITY.

The plan for the foundation of a Lon-

don University, originally suggested and developed by Mr. Thomas Campbell, the poet, has been so far matured, that a piece of freehold ground, at the end of Gower-street, has been purchased for the erection of the proposed building, for which the council have adopted a design by Mr. Wilkins. The estimate for completing the whole edifice, faced in stone, is £87,000; but the council hope to be able to finish so much as will suffice for the first objects of the Institution for £30,000; and if the first stone be laid during the present summer it is expected that the classes may be opened by the end of next year.

NORTHERN INSTITUTION OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

An institution with this title, founded in the course of last year at Inverness, was originally planned and effectively supported by Mr. G. Anderson, a young gentleman born and educated in that town. The luminous and cultivated intellect which formed a scheme of such magnitude, can have no higher eulogy than the simple statement of the successful attempt; and no applause can exceed the merit of those noblemen and gentlemen, whose liberality bestow the aid of maturer talent, wealth, and influence, to complete the views of a youthful projector. The institution is flourishing; the zeal of the founders, and members subsequently added, continues unabated; and their country has full reliance on the sons of the mountains, wherever dispersed, that they will make all possible exertions to furnish the museum with rare specimens of nature and art, to procure antiquities and scientific and literary intelligence, and to ensure for themselves a grateful name from generations unborn.



MISCELLANEOUS PATTERNS.

W. & A. G. 1880

Poetry.

MAIDS AND MEN.

(*Extracted from Field-Flowers.* By HENRY BRANDRETH, jun. Esq. Author of "Odes," "Portland Isle," &c.)

LINES FOUND ON THE SEASHORE AT RAMSGATE.

"Maids are May while they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives."—*As You Like It.* Ros. Act iv. Scene 3.

Why rail, fair maids, at man, why call him fickle, false, and vain,

Because, a slave, he bursts the bonds of woman's iron chain?

Remember 'tis for freedom, aye for freedom that he strives:

Oh! "Maids are May while they are maids,"—how changed the sky when wives!

Bright shone the moon, the young May-moon, when peerless as to charms

Of form and face, my Sylvia first repos'd within my arms;

That young moon waned, and love became like the bee's summer hives;

For "Maids are May while they are maids,"—how changed the sky when wives!

Yet still I loved, for I had heard that time would bring a change,

That, as we once the fields had ranged, we yet again might range;

False Hope had painted Hymen's hours the sunniest of our lives;

For "Maids are May while they are maids,"—how changed the sky when wives!

There is a joy—would it were mine!—a joy that few may tell,

It is when Love and Beauty wed to mutual Friendship dwell:

Yet oft o'er Hymen's blue serene Distrust's dark tempest drives—

Yes, "Maids are May while they are maids,"—how changed the sky when wives!

There is a grief—be it not thine!—a grief how many feel,

'Tis where Ingratitude hath set his ever-baneful seal;

'Tis where the friend's confiding heart Seduction's arrow rives—

Yes, "Maids are May while they are maids,"—how changed the scene when wives!

Then rail not, fair ones, thus, nor say man's fickle, false, and vain,

Because, a slave, he bursts the bonds of woman's iron chain;

Remember 'tis for freedom, aye for freedom that he strives—

For "Maids are May while they are maids,"—how changed the sky when wives!

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING.

"Men are April when they woo, December when they wed."—*As You Like It.* Ros. Act iv. Scene 3.

O tell me not that men are true, nor blame that woman's grief,

Who, slighted by the man she loves, still seeks in tears relief!

I've listened to the Gipsy's tale, and justly it is said,

That "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed."

It was a lovely day indeed, when o'er my Strephon's brow

There came a smile—a sunny smile—like April's beauteous bow;

But soon the distant clouds approached—that sunny smile was fled—

For "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed."

And I did trust that sunny smile, for little then I knew

How frail, tho' fair, Love's Paphian flower, how transient was its hue;

It blossom'd in the morning-beam, at e'en-tide it was dead—

For "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed."

He said he loved me—I believed—but luckless was the day

When first I saw life's vernal stream thus gliding fast away;

For soon that vernal stream became a wintry torrent dread—

Yes, "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed."

Yet still he said he loved, and I still hoped he spoke the truth;

For dark must be those clouds indeed that shroud the hopes of youth:

Yet fainter grew those hopes as those dark clouds still darker spread—

Yes, "Men are April when they woo, December when they wed."

Then tell me not that men are true, nor blame that woman's grief,

Who, slighted by the man she loves, still seeks in tears relief;

But bid her heed the Gipsy's tale, for justly
it is said,
That "Men are April when they woo, Decem-
ber when they wed."

GLENALLEN: A BALLAD.

There's sounds of mirth in Norvan's hall,
Where hearts are light and free;
The festive board, the merry ball,
The voice of revelry.

They hail the marriage of the heir,
Glenallen's noble lord,
With Lady Imogine the fair,
The daughter of De Ford.

Oh! far and wide the lamps shone bright
The village paths along;
The radiant glow adorned the night,
Which bore the tide of song.

A palmer from the Holy Land
Came in his pilgrim's dress,
And of the porter did demand
What meant those sounds of bliss.

"It is," the wondering Edgar cried,
"Our young lord's bridal-day;
And Lady Imogine's the bride,
As rich as fair they say."

"The Lady Imogine!" he said,
"Then she's as *false* as fair;
Could she the Lord Glenallen wed,
Her cousin's wealthy heir?"

Said Edgar, "Young Lord Harold died
In a far distant land;
She's now Lord Alfred's beauteous bride,
Who's come to claim her hand."

In proud Glenallen's lofty dome
The palmer stood conceal'd,
An outcast in his native home—
A stranger unreveal'd.

He saw the hand of her he lov'd
To Alfred's bosom prest;
And, oh! too well her glances proved,
She thought that she was blest.

He threw aside his pilgrim's dress,
Rais'd high his trembling hands,
"Behold!" he cried, "false maid, confess
That here Glenallen stands!"

The lyres were hush'd, the merry dance
Was stopp'd in wild dismay;
But, oh! the bride's astonish'd glance,
"I joy not," seemed to say.

"To arms! to arms!" the bridesmen cried;
"To arms!" the vassals join;

"Glenallen is our boast and pride,
The chieftain we will own."

"Forbear! forbear! upon your life
Forbear!" he answer'd. "Now,
I'll rob not Alfred of his wife—
I must to Fortune bow."

He turn'd him proudly from his home,
And sought a holy shrine:
"Would," he exclaimed, "ere this had come,
I'd died in Palestine!"

"She bade me win a glorious name—
I have, but 'tis in vain;
My sweet reward I must not claim,
Nor wield the sword again,

"I'll leave my fair inheritance,
Which once an Eden proved"—
For, oh! *his* Imogine's fond glance
Shew'd she Lord Alfred loved.

THE POET'S WREATH.

I sought the garden's gayest bow'r,
To form a wreath for her I love,
Where ev'ry sweet and smiling flow'r
An emblem of the maid might prove.

The rose first claim'd a brilliant place,
Nature's most fair and fragrant gem;
Its beauties emblem Ellen's face,
Her tear—a dew-drop on its stem.

But the bright semblance to complete,
The lily with the rose I twin'd,
And found the union much more sweet,
The blended colours more refin'd.

But, ah! forgotten until now,
The humble violet claim'd my care;
Soft as my Ellen's frownless brow,
Fragrant it bloom'd as sweet as fair.

With cautious speed I pluck'd the flow'r,
And in the wreath my hand had wove,
I plac'd it, brightest of the bow'r,
And fittest for the breast of love.

The wreath was simple, but 'twas sweet;
No flow'r was there with gaudy hue,
Of painted pride an emblem meet,
As flaunting and as useless too.

All were as mild as was the maid,
Whose breast to deck was their proud
doom;
The flow'rets' beauty soon will fade—
Oh! long may Ellen's brightly bloom!

J. M. LACEY.

THE Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS,
Manufactures, &c.

THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1826.

N^o. XLV.

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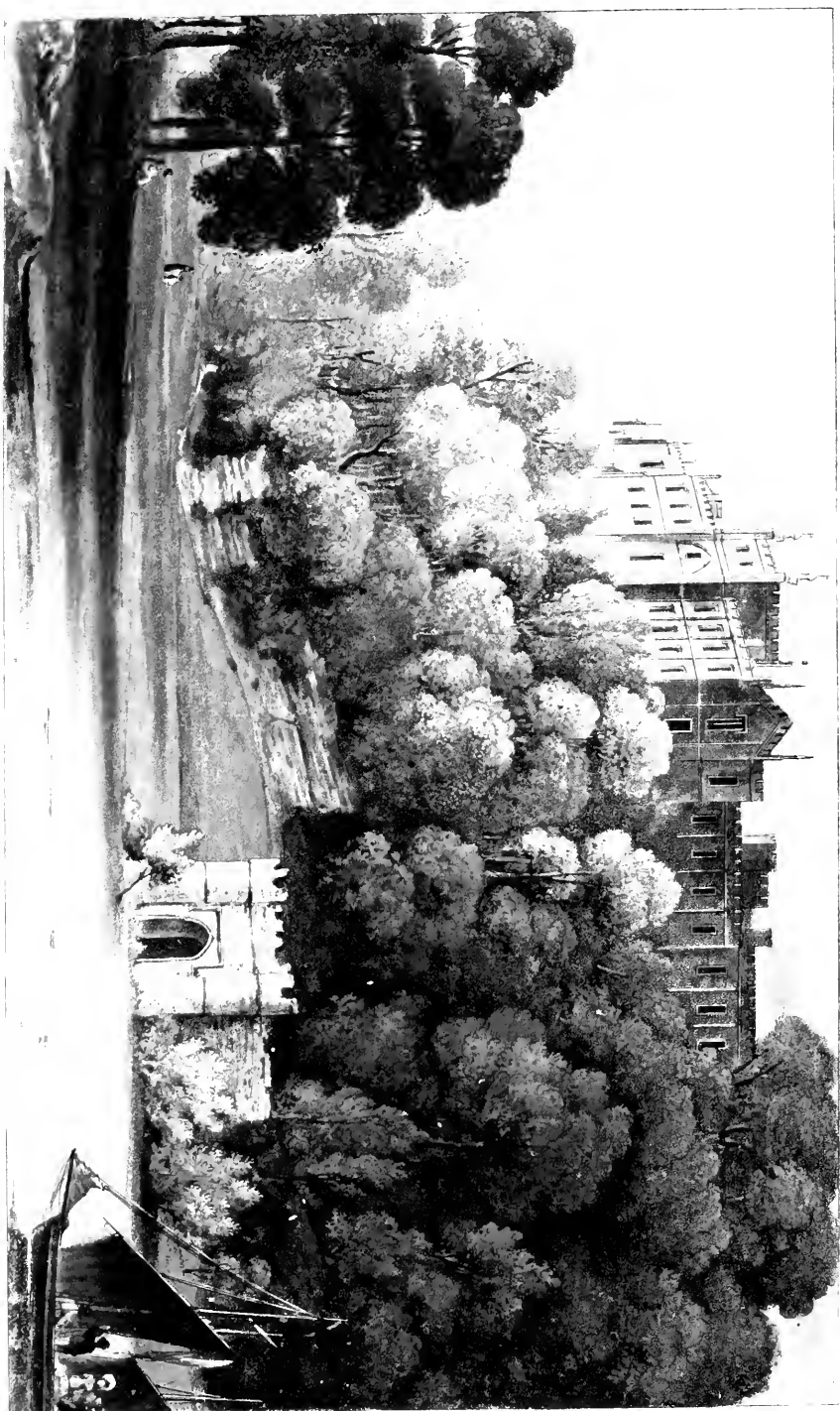
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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII. SEPTEMBER 1, 1826. N^o. XLV.

VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

PENTILLY-CASTLE, CORNWALL, THE SEAT OF JOHN TILLY CORYTON, ESQ.

THIS beautiful castle is situated on the banks of the Tamar, in a most romantic spot, from the varied surface of the ground. It is a modern building, from designs by Wilkinson, and admirably adapted to its commanding situation, being built on the brow of a bold hill which swells up from the river, and is surrounded with fine woods. The castle is of the enriched Gothic, surmounted with pinnacles, its form that of a religious structure. The entrance, or portico, on the south side, is very fine. The interior of this pile corresponds in every respect with its outward promise, the number of apartments it contains being all of fine proportions, and finished in a costly style.

Several picturesque buildings decorate the grounds; the Gothic

lodge on the Saltash road is very pretty; but that which deserves particular attention is the tower, or sepulchral building. It was erected purposely for Sir James Tilly, and his interment in it gave rise to many a curious tale, credited even now, and the following among the rest: That being of atheistical principles, he directed that after his death his body should be placed in this building, sitting in a chair, with a table before him, provided with bottles, glasses, &c. to perpetuate his derision of a future existence. It is but just to state, that a few years since it was fully proved that his body lay decently interred in a coffin.

It appears that the ancient and highly respectable family of Coryton was seated at Coryton, in the parish of Lifton, in the county of Devon,

in the reign of Henry III. The heir of this house having, in the fourteenth century, married the heiress of — Ferrers, of Newton-Ferrers, in this county, and settled at that place, it continued the principal residence of the family for four centuries. John Coryton, Esq. suffered considerably from his adherence to the royal cause during the rebellion in the seventeenth century; but in 1661, soon after the restoration, he was created a baronet by Charles II. His eldest son succeeded to the title, and married the daughter of Sir Richard Chiverton, Lord Mayor of London, but died without issue.

William Coryton, his only brother, succeeded to the title and estates. His son, Sir John, dying without issue in 1739, the title became extinct. A portion of the property devolved on Peter Goodall, Esq. on behalf of his lady, a daughter of Sir John Coryton, the first baronet. John Goodall, a descendant, in 1756 assumed the name and arms of Coryton. John, his heir, married Mary Jemima, only daughter and sole heiress of James Tilly, Esq. of Pentilly-Castle. To his heir, who married one of the daughters of the Hon. John Leveson Gower, Pentilly is indebted for its present magnificence.

MITCHAM-GROVE, SURREY,

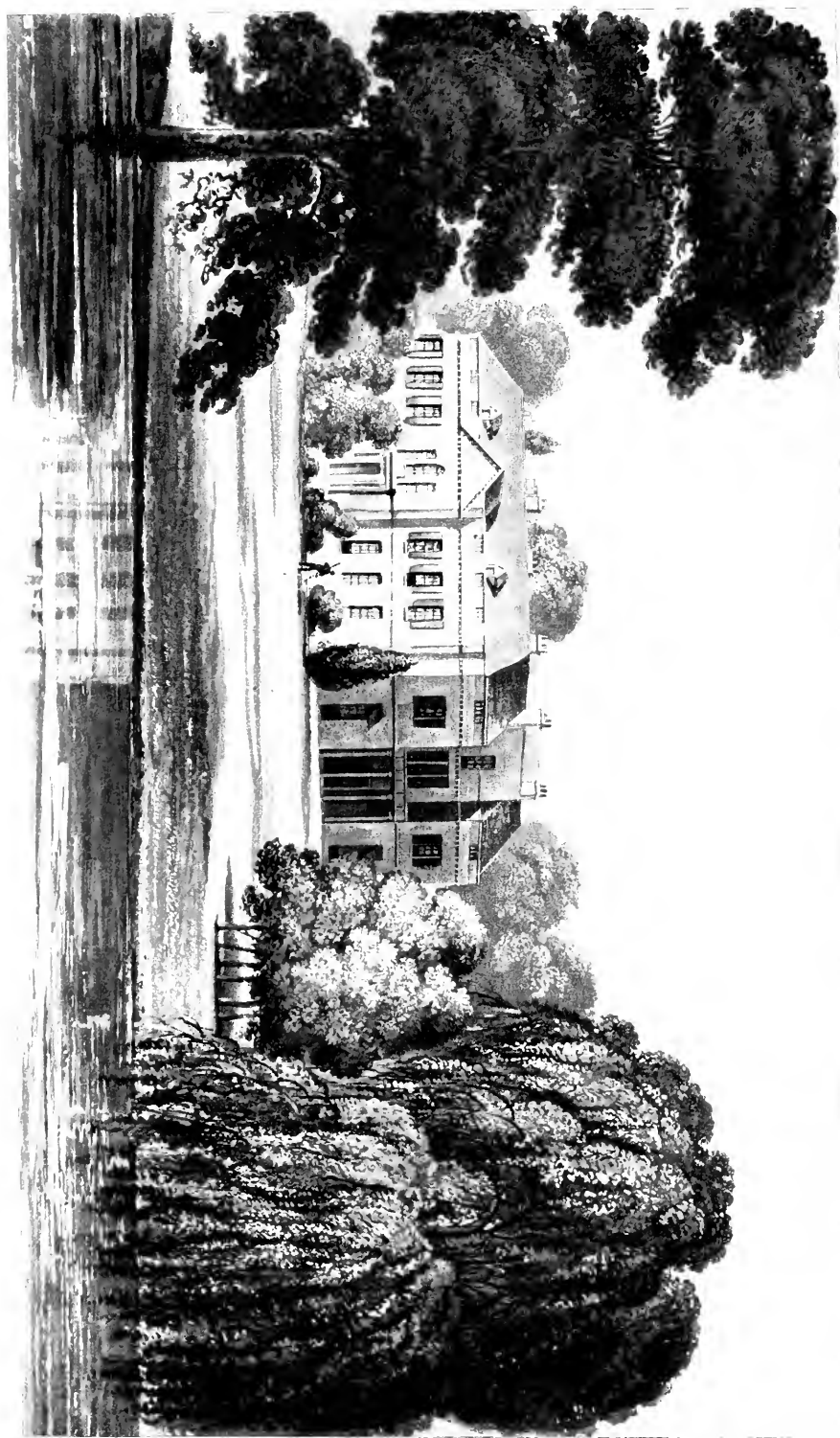
THE SEAT OF HENRY HOARE, ESQ.

THIS delightful mansion is situated nearly nine miles from the metropolis, in one of the most fertile parts of the county; and having extensive plantations, with a fine river meandering through the grounds, forms a very pleasing subject for our *Repository*. This estate belonged to Lord Clive, by whom it was presented to Lord Loughborough (when Counsellor Wedderburne), as a token of gratitude for defending his lordship's character before the House of Commons; and was afterwards sold by Lord Loughborough to the present worthy proprietor, Henry Hoare, Esq. an eminent London banker.

The house is a very elegant modern structure, having *three fronts*, two of which are exhibited in the accompanying engraving. The principal front faces the road leading from Mitcham to Sutton, having before it a beautiful stream from the river Wan-

dle, and some majestic trees, which, in a great measure, screen the building from public observation.

The interior of the mansion contains many spacious apartments, and every convenience requisite for a gentleman's residence, a valuable library, and a few family portraits in the dining-parlour. The hot-houses and green-houses are very spacious, as also the pleasure-gardens; they are situated on the eastern side of the house, and are plentifully supplied with water from the river. The arrangements of the plantations and promenades have been mostly completed under the direction of the present proprietor, and at a very great expense. The prospects from the western part of the building are very extensive, and are considerably enlivened by the fine river, which abounds with fish.



THE OUTLAW.

"THE rage of a moment made me an outlaw; but, by the help of God, I will never make myself a villain. The deer of the forest, once scared by the hunter, snuffs the air to trace the steps of man; but he has many of his own kind to watch with him. I wander alone. I must shun the blessed light of day; and by night, when I venture to change my hiding-place, when I lie down in some wild cave of the rock, or under the deep shelter of woods I try to sleep, my ear catches every sound, and I start up in terrors. I fear not to die, as my fathers died, in battle, or on the bed of peace surrounded by my friends—but to be made a gazing stock on the gallows-tree! O that I had never been born!" The speaker paused, and stood a few moments with his head bent, and his hands clasped in bitter emotion; then drawing himself up to his full height, he subjoined, "But, though pierced and torn with cares, my spirit is not broken; for I can still say to myself, I am an honest man, who never designed harm to any one. Often has this thought served to quell my hunger and slake my thirst, when day after day my pursuers were so near, that I was obliged to keep close to save myself from them. Judge, then, if I am fit for the enterprises you propose. I will not betray your employer in the matter you have told to me, but I shall have no concern in it."

These, or words to the same import, and far more energetic in the Gaelic language, were spoken by Grant, who, in a sudden impulse of clannish pride, aimed his dirk at a gentleman, because he spoke jeer-

ingly of his chief and clan. Munro of Calceina, a captain in the Black Watch, in which Grant, with many younger sons of respectable families, was a soldier, endeavouring to ward off the stroke, sprung before Mr. Russell, and was thrust through the body. This unfortunate affair happened at Culloden, the Highland residence of President Forbes. Instantly after inflicting the wound, Grant burst from the hold of several gentlemen, but a cry of "Murder!" brought the servants; the fugitive met them in a narrow passage. He had almost cleared his way, when, at the outer door, a woman entangled his legs with a blanket; he was taken, and committed to the gaol of Inverness.

He had been some time a prisoner before the gaoler remitted his vigilance over a man whose great muscular powers had been celebrated since he and Shaw, another native of Strathspey, overcame a posse of the Earl of Moray's people, assembled to maintain the *debateable land* at Dava. However, one Sunday, when all were gone to church in the northern capital, the gaoler took Grant to a more airy room, and sat down to ask him about the exploit he performed against Lord Moray's factor and his myrmidons. "I am a poor talker if I have not a drop of whisky before me," said Grant. The gaoler soon produced a pint-stoup filled with the inspiring potation. Grant paid for it at the highest prison-price, and the gaoler willingly tasted if it was good; so good did it prove, that bumper followed bumper, and laid him under the table. Grant took the keys from his person, and once

more breathed the atmosphere of Craig Phadrie, where he concealed himself till night.

He was now hunted down by the magistracy of Inverness and by the public prosecutor. His escapes were on many occasions marvellous; but he was no boaster, and his veracity was unquestionable. At one time he lay concealed under a heap of brushwood at an old woman's door; a party of soldiers tossed it with their bayonets, and pierced his plaid through the sheep-skins which the compassionate female spread under and over him, as the weather was very cold. She had bought the skins for the sake of the wool only that day. They prevented the soldiers from discovering Grant.

However, he did not think himself safe, and bent his steps to the east for Strathspey. Near the river of Inverness he was so beset by soldiery that he plunged into the stream, employing the *ruse* which the Great Unknown, now known, ascribes to Rob Roy. He threw his plaid and surcoat before him, and heard many shots directed against these vestments. Swimming, and diving when the balls whizzed over him, he crossed the river, and through many perils got to Strathspey. The Laird of Grant heard he had been seen at a shealing, and sent for a sagacious farmer of the name of Cumming, whose cattle were at the glen where the outlaw was reported to receive supplies of food. The farmer went to Castle Grant, resolved to tell nothing, because his daughter swore him to secrecy before she revealed to him that Grant was in the country.

The Laird of Grant did not send for Cumming to extort information.

He at once said, he desired only, that if at any time Cumming fell in with the unfortunate man, he would learn from him what provocation impelled him to draw his dirk. It could be no light cause, since Grant, the handsomest, stoutest, and strongest fellow of his company, was remarkable for good temper and forbearance. Cumming said he would gladly spend many days in search of Grant to give satisfaction to the laird, and returned home to meet him the same night. However, he delayed going again to Castle Grant, that it might be supposed the outlaw was far distant. He gave the following detail from the lips of the fugitive:

"I had been dancing at the marriage of Serjeant Gregor Shaw two days and nights, and was very near giving up with fatigue, when Colonel Grant of Ballindalloch sent for me, to take letters for the president with all speed to Culloden. I was not very fit for a hurried journey; but as the colonel always trusted me with papers of consequence, I resolved to do or die. I set off, after pouring a glass of strong whisky into my shoes, and never bent my sinews to rest till I entered the room where President Forbes sat with several gentlemen after dinner, with bottles and glasses before them; and I saw at one glance that the wine had been more than a match for most of them. The president rose to a window to read his letters, and the gentlemen diverted themselves by jeering at the bare-legged messenger. One asked if I had a mountain-pony to carry me so fast from Ballindalloch; another desired to know what short cut I had contrived for myself; and another insisted it was impossible such a way could have been travelled

since morning. I answered that the date of the letters I brought would tell if I spoke truth. They asked my name, and when told, a Low-country tongue inquired if I was the Laird of Grant's champion. I replied that every man of my name would be proud to serve their chief. 'It is well for chiefs that have others to fight for them; though they are cowards, they may speak as big as the Laird of Grant himself, with his half-naked savages about him, licking the dust at his pleasure.' I was hungry, and wearied, and burning with thirst," continued Grant, "and felt it hard to stand as a mark for the mockery of these idle gentlemen; but when the Lowlander spoke so shamefully of my chief and of the clan, I lost all command of myself—drew my dirk—Captain Munro threw himself before the dastard, and, to my sorrow, I shed his blood, though at any time since I have been under his command I would have risked my life to preserve him from such an outrage. I am thankful to Providence that he has recovered—but how many deaths have I suffered in flying from the gallows! for it is not death I am anxious to avoid. In Knoidart I was asked to join a band of freebooters; but I told the man employed to engage me, that though the rage of a moment made me an outlaw, I would never make myself a villain." Grant repeated the memorable sentiments with which his story has been introduced, and he never deviated from the rectitude they distinctly imply. The clan Munro joined the public prosecutor and the magistracy of Inverness in pursuing him during many years. He was hunted from place to place north and south, yet always eluded the

snare laid for him. In advanced age he settled quietly, and died in Strathspey. He was married, and his descendants maintained the hereditary character.

The strife concerning an insulated piece of ground, which a rivulet, in its impetuous course, had separated from Dava, is worthy of record; not only on account of the participation of our hero, the outlaw, but as a picture of lawless times. This *debatable land* is situated in the eastern extremity of the parish of Cromdale; but was cut off, as already mentioned, by a sweeping inundation, and approximated equally the estates of the Laird of Grant and the Earl of Moray. Our hero, though a very young lad, proposed to his relations, a family of the name of Shaw, to join him in taking possession and keeping the debateable land. Shaw, with his wife, two daughters, and four sons, set out to occupy the ground, with the stripling Grant as their pioneer. A heavy mist clouded the May-morning; but just as they came in sight of their destined abode, the "orient sun" came forth resplendent in beauty, and the thick vapours disappeared. The sudden brightness was hailed as a good omen: yet they had just succeeded in kindling a fire with brushwood gathered on the premises, when they accidentally learned that Mr. Russell, the Earl of Moray's factor, or chamberlain, was approaching with a numerous band to expel the Laird of Grant's tenant, and to invest a tacksman appointed by Lord Moray. Grant said they must, at all hazards, prevent this legal point of right, and he would take the brunt of resistance. There was little time for deliberation. They concealed themselves among under-

wood close to the road where the assailants had to pass, and darted upon them, shouting to fictitious comrades, as if they were only the van of an ambuscade. Many of the chamberlain's people, seized with a panic, fled, and did not return to the charge; but a great superiority of numbers remained with him, and he stood his ground valiantly. Grant fought his way to the chamberlain, grappled with him, and dragged him along, again calling aloud to the strength of the Grants to hasten to

the spot. They were far distant; but the chamberlain's attendants, believing they must be overpowered, took refuge in flight. Grant still held his captive fast; he suffered no personal injury nor loss, except his wig, which old Shaw said must go as a trophy to Castle Grant; but if ever Mr. Russell attempted for the future to molest the possessors of the *debateable land*, not only the wig, but the head it covered, should be laid at the feet of the Laird of Grant.

B. G.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. III.

THE DEVIL'S RIDDLE.

THE riddle which forms the subject of this paper has been current ever since the beginning of the fifteenth century in one of the towns of Poitiers, where it is said to have been first broached by the Devil on the following occasion:

The inhabitants of this little town enjoyed the reputation of being, with a single exception, the best and most honest people in the province. That exception was an old man, named Jacques Chaudron, who had lived by himself for a number of years, and never was known to do an act of friendship or kindness to any human being.

Jacques had in his youth been a great libertine; he had several natural children, but never would provide for any of them, though he had the means of doing it without hurting himself. The *curé* frequently remonstrated with him on his conduct, but to no purpose. He had long left off coming to church, and people, who passed his house after dark, began to tell strange stories of lights

and noises which they saw in it. These reports began to spread; but the good pastor, who thought charity the first of christian virtues, did all in his power to discountenance them; for he could not persuade himself that his reprobate parishioner would absolutely go the dreadful length of allying himself with the fiend.

Circumstances, however, soon arose which raised doubts and suspicions in his mind. One night out of every nine the parishioners were tormented in various ways, some by strange noises, others by frightful apparitions. In one house, just as the family were about to sit down to supper, they saw it snatched from the table by winged monsters. In another, a serpent issued from the nuptial bed just as a new-married couple were getting into it. Nobody dared to set foot out of doors, from the dreadful noises and howlings which were heard in every street: in short, the nuisance became so great, that it was necessary to devise some remedy, and the inhabitants presented

to the judges of the province a formal statement of their grievances.

Had they followed their own inclinations, they would have plainly and roundly charged Jacques Chaudron with sorcery, but this the *curé* would not permit. "Your suspicions," said he, "cannot authorize you to charge a man with a dreadful crime of which you have no proofs; relate your sufferings, and leave it to the wisdom of the judges to provide a remedy for them." This was done accordingly; and the judges, finding no specific charge made against any individual, sent a clergyman, who passed for the ablest exorcist in the province, to sift the matter to the bottom.

This gentleman presented himself without delay at the house of the *curé*, who confirmed the depositions of his parishioners, but without indicating the person whom he suspected as the cause of their grievances. The exorcist then proceeded without delay to his business; he forced the fiend to appear, and solemnly conjured him to name the miscreant who tormented every ninth night the inhabitants of the parish.

Every body knows that Old Nick is a famous equivocator; and on this occasion he gave a notable proof of his skill in that art. "I have not," said he, "the power to tell you directly who the sorcerer is, but I may indicate to you the means of discovering him. He is a man of ten pistoles; he is married and is not; he has children and has not; he is sixty years old and only thirty. Such is the man who torments the parish, and on Friday next he will run the streets again." As the fiend concluded these words, he vanished.

All who were present at the ex-

orcism were lost in wonder at this enigma. "I am sure I sha'n't go out on Friday," said the sacristan.—"They may ring the *angelus* that will, for I won't," cried the schoolmaster.—"*Monsieur le Curé*, you will please to keep the church-doors shut," added the beadle.—"No such thing!" cried the pastor: "we shall do our duty, gentlemen; I say *we*, for I shall be at your side. But, my good sir," continued he, addressing the exorcist, "I do not find that our business is a bit more advanced."

"Indeed it is though," replied the other briskly: "the fiend has done his part in pointing out our man, it is for us to discover him. Have you not in the parish a bachelor of sixty?"

"Yes, we have one, and it is the one too that we suspect; but how are we to understand the words, 'He is sixty years old and only thirty?'"

"We may solve that by supposing that the fiend dates the life of thirty years from the time he entered his service."

"But that is only a part of the enigma."

"True, but it is the most difficult part. Was this man ever known to have any illegitimate children?"

"Oh, yes, several; and that to be sure would clear another point: but then how do you understand the words, 'He is married and he is not?'"

"He may have contracted marriage with one of the worshippers of his infernal master, which neither human nor divine laws would sanction. But come, let us go to this man; I have strong suspicions that we shall find in him the very person we want."

At these words all present, except the exorcist himself and the *curé*, took to their heels; for they were so

terrified at what they had heard, that none of them would venture near the house of Jacques. The pastor conducted the exorcist to the door, and then went away, justly thinking that his presence might raise suspicions in the mind of the wizard, who came to open the door with a very sullen countenance. "I am come," said the exorcist, "to offer you a bargain."

"More likely," cried the wizard, "to take me in."

"Not so: I find that you often buy horses, here is one that I want to part with, and if it suits you to buy it, you shall have it cheap."

The avaricious Jacques fell into the trap; he examined the beast, found it a good one, and after saying every thing he could to depreciate its value, concluded by the offer which the exorcist expected, and eagerly grasped at, of ten pistoles.

No sooner was the *abbé* outside the door, than he put his hand in his pocket to examine the money he had just received; but this infernal coin had already returned to the pocket of Jacques. "Aha!" cried the exorcist, "I have you then safe, my man of ten pistoles: this is the devil's work, sure enough! 'tis thus he enriches his servants. I shall know more ere long."

On the Friday following he stationed himself near the house of the wizard, whom he soon saw issue from it, but in a state which sufficiently proved him to be a professor of the black art; for he was decorated with horns and an immensely long tail, which he lashed around him in all directions, and each movement produced some terrific sight or sound. He stopped at the doors of different houses, muttering conjurations. The

exorcist kept close to him, resolved to see how he would conclude his abominable rites. No sooner had the clock struck the hour of midnight than he ran out of the town at full speed; the *abbé* kept up to him with difficulty till he arrived at a blasted oak, where he was instantly joined by a troop of monsters of both sexes, with the same frightful appendages to their figure. They were the witches and wizards of the neighbourhood, who came to that spot to pay their adoration to Satan. They formed a circle round the oak, in the midst of which the fiend instantly shewed himself under the form of a cat with three heads, and the witches immediately fell prostrate before him. At this sight the good *abbé* was unable to restrain himself longer; he uttered a cry of horror, at hearing which the whole monstrous assembly disappeared, except Jacques, whom the exorcist took care to seize by the ear. Finding himself held, he struggled so violently that he disengaged himself, leaving his right ear in the grasp of the *abbé*.

That good man having now no longer any doubt of his guilt, proceeded the next morning, with a party of officers of justice, to his house: they found him in his bed, and deprived of his right ear. No other proofs were wanting; he was tried and sentenced to be burnt alive.

Every body wondered at the calmness with which he bore his sentence, and many were of opinion that he would at last find the means of escape. As they were conducting him to the pile, they observed that, for the first time, his courage and calmness appeared to forsake him; he kept looking round him with mingled anxiety and terror, and muttering to himself.

At the moment that he reached the fatal spot, and just before he was fastened to the pile, his good *curé* determined to make a last effort to save the miserable wretch from the horrors of his eternal doom: he approached him, therefore, with a solemn exhortation to confess his crimes and to implore mercy.

At that moment a raven perched upon the wizard's shoulder. A diabolical joy gleamed in the wretch's countenance; he repulsed the cross that was offered to him, and addressing the raven, "Thou art come then at last," cried he; "perform thy promise, and deliver me from their hands."

"I am ready to do it," cried the raven, "but upon condition that you render your allegiance to me."

The wretch, at that instant, made a sign of adoration, and instantly as-

cended into the air, accompanied by the raven. The horror-struck spectators followed them with their eyes. Suddenly a voice like thunder was heard to pronounce these words: "I promised to preserve thee from the stake, and I have kept my word; but thou belongest of right to me, and thus I seize my own."

As the words were uttered the fiend was distinctly seen to assume his real form, and striking his talons to the heart of the wizard, he disappeared with him in the midst of the most frightful tempest that the inhabitants of Poitiers had ever witnessed.

From that time, we are assured, that witches and wizards have been unknown in that town, where a horror of the black art has been transmitted from father to son, by a recital of the terrible history connected with the Devil's Riddle.

THE SUMMER EXCURSION.

Now the season is commencing when the disciples of Esculapius recommend their patients to leave their homes, and take a trip to the seaside, where the Goddess of Health loves to dwell; when the gay votaries of Fashion quit the crowded streets of London, and hurry to the watering-places, to enjoy the luxury of bathing, and to sip the mineral waters. To which of these shall I bend my steps? There is the coast of Kent, where Margate, Ramsgate, Deal, and Sandwich invite me to view their beauties; and it is a pleasure to wander on that delightful coast; to see the gay, thronged gardens; to walk on the pier, and behold the crowded passengers land from the steam-packets. During the

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height of the season, the packets land about eight hundred persons daily. There we see the London Guinea-pig, who has quitted some garret, where he lived penuriously and hoarded up his guinea, that he might indulge himself with a trip to Margate. How gay he looks, dressed in his Sunday clothes! how pleasure glistens in his eyes to behold the brilliant scene! But soon must he quit it; for his guinea will support him only one day, and he must return on the Monday morning to resume his labours, and by diligence to make up for the time he has lost and the money he has squandered. My heart aches to see the man who has, by the sweat of his brow, earned a few shillings, thus wasting them.

T

No, I will not go to the coast of Kent, where I might again view, at Dover, the cliff which Shakspeare has immortalized, and behold once more those scenes which were visited by the Romans who invaded England, and generally landed on the coast of Kent.

Shall I bend my steps to the Isle of Wight, which is emphatically called the garden of England, and which an avaricious man might wish for as a flower-garden, although he possessed the wholeland of Britain as a farm? On the coast of Kent, it is a beauty made by the hand of man; at the Isle of Wight, it is the rugged and sublime hand of Nature that has formed the many grand views. Amongst others, there is Shanklin Chine, situated at the back of the island, which, for grandeur of scenery and awful precipices, surpasses all other parts of England. There is Carisbrook Castle, famed for King Charles's confinement there by his rebellious subjects; there is still remaining the window out of which the unfortunate monarch attempted to escape. In the castle is a very deep well, the water of which is famous all over the island; and it is the pleasantest water I have ever drunk: it is drawn up by means of a donkey, who is so tame that he follows the visitors for biscuits, fruit, or any other eatables they have to give him. In the room where the well is situated, you may observe the wall written over with names; so much so, that every one who visits it will find some name inscribed on it that he is acquainted with. That elegant writer Mrs. Opie has rendered Carisbrook Castle almost classic ground, by having made it the home of one of her heroines; but she forgot that it was

situated at a distance from the sea, when she represents the heroine of her tale, in a fit of despair, rushing from the castle, and throwing herself into the sea.

At Carisbrook Castle we see with what amazing strength our forefathers built: the present race of builders are determined that their children shall be well employed in propping up the houses they erect; for these will not surely last above one generation. About two miles from Carisbrook Castle is the gay and lively borough-town of Newport, which is generally thronged with officers, who are the life and ornament of the place. About two miles from Newport are the barracks, which are worth seeing. At a short distance from them is the workhouse, in which are the poor of the whole island. Here the philanthropist may behold a sight which will make his heart glad. There are upwards of eight hundred poor in the house, who are all neatly clothed and well fed: the rules and regulations are shewn by the matron to any visitor, who is at liberty to make remarks in writing in the book of rules and regulations. When Mr. Owen of Lanark visited the poor-house, he remarked that the management of the poor in the Isle of Wight came nearest to his plans of any he had seen. It is a pleasant sight to see upwards of eight hundred poor sit down to a good meal. There are about five hundred children among them, whose smiling countenances and happy looks afford gratification to the benevolent mind. I had determined on visiting these happy scenes, but taking up a newspaper, I read of the extreme misery that existed in the large manufacturing towns. I ordered my

horses to the door, and hurried, in preference, to the scenes of misery, in hopes of contributing by my feeble efforts to their alleviation.

Those who live in affluence have little idea of the great misery and wretchedness that many of their fellow-creatures endure. They now and then behold the cottages of their tenants; and there is in many of them every comfort and necessary of life: they have a garden, to raise their own vegetables; a pig to fatten and kill, which enables them to pay their rent; poultry and eggs to carry to market and sell, so that they may bring back food and clothing; and, in many counties, you see the rack of bacon, which is supplied with a well-cured flitch, that they enjoy in the summer season with their own green peas and beans. But the manufacturing poor, who are crowded in large towns, enjoy none of these comforts. You may behold a large house, which perhaps was formerly the residence of some nobleman, but now its glory is gone; it is inhabited by the children of misery. When you enter the lofty rooms, which formerly resounded with the song of mirth, the hum of the weaver's shuttle strikes on the ear. There are around you a sickly wife, clothed in rags, with an infant at her breast, and several other children, who were born in misery and baptized in tears, and whose looks bespeak the want of that food they in vain expect from their parents. Too often, now, you see the father, unable to obtain employment, seated in an old arm-chair, looking on his famishing family

with anguish, and incapable of affording relief. This picture is not too highly coloured; for too many instances have lately occurred which prove that the scenes of misery are more distressing than language can express. At Coventry, a poor emaciated woman, who went into a baker's shop to purchase a loaf, secreted another about her person; the baker missed it and procured a constable, with whom he went to the woman's house, where he discovered a scene of wretchedness that makes the heart bleed. There was a large family of children, belonging to a sick ribbon-weaver without employment. On the fire was a pot, with something boiling in it for their dinner: he inquired what was in the pot. The woman, overcome with shame and confusion, did not answer: the constable removed the lid from the pot. Reader! what do you think it contained? Three small puppies which had been drowned! The baker gave her the bread, with some money, and requested her, if in distress, not to steal, but to come to him, and he would give her bread.

Is it not better to visit such scenes of misery, and pour solace and relief on the distressed objects, than to squander money away at watering-places? Go and do thou likewise! for the poor should be comforted:

“ Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their humble joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”

GULIELMUS.

THE CAGOT OF THE PYRENEES*.

A SHEPHERD-BOY, as he led his flock to browse upon the mountains of the Pyrenees, encountered a Cagot, who was exploring their rocky summits in search of the wild fruits which formed the chief part of his miserable fare. The boy drew back with that instinctive abhorrence which the inhabitants feel for those unfortunate creatures. The leper at first seemed inclined to approach him, but as he marked the glance of mingled apprehension and disdain with which the boy eyed him, he sullenly drew back, and the young shepherd pursued his way.

Not long afterwards one of those frightful storms, which so often devastate the Pyrenees, arose; the wind roared with tremendous fury, tearing up the trees in its passage, and the rain fell in torrents. Leaning against a huge mass of rock, while his dog, his only friend, his sole companion, crouched at his feet, Lawrens appeared insensible to the storm. What, indeed, had he to dread from it? The loss of a life embittered by those severe sufferings to which hatred and prejudice have subjected his wretched race, would not have appeared a misfortune. As he stood the sport of relentless elements, he saw the shepherd-boy, who had passed him some time before, endeavouring to collect his flock. The terrified sheep had fled in all directions; in vain did the poor fellow strive to collect the stragglers; heedless of his voice, they continued to run forward; some had already precipitated themselves down the abysses so frequent among these stupendous mountains,

and the others were hurrying towards the same fate. "Help, Lawrens!" cried the boy; and Lawrens rushed forward. "Help, Cagot!" exclaimed he a second time, and at these words the unfortunate leper stopped as if spell-bound; that name with which hatred and contempt have branded his unhappy race stifled the new-born sentiment of pity just rising in his heart. His dog looked wistfully in his face, and then sprang forward to aid the boy; but the efforts of the generous animal were unavailing, the frightened sheep could not be prevented from throwing themselves, one after another, over the rocks. Vainly did the daring boy expose his life to save theirs; he was preserved as if by a miracle, but all the sheep perished.

As he saw the last fall into the abyss, he rushed towards Lawrens. "Are you now satisfied?" cried he in a tone of indignation mingled with despair.

"Satisfied!"

"Yes, we have lost all; you looked on, you could have saved them, you would not. Monster! you have no pity."

"And why should I? Which of you has pity upon me? Even in imploring my aid, did you not express your hatred and disdain?"

"Ah, you have too richly deserved it! Yes, we have a right to say that you are worse than brutes, for even a brute has offered that help which you refused."

At that moment a traveller, whom a taste for Nature had led to explore her in these her wildest recesses, ap-

* For an account of these unfortunates see the "Literary Coterie," in the *Repository* for December 1825.

proached, and heard the last words of the boy. Struck with his grief and the energy of his tone, he turned to Lawrens, "What!" cried he, "can you have merited this accusation? Can you have refused assistance to a helpless fellow-creature?"

"Fellow-creature!" exclaimed the miserable being in a tone of bitter mockery. "Which of you will acknowledge me for one?" and he flung back the tattered covering which, thrown round his head, partially shaded both his face and bust. The stranger shuddered as he looked on that face and form, which a cruel hereditary disease had almost robbed of the claim to be called human. "Poor unfortunate," cried he, "how I pity you!"

"Pity! you pity me!"

"Ah, God knows I do!"

"What, and you do not look at me with horror? You do not think me a monster whom every body ought to shun and detest?"

"If I were capable of such cruelty, I should myself be a monster."

"Well then," cried Lawrens vehemently, and pointing at the child, "he is one! He, his parents, all whom I approach, hate and persecute me. If I come near them, they fly me. If hunger compels me to beg, they refuse me even their offals. This very morning I drew near the hunters as they sat at breakfast on the banks of the stream; I durst not ask their charity, but they knew my distress; they saw I was waiting for the fragments of their meal, and they threw them to the fishes. And it is of me that men would expect, would ask a service!"

"If they did, and you refused them, you would be sorry for it."

"Never! never! I hate them too much."

"You deceive yourself, we cannot hate our fellow-creatures. God has not permitted that such a frightful sentiment should have place in the human heart. We may be angry with them; we may be unjust towards them; but to hate them is impossible.

I must leave you now: meet me here to-morrow morning; I want to see you again." Then asking the boy if he was going towards the valley, the stranger walked away with him.

The young shepherd heard nothing of what had passed. His thoughts were in his paternal cottage, with the parents already suffering under sickness and poverty, to whom he had the sad task of announcing the loss of that flock which constituted their sole support. The stranger questioned him about his loss. He quitted him at the entrance of the valley, and the boy reached his home just as his mother, alarmed at his unusual absence, was going to seek him. "Heaven be praised," cried she in a joyful tone, as she saw him approach, "he is come back safe!"

"But we have lost our flock! all, all have perished! I could not save even one of them!"

The poor woman burst into tears; her husband affectionately reproved her. "Why should you despair?" cried he: "since I have been better during these two days, doubt not that God will give me strength to work, and our field will keep us from starving."

Next morning, in spite of the entreaties and tears of his wife and children, the sick man quitted his bed, and prepared, feeble as he was, to try to guide the plough. For a moment his failing strength seemed to return, as he inhaled once more the fresh and sweet air of the mountains, which severe illness had long prevented him

from visiting. He walked forward with a more steady step, followed by the stranger and the Cagot, who had been during some time observing him. He soon arrived at his field, but at the moment when he was about to begin his work, the leper sprang forward. The peasant looked at him with indignation. "Inhuman as you are," cried he, "do you come to see me faint under the labour to which the loss of my flock has exposed me?"

"No, I come to save you from it."

"What, you! you who stood by and saw my sheep perish, though you could have saved them! you who refused that help which even your very dog afforded."

"Yes, I refused; but I have repented it. He," pointing to the stranger, "he does not disdain me. He calls me his fellow-creature. He tells me that God commands me to love and to serve those who persecute me. Ah! he must be right, for I feel that my heart was not made for hatred. Let me then cultivate your field till you are able to do it yourself; I ask nothing in return, but a crust of dry bread and a truss of

straw. When you no longer want me, I will leave you to see you no more."

Tears stood in the eyes of the peasant. "I have not deserved this of you, Lawrens," cried he; "I repulsed you in your necessities, and you come to assist me in mine. Yes, you shall till the field, and whether God spares me to see its produce or not, you shall share it with my wife and children."

Ah! how delicious was the sentiment which at that moment filled the hearts of the peasant and Lawrens! Could there be a purer, a sweeter pleasure? Yes, the benevolent traveller who had thus recalled two human creatures to the true purposes of their existence, enjoyed a happiness still more transcendent. He finished the good work he had begun: thanks to his bounty, the peasant saw himself master of another flock, and Lawrens received a sum sufficient to provide for his simple wants, if necessity should induce him to make use of it; but that will not be the case while the worthy peasant and his family live to love, protect, and cherish the poor leper.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

(Continued from p. 78.)

THE Lord de Brechin was so universally beloved, that the faction by whom he was betrayed dared not bring him to capital punishment without the walls of Edinburgh Castle. To give a colour of justice to their act, as a public example, the gates of the fortress were thrown open to admit the people, where David de Brechin, on a scaffold, prayed earnestly, and received extreme unction from the father con-

fessor; Sir Ingram de Umfraville also kneeling beside his friend. The offices of religion being performed, Lord de Brechin stood up with calm dignity, looked around upon the populace, and bowed on all sides. A profound silence ensued. He then said, "My countrymen, I have but a few words to speak: I forgive my judges, if they have been prejudiced, and I admit that appearances are against me; but, as a dying man,

I aver that I never harboured a disloyal thought. My love for Scotland would not allow me to join in any conspiracy against her king and able defender, Robert the First, the brother of my own mother. May God bless and prosper King Robert and my dear country! May the blessing of God and the saints be with you all!"

David de Brechin again bowed to the wide circle, and resigned himself to the block. Many of the spectators could hardly believe their own eyes, that the criminal was Lord de Brechin. They pressed near, and many climbed up to the platform, and close to the headsman. Sir Ingram de Umfraville, imputing this encroachment to curiosity, indignantly rebuked them: "Why press ye so rudely to behold the lamentable exit of the best knight that ever exposed his life for the safety and honour of Scotland? I have seen you jostling each other to snatch the donatives dropping from his liberal hand; and are your hearts of stone, that ye incommode him on this stage of blood?"

Lord de Brechin was undressing himself, and calmly preparing himself for the block; he made a few steps forward to Sir Ingram, and laying his hand on the shoulder of the reprover, said with a smile, "My noble friend! let these poor people take the last indulgence they can receive from David de Brechin."

Sir Ingram wrung his hands in the agony of sorrow; his friend gave him a last embrace, and kneeling, with an intrepid air resigned himself to the sentence of the law. Sir Ingram saw his mutilated corpse delivered to a choir of the priesthood, and in a transport of grief

applied to the king for leave to sell the estates which the royal bounty had given him in Scotland; since he could not endure to breathe the air of a land where the noblest blood, unstained by crime, had been shed through the artifices of traitors. The king felt that De Umfraville spoke truth; and a tribute to the worth of his beloved nephew was soothing to his private feelings, though he could not in prudence avow them. He granted the request of Sir Ingram, who, with Launcelot Gam, withdrew from the busy world to the Isle of Cadsand, off Sluys.

Sir Ingram chose that residence because he had heard Lord de Brechin declare, that if ever he became a recluse he would purchase ground for a hermitage and garden at Cadsand. He thought he had well bestowed the very high price demanded for the spot indicated by his departed friend; but his enjoyments were buried with David de Brechin: nor could he have at all sustained the bereavement, if the attaching qualities and the gradual decline of Launcelot Gam had not afforded to his warm heart an amiable object of solicitude, exertion, and generous expenditure. The minstrel, placid in his melancholy, became now cheerful in proportion to the evident decay of his corporeal powers; and Sir Ingram justly attributed this increase of happiness to the near prospect of a reunion with his honoured lord: but though the invalid spoke of his own demise to the aged monks who visited the hermitage, he never in the presence of the knight made any allusion to a subject which he knew must give him pain.

The early months of spring pro-

duced many warnings that his removal was drawing very near. The vivacious lustre of his eyes changed to a dim, glazy, inert vacancy of expression; his voice became hollow; and while at morning prayers with Sir Ingram in their small oratory, the invalid was seized with a paralysis of the limbs. Sir Ingram carried him to the fire in the refectory, and gave him a restorative medicine. After some time he recovered his speech, and begged to be left upon the mat, where he lay along the floor of the refectory. "I have another request to make, Sir Ingram," he continued, "and a disclosure, which is due to your goodness and to my own character. I entreat you will send for two of the Sisters of Charity from Sluys. One of the monks of our neighbouring convent would bring them to wait upon a female—unhappy—but never guilty. Yes, Sir Ingram, I must now claim your indulgence for Eleanor de Mowbray. I cannot at present say more. May it please God to spare me to relate my unfortunate story! If I expire before my narrative pleads for me, I know your candour will not judge severely."

Sir Ingram replied, "I beseech you, Lady Eleanor, to calm this emotion. At my last interview with the Lord de Brechin, he asserted the honour and virtue of Lady Eleanor de Mowbray. He was of strict veracity in his gayest moments, and would not aver a falsehood on the brink of eternity."

The Sisters of Charity soon arrived. Their patient was laid on her own couch. She lived six weeks, and in that space was able, at intervals, to give a recital which we have collected into one narration. Sir In-

gram de Umfraville and the Sisters of Charity were the auditors, while Lady Eleanor, often interrupted by difficult respiration, and by the exhaustion of her strength, communicated her adventures to the following effect:

"My mother, a noble De Burgh, from my infancy wished me to form an alliance with the son of Sir Adhelm de Burgh, her cousin, whose property joined the estates of my father, the Lord de Mowbray. My mother did not live to see young Arthur notoriously profligate, the imitator and parasite of Mortimer, and a rebel to his king, who had loaded him with favours. The good Sir Adhelm died before my mother. My father and brothers were among the few noblemen who continued faithful to their sovereign, and they sealed their loyalty with their blood. Sir Arthur de Burgh sided with the barons. He asked a gift of my father's estate, and obtained it; for his valour and conduct were distinguished. I was then not sixteen years old; but troublous times mature the understanding and stimulate the energies of well principled youth. Sir Arthur had always professed himself my admirer. I never liked him, though he was certainly handsome and insinuating. My father warned me of his vicious and brutal character; and I repeatedly declined his passionate addresses. However, he supposed that, friendless and portionless, I would not reject his proposal of marriage; but I firmly, though civilly, told him I was resolved upon taking the veil. He affected to applaud my piety, though it crossed his dearest hopes; and added, there was fortunately in the nearest harbour a vessel bound for Marseilles,

and he would recommend me to the abbess of a Carmelite nunnery, who had been in youth the intimate friend of his mother. I was so impatient to leave a house which now belonged to Sir Arthur, that I readily agreed to take a passage for France the same evening. Two respectable-looking females were procured to wait upon me. Sir Arthur said they were selected because they knew a little of the French language; and, with a heart torn by many painful recollections, I bade farewell to my native place, and went on board of the foreign ship.

“It was almost dark; I was half-blinded by weeping: yet, by the light of the torch which was carried before me to the cabin, I observed that the sailors were of a complexion too fair to be Southern. This discovery taught me to conceal that I understood a little of the French and German languages. The skipper behaved respectfully, but would not allow me to go on deck, as the weather was rough, and I might take cold. In a few days, while I seemed to sleep, my attendants, whispering in bad French, talked of meeting Sir Arthur de Burgh in Denmark, where I should be glad to marry him; and he would not have taken so much trouble to humble my pride but that his whimsical old grand-uncle, who was my mother’s uncle, would not leave him a copper to bless himself with, if he dishonoured his own blood by treating me as I deserved. The old gentleman had been estranged from me by my father and brothers taking part with the ill-fated King Edward: yet it was some consolation that he had not quite forsaken me. I determined to apply to the public autho-

rities in whatever port I might be landed, and to appeal to my grand-uncle, Lord de Burgh, for the truth of my representations; claiming protection until my story should be investigated. This resource supported my spirits: yet the uproar of intoxication often filled me with horror and alarm. The carelessness which accompanies dissolute habits was, no doubt, the cause of our ship taking fire about a week after my embarkation, and the seamen being maddened with liquor I believe to have occasioned the boats running foul, after the greatest part of the crew escaped from the flames. Lord de Brechin saved me from perishing, and behaved to me with the delicacy and high-minded generosity which shone in all his actions.

“I need not remind Sir Ingram de Umfraville how eminently his friend was gifted with all that could inspire esteem and admiration; and, in all the world, I had no friend except him alone. Before I was able to hold any conversation with him, I overheard Mother Hillella and her daughters lamenting the decease of the good Lord de Burgh. They little imagined how I was interested in the event. Lord de Burgh, when wounded at Bannockburn, was Hillella’s lodger and patient in the caves of Roslin. The intelligence that my grand-uncle was no more retarded my convalescence. I did recover indeed, and my physician and benefactor was soon after called away. Hillella saw our mutual infatuation; and, to avert the dreaded consequences, made known to me that Lord de Brechin was the betrothed of Lady Margaret Douglas; and to excite me to the sacrifice I owed to him and

myself, she related her own successful efforts to overcome a misplaced passion. I will not break the connection of my own tale with an episode, which, if I am able, and you desire it, Sir Ingram, I shall hereafter recite.

“I have mentioned being informed by Hillella of Lord de Brechin’s engagements, as soon as she had finished her own narrative. I did not hesitate to determine upon the part which honour and virtue demanded. I concealed myself in a recess of Hillella’s cave. I was aware that I must speedily devise some means to earn a livelihood, and all my soul revolted against the thought of continuing with a family of vagrants. I had no acquirement but music that could recommend me as a domestic. If I took refuge in a convent, I must disclose my real name to the abbess and father confessor; and I had heard such frightful stories of the wickedness and perfidy of monks, that I feared they might be tempted to apprise Sir Arthur de Burgh where he might find me; or if he traced me thither by his own indefatigable inquiries, he would force me away. England and Scotland were then in such a state of anarchy, that many religious houses were violated. Hillella advised me, at least for a time, to take male attire; and my skill in playing the lute and harp fitted me to give satisfaction as a minstrel. I agreed. Hillella gave my skin the olive tinge, which, by daily use of the herbs she shewed me, I have never failed to preserve. She procured for me the garb of a minstrel, and instruments of the finest tone. A part of the jewels which belonged to my parents, and which I concealed

about my person when I left Mowbray castle, paid Hillella amply for her services. I believe she was ever true to me, keeping my sad secret to the last. She presented me to her family as a minstrel-boy from England, whose lady had been pilaged in the civil wars, and who broke her heart for the desolation of her house. This account she perhaps took from the case of our neighbour, Lady Brilwyck, which I had told her. She sent trusty messengers to different quarters, inquiring for a place where I could be constantly employed as a minstrel. Before they returned, I was, I may say involuntarily, fixed in the household of Lord de Brechin.

“I had been about a fortnight practising the music and demeanour of my assumed profession, and had gone to bed, that I might not be in the way of the very large circle formed by Hillella, her spouse, and their offspring. Sleep had long been a stranger to my eyelids. I slumbered, but troubled dreams often broke my repose. The night was almost past, and I lay awake, the prey of anxious thought, when Hillella came to my lowly bed, with one of her grand-daughters carrying a lamp, which she hastily set down, while the mother desired me to rise as quickly as possible, and take my harp, and charm to rest the dying Lord de Brechin. They were to go to him, and I should follow, guided by a light which they would leave in the passage between their cave and that where the chief had been stretched four days, without food or sleep. My heart palpitated as if I was expiring. To reflect was impossible: a very few minutes brought me, where, on the couch he had him-

self given up for my accommodation, I beheld the Lord de Brechin, pale, emaciated, and seemingly insensible. Hillella asked me to play an air, which my deliverer often sung for my amusement when I began to recover from the fracture his skill and tenderness had cured. He taught me the air and the words, and since I procured a harp, I played it spontaneously whenever I took the instrument.

“‘Doth she I must endeavour to forget on earth welcome me to the regions of peaceful oblivion?’ said Lord de Brechin, raising himself on his elbow. ‘I must see the musician.’

“Hillella held the lamp to shew my face; Lord de Brechin looked earnestly, and threw himself back, manifestly disappointed, saying, ‘A little wandering minstrel, and not the object of my fond expectation. But, poorlad! you are not to blame. Come nearer; my eyes are dim; I must have more light to see distinctly.’ Hillella desired her grand-daughter to take another lamp from the passage. I trembled for the close inspection of my features, but dared not disobey. Lord de Brechin exclaimed, ‘Like her, though dark—though dark, like her. The resemblance is prepossessing—I wish I could see that face clearly; but to me all things are encompassed with a haze.’

“‘Because you have fasted so very long, my dear lord,’ said Hillella. ‘Come, boy, offer this spoonful to the chief that never mortified a stranger. Lord de Brechin will not refuse the first boon you ask of him.’

“I could not speak to ask acceptance for the food, but I held it to his lips, and it was accepted. I pre-

sented another; the invalid took it, but said I must not tease him further. He wished to sleep, and would be glad that I continued to play until he slept and awoke. I touched the strings incessantly, and became more composed, before Lord de Brechin, after the lapse of some hours, said, ‘Boy, your melody is worth all the leechcraft in Scotland. You must not leave me; you shall be my page and minstrel, with wages for each office. What is your name?’

“I was quite unprepared for that question; but with unfailing presence of mind, Hillella answered:

“‘The boy is a hapless foundling, and does not even know how he got the name of Launcelot Gam. Don’t be ashamed of a blameless misfortune, my boy! It was no fault of thine that thy only friend, the Lady Brilwyck, broke her heart for the calamities of the civil wars in England. We have had experience of such evils in Scotland. Lady Brilwyck took thee, and instructed thee, when a poor wandering little child. Perhaps it was thy loss that her kindness was so motherly.’

“‘Mine shall be fatherly,’ said Lord de Brechin. ‘Boy, wilt thou serve a knight that has never frowned upon a follower?’

“Before I could respond, Hillella said, ‘Lord de Brechin, that youth is no fit domestic for a warlike knight. His constitution and his habits disqualify him from mixing with a menial train. His mind is pious, lofty, and devoted to self-control. The Lady Brilwyck accustomed him to a quiet anti-room by day and a bolted chamber by night. He cannot watch on the open hill or in the dale through hours of darkness, nor spread his master’s bed of heath, nor with

the first smile of morn attend hawk and hound; but he can read and write, and weave scarf and sword-belt for a warrior: besides, he can draw from the lute and harp sounds that might break the worst spells of necromancy. The Lady Brilwyck asked no more than he could do without injury to his weakly constitution. He must now buffet the hardships of a friendless state: but weep not, poor unblameable wanderer! the God that gave thee a being so helpless, and a conscience so tender, will care for thee.'

"Hillella knew the avenues to Lord de Brechin's compassionate heart; and her harangue had full effect. While she spoke, I debated with myself, whether I ought to accept Lord de Brechin's offer of a permanent abode. Perhaps my heart, rather than my understanding, convinced me that the humane, honourable, unsuspecting Lord de Brechin would shield me from many of the sufferings incident to my peculiar situation. When Hillella was silent, Lord de Brechin said again, 'Launcelot, why dost thou not tell me if thou wilt be my page and minstrel? All the consideration for thy weakly frame and delicate mind, which made thee happy with the Lady Brilwyck, thou shalt find with the Lord de Brechin, and more. God and the saints have sent thee to me as a healing angel; and by their holy names I swear to be unto thee as a father, a brother, and a friend.'

"I dreaded familiar kindness even more than austerity, and I saw that in this crisis of my fate I was called upon to erect an impassable barrier between my own infirmity and the endearing frankness of my master. Thus, in spite of my struggles to

appear manly and steeled against my fate, I shed bitter tears.'

"'Launcelot,' said Hillella, 'make up your mind, and wipe your eyes, and thankfully close with the knight's gracious offers.'

"'Let him take time,' said the Lord de Brechin. 'I wish to gain his affections, and to make him a willing follower.'

"'My gracious lord,' I at length uttered, 'I have no fears but that I shall be a useless member of your household, or that I may presume on your goodness; but against that fault I have taken the strongest precaution. Yes, I have bound my soul, not only to strict fidelity, but also to the most dutiful reverence. My vows of temperance and seclusion have been heretofore registered in heaven, long ere I came into your august presence this night; and my apparent absence of mind since you vouchsafed to propose for me admission to your household, was occasioned by an act of solemn devotion. I have called upon God and the Holy Virgin, and all the saints, to witness my vow of distant respect and unswerving humility in all my attendance upon the Lord de Brechin; and may all the powers divine chastise my perjury, if I transgress those boundaries that ought to separate a noble lord from the meanest of his servants!'

"'Rash have been thy words, romantic boy!' answered Lord de Brechin; 'but never shall I tempt thee to incur the penalties of thy tremendous imprecations. I swear not, for the word of De Brechin is equivalent to an oath; and by that sacred word, I promise thee a quiet anteroom and a bolted chamber, with all the comfort thou canst manufac-

ture for thyself in the free disposal of time, except some hours to discourse sweet melody or merry strains for thy master and his guests.'

" 'Alas! my lord,' I said, 'my vows extend to the avoidance of all convivial assemblages.'

" 'By my word and honour, thou shalt be at liberty to withdraw at thy own pleasure,' answered Lord de Brechin.

" 'Our gracious lord is inclined for rest,' interposed Hillella: 'he hath condescended much to thee, and now be satisfied and grateful.'

" 'Grateful I ever shall be,' I said, 'and I have not been so satisfied since I lost my best friend.'

" 'Go to bed, my boy,' said Lord de Brechin: 'I robbed thee of thy natural rest.'

" 'I cannot sleep, my lord,' I replied, 'and with your gracious permission, I shall take the harp.'

" 'I shall then sleep sweetly,' said De Brechin.

"I continued several hours in this duty: yet, though Hillella's granddaughter, who sat with me, turned the hour-glass many times, my spirit and my fingers were unwearied.

"Lord de Brechin regained health, and volunteered against the enemies of King Edward; and I entered my own country as a stranger. I found there no friend, and I obtained confirmation of Hillella's notice that my grand-uncle, Lord de Burgh, was no more. My friend the armourer employed his best capacity in equipping me for the wars. I cared so little for life, that danger and hardship were encountered without repugnance, and habit made them easy, I had yet a stronger motive for enterprise—the desire never to separate from his side who was ever

foremost in meeting the shock of battle: yet I received no wound which my own acquaintance with leechcraft might not suffice to balsam. It was my prayer to be killed outright, or not to be under the necessity of seeking advice for my wounds; and my prayer found acceptance with the saints. I accompanied my lord in several campaigns against the Moors in Iberia, and against the Tartars and Russians, who often made terrible incursions on Sweden in the north, and upon the Greek empire of the south-east. It was in the south-east that my lord believed I had been the feeble instrument of prolonging his valuable life. Father in heaven, forgive my rebellious spirit, that has almost murmured because he had not died by the steel of an honourable foe! But it is my consolation, that though Lord de Brechin died the death of a traitor, he was untainted by treason."

This period of her narration overpowered the feelings of Lady Eleanor. For several days Sir Ingram and the Sisters of Charity expected the termination of her sufferings. However, she revived, and said she hoped yet to leave some record of the meritorious Hillella. Her story was short, and marked with the characteristics of a strong and upright mind.

"The famous red-cross knight, Belhaven, was her father; her mother, a Moorish princess, who, in Spain, rescued him from death, and adhered to him while he lived. Belhaven had taken charge of the son of a French knight, who was killed by his side, and in dying recommended the child to his Scottish friend. His mother was a Moor; she had died a short time before his father was slain in the service of the Greek empire

against the Turks. Atbarha, Hillella's mother, was with Belhaven near Constantinople. She willingly adopted the child of the French knight. Hillella was some years younger, and they were brought up together. Their affection was so much like the attachment of brother and sister, that the daughter of Belhaven never would have thought of him as a husband, unless in obedience to her parents, and to avoid a more hideous connection—a dishonourable entanglement. The next heir of Belhaven was a young man of the most captivating figure. Hillella was a dark beauty, and her vivacity and accomplishments were the theme of many a poet. The young heir employed all his art to fascinate and ensnare her while almost a child; but the vigilance of a tender mother detected his insidious blandishments. Belhaven was a very old man. The warrior had sunk to infantine weakness of mind and body. The mother saw no safety for her poor girl but in marriage with her adopted brother, Clovis, who passionately loved her. 'My child,' she said, 'I see you have more value for Matthew Belhaven than he deserves. You are solicitous for his happiness: he designs your ruin and disgrace. I followed your father, 'tis true; but I was bred where woman is an ignorant slave; and, trust me, that though the knight of Belhaven was one of the best of men, I have, since I came to Scotland, in comparing myself with honoured lawful spouses, bitterly, though in secret, bemoaned my own shame. Clovis has been taught the trade of an armourer, a jeweller, and goldsmith. He will earn for you an honest livelihood; and I foresee, that whoever of us survives your father, must earn

their own bread.' Hillella had given her heart to Matthew Belhaven; but when convinced he was leading her to infamy, she acquiesced in her mother's sentiments. She confessed all her infatuation to Clovis; and he protested that her ingenuous self-accusation made her a thousand times dearer. Belhaven consented to their marriage, and made them welcome to his house; indeed he could not part with his beloved daughter. Avarice is the vice of age. Belhaven would not give away money in his lifetime; but he assured Atbarha he should secure her and Hillella independence when he was gone. He made a provision for them; but Matthew Belhaven scoffed at the claims of vagabond Moors; and so many heirs were encumbered by similar connections, that they all combined to withhold their demands, however submissively set forth, and the unsettled government of Scotland afforded no redress. From the castle of Belhaven Atbarha, Hillella, and Clovis were expelled. They took up their quarters sometimes in the caves of Roslin, Hawthorndean, or Culzean, as the armourer found work at his trade, or Hillella got employment with needle-work, or embroidery in the Moorish taste, in which she excelled. The cruel injustice of Matthew Belhaven shewed her how much cause she had to value Clovis, and to be thankful for the obedience she had yielded to her mother. She and her husband taught their respective trades to their daughters and sons; and, above all, they inculcated honesty, industry, and every moral virtue. Their religion was a strange mixture of the Christian faith and Mahomedan superstition; but their integrity and fidelity gave them a

confessed superiority over all other Moorish tribes descended from the heroes of Palestine, Spain, and the Eastern empire.*"

Lady Eleanor expired in a calm sleep. Sir Ingram de Umfraville paid every respect to her obsequies; and masses for her soul were said, not only at Cadsand, but in all the churches, monasteries, and nunneries at Sluys. A friendless lay-brother of a Carthusian convent was invited to reside with Sir Ingram. The heavy pressure of age became each day more apparent; but the fire of a warrior recalled the vigour of former years, when the lay-brother brought from Sluys a report that Sir James Douglas, with a train of Scottish worthies, had arrived in that city on their way to the Holy Land, with the heart of Robert the Bruce. Clad in warlike garb and accoutrements, Sir Ingram passed over to Sluys. The fate of Lord de Brechin threw some constraint over his first interview with Sir James Douglas, though he was in France when his kinsman joined Soulis to ensnare the nephew of King Robert. Sir James Douglas frankly expressed his sorrow for the concern of his clan in depriving Scotland of one of her most valuable defenders; and Sir Ingram easily satisfied him, that the meeting with Lady Eleanor de Mowbray was at first accidental, and always innocent: Lady Eleanor had sacrificed to honour and virtue her dearest wishes. Sir James acknowledged that in every particular Lady Eleanor eclipsed his sister. Margaret Douglas beguiled the heart of a stripling; Lady Eleanor won the esteem and devoted love of his

maturer years. Margaret wedded a French youth a few weeks after the execution of Lord de Brechin; Lady Eleanor died in grief for his untimely and tragical end! King Robert never ceased to bewail his nephew, though, for political reasons, he gave Soulis a free pardon. He and his confidential associate suddenly disappeared as soon as the military surrounded the house at Torwood. Their ready evasion was imputed to necromantic deception; but the hunting-lodge was razed to the ground, and the discovery of a subterraneous outlet explained how they had provided against a surprisal. Soulis reached England, where he insinuated himself into favour with Mortimer; and, as the price of his pardon, betrayed a design for invading Scotland. Soulis returned; he was execrated for his perfidy to De Brechin, and his oppression to his vassals provoked them to rise in a body. They dragged him to the *nine-stane rig*, between his own castle and Hawick, where they literally boiled him to death, believing that only by such means a necromancer could be destroyed.

Sir Ingram de Umfraville spent a day of happiness with his Scottish friends, and next morning was the first equipped for proceeding to the Holy Land. In their pilgrimage, they learned that the Saracens were gaining advantages in Spain; and thinking it their duty to aid the Christians against infidels, they turned their arms against a mighty host. The knight of Roslin being made captive, Douglas resolved to rescue him or to perish. He threw the casket with the heart of King Robert among the foe, apostrophising it in chivalric terms: "Heart of De

* The most respectable tinkers of Scotland are said to be their descendants.

Bruce! onward, as thou wert wont, to victory! Douglas will follow thee, or die!" Sir Ingram de Umfraville fought close to Sir James Douglas; the little phalanx of Scottish warriors bravely supported them, and were overcome only in death. They so long resisted a far superior force, that it became a saying in Spain, that to kill one Scotsman, ten men of other nations must die.

The personal endearments, the heroism, the popularity, and the sad catastrophe of David de Brechin, and the generous friendship of Sir Ingram de Umfraville, are historical facts, which, with circumstances preserved by tradition, have furnished the materials of our story. The incidents are within the range of pro-

bability, and many parallels have appeared in the romance of real life, where the sword was resorted to as umpire in political contentions. May such scenes never return to Great Britain! The name of Gam is not unknown in history: in less than a century later than the events we have commemorated, Henry V. of England sent an officer called David Gam to reconnoitre the French before the battle of Agincourt. He made this valorous and prophetic report: "There are plenty to kill, plenty to make prisoners, and plenty to run away." David Gam was a Welshman; he was killed fighting bravely at Agincourt.

B. G.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRISONER:

A TALE OF OLDEN TIME.

"HERE, boy, bring me the lamp-black and the verdigris, with the oil-smalt, and see that you make clean your grinding-stone and muller; and try, my gentle page, the courtesy of old Cornelius, the warder, for some crumbs of manchet to cleanse the paper which I drew on last eve. Haste, then, my little page, and let us begin work; Dan Phœbus will have performed half his round ere we get to business. Truly, this sad durance maketh me duller than a jibbed ass: the little birds, indeed, invite me abroad with the strains of liberty. Would I were even with the apprentices of Finsbury! I would fly my goose-feather with the best of them, and compromise my high descent for a month's freedom. But, alas! I must not forth: so mock me not, ye gentle birds!"

The speaker, a young man of in-

teresting and elegant figure, ascended a barred oriel window, through which the sun gleamed but a pale ray, and passing his hand across his eyes, he sighed heavily. He then sat down before a drawing which he had just commenced, and which, though it did not promise to equal a picture painted by Andrea Orgagna, who delineated the Last Judgment, and placed in the infernal regions all those who had offended him, "so like the real persons as to cause delight in the beholders," yet did the tablets of this youth shew pictures delightful and profitable to behold.

The misfortunes of young Courtney originated solely from his illustrious descent: his father was Henry, tenth Earl of Devonshire of his family, whose mother was the Princess Catherine, daughter of King Edward the Fourth. He had been

one of the ephemeral favourites of Henry VIII. by whom he was advanced to the title of Marquis of Exeter; after which he caused him, before a very long time had elapsed, to be accused of high treason, in having corresponded with Cardinal Pole; and being at length convicted without proof, a not uncommon case in those days, he was finally beheaded.

The mother of Courtney, it is true, saved her life; but her only son, of whom we are now speaking, and who was born about the year 1526, was, immediately after the death of his father, he being then only twelve years old, committed to the Tower. So frightful a fate, visited on so young a child, would bring a modern mother to the grave. It is to be hoped, in pity to their feelings, that the sensibilities of parents at that period were less acute than in these days. The continued prayers and supplications of young Courtney served not to avert his cruel destiny, and even the accession of the amiable boy, Edward VI. brought him no relief; he was excepted in the general pardon, and doomed to bear a further imprisonment. Probably some fiend in power stood between him and mercy; or Edward, who was known frequently to shed tears and to beg for the lives of those whose death-warrants he was obliged to sign, would not have forgotten a prisoner so interesting from his misfortunes. Every day, however, appeared more irksome to him than the last; and he rose ever and anon from his seat, in despair that any amusement could chase heaviness from his bosom. He listened, as he paced his room, to the frequent rattling of chains which held the draw-

bridge, or to the distant murmurings of the warder, who in these times, with the headsman, had ample occupation, from the constant arrival of victims and their departure for execution.

“The Earl of Courtney,” says Fuller, “was of a most lovely aspect, of beautiful body, sweet nature, and royal descent; his eyes were of the colour of sparkling hazel, his nose Roman, and his beard of a light brown, as was his hair, the latter of which curled over a high and majestic forehead. He was polite, studious, and learned, an accurate master of the languages, skilled in mathematics, painting, and music. Hewore adoublet of murrey-coloured cloth, with points of blue ribbons; his sleeves were of white satin, mocked with cinnabar.”

His page had returned with the materials of his master's art; but when they arrived, no use was made of them; and they were sent for rather from the affectation of doing something, than the reality. He, however, commenced one of his diurnal tasks, which, with imperfect tools, he had nearly accomplished; namely, cutting a device, including a wounded hart, with his initials, in the nearly unyielding wall; and added another memorandum of the many miserable wretches who had chronicled their sorrows in this apartment, now used as the breakfast-room of the officers on guard.

There are times when, from some fancied cause or other, we imagine that an alteration seems about to take place in our situation. Thus, at the moment at which our story opens, a certain feeling of hope, for which Courtney could not account, seemed to haunt him. He had heard, indeed, from

his faithful friend Cleber — whose “Relation of the Proclamation of the Ladie Elizabeth Quene, and her beloved Bedfellow Lorde Edward Courtneye Kynge,” is now in the British Museum—that Mary had ascended the throne, and it was natural to argue something from this change. The difference in her religious opinions from those of Courtney afforded, it is true, little hope from this political change; but youth is sanguine, and the pulse of the prisoner beat stronger than usual. There was more than ordinary bustle in the corridors leading to his apartment, and presently, after a flourish of rebecks, his door opened, and a crowd entered, at the head of which was a female whom, from the respect paid to her, he presumed to be the queen. Her figure was diminutive, her complexion bore a melancholy hue, her eyes were dark, but neither softened by feminine mildness nor by cheerfulness; for her countenance, even then, began to express that which sorrow and care had wrought within; besides this, her health was indifferent. She was richly dressed in a surcoat of orange-coloured tissue, with a mantle of the same furred with ermine; her hair, parted on the forehead, hung down in tresses, and seemed evidently so disposed as to give a juvenile appearance, which, however, in Courtney’s eyes appeared a complete failure. Her cap, or chappine, was of the shape of that of Anne Boleyn, whose portrait by his late friend Hans Holbein Courtney had so often admired. Her kirtle was of crimson velvet, and from her bosom gleamed a thousand rays, emitted by jewels and brooches arranged in various forms.

But when Mary offered Courtney her hand to kiss, when she exclaimed on helping him to rise, that “now he should be her prisoner!”—when, overcome with gratitude on hearing her proclaim his liberty, he strained her fingers to his lips with a warmth not unpleasing to the generally repulsive queen, she would fain have fancied that a more tender feeling than gratitude instigated this movement. She had little cause, however, to flatter herself on this head; and though he heard her restore to him his lost title of Earl of Devonshire, but not that of Exeter, as has been falsely related, his gratitude rose not higher than a profound obeisance; and when he petitioned Mary for leave to travel, she advised him the rather to marry, assuring him that no lady in the land, how high soever her station, would refuse him for a husband; and urging him to make his choice where he pleased, pointed out to him, as plainly as might consist with the modesty of a maiden and the majesty of a queen, that she was far from indifferent to his interests. But Courtney had seen Elizabeth, her sister, whose superiority was obvious.

During his presence at court, Mary found that she had little to hope in a return of her passion; and at length Courtney being implicated by report in the rising of Sir Thomas Wyatt, he was once more—probably rather in revenge for his insensibility as a lover, than his disloyalty as a subject—committed to the Tower. And what renders this conjecture the more probable is, that the Princess Elizabeth shared the same fate, under the strictest orders that they should not see each other. Fuller,

indeed, says, that on Mary's offering him her hand, "the young earl, whether because that his long duration had some influence on his brain, or that naturally his face was better than his head, or out of some private phancie and affection to the Lady Elizabeth, or out of loyal bashfulness, not presuming to climb higher, but expecting to be called up, is said to have requested the queen for leave to marry her sister—unhappy that his choice either went so high or no higher. For who could have spoken worse treason against Mary (though not against the queen), than to prefer her sister before her? And the innocent lady did afterwards dearly pay for this earl's indiscretion. The Lady Elizabeth was at first closely kept, and narrowly sifted all her sister's reign; and in the Tower, Sir Henry Bedingfield, her keeper, using more severity towards her than his place required, yea more than a good man should or a wise man would have done, no doubt the least tripping of her foot would have cost her the losing of her head." He placed a hundred guards clothed in blue to watch his prisoner; even a little boy of four years old, who had been accustomed every day to bring her flowers, was severely threatened if he came any more. She was, indeed, indulged with walking in the queen's garden, but all the shutters were at that time ordered to be closed. In spite of the strictness of this charge, Courtney frequently indulged his sight with a view of his beloved mistress, and, touched with witnessing youth and misfortune similar to his own, he found her image indelibly fixed in his breast.

Between the sisters there was no

comparison: Elizabeth, at this time half Catholic, half Protestant, was as lively and vivacious in spirits as her sister was formal and unprepossessing. The Tower was now little of a prison to Courtney; he could climb the bay window and behold, unseen to the stern Bedingfield, the lovely Elizabeth playing with her maidens in the "boure" below. She was at this period tall, of hair and complexion fair, well-favoured, high-nosed, and of a playful deportment. His only misery was the cruel delay of the turret-clock in striking the hour when his mistress was wont to walk abroad, when he could behold the young and amiable Elizabeth—not the queen of Essex and of Leicester, or the rival of the beautiful Mary Stuart, for as yet no baleful passion had contracted her better feeling—and when she would cast up her eyes to the place of his confinement, it seemed like the sun bursting from a winter cloud; but when he saw her depart, when the whitest hand would wave a salute to the cruel bars above, they seemed to close him for ever in the tomb. Yet, when he saw her not, frequently was he regaled with her voice accompanying herself on the virginals, when she breathed notes of hope and liberty which were wafted to his apartments; and as she walked the battlement, the token which she had given him, an embroidered sleeve, which he wore in his cap, she would behold him press to his lips, and without imagining that their destinies might be as wide as their persons from each other, they indulged in hopes never to be realized, but which were to them too delicious to be rejected. Tired of painting, he

would take up his lute, and, in answer to a lay of Elizabeth's, chant the following:

TO THE POET'S HARTE MOCHE BEATING FOR ITS MISTRESS.

Awaie! awaie! thou sillie harte,
Nor longer here abyde;
Quikly for peas thou should'st depart,
And quitte thy master's syde.

Thou arte to cumbrys for thy cage,
Sitch bonds for thee to smal;
Ah! could'st thou spend thyself in rage,
Or cease to beat at al!

Go, sillie harte, to Geraldyne,
Go tell her you would straye;
Or in her veins thy red blood join,
In streams to flow ther waye!

Awaie! awaie! thou sillie harte,
To heavy for my paice;
Goe fetch of Geraldync a parte,
Or else thy pantings cease!

These delusions of his prison-house were at length, however, to be ended by the liberation of Elizabeth, who was removed to Woodstock; and Courtney was left for a time alone to lament the waywardness of his fate. From the Tower he was removed to Fotheringhay castle; but soon after the arrival of Philip of Spain in this country to wed Mary, whom Courtney had rejected, he recovered once more his liberty. Fearing, however, that another storm might either crush him, or perhaps her whom he seemed to love more

than himself, and as a means of diverting his chagrin, he now obtained, what was most agreeable even to Mary, leave to travel.

Whether his unfortunate destiny wrought upon a constitutional melancholy fostered by continual imprisonment, or whether the anger of a woman scorned followed him into retirement, is uncertain, but within a few weeks after his arrival in Italy, he was seized with a distemper which carried him off in a few days, not without a tolerably well-founded suspicion of poison, and he was buried in the church of St. Antony at Padua.

Thus died Edward Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, a man who might, perhaps, have materially altered the destiny of this country, and saved it from the deserved obloquy of a bloody persecutor. Had he favoured the suit of Mary, he might have tempered with mercy a sanguinary disposition irritated by disappointment. Had he become the husband of Elizabeth, we then might indeed have only heard of the accomplishments of good Queen Bess, and history would probably not have had to record the imprudences of an Essex, the crimes of a Leicester, the tortuous plans of a Burleigh, and the cupidity of a Davison.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF POPULAR GERMAN SUPERSTITIONS.

From the First Number of *Der Erenit in Deutschland*—"The Hermit in Germany" (a new periodical work), lately published.

NEVER does the clock strike more mysteriously and more awfully than about Christmas, an extraordinary season, when man seems to be given up into the power of invisible spirits, and when the twelve nights, as they are called, that is, the last twelve in the year, brood over mysteries of

horror. In these nights, according to the vulgar notion, the God of christians hath permitted evil demons to visit the earth and to tempt mankind; Death rises from the tombs to keep horrid holiday, and to mark out new victims whom he means to fetch in the ensuing year. Questions are

propounded to Fate, and the language chosen for the purpose is the symbolical, if, however, I may so term that of which facts are the signs—superstition, no doubt, but a superstition not less interesting than mischievous. I knew a family which, on the eve of St. Sylvester, jocosely formed a circle round the faint lamp, to see which of its members would want the head in the shadow thrown by the light; because it is said that a person in this predicament will not live to see the end of the year. Unluckily a young female was so placed in regard to the light that the shadow represented only a headless trunk. From that time she became melancholy, began to be ailing, and in the first six months of the new year the worm of superstition had consumed her vitals—a proof to the family that the oracle had not lied.

I often stroll by myself at this season through by-streets, and approach the windows of humble dwellings to observe the follies of their inmates.—What is going forward here?—They have seated themselves about a table, and round the edge of a wooden platter have raised by thimblefuls as many little heaps of salt as there are members in the family. But see there! one of these pyramids falls down, and the child whom it represents is sure to die soon.—Hark! what a hissing at that stove! What may this mean? They are pouring melted lead through a key, which has been in the family for several generations, into cold water, and the figure assumed by the metal will acquaint the inquirer with his future fortune. Yonder the curious damsel steals out at the back-door into the garden, squats down in the snow under the hedge, and listens what

wind will waft the first sound to her; for she has learned that she shall then know from what quarter the man who is to be her husband shall come. How unhappy she is if the sound does not proceed from that side to which her heart attracts her! Others make a point of looking out into the street as the clock strikes six, under the idea that the first man who passes will be intimately connected with their future fate; and there have been instances of undertakers' men being seen returning from some neighbouring church-yard, to the sudden extinction of life through horror and fright.—Who walks so late on an unbeaten track around the church? Superstition. They go thrice round the venerable edifice, and if no light appears at the windows, they will not die in the course of the ensuing year. An old man once related to me that on such an occasion the angel of death appeared to his daughter, a girl of fifteen; she had paid the awful visit about midnight without his consent, and all at once the whole window was in a blaze, and the most extraordinary figures were dancing about her. The fact was, that the sexton had gone earlier than usual to make preparations for matins, which are frequently held in the churches in the first hours of morning in the Christmas holidays. His lantern had illuminated the windows of painted glass, and thus given the poor girl a terrific omen, which had cost her her life. What a contradictory season!—so pregnant with mirth in the daytime and with horror at night! Morning proclaims to christians eternal salvation, and evening environs them with a thousand terrors, which reason has not been able to exterminate.

It is not my intention to enter into any historico-psychological investigation, and to trace this superstition into the darkness of antiquity, in which history itself can find no path; but I have often turned over ponderous, half-decayed folios in quest of information concerning an imaginary being of a peculiar nature known by the appellation of *Frau Holle*, or *Holde*. Seated by the glimmer of a pine-splinter, which supplies the place of a lamp, the mother tells her children stories of this mysterious dame, who sits in the cross-roads, brandishing her axe, and calling to young children to lay their heads on the block, that she may chop them off—or, riding through the air in a car constructed of human bones, she stabs every one she meets who does not obey her commands. And how are you to protect yourself from this sanguinary spirit of the holy nights? Make a thick porridge, stir it round thrice, cross yourself nine times, lift a spoonful of the porridge to your lips, and *Frau Holle* will not have power to torment you.

In the summer of the year 1814 I made an excursion alone through a tract of country which is rarely visited by travellers. One evening my curiosity drove me out of the dull smoky room at the inn of a village, the name of which I have forgotten, to the church-yard, where, among many other monumental memorials, a plain white sand-stone particularly caught my eye. Upon it were rudely engraven, by an unpractised hand, four poetical lines to this effect:

“ Rest in peace! our Master
trampled under foot the demons of
earth. What love here caused thee

to forget, shall not be charged to thy
account hereafter.”

An inscription beneath stated that this stone covered the remains of a girl of eighteen.

There was an air of mystery in this epitaph which piqued my curiosity in an extraordinary degree; I forgot the church-yard and its gray memorials of the dead, and hastened back to the living, to make inquiry concerning the stone in question. The answer I received was not calculated to clear up the matter; and I, therefore, resolved to call at the school-master's and solicit information. From him I obtained the following particulars:

Catherine, known in the neighbourhood by the appellation of *Dumb Kitty*, had one evening during the Christmas holidays shut herself up in her solitary chamber, to confide to the night those secrets which she was obliged to keep to herself in the day. A hopeless grief had banished every joy from her heart; she had loved, and she still loved, but insuperable impediments prevented the fulfilment of her wishes. The force of her sentiments locked up within her bosom seemed to overpower her body, and her health declined under the internal commotion. It is said, that refinement of manners augments the passions. This is not true: it accelerates the development of the appetites. Catherine was a child of Nature, and all the means which cultivation possesses to bring the heart under the dominion of the head were lost upon, or rather, had never existed for her. She had descended from her cold chamber, and was engaged in preparing at the hearth the magic porridge against the assaults

of the evil spirit, when she heard a gentle tap at the door and some unintelligible words pronounced. Her father had long retired to rest; she was alone and began to tremble. A second tap followed, and she distinguished the name of "Kitty!" It was repeated a third time, and she conceived that in the voice she recognised one which she had often heard with delight, and to the call of which she had often opened the door. "What, Augustus! is it you? What do you want so late with my father? He is abed, you must come again to-morrow." These were not questions of surprise or curiosity, but of terror. Her limbs were scarcely able to support her. It was the same man whom she sought in her dreams—he without whom life was not worth wishing for—he from whom she had been parted for years, and who now knocked in the guise of a lover.

"It is to you, Catherine, that I want to speak. Will you let me in?"

"Ask your wife whether I may," replied she.

"My wife is gone to visit her father, and will not be back these two days."

"And would you wrong by inconsistency the absent mother of your children? Go home, Augustus; Catherine would not deceive any heart in the world."

"Before the watchman cries twelve I shall be gone again, and not a creature need know a syllable about the matter."

"If not a creature knew it, God would know it: how should I look to-morrow on approaching his altar?"

"You would forget what you had done."

"Go home, I say, Augustus; Catherine will not open the door to you."

"Not even if he comes as a lover?"

"With a wife on his arm! You are making game of me."

"No, Catherine: my wife is dead; she expired to-day as the sun sank behind the pine-wood."

"And you honour her memory by an act which you are obliged to conceal from the light."

"No, no; I only wanted to try your heart."

"Come then in the daytime, and when you have, as it becomes you, worn mourning for a year, then, perhaps, Catherine may open the door to you."

No solicitations, however impassioned, could shake the resolution of her virtue; she stood at the little window, and saw the man of her heart go away through the snow.

Catherine cowered over the scanty fire on the hearth to cook the protecting porridge, and wept; the wooden spoon sunk from her hand, and her eye was vacantly fixed on the crackling flame. She listened, but nothing stirred, except the wind which roared at the chimney-top; she ran to the window, and looked abroad to see whether the beloved object might not have returned; not a living thing was visible, and nought but a young fir-tree on the snow-clad green waved its solitary branches. Her tears began to flow faster and faster; her heart ached, and her weary head leaned upon her hand: hour passed after hour, and the porridge was forgotten. A heedless movement of her trembling hand had spilled the water in the fire-place, so that it ran down at her feet, and besides this there was not a drop in the wretched hovel. She drew back the bolt of the house-door, and strove to scrape the snow together

with her hand, intending to thaw it over the fire; but it covered the earth too scantily, and was evaporated as fast as it melted by the warmth of the pot. The well was too far distant, and the fear of unearthly spirits chained her to the fire-place. Inexpressible horror seized her soul and thrilled her frame. Fatigued by the multiplicity of images which passed before her mind's eye, her limbs refused obedience to her will, and the almighty power of sleep threw her upon a settle. Why, alas! are dreams not more soothing to the unfortunate than realities? Why are they too destined to torture in slumber, from which the languishing wretch hopes to derive refreshment?

A monster, of a species such as the earth never produced, came in through the closed door, "grinned horribly a ghastly smile," and took its place on a red-hot stone by the chimney-corner opposite to the trembling Catherine. She strove to cry out; but the air seemed to be condensed into a thick mass by the effluvia of the unbidden guest, so that she could not herself hear the sounds which issued from her lips. She called upon her mother, and the face of the strange monster was screwed up into a look of affected kindness, and a hoarse voice asked, "What wouldst thou have, daughter?" An invisible power held her fast on the tottering settle, which seemed by an unaccountable supernatural influence to combine into one substance with her body; her legs were twisted together like the roots of a tree, and served for natural supports to her lap, which became petrified into a seat; her breast furnished a commodious back; while her arms descended in a curve from the upper part of

the body, and the hands, like claws wrought by an able artist, rested on the hips. Catherine had nothing of humanity left but the soul, which was racked by horrors unfelt before. Such is the state of a person whose body is stiffened to a corse, while the spirit still continues active, and by whose side preparations are making for his interment: not a nerve has the power to give a sign to the sorrowing friends, and the living is deposited among the dead. "You have made it quite convenient for me, my dear Kate," said the old hideous hag, seating herself in her lap; "'tis as though I were in my own arm-chair. Stir the fire, I am cold." Not a spark glimmered on the hearth; the figure blew among the ashes, till a black dust rose with an infernal stench and filled the room like a cloud.

"I am hungry, Kate; don't let the porridge get cold," said she with a cutting sneer, and looking with a horrid laugh into the empty pot. "Do you hear, Kate? I am hungry!"

With this terrific intimation, which Catherine could not obey, the hag fixed herself more firmly in the lap of the helpless girl, and grappled her like a tiger-cat. Her pulses propelled the blood with feverish force through her petrified body, and big drops of cold perspiration covered her brow. She attempted to open her pallid lips to implore mercy, but not a muscle, not a nerve, moved in obedience to her will. The cocks began to crow—the hour of midnight was past.

When the phantom heard the tones of the animals, and received no answer from Catherine, she suddenly changed her fleshless face into another, resembling an owl's: from

the red eyes issued flashes of fire, and she grinned like a howling hyæna. Her hands seemed to be transformed into dog's paws, and her hair into snakes, which breathed out pestilential exhalations as they licked the poor girl's face. A shriek of horror escaped her, but it was changed in the thick atmosphere to a scornful laugh, which was re-echoed by the walls. "Get up, daughter!" cried the phantom: "we must go farther to-day; you shall be my guest." With these words the hag caught her in her arms, and carried her like a corpse out of doors, where they were met by a keen morning breeze. A chariot constructed of human bones stood ready at the door to receive them, and away they went, as if drawn by invisible spirits, out of the village, just as the watchman was proclaiming the first hour of morning. "'Tis well we have set out," said the hag; "a few minutes later and we should have been left lying in the church-yard."

The chariot flew like an arrow through the air past the trees powdered by frost, and pursued its course through hedges and fences, over hill and dale, and by church-yards and places of execution. From the rocks resounded shouts as of people for assistance, and from the woods shrieks of distress and cries of infants. The stars dropped from the firmament, and the moon crept into the murky clouds which heavily rested on the tops of the mountains; the earth shook under the chariot, which did not touch it, and a vehement wind began to blow away the snow before them, as if to clear a passage. Amid these horrors the curtain of night was rent, and lightnings flashed

through the recesses of the forests which lay behind them. They were upon a vast unknown heath, over which Heaven had spread a white sheet as men do over the dead. "We are at our journey's end," muttered the hag; "there where the roads meet is my abode, which you must enter." It was the site of a field of battle.

"Aha!" cried the phantom, tapping thrice with the handle of a knife on the spot where the roads met, "aha! open!" A hollow sound rose from the clefts in the earth; the ground shook and opened. The dead issued from their graves, and ghastly corpses stalked across the plain towards the hag's cauldron. Headless trunks, without arms or legs, moved across the heath, and ranged themselves in a circle round the demon, who ordered a feast to be prepared. Catherine quivered at her feet, as though in the convulsions of death, and stedfastly fixed her eyes on the old woman, who whetted the knife on a skull while she thus spake: "On account of an unhallowed passion, thou hast forgotten me, and hast suffered me to sit hungry by thy hearth: thou must pay me what thou owest." She raised the agonized girl, laid her across one arm, and slowly thrust the knife into her heart, whence ebbed the tide of life. Eagerly pressing her cold skinny lips to the wound, she drank large draughts of the warm current. Catherine sank like a paschal lamb slaughtered at the altar of the Lord, and profound silence pervaded the assembly of the dead.

The reader knows that this was but a dream. Catherine was found at dawn of day extended near the

hearth, where not a spark yet glimmered. Her father, an old man, who was wont to support himself on her shoulders, shook her apparently lifeless body, and called back her spirit from the empire of dreams into life. Her dim eye opened, and she heaved a deep sigh. Not a word of hope and joy escaped her lips; no sooner had she related to her weeping parent what had befallen her, than she begged that a clergyman might

be sent for, to administer to her the sacrament. With her dying breath she protested that her adventure was not a dream, but that an infernal spirit had sucked her heart's blood. On examining her corpse, there were found below the breast livid marks, evidently caused by the convulsive pressure of her own fingers. The minister, as I was told, caused the stone which I have described to be placed as a warning over her grave.

THE MODERN CASSANDRA.

ONE fine day in autumn I was taking the diversion of shooting in the environs of Versailles. It was not unusual for me on such occasions to abandon myself to its pleasures without reflection and reserve: hence it happened that on this particular day, after pursuing my sport for many hours, I found myself in a part of the country to which I was an utter stranger. Little as I should have cared for this circumstance at any other time, yet at a moment when I was hungry, thirsty, and fatigued, it was by no means matter of indifference to me. I now perceived too that the sky was quite overcast, and a heavy rain, which appeared likely to last long, presently began to fall. I sought shelter under the thick branches of a spreading tree; but, convinced that it could not long protect me, I ascended the nearest eminence, to try to discover some other asylum in the vicinity. I was in the middle of a range of woody hills, the hollows of which, overgrown with timber, presented the appearance of a complete but not unpleasant wilderness. On ascending a little higher, I perceived, deeply embosomed between two swelling hills, a narrow

valley, where glistened a small lake, the banks of which were covered with wood. The spot appeared to me peculiarly attractive, and no sooner did I discern a small column of smoke rising from among the trees, than I resolved to direct my steps towards it, in hopes of finding a cottage or woodman's hut, though, with the exception of the smoke, I could discover no traces of either. I was obliged to make my way thither through thick bushes, the ground being at the same time soft and slippery with the rain, before I could turn the lake, beyond the last and thickest shades of which the dwelling I sought—if any such there were—must lie. The barking of a dog at a moderate distance, which was answered by mine, confirmed my conjecture; I pushed on vigorously through the bushes, and soon reached the spot.

On a small level green, encompassed with thick wood, appeared a cottage, large enough to lodge and shelter from the inclemency of the weather a contented pair, who have no further need of the world, such as Philemon and Baucis. A small garden, gained with labour from the sto-

ny soil, seemed, in fact, calculated for the support of such a couple only. I had scarcely time for these observations before the cottage-door opened, and a man came forth. His silvery hair and the stoop in his shoulders, though, in other respects, he looked hale and hearty, realized in a striking manner my conception of Philemon. He seemed to look round with some surprise, perhaps to ascertain the cause of the barking of his dog, which furiously sprang to and fro at the length of his chain.

I hastily went up to him, and apologized for having broken in upon his solitude, at the same time soliciting permission to rest myself a little in the cottage, till I should be sufficiently recruited to pursue my way. I remarked that the stranger started at my approach, and still more at the tone of my voice. He held his hand above his eyes, perhaps for the purpose of assisting his sight, and with a slight obeisance, yet turning his face a little aside, he said, "Come in!" Struck by the manner of the stranger, which seemed by no means to denote an ordinary rustic, I followed him into the cottage. It was a small mean-looking room, the furniture of which as strongly attested the poverty of the inmates as their love of order. A female sat at a window engaged in needle-work. The man went up and spoke to her in a low tone, while I availed myself of the opportunity to look at her more minutely. She seemed to be of middle age, and her whole air, like that of the man, indicated a superior polish to that of common rustics. She was dressed entirely in black, almost in the style of a nun, and her complexion was rather dark, as if tanned by the sun; but her delicate features

and her large black eyes had a noble and somewhat melancholy expression. She now rose, and as she passed me with a polite salutation, I had occasion to admire the dignity and elegant symmetry of her figure. The man had meanwhile stepped to the window to observe the weather. His behaviour denoted a certain uneasiness and embarrassment. To put an end to this, I once more began to apologize for my intrusion, and to express my sorrow that my presence had probably interrupted some occupation in which he might be engaged. He replied in a few words, the turn and accent of which betrayed the gentleman. The voice sounded quite familiar to me; so too were the features, on which I steadfastly fixed my eye as I approached nearer. Recollections long dormant awoke within me. "Heavens!" I exclaimed, "can it be? If I am not mistaken, it is Baron Hogue, that——"—"Indeed you are not mistaken," was the reply, accompanied with a melancholy smile: "I am that very person, whom inexorable fate has driven out of the lap of abundance and splendour into this seclusion! And it is gratifying to me to know, that in the youngest of my friends the remembrance of me has survived that transient pleasure which my wealth formerly afforded to those who visited at my house." The recollection of those days was actually revived in me with such force, that I gazed with profound and unrepressed emotion on the man whom I had known in the height of prosperity, whose hair was now whitened and his form bowed by the hand of time and so total a change of fortune. "But how is it possible?" I again exclaimed: "I believed you

to be dead."—"As all the world does," he rejoined sharply, "and as I desire that it should do. I am dead for the world, and desire to remain so; and my only wish that I might be permitted to meet once more one of the few who were formerly dear to my heart, is now fulfilled—thanks be to chance, or rather to Providence, which has led you hither! Let us have some supper, my dear Manon, the best that our frugal kitchen will afford," said he, turning to the female, who had come back; "and the last bottle of wine which I have saved from better times may serve this evening to celebrate a feast of memory with our worthy guest."

Manon again retired. I looked after her with a smile, observing, "You have submitted I see, though somewhat late, to the bonds of Hymen, and thereby furnished the best refutation of your former maxims." The baron had never before been married, and his aversion to matrimony had frequently given occasion to jokes between us; but he replied very gravely, "You are mistaken! Manon is not my wife, though she deserves to be the wife of the best man in France. It was the spontaneous impulse of her own heart that induced her to sweeten my solitude by her society, and to share a lot, which, as you see, has no sort of pleasures or temptations to offer. But more of this by and by. You now need rest above all things. Step into my bed-room, and take a short nap, while Manon gets supper ready for us." With these words he opened a door, which led into a very small apartment, where he left me and withdrew.

I found myself alone, but the surprise of so unexpected a meeting

chased away all fatigue, and I had complied with the baron's suggestion rather from politeness than necessity. When left to myself, I began to examine the objects about me, and to investigate the causes which could have thrown the baron into such a situation. All that I saw served to encourage these reflections. An old bedstead reminded me by the traces of its once rich gilding of the furniture of a splendid apartment to which it formerly belonged; and the worn-out binding of a few books placed on a shelf fastened against the wall, of the baron's noble library, which had in other days afforded me such exquisite delight. I took down some of the books; they were chiefly poetical works, not only French, but also English and Italian. I had often had the same volumes in my hands, and often entertained the enlightened company which frequented the baron's house by recitations from them. At that time, it might be eighteen or twenty years ago, Baron Hoguet, alike distinguished for extraordinary wealth, refined taste, and high intellectual attainments, kept one of the most brilliant houses in Paris; and among the fashionable circles of that luxurious capital, there was none where it was possible to enjoy a richer treat than at his table or in his *salon*. The *gourmand* and the philosopher, the *bel-esprit* and the statesman, were alike fascinated; and all agreed that our host would have passed for a man of eminent talents and an excellent companion, even without the recommendation of a fortune of twenty millions of francs.

To foreigners the baron's house was particularly interesting, and it was rendered interesting by them;

for whilst they here found all the wit and beauty of Paris, they imparted themselves a peculiar charm by the character of foreign manners and polish. Thus scarcely any stranger of eminence, whether statesman, scholar, or artist, visited Paris without soliciting and obtaining admission to Baron Hoguet's parties: nay, many there found the means of laying the foundation of that fortune in quest of which they had come to the capital; for the baron's extensive acquaintance, and his connections with the most distinguished persons of the court, afforded him frequent occasion to open the way for rising talents of every kind; and the generosity and benevolence of his disposition caused him to take delight in the exercise of this sort of patronage. To him I was myself indebted for my prosperity in life. I had come as a stranger to Paris, where a lucky accident procured me the acquaintance of the baron. It was not long before I gained his particular esteem, and besides the innumerable pleasures which thence resulted, it served to open me a way to connections, by the aid of which I obtained, without much trouble, such an appointment as satisfied my utmost ambition.

If the society of the baron and his general acquaintance were highly agreeable, still more so was the circle of the select friends whom he invited to his country-seat at Chatillon, near Meudon. His magnificent mansion there was like a fairy-palace, and all that art, taste, and wealth can accomplish, was put in requisition to embellish an abode already charming by nature. Here the baron entertained his most intimate friends, and such foreigners to whom he was attached by some particular

interest. Here were to be seen travellers who had mingled with the illustrious of every country, and distinguished statesmen, in familiar intercourse with artists and poets, and all contributing, from the stores of experience and observation, or the inspirations of genius, to the general amusement. Females, possessing beauty, grace, and wit, heightened the charm of this society; and though it was love alone that introduced them into it, still no person of ordinary stamp could obtain admission there. The baron was himself living at that time on an intimate footing with a dancer of exquisite beauty, and her enchanting talent frequently served to heighten our enjoyment of these social parties. For several years I participated their manifold pleasures; but official duties then obliged me to leave Paris. I passed many years in distant provinces, and afterwards abroad. When, after this long absence, I returned to the capital of France, I found that many changes had taken place: the friends of those days were dispersed far and wide; many were dead, and among the latter was Baron Hoguet. I heard with sorrow that his circumstances had gradually declined. Trusting to fortune, which had previously smiled on him without intermission, he had entered into extensive speculations, which had failed. Large sums which he had advanced to the government were not repaid; several commercial houses in which the greatest part of his fortune was invested had become bankrupt; and to complete his misfortunes, a destructive fire had consumed his most important papers and books of accounts, so that any arrangement of his very complicated affairs was

rendered impracticable. It was no wonder that such repeated strokes of adversity should shake the philosophy of a man who had hitherto been nursed in the lap of prosperity. Broken down with grief, he had been seen for some time living in a state which, compared with his former circumstances, might be termed needy. He had then quitted Paris, to retire, as he said, with the wreck of his property into the country, whence the tidings of his death soon reached the few who yet inquired after him; and as he left no near relatives, the good baron, together with the claims which his heirs would have been authorized to make, was soon forgotten amid the constant succession of scenes and actors in the capital.

All these recollections, as they crowded upon my mind, fully occupied me, and excited a strong desire to know the motive which could have induced him to circulate the report of his death. I could scarcely await the moment that was to satisfy my curiosity on this point.

The baron at length entered. "Our little repast," said he, "is waiting for us, and I long to recal once more, in your company, the days that are past." I followed him into the sitting-room. A small table was laid for two persons, and on it were placed some very simple dishes and fruit; a bottle of generous Burgundy stood on each side. The fine quality of the table-cloth and the old-fashioned porcelain reminded me of the baron's former style of living. "My good Manon," said he, smiling, and pointing to the bottles, "had in reserve for me a bottle more than I knew of: I am heartily glad of it; for much as I have forgotten of for-

mer habits, I am still particularly fond of taking a glass while talking with a friend; and such a visitor as you is not likely to be seen here in a hurry."—"But," said I, pointing to the two covers, "where is your friend? will she not sup with us?" "Manon never takes supper," he replied: "she has retired, that she might not be an impediment to our conversation, which could not in her presence touch so freely upon my past vicissitudes as I see your curiosity would wish—at least not without giving pain to Manon."

We sat down: the baron acted the part of host in the fascinating manner peculiar to himself, gaily diverting to the little he now possessed to enable him to perform that office. After the conversation had turned for some time on subjects relating to my own situation, "You know too well," he at length began, returning to himself, "the way in which I was living when you left Paris, for me to have occasion to assure you that I was then extremely well off. In fact, if wealth, a cultivated mind, and a conscience unwrung by bad actions, are capable of affording happiness, I can say that I enjoyed it. Nor was that friendship which is best calculated to cheer the life of a person of mature years wanting, and I may assert that the attachment of many excellent men contributed to embellish mine. Soon after your departure from Paris, I became acquainted with a Swedish count, whom a fondness for travelling, or rather a secret diplomatic mission, had brought to our court. He was a man of the most distinguished qualities, and his society the most interesting I ever knew. I had occasion to render him some services, which were not quite unim-

portant to the object of his mission, and on which his kindness for me caused him to set a higher value than they perhaps deserved. This united us still more closely, and we were soon so intimate, that I felt that I had not enjoyed the happiness of friendship, in its fullest extent, before I knew the count. He confided to me the most important secrets. Most accomplished in every respect, and prosecuting with ardent zeal the interests of his court, his penetration discovered in the proceedings of other nations all that tended to promote or obstruct it; and, assuming the utmost indifference, he played with perfect dignity the subtlest game of the finished diplomatist. My evening parties could not but conduce to his objects; but in our select circles the count appeared only as a man, and that in a not less interesting point of view. They were, as he often assured me, his only and most delightful recreation, when, throwing off for a short time the heavy burden of important state affairs, he allowed full scope to the sweet emotions of unlimited confidence, friendship, and even love; and gave himself up to them, that he might return with renewed zeal to his duties to an adored sovereign. The count frequently accompanied me to my country-seat at Chatillon. You recollect the delightful days which we spent there, and will easily believe that the presence of such a man as the count could only tend to enhance their pleasures. But as our friendship became more intimate, we learned to dispense with almost all other society at our rural abode; our circle became more and more contracted, and at length comprehended, besides ourselves, only a few very intimate

friends of tried reciprocal attachment.

“The count was at that time connected with a female of whom he was dotingly fond. He had met with her during a tour in the Pyrenees; she derived her origin from the Basques, and nature had liberally combined in her all the charms of person, mental powers and capacity, which are possessed in such a high degree by that tribe of mountaineers. Manon's affection for the count knew no bounds. This it was that induced her to quit her native land, and to accompany the object of her love to so strange a world as Paris must necessarily have been to her; and it was interesting to observe how the understanding of the lovely child of Nature developed itself under the tuition of her adored protector; how rapidly she acquired knowledge and talents, without which it would have been impossible to please a man so highly polished for any length of time; while her mind, nevertheless, retained its originality, which was of an extraordinary kind, and displayed great profundity of imagination and a certain elegiac tone.

“The count's mistress frequently accompanied him in his visits to Chatillon; but at such times we durst not have much company, because, to use his own words, the strange creature could not accustom herself to large parties, and was shy to strangers, among whom she was mostly silent and reserved. So much the more amiable did Manon appear in our little circle, when, in compliance with the count's request, she sometimes performed the national dance of the Basques, in which she displayed inexpressible grace; or when she drew tears from our eyes

by singing one of her little romantic songs to the harp, which instrument the count had, according to her wish, caused her to be taught to play; for never did I hear a more enchanting

voice, and you will readily believe that I had abundant opportunities for appreciating vocal excellence."
(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XIX.

Present, Dr. PRIMROSE, Captain PRIMROSE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, Mr. APATHY, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

OUR meeting this month was not graced by the presence of any of the ladies, who, under the protection of Mr. Mathews and Mr. Montague, were enjoying the pure sea breezes of Scarborough—that fashionable place of resort, to which the young and the gay flock to find amusement, and the invalid to seek health. When I entered the “place of rendezvous,” I found the gentlemen, whose names stand at the commencement of my article, all looking very solemn and very dull; they appeared sensibly to feel the absence of that part of the creation, without whose presence

“The world is sad—the garden is a wild;” and were each, though they all (except Basil Firedrake) seemed to be occupied with books, rather chewing the cud of their own reflections, than “devouring, with eager eye,” the contents of the open pages before them. After rallying them on their “woe-begone” appearance, I had the curiosity to inspect the literary stores which they had collected to form the groundwork of our evening’s *conversazione*. The vicar was perusing the Rev. Charles Swan’s *Journal of a Voyage up the Mediterranean*. Captain Primrose had a huge pile before him, which I found to consist of the second edition of James’s *Naval History*, and the *Memoirs of a French Serjeant*. Mr. Apathy, whose head kept time to the

air of “We’re a’ noddin,” held a neat-looking volume in his hand, which I found to be *Poems, Miscellaneous and Sacred*, by H. Rogers; and Counsellor Eitherside was busily occupied with *Annals of the House of Hanover*, by Dr. Halliday. I laid on the table two volumes, containing a poetical tale, intitled *The Wanderer of Scandinavia*, by Sibella Elizabeth Hatfield; and taking my accustomed seat, asked Captain Firedrake why he alone was unoccupied, when his companions seemed to be so busily employed.

Basil Firedrake. Oh, I have been poring over James’s History till I am tired; I have handed the volumes to Horace. Just before you came in we were busily engaged in discussing a melancholy subject—the death of Nelson—a subject which, such is the uncertainty that attends all historic records, seems to be involved in doubt and obscurity, though we had thought all the details were perfectly known.

Reginald. In what respect?

Basil Firedrake. Why, in all respects—as to the manner of his death, and as to the individual who inflicted the fatal wound. At least so Mr. James and Horace say, though my opinion is not changed at all about it.

Reginald. Come, Horace, let us know the new lights which have been thrown upon this subject.

Horace. It has been generally reported and believed, on the authority, as I always understood, of eyewitnesses, that his lordship was, on the 21st of October, arrayed in all those orders which had been conferred upon him as the reward of his gallantry; that he was shot by a man from the mizen-top of the French vessel (*Le Redoubtable*), who was almost immediately after killed by a seaman of the *Victory*; and it is certain, that a man who claimed to have avenged in this manner the death of his brave commander, was living not long since (and indeed may be alive now), in the neighbourhood of London, in the enjoyment of a pension. Mr. James, however, intimates that his lordship was not decorated in this manner; and says,

Admitting also (which is very doubtful), that the French seaman, or marine, whose shot had proved so fatal, had selected for his object, as the British commander-in-chief, the best dressed man of the two, he would most probably have fixed upon Captain Hardy; or indeed, such, in spite of Doctor Beatty's print, was Lord Nelson's habitual carelessness, upon any one of the *Victory's* lieutenants that might have been walking by the side of him.

Basil Firedrake. What proof does Mr. James adduce of the truth of these assertions? The statements already published rest on the authority of officers of the *Victory*, who could not be mistaken.

Horace. In some things it would appear they were. This book (laying his hand on a volume before him) has just made its appearance, from the shop of Mr. Colburn; it is entitled *Memoirs of a French Serjeant*. The author served on board *Le Re-*

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doubtable at the battle of *Trafalgar*: he says,

On the poop of the English vessel was an officer covered with orders, and with only one arm. From what I heard of Nelson, I had no doubt that it was he. He was surrounded by several officers, to whom he seemed to be giving orders.

Thus far he contradicts Mr. James, and supports the previously published account. But then, in contradiction to the statement that deliberate aim was taken at the conspicuous figure of Nelson, and that the soldier who wounded him was afterwards shot, he says (after having stated that all the men in the top were killed or wounded but himself),

As I had received no orders to go down, and found myself forgotten in the tops, I thought it my duty to fire on the poop of the English vessel, which I saw quite exposed, and close to me. I could even have taken aim at the men I saw, but I fired at hazard amongst the groups I saw of sailors and officers. All at once I saw great confusion on board the *Victory*; the men crowded round the officer whom I had taken for Nelson. He had just fallen, and was taken below, covered with a cloak. The agitation shewed at this moment left me no doubt that I had judged rightly, and that it really was the English admiral. An instant afterwards the *Victory* ceased from firing; the deck was abandoned by all those who occupied it; and I presumed that the consternation produced by the admiral's fall was the cause of this sudden change.

The admiral had indeed fallen; and, after the *Redoubtable* struck, the author and Admiral Villeneuve were conveyed, with others, on board the *Victory*, and then brought to England.

Z

Counsellor Eitherside. Who was, or is, this French serjeant?

Horace. Nay, that we have no means of knowing, except from the account which he gives of himself. It appears he was born at Sixfour, near Toulon, in 1785. He was balloted for a conscript at the age of twenty, and sent on board Admiral Villeneuve's ship, in which, as already stated, he was present at the battle of Trafalgar. He was appointed secretary to Villeneuve after the action, and returned with him to France; and he gives the following account of the death of that officer, who, it has always been supposed, fell a victim to the vengeance of Buonaparte. Shortly after Villeneuve's arrival in England, he was liberated on his parole, and proceeded into Devonshire, where Robert Guille-mard (for that is the name of the serjeant) accompanied him. On the exchange of the admiral, they went to France, and arrived at Rennes three days after their landing, putting up at the Hotel du Bresil. The same afternoon four individuals arrived, who did not appear to be Frenchmen, one of whom asked Guille-mard a number of questions. In the evening this person brought another (apparently a Frenchman), who repeated the same questions in a more commanding tone. They were ultimately joined by the other three; the five then left the hotel together, returned in about an hour after, went up to their room, had long conferences, and finally separated.

As the admiral was to rise at day-break, he went to bed at ten o'clock. Prieur slept at the post-house where the carriage was, and he was to come for us in the morning, so as to prevent delay. I assisted the admiral in undressing; he re-

tained me a few minutes, and finally dismissed me, by telling me to keep a light in my room, to draw the door on me only, and call him in the morning, as soon as Prieur came. I retired to a chamber in the story above, where I was lodged, and in ten minutes afterwards was in a profound sleep.

I was suddenly awakened by a loud noise, which I thought came from the admiral's apartment. It increased; the noise of voices was heard, and then came cries of pain, that left no doubt of the occurrence of some catastrophe. I sprung from my bed, and only taking time to snatch the light and a sabre the admiral had bought me at Morlaix, I rushed in a moment along the staircase that led to his room, and heard very distinctly the precipitate steps of several persons running off. I doubled my speed, and immediately under me perceived the individual who had spoken to me the evening before, skulking off towards the ground-floor. I have since reflected that there was no change in his dress, and that he had not been in bed. Something urged me to pursue him, but my first impulse led me to the admiral's room, the door of which I forced open. I advanced a few steps, and saw the unfortunate man, whom the balls of Trafalgar had respected, stretched pale and bloody on the bed, with the coverlets scattered on the floor. He was pale and livid, breathed hard, and struggled with the agonies of death. He recognised me; attempted in vain to rise, tried to speak some phrases, but the only words I could make out were those of *commissary* or *secretary*, and he breathed his last before I could even think of procuring him the smallest assistance. Five deep wounds pierced his breast: yet no weapon, no arms of any kind were near him. I called, and rang the bell with all my force. In a moment the master of the hotel, and the travellers who occupied it, filled the apartment; the confusion was very great; and the first, the only idea entertained

was, that the admiral had been assassinated. Yet the same day I saw, with as much surprise as sorrow, the admiral interred without pomp or ceremony; and, what was strongly inconsistent with the night before, I heard every one say that he had himself shortened his days, and terminated his life by five stabs of a poignard. Every time that I wished to express what I thought on the subject, they refused to listen to me, or talked of something else. I could not obtain any information when I inquired about the little man and his four attendants. The people of the house refused to give me any information concerning them, and would never pay the smallest attention to my suspicions. I have myself been much astonished since that I did not push my inquiries any further, and that I did not attempt to give notice to the public magistrate.

Reginald. And pray, what became of this individual, who had seen so much that he ought not to have seen and heard more than it was intended he should have heard? Does he give the sequel of his adventures?

Horace. O yes: subsequently to the death of Villeneuve, he served in Germany and in Spain. In the latter country he was taken prisoner, and sent to Cabrera, on which barren rock he and some thousands of his countrymen lived a wretched life, having no shelter but what they constructed themselves, and being once exposed to great privations, during which time (four days) 450 individuals died: yet, with the characteristic thoughtlessness of Frenchmen, they constructed a rude theatre, and got up dramatic representations, chiefly through the means of Robert Guillemard. Duels were frequent amongst them; and crimes were punished by their own code of laws. Our author escaped from this

horrid place, and joined the French army at the siege of Tortosa. It was here that he was made a serjeant, and rewarded with the cross of the Legion of Honour for his services during the siege. In 1812 he served in the Russian campaign, and was taken prisoner and sent to Siberia. Since then he has been alternately a Bourbonite and a Buonapartist, and his last service was in Spain in 1823. He is now discharged.

Reginald. A very ingenious romance, upon my word!

Horace. Romance!

Reginald. Aye, romance! You do not suppose that this book contains the genuine and *bonâ fide* adventures of a French serjeant, do you?

Horace. To be sure I do.

Reginald. Then you are *greener* than I took you to be. Why the whole is a highly coloured narrative of, perhaps, a few real adventures, interspersed with so many romantic and improbable incidents, that it requires a reader with a tolerable share of credulity to believe them. I much question whether he was actually engaged in any one of the scenes he talks so much about; as there wants a keeping about them, a sort of concatenation of events, a few corroborating circumstances, to warrant us in giving credit to them. Some are absolutely at variance with the facts of the case; and I wonder, Basil, so intimately acquainted as you are with the subject which introduced this gasconading adventure, the death of Nelson, that you have not detected the variations from truth in his account of it.

Basil. Belay, mate, belay! I noted several observations in my log-book, when looking over his account

of the transaction, and now to overhaul my reckoning. He says he was taken on board the *Victory* with Admiral Villeneuve and the crew of the *Redoubtable*, and made secretary to the former whilst on board: the crew of the *Redoubtable* were not taken on board the *Victory*, but on board the *Swiftsure*. Then he tells us, the *Victory* arrived at Plymouth on the 27th of November: she did not arrive till December. He also says, he shot our beloved admiral through the right shoulder: he was shot through the left*. Now these discrepancies are sufficient to make me doubt all his account of the transactions on board the *Redoubtable* and *Victory*; and as I do not know what grounds Mr. James has for questioning the generally received narrative of Nelson's death, I shall adhere to that, which I believe to be perfectly correct.

Reginald. So do I. But we must not disparage Mr. James's book, which is a very useful companion to the sea-officer, and will be invaluable to the future historian. He has the merit of having brought to light the actions of many meritorious officers, who would otherwise have been unknown to fame; and, as a careful and laborious compiler, he has very few equals.

The Vicar. I shall take an early opportunity of perusing Mr. James's

* By a singular coincidence, these variations from the real facts are pointed out in the *Literary Gazette* of the 22d of July; but the writer only receives that publication in parcels of several numbers at a time; and this was written before he saw the one which contains the review of the *French Serjeant*. He at first thought of erasing this passage, but on second thoughts, he resolved to let it remain.

history, which I have not yet done. Of late, Greece has engaged much of my attention; and I have been reading most of the works that treat of the origin and progress of the struggle now making by the Greek people for independence, and that portray the present state of the country.

Reginald. And which would you recommend as giving the best information, and which may, therefore, be read with most profit?

The Vicar. Why, Mr. Waddington's book gives a very succinct narrative of the rise and progress of the revolution; Mr. Blaquiere's narrative also contains some valuable information; but Colonel Leake's *Historical Outline of the Greek Revolution* is, perhaps, the best, as far as the historical details are concerned. With respect to the situation and prospects of the people, you may now consult the *Journals* of Mr. Emmerson, *An Autumn in Greece* by Mr. Bulwer, or the *Journal* of the Rev. Charles Swan. The latter, with some irrelevant, and, perhaps, impertinent matter, is still a very interesting book.

Mr. Apathy. It is; and I can assure all those who have not read it, that they have a treat in store. I may say the same of this little volume, the production of a youth of nineteen, Henry Rogers: it contains poems of high merit, that give indications of much future excellence. You shall judge:

THE MESSIAH WEeping OVER JERUSALEM.

The Persian monarch, when he led
To Greece, in proud array,
His thousand thousand warriors, shed
A tear, to think that they,
Ere one brief hundred years had sped,
Should all be numbered with the dead.

He wept, and bade his army go
 To fight with Greece again:
 A few short months, and Greece laid low
 His warriors on the plain.
 Thus his ambition gave the lie
 To his own false humanity.

The haughty-minded Roman wept
 At mighty Carthage fall;
 But still the scenes o'er which he slept,
 Himself had wrought them all;
 He wept o'er scenes his sword had bought,
 He wept o'er ruin he had wrought.

Not such as these were those blest tears
 Which from Messiah fell,
 When in the view of coming years,
 His heart foreboded well
 The misery of Salem's lot,
 The desolation of that spot.

Oh! they were foes for whom he mourned,
 And foes he sought to save;
 But they his pitying mercy spurned,
 And all that mercy gave.
 Such tears no human eye bedewed—
 With godlike love they were imbued.

Counsellor Eitherside. The volume was sent to me; I read it, and recollect a more striking specimen of the author's talents than the one Mr. Apathy has just read, at least in my opinion. It is called *The Dedication of the Temple*.

Mr. Apathy. Here it is. It is founded on 2 Chron. v. vi. vii. 1, 2, 3.

Each pillar of the temple rang,
 The trumpets sounded loud and keen,
 And every minstrel blithely sang,
 With harps and symbols oft between:
 And while those minstrels sang and played,
 The mystic cloud of glory fell;
 That shadowy light, that splendid shade,
 In which Jehovah loves to dwell.

It slowly fell, and hovered o'er
 The outspread forms of cherubim;
 The priests could bear the sight no more,
 Their eyes were with its splendour dim.
 The king cast off his crown of pride,
 And bent him to the ground;
 And priest and warrior, side by side,
 Knelt humbly all around.

Deep awe fell down on every soul,
 Since God was present there,
 And not the slightest breathing stole
 Upon the stilly air;

Till he, their prince, with earth-bent eyes,
 And head uncrowned and bare,
 And hands stretched forth in reverend guise,
 To heaven preferred his prayer.

That prayer arose from off the ground,
 Upon the perfumed breath,
 Which streaming censers poured around
 In many a volumed wreath:
 That prayer was heard—and heavenly fire
 Upon the altar played,
 And burnt the sacrificial pyre
 Beneath the victim laid.

And thrice resplendent from above
 The cloud of glory beamed,
 And with immingled awe and love
 Each beating bosom teemed.
 They bowed them on the spacious floor,
 With heaven-averted eye,
 And blessed his name who deigned to pour
 His presence from on high.

Reginald. Several volumes of poetry have made their appearance during the month. *The Wanderer of Scandinavia* is a metrical tale of very unequal merit, founded on the adventures of Gustavus Vasa, from his imprisonment in the castle of Calo, in North Jutland, to which fortress he was conveyed from the dungeons of Copenhagen, to his final triumph over the enemies of his country. The faults of the young author are, a great obscurity of style in many parts, and an inexcusable carelessness with respect to the melody of the versification. Such rhymes as eve and wave, child and thrill'd, dust and rest, and others equally faulty, disgrace most of the pages. Yet the volumes evince genius, and genius too, that with careful cultivation may produce something of a much higher order than the *Wanderer of Scandinavia*.

Counsellor Eitherside. Are you not inclined to be hypercritical, Reginald?

Reginald. No: I will give the fair authoress all due praise; but

had I the means of conveying my opinion to her, I should tell her how necessary it is that she should correct her faults. But I can select some passages of great merit from the poem. The appearance of the captive Gustavus at a banquet, and the effect his presence produced upon the Lady Edra, daughter of Lord Edric Bana, whose prisoner he was, is well described in the following lines:

But who is he of noble mien,
Now at the arched entrance seen;
That all the glittering group surveys
With eye whose every glance betrays
The soul no power on earth can bend,
Howe'er dark destiny downward tend;
Whose polish'd brow the ivory throne
Seems of the spirit's dignity,
Ne'er from its realm of beauty torn,
But shining there in majesty,

'Midst every varied change of fate,
That makes that bosom desolate?
The quivering breast of the maid could tell,
Did it heave as before with hope's sweet
swell;

The burning cheek, and the stealing eye,
In their lovely beam and crimson dye:
But tells she not in other tongue?

What means that start, that faded cheek,
And then that calm, as if was hung
Despair o'er all the spirit meek?
None other such dye o'er her cheek could
fling!

None other such start to her soul could bring!
But he, the noble captive Swede,
Who comes, by lord Eric's prayer decreed,
To steal suspicion from the soul
Of the vizor'd knight, in gloomy stole.
Not he advanced to share the board
With Calo's guests, with Calo's lord;
Apart the captive warrior stood,
Nor dared, in pleasure's lightest mood,
One from amidst the joyous train
Seek from his silent lips to gain
Word of reply to question bold,
That scorn or hatred's power told.

Gustavus's entrance into the mines
of Dalecarlia is also told in vivid
strains:

Descending from his hanging car,
Upon the platform stretching far,
Survey'd the chief the varied view,
With feelings to his bosom new.

There, amid rocks and caverns bare,
Deep reddened with the torches' glare,
Labour'd strong forms for many a day,
That scarce had gazed on sunny ray,
Or breath'd the healthful gale of morn,
Or the sweet breeze of evening, borne

Along the purple heath;
Plying the never-ceasing stroke,
While the dull echoes round awoke,
Like voices from the cave of death.

In scatter'd groups, around were seen
Females, that scarce of female mien
One soft'ning vestige had retain'd,
So had their toil their features stain'd,
So rudely fell their matted hair
Upon their shoulders brown and bare,
And in their eyes a look so wild
As pity into horror chill'd.

But weak and vain, by face and hue
The secret soul it were to view:
Beneath that wild unsightly mien,
And garb of poverty,

Were hidden souls to feeling keen,
As open and as high
As those mid palace walls and bowers
That spend their soft and silken hours.

One to Gustavus held the hand,
And welcomed him amongst the band;
Then, snatching up a flaming torch,
Led him beneath a rock-hewn arch,
Whose variegated sides display'd
Where the rich ore's fair mass was laid,
And to his hand, with meaning smile,
Gave the rude weapons of his toil.
"Ours is a lone and humble shed,
Stranger," with soften'd voice she said:
"But if thou choose, its shade is thine,
Long as thou labourest in the mine."
Gustavus, grateful, bent his head;
"And be it e'er my home," he said,
"With such reward as poverty
And toil united may supply."

Horace Primrose. Sibyl's Leaves: Poems and Sketches, by Elizabeth Willesford Mills, contains some gems of a pure water. I like the following verses:

They said I must not sing of love,
I threw my lyre away;
For, oh! I could not wake one tone
Without that sweetest lay!

'Twas strange to bid a woman's heart
Forbear its loveliest power;
They might as well tell Nature's hand
It must not rear a flower.

They might as well forbid the sky
To give her forms of light—
Tell forms of light they must not shine
Upon the clouds of night.

The flow'rets, they are Nature's own,
And stars the midnight seek ;
And Love his sweet untr tranquil rose
Has thrown on woman's cheek.

'Tis vain to fly from destiny,
For all is ruled above ;
Nature has flowers, and night has stars,
And woman's heart has love.

And if I must not sing of love,
Throw, throw the lyre away ;
For, oh ! I cannot wake one tone,
Without life's dearest lay !

The Vicar. I think *The Crazyed Maid of Venice*, by the author of *Giuseppino*, a very favourable specimen of the poetical talent of the day. It is the story of a girl whose brain is turned by love—

Love, by whose hallow'd influence
We break and spurn the joys of sense ;
On whose white wings we soar above,
Like native dwellers of the skies ;
Whose birthplace was in Paradise,
That had but utterable joys
Before the birth of Love !

Basil Firedrake. Why, zounds, cousin, what rhapsodies you are in ! Such a warm eulogium on love does not suit a man of your cloth. What would Mrs. Primrose say ?

The Vicar. I only quoted the poem, Basil, which I would recommend you to read.

Basil. Not I, 'faith : I have no taste for poetry, except it be a good sea-song, like "The Storm," "Tom Bowling," or aught of that—but for any thing else,

"I'd rather be a kitten, and cry mew !
Than one of these same metre-ballad mon-
gers."

Reginald. That is your taste, my gallant companion ; and I, who love to hear the songs of Dibdin sung by a British tar, nevertheless have a

keen relish for poetry of a different order. Now there is a "Wizard Song" in the volume which our good host has mentioned, as fine in its way as ever any of Dibdin's. Harken :

By the shore of the sea, the wild shore of
the sea,

'Tis there, 'tis there I love to be,
When the storm hath past, with a harrowing
blast,

O'er the billowy wilderness dark and vast ;
When the sea-sepulchres disgorge
Their new dead to the foaming surge,
That flings its prey unto the land,
And smooths their biers on the trackless
sand ;

When the dismal wreck floats to the shore,
Whereon its crew shall tread no more,
And the mighty ocean heaves as though
'Twere tired with the long, long work of woe ;
When the low winds breathe the knell of the
drown'd

With a most bewailing sound—
There let my gloomy pastime be,
As one who fears not storms or sea.
When new-made widows, maids bereft
Of youth's fond dream, and orphans left
Homeless on earth, and childless eld,
Have on the dreary beach beheld
The ghastly change that death has wrought
On each pale corse they tottering sought ;
Or search'd, though many an hour in vain,
For the vanish'd that none shall see again,
Shuddering at the sun, that seems
To mock them with returning beams,
And at the seas, now waveless grown,
When all the grievous scathe is done :—
Then let me roam beside the deep,
With watchful eyes that will not weep ;
Then let me human grief behold,
But not as one of mortal mould.

Basil. Aye, it sounds well ; but is not equal to "Lovely Nan," "Tom Clewline," or "Tom Bowling."

Horace. Such is the force of professional prejudice ; but don't avow that opinion publicly, or you will be laughed at by every one.

Basil. Publicly or privately, all's one to me ; I shall never shrink from avowing my opinion because they may displease any one who hears me. I should as soon think of striking the British flag to a French-

man, whilst a shot was left in the locker.

The Vicar. What do you think of the *Annals of the House of Hanover*, Counsellor?

Counsellor Eitherside. It is a valuable book, which ought to be in the library of every Englishman. I have read and re-read it, for I take delight in dwelling upon the past history of the noble house which now fills the British throne. Sir Andrew has condensed his facts very ably, and given a very clear though concise view of the events of the period over which his "Annals" extend. Take, for example, his account of the origin of the feud between the Guelphs and Ghibellines:

In 1116, the Countess Matilda died at her palace of Bondeno, in the 69th year of her age. She was, as we have stated, the daughter of Boniface, Marquis of Tuscany, a cadet of the family of Guelph, and one of the most powerful princes in Italy. Her mother was the daughter of Conrad the Salic, and the sister of Henry III. Succeeding to the princely domains of her father, which comprehended Tuscany, Lombardy, and the duchy of Mantua, she married the Duke of Lorraine, who was a man of talent, but excessively deformed. After his death she married, in 1089, the young Prince of Bavaria, from whom she was divorced in 1095; but there being no issue of either marriage, she is said to have intrigued with Gregory VII. and it is certain that she supported the cause of that pope, in opposition to her uncle and the interests of the empire. Her army was commanded by the Marquis Azo of Este, and was the cause of Henry IV.'s humiliation; and the wars which she supported and carried on were the beginning of those contests which so long ravaged Italy, under the name of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions. At her death she bestowed her whole property

on the church. The emperor, however, refused to ratify that will, and Guelph claimed the estates as her legitimate heir. After many fruitless attempts at negotiation, the emperor marched his army a second time to Rome, drove the pope from his capital, and took possession of that city, with the states of Matilda. Sentence of excommunication was in consequence pronounced against Henry and his party, and a formidable league was organized by the Archbishop of Mentz, which, for a while, gave the church party the advantage.

The Vicar. In those days very frivolous causes produced quarrels of great magnitude and long duration, and, not unfrequently, bloody wars.

The Counsellor. Yes: I recollect an instance related by Sir Andrew, of a war which commenced in 1225 on a very ridiculous provocation:

The Baron of Asseburg, whose estates lay in the duchy of Brunswick, was desirous of an excuse for throwing off his allegiance; and as the armorial bearing of the duke, his sovereign, was a lion, and his own a bear, he got some herald to paint a standard with a bear on the back of a lion, pulling him by the ears. This insult was a sufficient cause for Albert to take up arms, and it was the cause of a civil war in the duchy of Brunswick, which lasted nearly three years, and involved in ruin not only the Baron of Asseburg, but many others, among whom were the Lord of Wolfenbittel and the Count of Everstein. The former was brought into the contest by the Bishop of Hildesheim, and the latter at the instigation of the Archbishop of Mentz.

Horace. The baron paid dearly for his joke. He had better have kept his bear chained up, and not have let him loose to growl at the lion of Brunswick.

The Vicar. The house of Guelph is of great antiquity?

The Counsellor. Yes: the first founder of the dynasty was Anulphus, Hanulphus, or Guelph, who flourished in the latter part of the fifth century; and the family has been divided at times into various branches, which possessed property in Germany and Italy. They were united in the person of Guelph, Count of Altdorf, Duke of Bavaria, and sovereign lord of the Italian principalities, about the year 1100, and again divided about 1592; from which latter period the families of Hanover and Brunswick more immediately take their rise. The celebrated ancestor of the reigning family of Great Britain, the Princess Sophia, is thus described by our historian:

She was a woman of uncommon beauty, and of a masculine understanding. At the age of seventy-three, she possessed all the vigour of youth, stepped as firm as a young lady, and had not a wrinkle in her face, nor one tooth out of her head; she read without spectacles, and was constantly employed. The chairs of the presence-chamber were all embroidered with her own hands, as also the ornaments for the altar of the electoral chapel. She was a great walker, and generally spent two or three hours daily in perambulating the garden and pleasure-grounds about Herrnhansen. She possessed great general knowledge, and was the firm friend and protector of the learned men of her day. She was the first to discover the genius of the immortal Leibnitz; and her munificence and condescension attached that philosopher to her court during the greater part of his life. Her most happy hours were spent in his society; and she took a warm interest in the success of his discoveries

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in science, and in the promulgation of his well-merited fame. She spoke five languages so well, that by her accent it was doubtful which was her native tongue. The Low Dutch, the German, the Italian, French, and English were all equally familiar to her; and she would discourse in the last with an ease and fluency that few foreigners have ever attained. She made the laws and constitution of England her peculiar study, from the moment it became probable that she might be called to the throne; and no one understood them better.

She had a genius, says her biographer, equally turned for conversation and business, that rendered her not only the delight and ornament of a court, but able to manage and support its interests. The greatness of her soul bore equal proportion to her illustrious birth and the exalted station which she filled; but withal was tempered with so much sweetness and affability, that the duty of those below her became all one with their pleasure. The knowledge of her virtues added to the lustre of her titles, and respect grew upon familiarity. No one ever gave liberties with a better grace, or could act without reserve to greater advantage; and she acted her part to admiration as a daughter of England and mother of Germany.

Her wit was sprightly, curious, and surprising; her judgment solid and penetrating, founded on the best maxims of reading and study, and corrected by observation and experience. Nothing could exceed the brilliancy and beauty of her conversation but her letters; and both were easy, entertaining, and instructive. She had a fund of happiness within herself, which made retirement pleasant; but her care in her domestic economy, and in the general government of the country, shewed that she had a just sense of her being born for the good of others.

Her piety was exemplary, without affectation; and her religious sentiments

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were neither perplexed with doubts, nor enslaved by superstition. She was studious to prevent, sedulous to oppose, and active to suppress, every little quarrel, or party intrigue, that grew up or ripened where she had any influence. No one had a higher idea of what was due to birth and majesty, or maintained better the dignity of the royal lineage from which she was descended. She had experienced, when young, the misfortunes of her own and her mother's house, and no temptation could weaken her attachment to the blood of the Stuarts.

It may be objected to this princess, that ambition made her prefer her own aggrandizement to the claims of her exiled relations; but when we find that the children forgot their duty to their fa-

ther and their sovereign, we have a sufficient excuse for the conduct of the Electress Sophia, in urging her claims to the throne which they had forfeited.

This extract finished our evening's reading. The vicar proposed an adjournment to the supper-room; and his first toast, after the *eatables* had been discussed, was—"The House of Hanover; and long may it fill the throne of the British empire!" A wish in which I am sure all the readers of the *Repository* will join; and that it may do so, is the ardent prayer of

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
August 10, 1826.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

COUNT SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE, BETTER KNOWN AS COUNT BÜCKEBURG.

THIS eccentric, but learned, brave, and worthy personage was born in London; and as England is said to be the land of humourists, he certainly imbibed a full portion of the spirit which scorns the trammels of common notions and practices. He laid no restraint upon his singular propensities, except the dictates of benevolence and honour, which he never transgressed. His eccentricities diverted superficial observers; but they who knew his real character, his sagacity, his magnanimity, his erudition, his integrity and philanthropy, regarded his whimsicalities as the philosopher contemplates dark spots upon the sun. Nature had given him a remarkable exterior: a visage of extraordinary length; a person tall, meagre, and erect; and when he commanded the Portuguese against the Spaniards, his flowing

hair, his large hat and little sword, finished the peculiarity of his appearance, affording various jests to both armies.

He was, nevertheless, held in high estimation by the greatest scholars and the most distinguished warriors of his time. Moses Mendelsohn has raised an imperishable monument to his talents and virtues; and it is to be lamented, that by indulging himself in opposition to the public opinion in trifles, the count lost much of the general respectability which always attends those who pay due deference to the proprieties of life. This innuendo is intended for the service of young aspirants to distinction. Any departure from common rules will make a *debutant* stared at and talked of; but in their hearts, the gazers and speakers consider him with sentiments far from flattering to his pride or self-love.

Count Schaumburg-Lippe laid a

wager that he would ride from London to Edinburgh backwards; and he actually accomplished the journey, with the horse's head turned towards Scotland, and the rider with his face towards the tail of the equine bearer. In company with a German prince, he travelled through Great Britain as a beggar; and tradition yet speaks in the south of Scotland of the "Gaberlunzie" that "gae physic and siller to bodies poorer than himsel."

During the war in which the Count Lippe commanded the artillery in the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick against the French, he one day invited several Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. When the company, after dinner, gave themselves up to convivial gaiety, several cannon-balls flew in all directions about the marquee. "The French cannot be far off," exclaimed the Hanoverians.—"Pray, gentlemen, keep your seats," replied the count; "the enemy, I assure you, will not molest us." The officers complied, and resumed their enjoyments. However, the firing of ordnance recommenced; and rising with simultaneous impulse, they said, "The French are most certainly at hand."—"No, the French are not at hand; therefore, gentlemen, I desire you will sit down, and rely upon my word." Again the officers yielded to the influence of their Amphitryon; the balls continued to fly about, and even carried off the top of the tent: yet wine and wit and mirth prevailed. At length the count rose from table, saying, "Gentlemen, I was desirous of convincing you, how perfectly I may rely upon the officers of my artillery. I ordered them to fire at the pinnacle of my tent, and they have

punctually executed my orders."—We are far from insinuating that this experiment deserves to be lauded: it is given as an instance of eccentricity.

GEORGE THE SECOND AND THE
PRETENDER.

The king, one day, asked Lord Holderness, the secretary of state, where the Pretender was.—"Sire, I do not exactly know, but will consult my last dispatches."—"Poh, poh, man! don't trouble your head about the last dispatches. We can tell you where he is. He is now at No. —, in the Strand; and was last night at Lady ——'s rout. What shall we do with him?"—Lord Holderness proposed calling a council.—"No, no," said the king; "we can manage this business without a council: let Charles Edward stay where he is; and when the poor man tires of amusing himself in London, he will go home again." The affair terminated as the king had predicted.

At the battle of Oudenarde, George, then Prince of Hanover, exposed his person with such romantic bravery, that the Duke of Marlborough felt it his duty to adopt the only expedient for preserving the presumptive heir to the crown of Great Britain, and put the prince under arrest.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

The picture of simple life and faithful love delineated by St. Pierre captivates the imagination and the heart. Mr. Henry Ennis visited Tomb Bay, in the Isle of France, seven miles from Port Louis, immortalized by this pathetic story. The tombs are not on a splendid scale, but are kept very neat. They stand on two small islands, formed by a

stream about fourteen feet wide, which glides through the centre of a delightful garden. Mr. Ennis saw the shaddock grove, the village church, and the cocoa-nut trees, supposed to have been planted by Paul; and his heart melted in viewing objects inseparable from sad, yet sweet associations.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

After losing the battle of Kollin, Frederick of Prussia galloped up to his guards, saying, "My brave friends, when do you mean to die?" "Now!" was the electric reply. "Then follow me!" said Frederick: and with the support of his small, but resolute band, he preserved himself and his treasure-chest from falling into the hands of the enemy.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

"*Les Charmes de Vienne,*" *Rondeau brillant pour le Piano, composé, et dédié à Mr. A. Goldschmidt,* par J. P. Pixis. Pr. 4s. — (Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)

It seems that in writing "*Les Charmes de Vienne,*" Mr. Pixis had a mind to call to the proud recollection of the good-humoured people of that tuneful capital the works of its great musical luminaries, dead or living. Or perhaps, considering the difficulty not to remember other people's compositions in writing one's own, Mr. P. on perusing his manuscript, found that it contained sundry good bits of reminiscences from the works of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. To cut them out would really have been a pity, for they fit in so well; and to destroy the entire manuscript would have been barbarous, for, as a whole, the production is truly charming. Hear ye, then, ye arrangers! ye adapters! hear ye too, ye musical plagiarists and filchers! what remedy the upright conscience of our honest Viennese suggested to him. None more just and natural than *to write under every passage the name, in full, of its rightful owner!* Give unto Cæsar what is Cæsar's.

If such was Mr. P.'s meaning, his Austrian candour and good faith have set an example which merits admiration on our part, and imitation on the part of his compositorial colleagues, at least of such as use the gift of a good memory with discretion: for there are those, and Legion is their name, whose recollection is so vivid and incessant, that if they were compelled to write down the primary owner of all their second-hand ideas, their productions would teem with so much letterpress, that some might at first sight mistake it for a vocal composition, and be tempted to sing the names while they play the notes above.

The Practice of the Scales: consisting of Examples of all the Scales in the Major and Minor Keys, for the Piano-forte; with a Development of the Plan of Fingering them. To which is affixed, a Treatise on the Diatonic Scale. By Thomas Turvey. Pr. 7s. 6d. — (S. Chappell, Bond-street.)

Mr. Turvey's book includes every thing that a pupil ought to know and to practise with reference to the scales, both as regards their formation and their practical execution on

the piano-forte. On this subject so much has been published, by high and low in the profession, that novelty is out of the question. But while we find in this book what has so often been taught in others, it is fair to acknowledge, that Mr. T.'s little treatise on the formation of the diatonic scale deserves the peculiar attention of the student. He has judiciously availed himself of the labours of some of his predecessors; among others, of Mr. Burrowes', in placing the theory of the scales in a proper and satisfactory light.

With regard to the minor scale, the sore subject of the *major* sixth, so often contended against in our pages, again stares us in the face. But we must not quarrel with Mr. T. for doing that which is taught by nine professors and theorists out of ten, and for which there are specious but insufficient and untenable grounds; more especially as Mr. T. does give the true and correct minor scale likewise (p. 3, at the bottom), which does not vary in ascent or descent, and is alone susceptible of minor *harmony*. To convince Mr. T. of the truth of the latter remark, we need only refer to what he terms the circular exercises on the scales (pp. 12, &c.), where he has ventured to associate the *usual* but faulty minor scale with a bass of sixths in ascent and thirds in descent. The result is such harmony as no good musical ear can reconcile itself to: whereas, had the *true* minor scale been put into accompaniment with thirds and sixths, the harmony would have been infinitely more satisfactory.

We are far from offering these remarks with a view to depreciate the present publication, which, as we have already observed, is decidedly

useful and meritorious. When a prejudice has become so almost universal as that relating to the minor scale, it is not only pardonable, but perhaps safer to float along with its stream, than to make, as we do, a feeble effort to stem the current; and in mere scale-work the principle may be viewed by some as being less important than in the theory of harmony, in which, for reasons that would now lead us too far, the minor, and not the major sixth, is essential in the minor scale. But what is essential in the further progress of musical study might as well be set to rights in its elementary portion.

The Notation of Music Simplified, or the Development of a System in which the Characters employed in the Notation of Language are applied to the Notation of Music. By Alexander Macdonald. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Basil Steuart, Cheap-side.)

Mr. M.'s object in presenting this system of musical notation seems not to be, as far as we can collect, to overthrow the one at present in use, but to furnish the means of indicating *simple* tunes with *simple* accompaniments, by the help of the common letter-press types. This idea is far from being new. Among others, a Mr. Rootsey, in the year 1811, published a system of notation similar in almost every feature to Mr. M.'s plan, with the avowed intention indeed of superseding the prevailing method; and in our Miscellany of January 1812, the reader will find a detailed account of Mr. R.'s system, accompanied with ample remarks on its merits in comparison with that which it meant to supplant. Mr. R.'s book is forgotten, and the application of his notation, as far as

we are aware of, has been confined to the inventor; nobody else has ever used it.

The pretensions of Mr. Macdonald's proposal are, as we take it, more limited and moderate: it seems he offers it rather as a convenient auxiliary on plain occasions, with a view to save expense and space. As *such*, we accept the offer, and we approve the simplicity and ingenuity of the plan. It is soon understood, and when learned, it will go about as far as to enable a musical person to note down quickly, intelligibly, correctly, and in a little compass, any easy tune he may chance to hear. The higher class of compositions, such as a Razumowsky quartett of Beethoven's, a grand sonata of Hummel's, or one of the ornamental arias of Rossini, Meyerbeer, &c. would make a poor figure under Mr. M.'s alphabets and numbers.

Mr. M. provides for about five octaves; viz. (in *descending* order):

Treble	{	A g f e d c b a
		a G F E D C B A
		{ A g f e d [c] b a
Bass	{	a G F E D C B A
		{ A g f e d c b a

N. B. The [c] in the above is the note which connects bass and treble on the piano-forte.

To designate the duration of these notes, a numeral is added to them; 1 for a semibreve, 2 for a minim, 4 for a crochet, 8 for a quaver, 6 (instead of 16) for a seniquaver, 3 (instead of 32) for a demisemiquaver. An accidental sharp is represented by the acute accent ('); an accidental flat by a grave accent ('); a natural by a perpendicular line; the dot by a comma, at top, behind the letter (as D'); the bar by a comma

placed in the usual way. Without detailing various other signs, we shall add, by way of exemplification, a portion of the melody of "God save the King" (in C major):

3/4 {	C4 C4 D4, B4 C8 D4,
	{ God save great George our King,
	{ E4 E4 F4, E4 D8 C4, D4 C4
	{ Long live our noble King; God save
	{ B4, C2
	{ the King, &c.

From this specimen the simplicity of the system will be evident; and its adequacy for the more simple kind of music, especially vocal, is apparent from the numerous examples given by Mr. M. There are songs accompanied by a plain bass (without double notes or chords!), duets, and glees for three or four voices, in all twenty pieces; and these, with all the words, besides the exposition of the system, including two engraved plates, amount to the very moderate price of *eighteen pence!*

ARRANGEMENTS, VARIATIONS, &c.

1. *The Favourite Airs of Mayer's Opera of Medea, arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute*, by J. F. Burrowes. Books 1. 2. and 3. Pr. 4s. each.—(S. Chappell.)
2. *Select Italian Airs from the most popular Operas, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte and Violoncello* by F. W. Crouch. Book 2. Pr. 7s.—(S. Chappell.)
3. *L'Effort sans Effort, a Melange on popular Airs for the Piano-forte*, by James Calkin. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(S. Chappell.)
4. *Divertisement, in which is introduced "The Rose of the Valley," and a favourite Air in Midas, newly arranged for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment (ad. lib.)* by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 3s.—(J. B. Cramer and Co.)
5. *Introduction for the Piano-forte, and March from Rossini's Opera of Ricciardo e Zoraida, composed by Mrs. Miles*. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)
6. *Grand Jubilee Overture, composed by C. M.*

von Weber, arranged as a Duet for the Piano-forte by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

7. Rode's Air, sung by Madame Catalani, with Variations for the Piano-forte by M. Holst. Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)

8. Musard's Forty-second Set of Quadrilles from "La Dame Blanche," composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with an (ad. lib.) Accompaniment for the Flute, by P. Musard. Pr. 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)

1. The production of Mayer's opera of *Medea* at the King's Theatre was a welcome relief after the constant repetitions of so many of Rossini's works, which the public by this time almost know by heart; and it proved eminently successful, partly from the extraordinary talents, musical as well as histrionic, exhibited by Madame Pasta, but not less so from the high merit of the music in general. With the exception of *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, the operas of Mayer are much less known in England than they deserve to be; they abound in natural and graceful melodies, especially those of a comic cast, which display considerable musical humour; and the harmonies are always rich, correct, and well diversified. In fact, Mayer, whom we believe to be still alive at Bergamo, happily unites the melodic taste and elegance of Italy with the science and harmonic skill of Germany, of which country he is a native. He was born about 1760 at Sandersdorf, in Bavaria, and has studied under the first German masters; but, from his long residence in Italy, probably, his melodies and his style of accompaniment are, with few exceptions, perfectly Italian.

This is quite the case with *Medea*, which is justly considered as a classic work of the higher order. Many of the melodies are beautiful, and the finale of the first act is a masterpiece. In some instances, perhaps,

the composer has fallen short of the full extent of deeply pathetic expression which certain scenes were susceptible of, but as a whole, we may safely prognosticate that Mayer's *Medea* will outlive most of Rossini's serious operas.

In adapting this music for the piano-forte and flute, Mr. Burrowes has rendered an essential service to those who are unable to enjoy it vocally themselves, and indeed to musical amateurs in general. The airs, &c. were eminently susceptible of such an arrangement, and with Mr. B.'s skill and experience in matters of this kind, his labour could not fail to prove successful in a high degree. The arrangement throughout is precisely what we could have wished it to be; it exhibits all the essential features of the original, making allowance for the limited means presented by three staves; and there are no executive difficulties which ought to deter a steady player of moderate attainments.

2. The first book of Mr. Crouch's Italian Airs has been favourably noticed in a previous number of our Miscellany, and its sequel is equally entitled to unqualified approbation; it contains the following pieces: "La Donna che è amante," by Cimarosa—"O Giove onnipotente," by Winter—"Ah quell'anima che sdegnà," by Andreozzi—"Voi che sapete," by Mozart—"Donne l'amore," by Mayer—and "Quanto à quest'alma amante," by Rossini. This catalogue sufficiently shews the value of the selection; and of the arrangement itself we cannot speak otherwise than in terms of high commendation. The violoncello part not only is obligato, but frequently carries the principal melody, so that it cannot be dispens-

ed with; but a player of moderate abilities may fairly venture upon it. Considering the real merit of this arrangement, we think it would be worth the publisher's while to provide a flute-accompaniment in lieu of the violoncello, for such as might prefer the former.

3. Mr. Calkin's "L'effort sans effort" so far corresponds with the title, that its execution demands but little exertion on the part of the performer, and the effort in writing this publication can hardly be supposed to have been of a strenuous nature; but such as it is, it may be well recommended to junior performers: there is an andante and a rondo, in which various favourite melodies are strung together with some ingenuity and in a way to produce considerable effect.

4. The divertimento of Mr. Rawlings is also a pleasant and easy production, partly original and partly compilation, consisting of four movements: a march, the two airs mentioned in the titlepage, and a rondo; all in E ♭ major. Some diversity as to key would have been all the better.

5. The echo march in Rossini's *Ricciardo è Zoraide* has furnished Mrs. Miles with the chief materials for the preparation of a lesson of much variety and interest. Some liberties have been taken with the above subject, but the ideas engrafted upon it evince fertile and tasteful imagination, and no mean degree of musical knowledge; a merit not generally to be met with in professors of the other sex.

6. Weber's Grand Jubilee Overture is a masterly composition, and under the able arrangement given to it by Mr. Rimbault, presents a most effective and brilliant duet, in no way intricate, especially if the tempo be

taken a shade slower than Weber intended it to be.

7. The air of Rode has gained celebrity from the preposterous, but certainly astonishing and successful attempt of Madame Catalani, to sing the variations which Rode had written for the violin. Mr. Holst's variations, before us, four in number, are not the same; but they will be found sufficiently attractive to serve as a lesson, especially as there is nothing complicated in their construction.

8. Monsieur Musard is the favoured purveyor of quadrilles for the *beau-monde*; and it must be confessed, like the cooks of his country, who produce the most savoury dishes from the plainest viands, he manufactures these dances in excellent style from any thing he can get hold of. No wonder, then, that the collection has accumulated to the *forty-second* set, before us, in which Monsieur Musard, agreeably to the quadrillizing mania, takes liberties with *La Dame Blanche*, by extracting from that opera of Boieldieu a matter of five or six saltatorian tunes, with great ingenuity and excellent quadrille taste. Indeed the airs themselves seemed absolutely inviting for the operation.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1. "The home of my fathers," a Song, written by Mary Ann Barber, composed by John Barnett. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)
2. "In yonder grave a Druid lies," Glee for four Voices (Poetry from an Ode on the Death of Thomson, by Collins), composed by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)
3. The light Quadrille, the Quadrille Song, sung by Miss Foote, written and adapted by William Ball. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(S. Chappell)
4. Six Spanish Airs arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, by C. M. Sola. Pr. 3s.—(S. Chappell.)

1. The more we see of Mr. Barnett's lyric compositions, the higher

is our opinion of their value. Allowing for casual imperfections now and then, the taste, the occasional flashes of science, and the intense pathos of his songs place him in the highest rank of English vocal composers: in fact, his style can scarcely be considered as English; he has abandoned the hackneyed track of the ballad, and formed his taste, both as to melody and accompaniment, on the most classic foreign models, principally German; and he is no less at home in the superior style of Spanish and even French airs. What renders us still more partial to Mr. B.'s productions is, the manifest improvement which we have watched in them successively, and which holds out the fairest promise of still greater excellence. These observations apply forcibly to his "Home of my fathers;" it is a composition of deep feeling, uniting a noble simplicity of melodic conception with a most select and often highly scientific system of harmonic support.

2. Mr. M'Murdie's glee is an able and highly interesting composition, evidently not the production of the moment, but written with laudable care and a resolution to do his best. The melody of the successive strains is select and well varied, and in the arrangement of the several voices we observe frequent traces of skilful interlacement, responsive and canonic construction, &c. highly creditable to Mr. M.'s taste and science.

3. "The light quadrille" is of light calibre, yet gay and pretty enough. It is professedly an adaptation to a text devised by Mr. Ball, which accords kindly with the expression and rhythm of the tune.

4. We have often expressed our

partiality for the national airs of Spain; there is an originality and a peculiarity of expression about them, the charms of which are irresistible. Mr. Sola's six airs before us are of this description; their authenticity is manifest, and they have pleased us so much, that we would recommend their being published with a piano-forte accompaniment likewise. The accompaniment for the guitar, devised by Mr. Sola, is neat and highly effective, and calculated for moderate proficiency on the instrument.

HARP MUSIC.

1. *Sixth Divertimento for the Harp, composed by J. P. Meyer.* Price 4s.—(Boosey and Co.)
2. *The admired Overture to Boieldieu's Opera, "La Dame Blanche," arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 6s.—(Boosey and Co.)
3. *The favourite Airs in the Opera of "Otello," composed by Rossini, and arranged for the Harp, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, ad libitum, by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 5s.—(S. Chappell.)
4. *Two favourite Airs from Spohr's Opera of "Faustus," arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte by N. C. Bochsa.* Pr. 4s.—(Coeks and Co.)

1. Mr. Meyer's divertimento consists of an introduction in G minor, an andante in the relative major key, made upon an air (*La dolce Ricordanza*) by Perruchini, a composer unknown to us, and a rondo in the like key, of considerable extent. The whole is good music, and by no means so difficult as the author's own skill on the instrument might have tempted him to render it. We recommend it strongly to the amateur's attention.

2. The overture to Boieldieu's *La Dame Blanche* is a spirited composition, in the better sort of French instrumental style; and Mr. Bochsa's arrangement for the harp, piano-forte,

flute, and violoncello, is calculated to convey a very adequate idea of its score and effect with a full orchestra.

3. Under this number we have noticed a collection of half a dozen of the most attractive airs, marches, and chorus, from Rossini's *Otello*, arranged for the harp and flute by Mr. Bochsa likewise. The adaptation, as well as the pieces themselves, is of a nature to obtain decided favour with amateurs.

4. The two airs of *Faustus* which Mr. Bochsa has cast into the shape of a duet, are, a chorus of strong effect, and a very elegant polacca. They are both sure to please, as there is no intricacy in the arrangement.

FLUTE MUSIC.

1. *The Modern Art of Flute-Playing; being a new and original Treatise on the Flute, &c.: to which is added, an Explanation of the most obvious Laws of Harmony, in their simplest Form; with Rules for Expression, Accent, and Emphasis,* by J. Arthur. Part I. Pr. 6s.—(Published by the Author, also at Willis and Co.'s, St. James's-street.)
2. *Mayseder's "La Sentinelle," arranged for the Flute and Piano-forte* by Raphael Dressler. Pr. 4s.—(Cocks and Co.)
3. *Favourite Airs from Winter's celebrated Opera, "Le Sacrifice interrompu," for the Flute,* by Charles Saust. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cocks and Co.)

1. Although the flute is not an instrument with which we are practically familiar, we know enough to be convinced of the utility and real merit of Mr. A.'s treatise. It is impossible to expound the elementary portion of instruction with greater care and clearness, and at the same time with greater brevity, than Mr. A. has done. The chapter, too, on the best method of producing, not only the various scales on the flute, but the notes of more difficult and unfavourable intonation, cannot but be of the greatest value to the student. Here

Mr. A. has taken infinite pains to initiate the pupil into all the peculiarities requisite for a pure and perfect intonation, both by means of pertinent and perspicuous directions, and by proper examples and diagrams. The exercises and lessons which form the latter part of the book, are not only devised or selected with great judgment, but, by the sensible remarks with which they are accompanied, tend to illustrate still further the previous and more theoretical branch of the work, especially as regards perfection of tone and fingering. We have in vain looked for the exposition of "the most obvious laws of harmony in their simplest form," promised by the title. This is a great promise indeed, the fulfilment of which is perhaps deferred for the second part. What are to be the contents of that future portion of the treatise the author has not told us.

2. *La Sentinelle*, by Mayseder, is so generally known, that we only feel called upon to state our unqualified approbation of the manner in which Mr. Dressler has made the arrangement for the flute and piano-forte. The former instrument is almost throughout solo, and the piano-forte mere harmonic support. Some of the variations require considerable study and practice in order to do them full justice.

3. Mr. Saust's little volume derives its interest not from the success alone with which Winter's *Interrupted Sacrifice* is at present performing at the Theatre of the English Opera, the airs themselves are conspicuous for their natural and truly beautiful melody, and Mr. S. has exhibited them in as attractive a form as the limited means of *one* flute would admit of.





FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

HIGH dress of lilac *gros de Naples*, fastened behind; the fulness of the *corsage* brought to the centre in the front and back; the sleeve large and full at the top, but small below the elbow; corded epaulette, divided in the centre, and trimmed with narrow pinked scollops: the cuff is formed by two rows of vandykes pinked, one row pointing upwards, the other extending towards the hand, with a gold bracelet between. The skirt is ornamented with three rows of pinked trimming, of the same material as the dress, emanating from a button that heads each division; widening as they proceed, they take a semicircular direction till they meet, and by their junction form a continuous chain of scollops: beneath is a satin rouleau. Pinked scolloped pelerine of lilac *gros de Naples*, pointed behind, and tied in front with a satin bow of the same colour, and confined at the waist by the *ceinture*. Blond lappet cap; the border extremely full, spreading like a fan, and rather low in front, arranged in deep vandykes or zig-zags on the sides, and adorned with flowers; trimming of the crown in accordance, and a bow of gold and rose-colour shaded gauze ribbon at the top. Gold chain and embossed Grecian cross; long gold ear-rings; yellow gloves and shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

White Italian crape dress worn over a gold-colour satin slip; the *corsage*

moderately high, and adorned in front with two pinnatifid branches in gold-colour satin, diverging from the centre of the waist to the top of the bust, and terminating beneath a cape of about a quarter of a yard in depth, divided on the shoulder, and trimmed with gold-colour satin piping and narrow blond. The sleeve is short and full, set in in regular plaits, and reversed in the band round the arm. The skirt has an elegant border of gold-colour satin pipings, the three upper rows commencing by a satin bow, elevated in the front of the dress, and turned off circularly towards the right side, proceeding in a longitudinal direction till they (the pipings) meet; then gold-colour satin rows and palm-branches are arranged alternately, and beneath are three pipings, as above, equidistant. Large white *crêpe lisse* sleeves are still in favour, and are confined at the wrist by broad Egyptian bracelets. Gold-colour satin sash, with short bows in front, the ends fringed and of different lengths. The hair is parted towards the left temple in large curls, and adorned with a Provins rose in front, and shaded gauze ribbon in puffs at the back. Pear-shaped pearl ear-rings; necklace of medallions united by rows of small pearl; white kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Bayley of No. 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, for the accompanying tasteful costumes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

CANDELABRA.

IF the merit of the invention of candelabra is due to the Greeks, the Romans are certainly entitled to great praise for the perfection to which they brought this kind of decoration, most elaborate and beautiful specimens of which have been discovered, not only in the excavations of Pompeii, but in other parts of Italy.

They are generally either of bronze or marble, and their richness corresponds with the magnificent character of the Roman architecture. This sort of decoration seems not to have been employed in the middle ages; indeed there is no record by which we can form any certain criterion to judge of the manner of lighting apartments at that period. The most probable conjecture is, that as candles were so much used in the religious ceremonies, they were also introduced for other purposes. In many cases,

perhaps, the only light diffused through the apartment proceeded from either a blazing fire or fire-splinters; and to this very day in some northern countries this latter method is still practised.

At the time when the Roman style of architecture was adopted in this country, candelabra were also introduced, and have since formed a conspicuous part of elegant furniture. We now employ them in halls, staircases, libraries, and even drawing-rooms. Their height may be regulated by the dimensions of the apartment in which they are placed, and from their vertical form they are well adapted to the Gothic style, which has been given in the annexed plate. The plan of the first is a triangle, supported by three griffins; and the two octagonals are decorated with pinnacles and flying buttresses.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. ACKERMANN has ready for delivery, two interesting *Views of the City of Mexico*, coloured from drawings taken on the spot by Mr. George Ackermann. Also four plates of the *Royal Stag-Hunt*, coloured from pictures by R. B. Davis.

A volume of *Essays, Sketches of Character, and Imaginative Speculations*, called *Facts and Fancies*, will shortly be published.

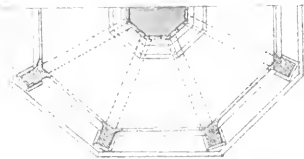
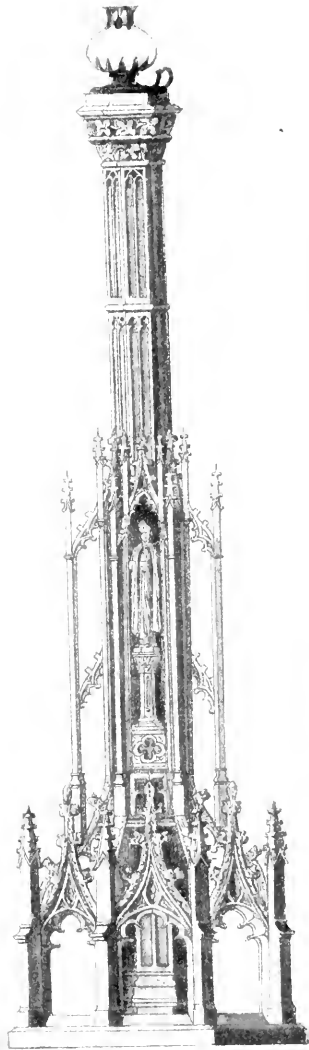
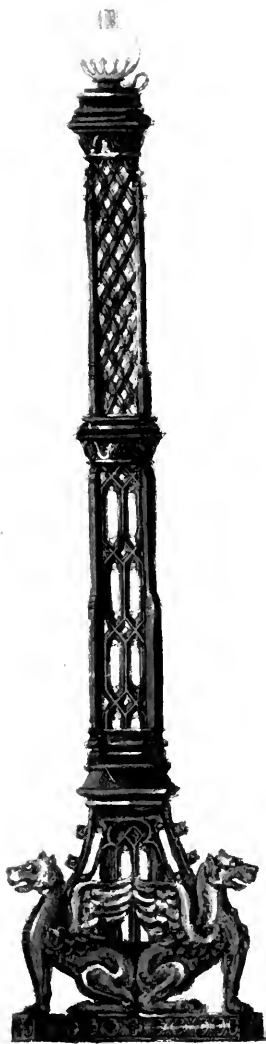
Mr. Thomas Roscoe is busily engaged on *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne*, comprising literary and biographical notices of the most distinguished characters of her reign.

The Rev. Archdeacon Coxe has nearly

ready for publication, *The History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, from 1743 to 1754*.

A friend of the late Dr. Parr's is preparing for press, *Extracts* from the published and unpublished works of that celebrated scholar, which will be accompanied by an authentic and interesting memoir.

Speedily will be published, *The History of Scotland, from the earliest Period to the Middle of the Ninth Century*; being an *Essay on the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic Scots, the Extent of their Country, its Laws, Populations, Poetry, and Learning*—which gained the prize of the Highland So-



ciety of London—by the Rev. Alexander Low.

It is proposed to publish by subscription, a volume of *Poems* by Mr. John Taylor, so well known to the literary and theatrical world by his "Monsieur Tonson," and other poems, and a greater number of prologues and epilogues than was ever perhaps written by any individual. We are sorry to learn, from the prospectus issued on the occasion, that the misconduct of some person with whom this veteran in periodical and general literature was connected has rendered this measure, taken by his friends, essential to his comforts.

Sir Walter Scott's forthcoming *Life of*

Napoleon will extend to six volumes, four of which are already printed.

Mr. Soames has nearly finished the third volume of his *History of the Reformation*, which will be completed in two more volumes.

Mr. Britton's long-promised volume of *Chronological History and Illustrations of Christian Architecture* will be speedily published. It is illustrated by 86 beautiful engravings; and as it also embraces copious lists of ancient monastic architects, churches, architectural monuments, fonts, pulpits, crosses, &c. this volume will prove a sort of Encyclopædia of Christian Architecture for the library of the antiquary and professional architect.

Poetry.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MISS F****R,

With a Copy of the "Forget-Me-Not."

By genius fram'd, to friendship dear,
This votive pledge of faith sincere,
May chance the warm esteem to trace,
Inspir'd by ev'ry mental grace;
By ev'ry charm of soul and feeling;
By all of beauty's fair revealing,
That mind and heart could wish to prove
In the best idol of their love.
And yet the gift and words are faint
My thoughts of thee, sweet friend, to paint;
No measur'd lines can meetly show
All that, for thee, this breast must know:
Still may they lightly indicate
My wishes for thy cloudless fate;
My hopes that bright may be thy hours,
And rich thy path with buds and flow'rs;
The buds of joy—the flow'rs of peace—
That bloom with time—with time increase.
Oh! may that brow, so calm and fair,
Ne'er own the with'ring touch of care;
Ne'er shrink beneath the hand of pain,
Nor, fading, prove its tyrant reign!
May those dark eyes, so soft and clear,
Be strangers to the burning tear
That, from the fount of anguish stealing,
Speaks of past hope and blighted feeling;
Then deeply wends its silent way,
And bears the bloom of youth away!
As now, may e'er that cheek disclose
The blush of summer's fairest rose—
The bright suffusion of a mind
Where mingle sense and thought refin'd;

Where all of radiant magic lies,
That wins the soul—the heart—the eyes!
May that pure bosom, ever blest,
Hail sweet serenity its guest,
An alien to the billowy strife
That strands, too oft, the bark of life!
May Fortune, from her dazzling bow'r,
Her choicest favours on thee show'r;
The speaking glance; the sunny smile;
The breathing graces void of guile;
The lights that happiness define—
Oh! may these be *for ever* thine!*

* I here notice, with pleasure, the intention of a young lady, who, possessed of great genius, aided by the refinements of classical taste and discrimination, is on the point of commemorating the features of her accomplished friend by a portrait, of which I have had the gratification of seeing the very beautiful idea. I cannot resist an opportunity, so flattering to my wishes, of paying the just tribute of admiration to this rising artist's abilities, and the enthusiasm with which she pursues her profession. Her sketches are full of originality and feeling; and her finished studies, in oil and chalk, from the antique, are distinguished by an impassioned grace and sentiment, which convey to the eye all the dignity and character of the originals, and create the fairest anticipations of her future excellence. For one of her drawings, from the head of the *Apollo*, Miss M. A. A*****, this year, received the prize

Love cannot wish thee more than this —
Thine be the only lasting bliss,
 The bliss that spreads the heav'n its wings,
 And from *Religion's* lustre springs ;
 That, pointing to a brighter sphere,
 Sustains us in our vigils here ;
 Lights up with joy the closing eye,
 And tells the Christian *how to die*.
 Such do I wish thee ; and if here
 One selfish thought might interfere,
 That thought would breathe—whate'er thy
 lot,
 Still may thy heart " Forget-me-not."

July 22, 1826.

E. S. C***r.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF AGE TO
 BEAUTY. *By J. M. Lacey.*

Reproach me not with silver hair,
 Nor smile at age's sorrow ;
 'Tis hard to feel a weight of care,
 Which no relief can borrow.

It ill becomes thy beauteous brow,
 So form'd in Nature's glory ;
 But 'twill not always beam as now—
 Like mine, it will grow hoary.

The tint that on thy now smooth cheek
 Vies with the loveliest roses,
 Will fade, and wrinkles there bespeak
 How beauty's short dream closes.

Then thou wilt sigh o'er ruin'd charms,
 Wilt mourn for youth departed,
 And haply feel those sad alarms
 That wound the feeble-hearted.

of the silver palette from the hands of H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, at the annual distribution of premiums awarded by that public-spirited body, the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Sciences, and Manufactures. I cannot but add, that this young lady's progress in art reflects high honour on the able instructions of the very eminent painter to whom she is a pupil.

Then too may memory's bitter tears
 Recall this moment's error,
 And fill thy breast with all the fears
 That harrow souls with terror.

*Translations from HERDER'S Fragments
 of the Greek Anthology.*

ON SEEING A SHEPHERD'S PIPE SUS-
 PENDED IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.

O sweet and rural pipe ! what dost thou
 here ?

Why 'neath these gilded porticos appear,
 Where thou art silent and neglected ?—No ;
 Back to thy native vale of Tempe go !

Let not thy simple tones here breathe a
 measure

To the mad dance of wild voluptuous plea-
 sure.

Back to the shepherd lawns—there may thy
 voice

The heart of rustic innocence rejoice !

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOT SPRINGS.

Beneath these planes, protected from Sol's
 ray,

In harmless slumbers once as Cupid lay,
 His torch from his relaxing fingers fell,
 And threw its ruddy gleam across this well.
 " Now," cried the Nymphs, exulting, " let
 us seize

The tyrant's torturing brand ! Henceforth
 shall ease

And soft repose exist in mortal hearts :
 His torch extinguished, harmless are his
 darts."

Rejoiced, the Nymphs surround the foun-
 tain's brink,

And smile to see the hissing mischief sink
 Below the limpid wave. Ah ! Nymphs, in vain
 Repose for mortal hearts ye seek to gain !

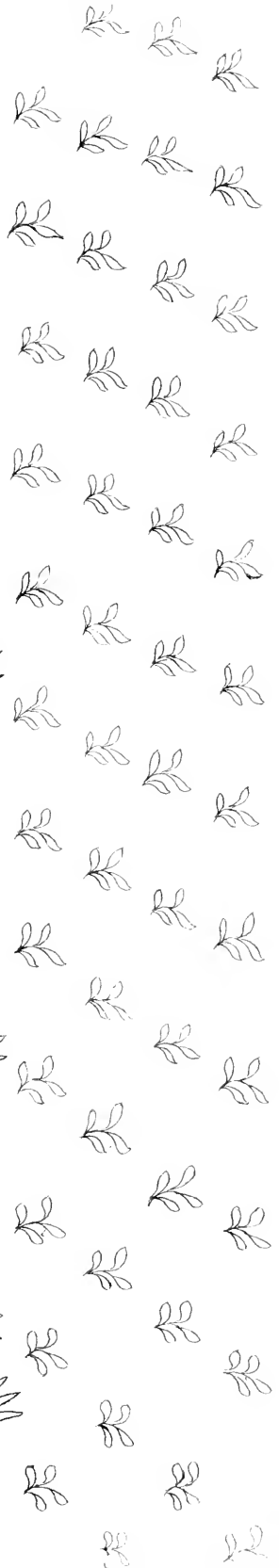
No more refreshing shall your *cool spring*
 flow,

That with Love's fires inflamed shall ever
 glow.

VALERIA.

1 of 64 illustrations in set 6

MUSLIN PATTERN



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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII.

OCTOBER 1, 1826.

N^o. XLVI.

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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.

The article referred to by our fair Correspondent who dates from "Rockleby-House," was discontinued in consequence of the removal of the writer from this country. We expect soon to be enabled to give her satisfaction.

We cannot gratify A Subscriber, at Pimlico, having no department for the record of deaths.

The Repented Compact does not suit us; but we have no doubt the writer could furnish contributions that would be acceptable

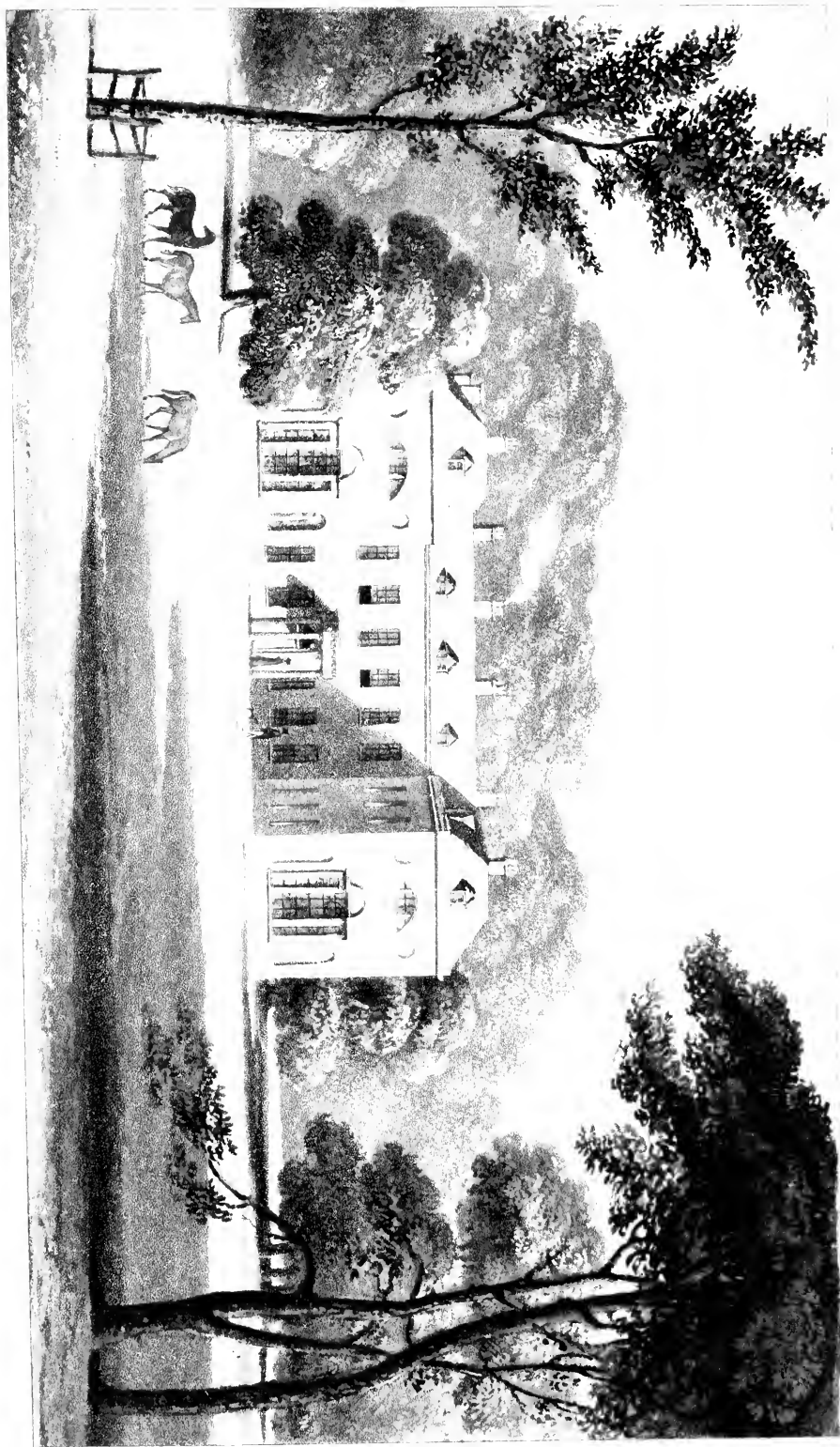
The Bandit—The Great Tun of Gröningen—The Jew and the Travelling Tinker, shall have an early place.

We acknowledge the receipt of several communications from D. L. J.; and also the favour of Valeria.

The notice of several new Musical Publications is deferred, owing to the absence of our Reviewer from Town.

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

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NO. XLVI.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

MARISTOW, DEVON, THE SEAT OF SIR MANASSEH LOPES, BART.

ALTHOUGH the county of Devon is embellished with a variety of noblemen's and gentlemen's seats, none, perhaps, is more delightfully situated than Maristow, it being surrounded with the most romantic scenery, which is enlivened by the river Tavy. The house, however, is not remarkable for architectural grandeur; but it is an elegant, simple structure, containing a number of spacious apartments. The principal front is exhibited in the accompanying engraving, and the north and east sides are sheltered by extensive plantations.

This estate is one of the most valuable in the county, and formerly belonged to the Champernownes, who disposed of it to Sir John Slanning of Shaugh, in this county. It was purchased by the present proprietor, in the year 1798, of the co-

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heirs of the late John Modyford Heywood, Esq. the representative of the Slannings. During the time their late Majesties and the Princesses were on a visit at Saltram (the seat of the Earl of Morley), they made two excursions to Maristow, and were much gratified with the delightful and romantic scenery of this neighbourhood: indeed, the ride from Plymouth to Maristow, passing through the picturesque village of Tamerton-Foliot, is seldom to be equalled. The ancient chapel, from which the place is said to derive its title, has been rebuilt by the present proprietor, who has the appointment of the minister; but the living of the vicarage of Tamerton-Foliot is in the gift of the king. In the church are some ancient memorials highly deserving of notice. The

C c

neighbourhood also contains several valuable mines; but those of Beer-alston, in which a considerable quantity of silver has been found, have ceased being worked. At the last Exeter assizes Sir M. Lopes was obliged to adopt legal measures to restrain the proprietors of a mine in the neighbourhood of his estate

from extending their operations beyond certain limits, and obtained a verdict to that effect. In concluding our account of this charming place, it is but justice to state, that the proprietor is at all times anxious to gratify the curiosity of visitors, or to promote their views in any other respect.

FULFORD-HOUSE, DEVON,

THE SEAT OF COLONEL FULFORD.

This house is situated in a very romantic part of the county, and is chiefly remarkable for its great antiquity, the estate having been in the possession of the Fulfords since the reign of Richard I. The mansion is built on rising ground, and in form is a complete quadrangle, having a large entrance-gateway, surmounted with the family arms; and, when viewed from the opposite side of the water, forms a very pleasing subject for the pencil. Although the house has undergone very considerable repairs, its original Gothic character has been preserved.

This place is also remarkable as having been fortified during the turbulent reign of King Charles I.; and, as a testimony of royal approbation, that unfortunate monarch presented his portrait by Vandyke to the family. The interior contains a number of spacious apartments, which are most elegantly fitted up: the drawing-room is extremely handsome, and among the paintings is one repre-

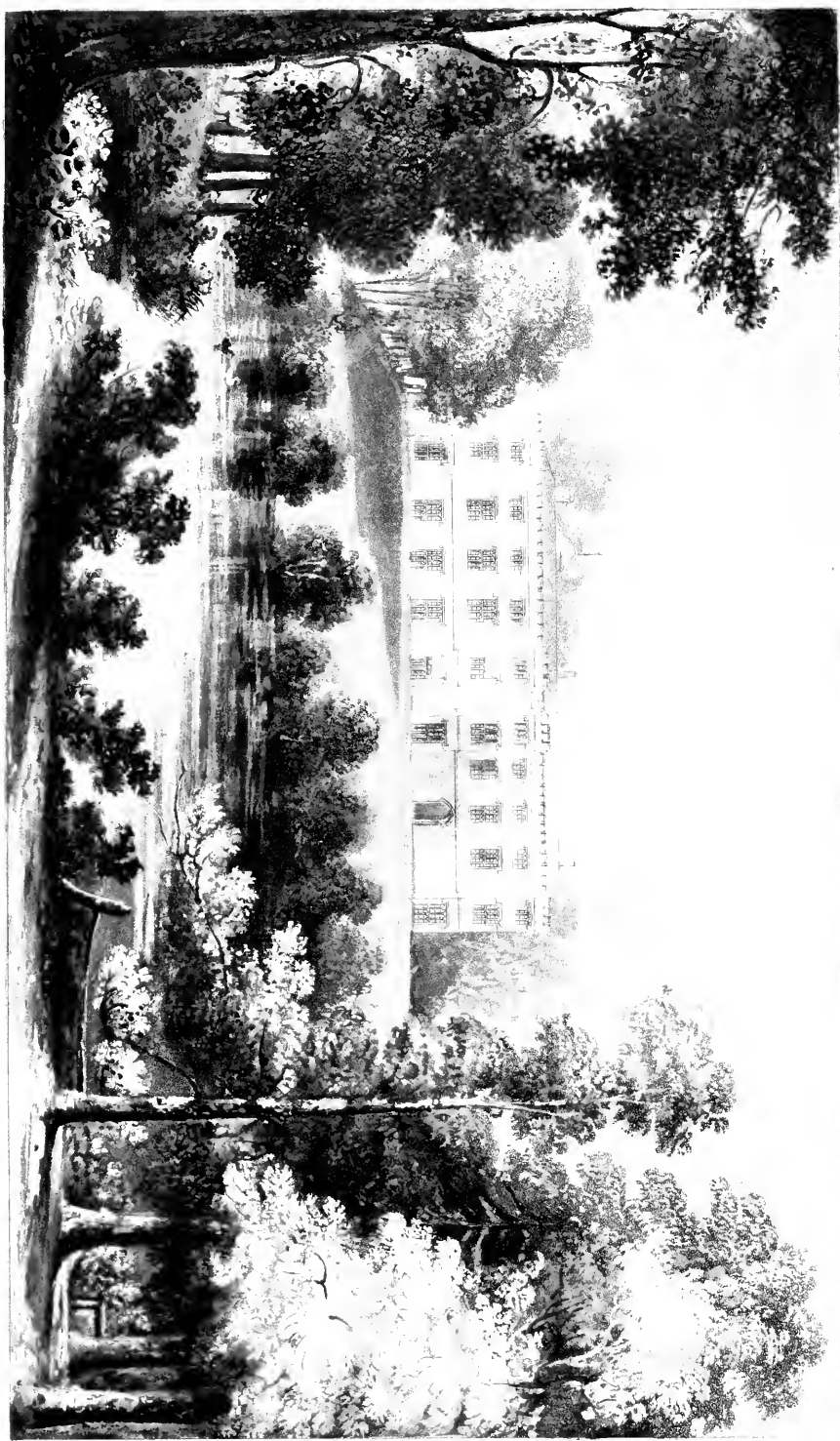
senting the *Battle of Gravelines*, in 1558; as also the portrait of King Charles, above alluded to, and which represents his Majesty seated in his royal robes. The staircase leading to the drawing-room is very striking, being composed of various species of wood inlaid, with a handsome carved ceiling. The paving of the hall, which is formed of white and black marble, polished, has a very rich effect.

Fulford-House is situated in the parish of Dunsford, nearly three miles to the right of the road leading to Moretonhamstead, and about ten miles from Exeter. The park abounds with beautiful plantations, and from its inequality of surface, presents a diversity of beautiful and picturesque scenery. The adjoining parish of Drewsteignton is remarkable as having been the chief seat of the Druids, and still contains an ancient cromlech and a logan-stone, both of which have caused much literary discussion among antiquarians.

LE BUREAU DE MARIAGE.

THERE has lately been opened an office under this title in one of the most frequented streets of Paris, and

in order that the thing may be sufficiently known, the public are frequently informed, through the medium of the



Petites Affiches and Galignani's English newspaper, of the fortunes and qualifications of several fair candidates for matrimony.

This singular establishment, which is yet in its infancy, is announced by the conductor as one that cannot fail to give general satisfaction; a proposition most stoutly negatived by the landlord and all the other tenants of the house in which it is carried on. In order to explain this, I must just take a glance at the generality of Parisian lodging-houses, which may be said to comprehend nineteen twentieths of the houses in Paris; for none, except the first nobility and persons of very great fortune, and few even of them, have a mansion to themselves. The houses, which in general are immensely large, are parcelled out into lodgings of different apartments, and even sometimes of single rooms. It is no uncommon thing to find from twelve to twenty families dwelling under the same roof, some of whom perhaps have never so much as heard the names of the others. There is sometimes a mixture of ranks in even the most respectable houses, which to English ideas seems strange enough; for while people of title occupy two or three stories, the others are frequently tenanted by persons belonging to the lowest class. This indiscriminate mixture of ranks, and the very great number of persons in the same house, might often lead to unpleasant consequences, were it not that every mansion is provided with a porter, who keeps a sharp look-out after all comers and goers.

In the house of which I have been speaking, the tenants are mostly respectable people, and as ill-luck would have it, there is rather more than a fair proportion of ladies; among whom

is an old maid, a coquettish wife, a buxom widow, a starched prude, a lovely girl of eighteen, and a superannuated marquise, who seems to have no other earthly business or pleasure than that of watching and commenting upon the actions of her neighbours.

No sooner was the *Bureau* opened, than the house was crowded from morning till night with loungers, ruined gamesters, and fortune-hunters; so that none of the fair inmates could go up and down alone without being accosted with, "Pray, ma'am, are you the widow or the young lady whose advertisement for a husband appeared in *Galignani's Messenger* of yesterday, or the *Petites Affiches* of to-day?"

This sort of salutation, disagreeable enough in itself, was rendered doubly annoying by the terms in which it was sometimes conveyed; *par exemple*, the old maid, who has, during the last fifteen years, declared constantly that she was between three and four and twenty, was asked by a man of fifty, whether she was not the *dame d'un certain age* desirous of meeting with a companion of her own standing. The gay wife, who has nearly ruined her husband by her taste for dissipation, was lately accosted by a miserable-looking animal, the very picture of Moliere's Miser, who begged to know if she was not the young person of small fortune whose frugality would make her a treasure to a prudent man. A gentleman of nearly seventy told the widow, that he hoped she was the lady whose sympathizing disposition, and intimate knowledge of the treatment necessary for people in delicate health, would render her a most desirable helpmate for an elderly inva-

lid. And the prude, who, be it observed, has only a trifling life-annuity, and who, besides her professed dislike to matrimony, has a particular horror of the military, was caught hold of the other day by a young lieutenant, who saw in her face that she was the sprightly widow who avowed with such charming frankness her intention to bestow her half million of livres upon a brave soldier.

These *mal-à-propos* rencontres, aided by the active cares of the dowager, to whom each of the fair-ones has related in turn the affronts she has received, have produced a general commotion in the house. The ladies in question have given warning, and all the other tenants seem disposed to follow their example, to the great regret of the proprietor, who would readily appease their wrath by dismissing the marriage-broker, if that worthy gentleman, foreseeing probably what his fate might be, had not taken care to prevent it by securing to himself a long lease. As to the business of the office, I cannot tell the reader how it goes on, not being at all in the secret; but it has been the means of bringing about one marriage, which gives me the liveliest pleasure, because it renders two worthy families happy; and as the incident is at once simple and singular, I shall relate it to my readers.

Monsieur de V——, the father of the lovely girl of eighteen whom I have spoken of above, has been reduced by circumstances, which it is unnecessary to enter into, from affluence to something less than competence. The loss of an adored wife threw him into a state of melancholy, under which he would perhaps have sunk, but for the unre-

mitting cares of his daughter. She devoted herself entirely to him, and continually exerted her talents, which he had carefully cultivated, to lighten the grief that for some months threatened his life. At the time that the *Bureau* was just opened, a slight illness confined de V. to his chamber; till then Melanie had never gone out alone; but as both herself and her father were in the habit of going daily to church, de V. would not suffer his illness to prevent his daughter's continuing her pious custom. One morning she proceeded, for the first time, by herself, and at a later hour than usual. In returning to her apartment she met a group of young men close to the door of the *Bureau*, which she was obliged to pass, and timidly drew back. Impudence itself could not have presumed to question a creature like Melanie on the subject of a marriage advertisement. The group respectfully made way for her, and restrained the expression of their admiration till she was out of hearing, when every mouth, except that of Eugene Delmar, was opened in her praise. He alone was silent and abstracted, which was the more strange, as he had, till the moment of her appearance, been the merriest of them all, and enjoyed, more than any of the others, the idea of hoaxing the marriage-broker. His young companions rallied him gaily on the loss of his heart; the faint manner in which he defended himself redoubled their mirth; and it was agreed *nem. con.* that Hymen had revenged himself by calling in the assistance of Cupid, to punish the most audacious of those offenders who had dared to mock his new high priest.

One might be tempted to believe

that there was some truth in their *badinage*, from the very strong impression Melanie made upon the heart of Eugene. From that hour he haunted the *Bureau*, in order to catch a glimpse of her, but he haunted it in vain; she was not again to be seen. We may be sure that he spared neither pains nor expense to learn who she was; and as all he heard tended to make him believe that her mind was not less lovely than her person, it increased the violence of his passion.

While things were in this state, his father surprised him one morning with the intelligence, that he had just concluded a match for him with the rich Mademoiselle de ——. Eugene, who was completely an *enfant gâté*, immediately declared, that it could never take place.

“And why so?”

“Because I love another.”

“Love another! and without telling me! But who is she? what is she? what fortune has she?”

“She is the daughter of Monsieur de V. an old Chevalier de St. Louis. As to her fortune, she has the best of fortunes, the beauty and innocence of an angel.”

“You are mad! Beauty and innocence, forsooth! A fine fortune truly for a fellow of your expensive habits. But where did you get acquainted with this paragon?”

“I am not acquainted with her.”

“What, the devil! you love a woman then of whom you know nothing!”

“I know that she is good and beautiful, for I have seen her.”

“Where?”

“At the *Bureau de Mariage*. She——

At these words Delmar, who is

naturally choleric, lost all patience. “Get out of my sight!” cried he, interrupting his son, with vehemence, “get out of my sight, or I shall certainly knock you down!” Eugene knew his father’s temper too well to attempt any explanation at that moment; he ran out of the room as fast as he could; and Delmar, after having stamped and fumed, and devoted the *Bureau de Mariage* and all concerned with it scores of times to the devil, began to think of taking immediate measures to prevent any one connected with such an establishment from ever becoming a member of his family. His first step was to hasten to the office; and just as he was going up stairs to make his inquiries, he saw coming down a venerable-looking man, leaning on the arm of a lovely girl. At another time Delmar, who is still young enough to feel the power of beauty, would have had eyes for the lady, but he scarcely glanced at her; his whole attention being engrossed by the gentleman, on whom he steadfastly gazed for a moment, and then rushing towards him, “O marquis!” cried he, “is it possible? can it be you that I see?”

“For whom, sir,” replied de V——, in a reserved tone, and without any apparent recollection of Delmar, “for whom do you take me?”

“For whom? for my preserver, for him who saved my life at the hazard of his own! Deny it not! you are, you must be, the Marquis de C——.”

The veteran’s reserve vanished; he threw himself into the arms of the grateful Delmar, and in two minutes they were seated side by side in de C——’s little apartment, relating to one another the vicissitudes each had

experienced since de C——, a Vendean chief, had rushed into a barn which a party of his men had set on fire, to carry from it the only human being it contained, a young republican soldier, unable from his wounds to follow his companions in their flight.

We need not give the history of the friends; suffice it to say, that the Vendean chief, after enhancing the splendour of his ancient title by the most brilliant valour, laid it aside in his old age, because he had no longer the means to support it; and the republican soldier, faithful to the oath that gratitude induced him to take of never again raising his arm against his countrymen, had acquired by honourable industry a splendid property. He had, however, too much delicacy to dwell upon the last circumstance, though he only blessed it as a means of enabling him to repair the wrongs which Fortune had done to his preserver.

Delmar had now eyes for Melanie; he congratulated de C—— on possessing such a treasure; the marquis spoke of her with all the warmth of paternal love. "And you, my friend," cried he, "have not you also children?" Till that moment Delmar had forgotten the cause of their meeting. "O yes," said he; "one son, who, up to this day, has been the joy of my life; but a strange, a disgraceful infatuation promises to blight all my hopes."

"God forbid! But explain yourself."

"Why, the boy, who, I must confess, has always had too much his own way, has fallen in love."

"Well, there is nothing very terrible in that!"

"Yes, yes, but there is though;

for the object of his passion is an adventuress, I am sure. I came here on purpose to find her out; her name is Mademoiselle de V——; and he owned to me, that he had seen her at the cursed *Bureau de Mariage*, in this very house."

At these words Melanie, who was not ignorant of the passion she had inspired, rose, almost sinking with confusion, to leave the room. Her father laid his hand upon her arm. "Stay, my dear child," said he; "there is, there must be some mistake: never, I am sure, would my friend Delmar apply, knowingly, such an epithet to you."

A few words of explanation set all to rights, except the head of Delmar, who, one moment on his knees soliciting pardon of Melanie, and the next embracing the marquis, could only sob out, that he never could forgive himself, nor know a moment's happiness, unless his son, his noble-minded boy, could obtain the lovely object on whom his affections were so worthily bestowed. The marquis looked at Melanie; her eyes were cast down, but her father read in her glowing blushes and the soft confusion of her air a willing, though bashful consent.

Delmar, almost beside himself with joy, hastened home, and presented himself abruptly to his son. "Circumstances have induced me," said he, with assumed sternness, "to change my mind with regard to Mademoiselle de ——: I no longer desire to see her your wife."

"Heaven be praised!"

"But I have found a bride for you, whose alliance I should prefer to that of royalty itself: get ready instantly to accompany me to her."

"Father, I swear——"

“And I swear, also, that you shall see the woman of my choice: if after seeing her you can still refuse her, which I do not believe possible, I will wed her myself, and you may consult your fancy, and find a wife at the *Bureau de Mariage*, or wherever you will. No words; it is time that I should let you know I will be obeyed.”

Away went poor Eugene cruelly perplexed, and conning all the way a fine set speech to soften his intended refusal of the lady's hand. To render the *denouement* more complete, de C—, at the desire of Delmar, had given him a rendezvous at the house of a friend. When the carriage stopped, Eugene would once more have supplicated his father; Delmar, without listening, led, or rather dragged him into a saloon, where the first object that met his eyes was Melanic.

A gallant French nobleman once told his queen, that if the thing she ordered were possible, it should be done; and if it were impossible, it must be done. Would that we had this clever gentleman at our elbow, to paint, for the gratification of our fair readers, the scene that followed. Alas! we cannot have this assistance; and as our limited powers will not reach the impossible, we shall only say, that Eugene, the happy Eugene, soon led Melanic to the altar; and that Delmar has founded an annual donation of four marriage-portions, of a thousand francs each, for the most deserving girls in the parish in which his principal *château* is situated, and their nuptials will in future be celebrated every year on the anniversary of his son's first visit to the *Bureau de Mariage*.

THE MODERN CASSANDRA.

(Concluded from p. 164.)

“One evening,” continued the baron, “when the count was at Châtillon, we were seated at table and very merry. Besides myself, the only persons present were a Swedish gentleman, who likewise belonged to our select circle, and Florine, that charming Muse of dancing, whom you must still remember, and who was then my constant companion when I went into the country. Music, singing, and the mimic dancing of the two females, had made the evening pass very agreeably; interesting adventures communicated by the two Swedes, and some of the results of my experience, diversified and seasoned the entertainment, in which art had spared nothing that

could gratify the most fastidious taste. The spirit of the generous champagne was at length added to the series of select enjoyments, and increased the hilarity of the little company. The count was particularly attentive to his mistress, who that day appeared the more fascinating to us all from an air of gentle melancholy, which caused her to receive and return the count's caresses with extraordinary tenderness. He could not thank her enough for complying with his wish to accompany him, which on this occasion he had great difficulty to prevail on her to do: he rejoiced to see the fit of hypochondria which had come over her, as he said, dispelled; and, solicitous to

prevent a relapse, he urged her to take a glass of champagne, which was contrary to her practice, as she was not accustomed to drink wine, unless mixed with a good deal of water. At first, she refused almost with obstinacy; but at length being obliged to yield, she swallowed a glass of the sparkling beverage: its effects soon manifested themselves. A deeper crimson suffused her cheeks, her eyes flashed an unearthly fire, and her expressions assumed an unusual and almost poetic turn. The count was delighted, and replenishing the glass, raised it again to her lips. She scarcely sipped a drop of the pearly fluid, and gently pushed back the hand that held the glass, when a splendid diamond ring which the count sometimes wore caught her eye. She had hitherto never taken the least notice of objects of this kind: hence it was remarkable that she should now draw the hand with the ring nearer to her eye, and examine it long and attentively. The count wished her to notice a peculiarity in the chasing, and that she might see it the better, he turned the palm of his hand towards her. All at once the poor girl gave a terrible shriek, started back and hid her face, which turned deathly pale, in her hands, as though to avoid some fearful sight.

“The count conceiving this to be the effect of sudden indisposition, embraced his mistress, loudly calling for assistance and medicines; but she burst out into vehement sobs, and held the count convulsively clasped, as though she would never loose him from her arms. He strove to cheer her up; but when, as he tenderly caressed her, his right hand approached her eyes, we saw the same

mysterious horror again pervade her countenance. Then, as if from a sudden inspiration, she sprung up, sank at the count's feet, embraced his knees, and cried, in the most moving tones, ‘Promise me never to leave this country, and never to return to your own. A dreadful fate is indicated in the lines of your hand—death on the scaffold, by the sword! Oh! let us flee to the solitude of my native mountains! there it is impossible that such a fate can overtake you. Reject not, I implore you, this supplication.’ The count raised her with a smile; he drew her to his bosom, and strove by a thousand expressions of fondness to reassure her, attributing the whole affair to her condition, for she bore beneath her heart a pledge of his love, and to the increased irritability incident to that state. ‘You are mistaken,’ replied Manon, with the utmost gravity. ‘An unfortunate peculiarity of my tribe has transmitted to me the ability to read the fate of men in the lines of the hand. My parents practised this art; and thus I am no stranger to it, although I always avoided penetrating deeper into its mysteries. As they died while I was young, I forgot by degrees what I knew of it; so that it was only when any circumstance augmented the powers of my soul, and quickened my vital spirits, that I perceived this unhappy faculty revive within me, and felt an irresistible impulse to exercise it. I shunned, as much as possible, every thing that could produce these effects; I have avoided, ever since I knew you, my dear count, every occasion of seeing the lines of your hand, that nothing might excite in me the dangerous curiosity to inquire the decrees of fate respecting

the man whom I adore. This evening, you know how positively I declined drinking that wine; at last I complied, because my refusal seemed to vex you; but from that moment I felt an irresistible impulse to read your lot. I endeavoured to conquer it, and when at length the magic power constrained me to grasp your hand, I strove to fix my eyes as long as possible on the sparkling stone upon your finger, hoping that the cruel impulse which urged me would meanwhile subside. At that moment, you turned those mysterious lines towards me—I could not help reading them, and I cannot contradict what I read.

“The count seemed to be affected, either by this extraordinary address, or, what we thought much more probable, by the state of his mistress, for whom he began, no doubt, to be seriously alarmed. It seemed high time to throw an air of jest on this singular conversation: the other Swedish gentleman and I nodded to each other, and approaching her with smiling countenances, and holding out our hands, cried, ‘Prophesy, then, to us also, fair Sibyl, if you cannot help prophesying! We, too, are desirous of having our fortunes told by such lovely lips!’—‘Ah! why will you lead me into temptation?’ she exclaimed sorrowfully; and an almost compulsory look at the hand of the Swede, who held it up close to her face, produced the same start of horror as before. ‘Your lineaments, too,’ said she at last, ‘promise nothing good. You are threatened with great danger, distress, and long confinement, in a distant country: assist me, therefore, to detain the count *here!*’ I fancied that I could perceive a slight cloud of in-

quietude overcast the brow of my friend; and still hoping to give a cheerful turn to the matter, I pushed away the hand of the Swede, and holding out mine in its place, jocosely cried, ‘I too wish to know my fortune; and if you see this time nothing but ill-luck, we will all three set off at once with you for a wilderness.’ She looked long and pensively at the palm of my extended hand, and then said, in a tone the melancholy sound of which I shall never forget, ‘All that now adorns and embellishes your life you will lose. One severe experience, one loss after another, awaits you; years of distress and privation succeed years of pleasure and enjoyment. Nothing is left you but a lonely old age in poverty; and if through a new turn of fortune part of your property be restored to you, death is at hand to prevent your enjoying it.’—‘Upon my word,’ said the count, ‘here are disasters enough for all of us! But, my dear, don’t give way to these gloomy fancies. Another glass will impart a more cheerful tone to your imagination; and the best thing we can all do is, to drown the fear of such a melancholy futurity in the enjoyment of the present moment.’ With these words he conducted her to her chair, and filling her glass, handed it to her again. She drank without hesitation, as if she had now nothing more to fear. We all replenished our glasses more than once; but our former gaiety was gone, and not to be recovered. There was a coldness and constraint in our conversation; neither could Manon again wholly collect herself. She continued silent and thoughtful; and the count, anxious for her health,

soon afterwards retired with his *protégée*.

“As soon as we were alone, Florine made some satirical remarks on the extraordinary scene. She regarded it as a subtle artifice of the count’s mistress to bind him to herself, and to give permanence to their connection. To me, however, this notion appeared totally inconsistent with the whole previous conduct of Manon; I was rather disposed to attribute the circumstance to an unusual degree of mental excitement, and had soon forgotten the whole affair, retaining only the recollection of the unpleasant impression made by it on our gay circle.

“Manon’s health continued from this period to decline: her melancholy seemed to increase with her indisposition, and she importuned the count, without ceasing, to give up all thoughts of ever returning to his own country, and to choose for his residence some sequestered spot in the valleys of Switzerland or the Pyrenees. In order to pacify her, he promised to consider of her wishes, hoping that, after her confinement, these gloomy thoughts would give place of themselves to a more cheerful tone of mind. About half a year had thus elapsed since the occurrence just related, when the count one day came to me in considerable agitation. ‘I have received letters,’ said he, ‘commanding me to return with all possible speed to my own country. I have long had reason to expect my recall; but, for Manon’s sake, I did wish that it might be yet awhile deferred. I intended at first to take her with me, but this her present state will not admit of, as my duty obliges me to travel with the utmost expedition. Neither dare I

now shock her with the news that we must part, which she would not perhaps survive. I have, therefore, determined for the present to deceive her with the pretext of a short journey to the Spanish frontiers, where unforeseen circumstances may afterwards detain me longer than I expected. To your kindness I confide the commission, to acquaint Manon, when she is recovered from her confinement, with the truth as tenderly as you can, and to comfort her with the promise to send her after me as soon as circumstances shall permit.’ Having deposited in my hands a considerable sum for Manon’s use, he took leave of me with great emotion. Every thing was done according to his directions. Scarcely three weeks after his departure Manon was delivered of a boy. She was profoundly shocked when I broke to her by degrees the intelligence that the count was no longer in France; and when I strove to sooth her with the prospect of speedily rejoining him with her child in his own country, she only shook her head sorrowfully by way of reply. She lived very retired, and scarcely saw any one except myself; for I had promised the count to visit her from time to time, and to assist her in the management of her affairs. The count wrote often and very affectionately to her, after his return to his own country; but he there found himself in a very different situation from what he had expected, and was obliged to defer the execution of his intention to send for Manon. She bore the disappointment with that tranquil resignation, which, since the parting from her protector, had become the prominent feature in her character, and lived quite secluded, engaged solely with her re-

collections and the care of her child, whose delicate constitution required more than usual attention.

“ In the ordinary course of events I had more and more lost sight of her, and thus years had imperceptibly stolen away, without producing any change in her situation. At length the news of the death of Charles XII. King of Sweden, burst suddenly upon us. It was communicated to me by the count himself, who was deeply afflicted by the premature end of that distinguished monarch, and seemed to expect from it no very favourable results to his own fortunes. His letters had latterly been less frequent: time had, perhaps, somewhat diminished the ardour of his affection for Manon; for he had not for years made any mention of his former design to send for her, probably because his unsettled and busy life would not admit of his doing so. As, however, his liberality towards her continued the same, and Manon spent but a small part of the sums which he remitted to me for her, I put the surplus to various uses, in hopes of raising in this manner a capital for the child. I found Manon deeply affected by the intelligence of the death of Charles XII. and soon perceived that it was more than sympathy in the sorrow of her friend for the loss of a beloved sovereign which distressed her to such a degree, and that all her former mysterious apprehensions were revived on this occasion. How soon and how dreadfully they were realized, and how literally that fatal prediction was fulfilled, will be obvious, when I tell you, that Manon’s protector was no other than the celebrated Count Görtz, whose name is as universally known as his fate.

“ I shall say nothing of Manon’s anguish or her despair when the catastrophe had actually happened, nor shall I attempt to describe the horror which I myself felt, when her prediction relative to the other Swedish gentleman was fulfilled, and he, being implicated in the fall of Count Görtz, was doomed to close imprisonment for life. I could not deny that my circumstances had of late years been far from improving. Apprehensive that the prophecy relative to me would likewise be verified, I took many a step in the hope of recovering myself, but an unlucky fatality seemed to pursue me. One heavy loss rapidly followed another. Measures of the government against creditors of the state, dictated by necessity and admitting of no exception, contributed to my ruin, and the final blow was the failure of the commercial house of Favart, in which Manon’s capital also was invested.

“ Accustomed to pour forth my sorrows into the bosom of this sympathizing friend—for the giddy Florine had deserted me with my prosperity—I went to Manon to acquaint her with her loss, and to lament my own. She led me to her dead child, which, after protracted sufferings, had expired the preceding night. ‘ Here learn,’ said she, ‘ that there are severer losses than the loss of wealth and fortune!’ I was much shocked. ‘ I have now nothing more in the world to lose,’ added she, again covering the face of the little corpse—‘ but there is still a duty which I think myself bound to perform. You are now poor—so am I: but at an age when we are but little capable of habituating ourselves to privations, you would soon succumb under this necessity, without the consolation of

faithful friendship and sincere sympathy. If you will accept this from me, I am ready to accompany you into any retirement, that you may not be wholly destitute of that attendance which your time of life requires.' You may readily conceive that I accepted this proposal with gratitude. I strove to arrange my affairs so far, at least, as to secure the entire disposal of the little I had left. My creditors seized without mercy; an unfortunate fire consumed the rest. I was now reduced to absolute poverty, but Manon's friendship continued unshaken. She still possessed a few jewels, the produce of which sufficed to purchase this little habitation. No solitude could be too profound for Manon, and I had for my part no further longing after the world, by which I found myself so ill treated and so soon forgotten. Here we have now lived several years, and I am confident that mutual adversity has bound us more firmly together than prosperity could formerly have done.

"You will scarcely believe me when I assure you, that I have not made any attempt to recover the large sums owing me by the government, which, to confess the truth, I might have done, through my former connections, especially of late years, with some chance of success, as the state of its finances has considerably improved. But the literal accomplishment of Manon's predictions has, I confess, made so deep an impression upon me, that I have not the least doubt of the fulfilment of the last point concerning myself. Arrant epicurean as I once was, I am now stoic enough to value my bare life above all things; and the recovery of those sums, so far from affording

pleasure, would fill me with constant apprehensions of approaching death. If, however, I was strongly tempted, especially in the first years of my seclusion, to take some steps for this purpose, Manon's melancholy looks and the deep sigh with which she used to answer my intimations soon caused me to forego my intention, and I learned at length to submit to a lot which cannot change but with my death."

By the time Baron Hoguet had finished this narrative it was almost quite dark. Both of us were silent, occupied with our respective thoughts. All at once the tender notes of a harp, played by a masterly hand, and accompanied by a superb mellow female voice, burst from the upper room. They were truly ethereal strains, which seemed now to flow from the deepest earthly sorrows, now breathed heavenly consolation, and finally melted into softly soothing chords. "That is Manon's evening hymn," said the baron; "with such tunes she tranquillizes her afflicted bosom, and thence she derives solace and resignation to continue to live as long as God pleases."

Next morning, on leaving the little cabinet in which I slept, I found the baron and Manon at the breakfast-table waiting for me. It was not till then that I discovered the whole charm of that ideal form, which the meanness of her apparel could not disguise, and the lovely features, on which grief and time had left fewer traces than might have been expected. Inexpressible fidelity and sincerity beamed from her large dark eye. It was impossible to doubt that such a form was animated by a truly noble soul. When I was about to depart, the baron took me aside. "I

have laid myself completely open to you," said he; "but I cannot let you go without a promise that you will not take the slightest step in my favour in Paris; and also that you will not divulge a syllable of my story, lest others who may still feel interested in my behalf might attempt to serve me. Smile if you please at the fool who so anxiously desires not to shorten a life which to you may appear wretched; but that you may be able to comprehend this, I assure you that in this retirement my heart enjoys a tranquillity and satisfaction, which I never knew in the days of my greatest prosperity." After some

useless remonstrances, I gave the baron the promise which he required, and parted, not without deep emotion from him and Manon.

Business soon afterwards removed me from Paris. I was two years absent. On my return, I learned that part of Baron Hoguet's claims on the state had been ordered to be liquidated, without any application; but when, after long inquiry, his place of abode was discovered, it was found that he had died a few days before. Manon had sold the little property, and retired to a convent of the Sisters of Mercy.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. IV.

THE HEROISM OF LOVE.

IN the church-yard of the little town of Salins, may still be seen the remains of a tomb on which is sculptured, in figures as rude as the age in which they were carved, a representation of a soldier firmly clasped in the arms of a maiden; near them stands the devil, in a menacing attitude. Though the inhabitants of the town are all ready to swear to the truth of the story, they are not agreed as to the time when it happened; so that we can only say, that some centuries have rolled away since a young soldier named Isidore, a native of Salins, was returning, after a long absence, to the bosom of his family. He walked with quick and cheerful steps, carrying with ease in a small knapsack the whole of his worldly goods. Never since he quitted the paternal roof had he felt so happy, for he hoped ere night to see his pretty cousin Fanchon, whom

he loved with all his heart, and whom he intended to make his wife.

He walked on, gaily carolling, till he saw a cross-road before him, and uncertain of his way, he called to an old woman who was stooping with her back towards him to direct him. She was silent, and as he approached he repeated the call, and she raised her head to answer it. The stout heart of the young soldier quailed as he cast his eyes upon a countenance such as never before met his gaze. He had, indeed, reason to tremble; for he had just disturbed, in the middle of an incantation, one of the most powerful witches in the country. She regarded him with a demoniac smile, and said, in a tone which froze his blood, "Turn where thou wilt, thy road is sure—it leads to death!"

For some moments, he stood as if rooted to the spot; but soon fear of

the sorceress, who remained gazing upon him, gave him strength to flee. He ran forward, nor stopped till he had completely lost sight of the fearful being whose dreadful prediction had struck him with such horror. Suddenly, a frightful storm arose; the thunder growled, and the lightning flashed round the weary traveller, who, drenched with rain, and overcome with fatigue, had hardly strength to proceed. How great was his joy when he saw at a distance a magnificent château, the gate of which stood open! He exerted all his remaining strength to reach it, and precipitately entered a large hall. There he stopped, expecting every moment to see some of the domestics, but no one appeared. He remained some time, watching the progress of the storm: at length it began to abate, and he determined to pursue his way; but as he approached the door, it closed with a loud noise, and all his efforts to open it were vain.

Struck with astonishment and dismay, the young soldier now believed that the prediction of the witch was about to be accomplished, and that he was doomed to fall a sacrifice to magic art. Exhausted by his vain efforts to open the ponderous door, he sank for a moment, in helpless despondency, on the marble pavement; but his trust in Providence soon revived. He said his prayers, and rising, waited with firmness the issue of his extraordinary adventure. When he became composed enough to look round him, he examined the hall in which he was: a pair of folding doors at the farther end flattered him with the hope of escape that way, but they too were fastened. The hall was of immense size, entirely unfurnished; the walls, pave-

ment, and ceiling were of black marble; there were no windows, but a small skylight faintly admitted the light of day into this abode of gloom, where reigned a silence like that of the tomb. Hour after hour passed; this mournful silence remained still undisturbed; and Isidore, overcome with fatigue and watching, at length sunk into a deep though perturbed slumber.

His sleep was soon disturbed by a frightful dream: he heard all at once the sound of a knell, mingled with the cries of bats and owls, and a hollow voice murmured in his ear, "Woe to those who trouble the repose of the dead!" He started on his feet, but what a sight met his eyes! The hall was partially illuminated by flashes of sulphureous fire; on the pavement was laid the body of a man newly slain, and covered with innumerable wounds, from which a band of unearthly forms, whose fearful occupation proclaimed their hellish origin, were draining the yet warm blood.

Isidore uttered a shriek of terror, and was in an instant surrounded by the fiends; already were their fangs, from which the remains of their horrid feast still dripped, extended to grasp him, when he hastily made the sign of the cross, and sank senseless upon the ground. When he regained his senses the infernal band had vanished, and he saw bending over him an old man, magnificently, but strangely dressed: his silken garments flowed loosely round him, and were embroidered with figures of different animals and mystic devices. His countenance was majestic, and his venerable white beard descended below his girdle: but his features had a wild and gloomy expression; his eyes, above

all, had in their glance that which might appal the stoutest heart. Isidore shrunk from this mysterious being with awe mingled with abhorrence, and a cold shudder ran through his frame as the old man bent upon him those piercing eyes.

"Rash youth!" cried he, in a severe tone, "how is it that thou hast dared to enter this place, where never mortal foot save mine has trod?"

"I came not willingly; an evil destiny, and not vain curiosity, brought me hither."

"Thou wouldst not the less have expiated thy presumption with thy life, but for my aid; I have saved thee from the vampyres who guard it, and it depends upon me whether thou shalt not still become their prey."

"Oh, save me then, I pray thee!"

"And why should I save thee? What price art thou willing to give me for thy life?"

"Alas! I have nothing worthy of thy acceptance."

"But thou mayst have; and it is only through thee that I can obtain what I most desire."

"How?"

"The blood of a dove would be for me a treasure, but I may not kill one; she must be slain for me by one whose life I have saved. Should I liberate thee, a dove will fly to thy bosom; swear that thou wilt instantly sacrifice her for me, and thou shalt be free."

"I swear it."

Hardly had Isidore uttered the words, when he found himself in the chamber of Fanchon, who, with a cry of joy, rushed into his arms. He prest her with transport to his breast; but scarcely had he em-

braced her, when he saw the magician standing by his side. "Wretch!" cried he, "is it thus thou keepest thine oath? Pierce her heart—she is the dove that thou must instantly sacrifice, if thou wilt not become a feast for the vampyres."

"Sacrifice her? Never! never!"

"Then thou art my prey." And the fiend, assuming his own form, sprang towards his victim: but he stopped suddenly, he dared not seize him; for the maiden held him firmly clasped in her arms, and the little cross of gold which, night and day, she wore upon her bosom had been blest by the venerable priest whose gift it was. Thus nought unholy dared approach the maiden, and the baffled fiend fled with a tremendous yell, as the crowing of the cock announced the approach of dawn.

The cries of the maiden soon brought the neighbours to her chamber, and among them was the pastor, to whom Isidore related his adventure. "O my son!" said the good priest, "what have you done? See you not that you have entered into a contract with the powers of darkness? Unable to wreak their vengeance on you when you had guarded yourself with the blessed sign of our redemption, the fiend has had recourse to craft to draw you into his power. You have promised a sacrifice to the enemy of God and man, but you have done it in ignorance. Abjure, then, solemnly the cursed contract, and dread no longer the vengeance of the fiend."

The young soldier made the required abjuration, during which the most dreadful noises were heard: it was the last effort of the demon's vengeance; for from that time he was neither seen nor heard of. Isi-

dore married the maiden who had given him such a courageous proof of her love; and the cross, transmitted from her to her descendants, was always considered by them as the most precious part of their inhe-

ritance. In process of time the family became wealthy, and a great-grandson of Isidore's erected the monument we have described, to commemorate the miraculous escape of his ancestor.

THE PRISONERS IN THE CAUCASUS.

By Count XAVIER DE MAISTRE.

THE mountains of the Caucasus have long been inclosed by Russia, without forming part of that empire. Their ferocious inhabitants, divided by language and interests, compose numerous petty tribes, which have but few political relations with one another, but are all animated by the same love of independence and plunder.

One of the most formidable of these tribes is that of the Tchetchenges, inhabiting the Great and Little Kabarda, two provinces, the lofty valleys of which extend to the very summits of the Caucasus. The men are handsome, brave, and intelligent, but withal cruel, addicted to depredation, and in a state of almost continual warfare with the troops of the *Line**.

In the midst of these dangerous hordes, and in the very centre of that chain of mountains, Russia has constructed a road communicating with her Asiatic dominions. Redoubts erected at distances protect this route as far as Georgia; but no traveller dare venture alone from one of these redoubts to another. Twice a week a body of infantry, with cannon and a considerable party of Cos-

* Such is the appellation given to the chain of posts occupied by the Russian troops between the Caspian and Black Seas, from the mouth of the Terek to that of the Cuban.

sacks, escorts travellers and the government dispatches. One of these redoubts, situated at the principal outlet of the mountains, has become a populous village. From its situation it has received the name of Wladi-Caucasus*; and it is the residence of the commander of the troops engaged in the dangerous service just mentioned.

Major Kascambo, of the regiment of Wologda, a Russian gentleman of Greek extraction, was ordered to take the command of the post of Lars, in one of the defiles of the Caucasus. Impatient to repair thither, and brave to temerity, he had the imprudence to undertake the journey with an escort of about fifty Cossacks, who were under his orders, and the still greater indiscretion to talk of his plan and to boast of it previously to its execution.

The Tchetchenges dwelling on the frontiers, and commonly called the peaceable Tchetchenges, are subject to Russia, and enjoy in consequence free access to Mosdok; but most of them keep up an intercourse with the mountaineers, and very frequently participate in their depredations. The latter, being informed of Kascambo's journey and the day fixed for his departure, waylaid him in great force. About twenty wersts

* *Wladi* comes from the Russian verb, *wladeti*, to command, to overawe.

from Mosdok, at the foot of an eminence, covered with copse-wood, he was assailed by seven hundred horsemen. Retreat was impossible; the Cossacks dismounted and sustained the attack with great firmness, hoping to receive succour from the troops of a redoubt not far distant.

The natives of the Caucasus, though individually brave, are incapable of attacking in a body, and are consequently not very dangerous to troops that steadily oppose them: but their fire-arms are good, and they are excellent marksmen. Their great number, on this occasion, rendered the conflict too unequal. After a long resistance, more than half of the Cossacks were killed or disabled: the rest formed, with the dead horses, a circular rampart, behind which they discharged their last cartridges. The Tchetchenges, who, in all their expeditions, take along with them Russian deserters, to serve upon occasion as interpreters, intimated through this medium to the Cossacks, that unless they delivered up the major, they should be put to death to the last man. Kasambo, foreseeing the inevitable destruction of his whole party, resolved to surrender himself, to save the lives of the survivors. He delivered his sword to his men, and advanced alone towards the Tchetchenges, who instantly ceased firing; their sole object being to take him alive, that they might extort a considerable ransom. Scarcely had he put himself into the hands of his enemies, when the succours sent to his relief appeared at a distance. It was now too late; the banditti precipitately retreated with their prisoner.

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His *denshik** had remained in the rear with the mule which carried the major's baggage. Concealed in a ravine, he was awaiting the issue of the action, when the Cossacks came up and acquainted him with the fate of his master. The brave fellow immediately determined to share his captivity, and, taking his mule with him, he followed the traces of the horses of the Tchetchenges. When it grew so dark that he could no longer distinguish their track, he fell in with one of the enemy's stragglers, who conducted him to their place of rendezvous.

The feelings of the prisoner, when he saw his *denshik* come voluntarily to share his misfortune, may easily be conceived. The Tchetchenges instantly divided the booty which he brought them, leaving the major nothing but a guitar, which was among his baggage, and which they restored to him in derision. Ivan, this was the name of the *denshik*†, took charge of it, and refused to throw it away as his master advised him. "Why should we despond?" said he; "*the God of the Russians is great*‡. It is for the interest of these robbers to treat you well; they will do you no harm."

After a halt of some hours, the horde were about to pursue their route, when they were joined by one of their people, who stated that the Russians continued to advance, and

* A soldier who acts as servant to an officer.

† His whole name was Ivan Smynoff, which signifies John the Gentle, forming a singular contrast with his character, as we shall see in the sequel.

‡ A common saying of the Russian soldiers in the moment of danger.

that in all probability the troops from the other redoubt would join in the pursuit. The chiefs held a consultation: the question was, how to conceal their retreat in such a manner as not only to secure their prisoners, but also to divert the enemy from their villages, and thus escape reprisals. Ten men on foot were appointed to escort the prisoners, while a hundred horsemen kept together in a body, and marched in a different direction from that which Kascambo was to follow. They took from the major his boots, lest the iron tips should leave on the ground marks that might betray them; and they obliged him, as well as Ivan, to walk barefoot part of the forenoon of the next day.

On coming to a stream, the little escort pursued its course on the turf along the bank for the space of half a verst, and descended to cross at a spot where the banks were steepest, among thorny bushes, taking particular care to leave no traces of their passage. The major was so fatigued, that, before they reached this stream, they were obliged to carry him upon their girdles. His feet were covered with blood, and they resolved to give him back his boots, that he might be able to perform the rest of the journey.

On their arrival at the first village, Kascambo, who suffered still more from chagrin than fatigue, appeared to his guards to be so weak and exhausted, that they entertained fears for his life, and treated him with more humanity. He was allowed some rest and provided with a horse; but, to baffle any future search which the Russians might be disposed to make, as well as to put it out of the power of the prisoner himself to ac-

quaint his friends where he was, they removed him from village to village and from valley to valley, taking the precaution to blindfold him several times. In this manner he crossed a considerable river, which he judged to be the Sonja. During these expeditions he was well treated, being allowed sufficient food and the requisite rest; but on his arrival at the remote village in which he was to be definitively confined, the Tchetchen- ges all at once changed their conduct, and subjected him to every kind of ill usage. They fettered his hands and legs, and put about his neck a chain, the end of which was attached to an oak-log. The *denshik* was treated less harshly; his fetters were lighter, and permitted him to render some services to his master.

In this situation, at every fresh hardship he had to endure, a man who spoke the Russian language came to see him, and advised him to write to his friends to obtain his ransom, which had been fixed at ten thousand rubles. The unfortunate prisoner was unable to pay so large a sum, and his only hope was in the assistance of government, which had, a few years before, redeemed a colonel, who had fallen like himself into the hands of banditti. The interpreter promised to furnish him with paper, and to take charge of the letter; but after Kascambo had signified his assent to the proposal, he saw no more of the man for several days; and this time was employed to aggravate the sufferings of the prisoner. He was stinted of sustenance; the mat on which he had slept, and the cushion of a Cossack saddle that had served him for a pillow, were taken from him; and when at last the negociator returned, he informed

the major, as it were in confidence, that if the sum demanded should be refused at the Line, or if the payment of it were delayed, the Tchetchanges had determined to dispatch him, to spare themselves the expense and the uneasiness he had occasioned. The object of their cruelty was to induce him to write in a more urgent manner. At length they brought him paper and a pen made out of a reed, in the Tartar manner; they removed the irons from his hands and neck, that he might write with ease, and when the letter was finished, it was translated to the chiefs, who undertook to send it to the officer commanding the Line. Thenceforward he was treated less harshly, being secured by a single chain, which was fastened to his right hand and to one of his feet.

His host, or rather his gaoler, was an old man of sixty, of gigantic stature and ferocious look, with which his character exactly corresponded. Two of his sons had fallen in a rencontre with the Russians, which circumstance caused him to be selected from among all the inhabitants of the village to have the charge of the prisoners.

The family of this man, whose name was Ibrahim, consisted of the widow of one of his sons, aged thirty-five years, and her child, a boy of seven or eight, named Mahmet. The mother was as cruel and still more capricious than the old gaoler. Kasambo had much to suffer from her; but the familiarity and kindness of little Mahmet were in the sequel an alleviation, nay, a real support under his misfortunes. This child conceived such an affection for him, that the threats and severity of his grandfather could not deter him from going

to play with the prisoner, whenever he had an opportunity. He called him his *koniak*, which, in the language of the country, signifies a guest and a friend. He gave him clandestinely a share of any fruit that he could procure, and during the compulsory abstinence imposed on the major, young Mahmet, moved with compassion, dexterously availed himself of the momentary absence of his parents to carry him pieces of bread or potatoes roasted in the ashes.

Thus several months elapsed after the letter was dispatched without any occurrence worthy of record. During this interval, Ivan had found means to ingratiate himself with the old man and his daughter-in-law, or at least to render himself useful, nay almost necessary to them. He was extremely clever at making *kislitchi**, and preparing salted cucumbers, and accustomed the palate of his hosts to all the new delicacies which he introduced to their table.

To strengthen their confidence, he placed himself on the footing of a buffoon with them, inventing every day some new gambol for their amusement. Ibrahim took particular delight in seeing him perform the Cossack dance. Whenever he received a visit from any other inhabitant of the village, Ivan's fetters were removed, and he was desired to dance, which he always did with the greatest cheerfulness, and never failed to add some new antic to excite the laughter of the spectators. By pursuing invariably this line of conduct, he had procured liberty to go about in the village, where he was usually followed by a troop of children, drawn together by his pranks; and, as he

* A Russian beverage: a sort of beer made with flour.

understood the Tartar language, he soon learned that of the country, which is a kindred dialect.

The major himself was frequently forced to sing Russian songs with his *denshik*, and to play on the guitar, to amuse the ferocious company. At first the chain which fastened his right hand was removed when this complaisance was solicited of him; but the woman observing that he sometimes played for his own recreation notwithstanding his fetters, that indulgence was no longer granted, and the unhappy minstrel more than once repented having ever displayed his musical talents.

The two prisoners formed a thousand plans for regaining their liberty, but the difficulties that must attend their execution appeared insurmountable. From the time of their arrival at the village, the inhabitants by turns sent every night a man to guard the prisoners, in addition to their ordinary keepers. This precaution was in time less strictly observed. It was frequently the case that no sentinel came: the woman and her child slept in an adjoining room, and old Ibrahim was left alone with them; but he took good care to keep in his possession the key to their fetters, and awoke at the slightest noise. From day to day the major was treated with more and more severity. As no answer to his letters arrived, the Tchetchenges frequently came to his prison to insult and threaten him with the most cruel treatment. He was kept without food, and one day he had the pain to see poor little Mahmet unmercifully beaten for having given him some fruit.

A very remarkable circumstance in Kascambo's unpleasant situation was the confidence and esteem ma-

nifested for him by his persecutors. Though he had to endure incessant hardships and humiliations at the hands of these barbarians, yet they frequently came to ask his advice, and to make him their umpire in their concerns and quarrels. Among other disputes which he was called upon to decide, the following, from its singularity, is worthy of notice.

One of these people put into the hands of another, who was going to a neighbouring valley, a Russian bank-note of five rubles, requesting him to pay it to a third person. The traveller's horse died by the way, and he took it into his head that he had a right to keep the money as an indemnification for the loss which he had sustained. This reasoning, worthy of the Caucasus, was not relished by the man who entrusted him with the note. On his return, the affair made a great noise in the village. The two men collected round them their relatives and friends, and the quarrel might have produced bloodshed, had not the elders of the horde, after endeavouring in vain to make up the matter, prevailed on the disputants to submit their cause to the decision of the prisoner; on which the whole population of the village thronged to the house where he was detained, impatient for the result. Kascambo was taken from his prison, and conducted to the platform which served as a roof for the house.

Most of the dwellings in the valleys of the Caucasus are partly sunk in the earth, and project only three or four feet above its surface; the roof is horizontal, and composed of a stratum of stamped clay. The inhabitants, especially the women, are accustomed to rest themselves on these terraces, and frequently pass the night there in the summer season,

The moment Kascambo appeared on the roof, profound silence prevailed. This extraordinary tribunal afforded the singular sight of furious litigants, armed with pistols and daggers, submitting their cause to a judge in fetters, half-starved and emaciated with want, whose judgment was nevertheless definitive, and whose decisions were always respected.

Aware that the arguments of reason would be thrown away on the accused, the major ordered him to come forward, and to shame him and render him ridiculous, he asked him the following questions: "If the complainant, instead of giving you five rubles to carry to his creditor, had merely desired you to take him a good morning, would not your horse have died all the same?"—"Probably he might," answered the defendant.—"And in this case," rejoined the judge, "what would you have done with the good morning? Would you not have been obliged to keep it in payment, and to be content with that? I enjoin you, therefore, to restore the note, and the complainant to give you a good morning."

When this sentence was translated to the spectators, peals of laughter hailed the wisdom of the new Solomon. The defendant himself, after wrangling some time, was forced to submit, and gave up the bank-note, muttering, "I knew beforehand that I should lose, if this dog of a Christian had any thing to do with the matter."

This extraordinary confidence denotes the high idea which these people entertain of European superiority, and the innate sense of justice which exists even in the most ferocious minds.

Kascambo had written three let-

ters since his detention, without receiving any answer. A whole year had elapsed. The unfortunate prisoner, destitute of linen and all the conveniences of life, found his health decline, and abandoned himself to despair. Ivan too had been ill for some time. The rigid Ibrahim, to the great surprise of the major, had released the young man from his fetters during his illness, and left him afterwards at liberty. The major one day questioned him on this subject. "Master," said Ivan, "I have long wished to consult you about a scheme that has come into my head. I think it would be a good thing for me to turn Mahometan."—"You must be crazy, surely."—"No, I am not crazy: but this is the only way in which I can be of service to you. The Turkish priest has told me that when I am circumcised I cannot be kept in irons any longer. I shall then have it in my power to serve you, to procure you at least wholesome food and linen; nay, who knows but—when I am once free—the God of the Russians is great—we shall see.—" "But God himself will forsake you, if you prove a traitor to him." Kascambo, angry as he affected to be, could scarcely refrain from laughing outright at this strange project; but when he peremptorily enjoined him to think no more of it,—"Master," replied Ivan, "it is no longer in my power to obey you. The business is done. Ever since the day when you supposed me to be ill and my fetters were taken off I have been a Mahometan, and my name now is Husscin. What harm is there in that? Cannot I turn Christian again as soon as I please, when you are at liberty? You see I am no longer in fetters: I have it in my pow-

er to break yours on the first favourable opportunity, and I trust it will not be long before one occurs."

They did indeed keep their word: he was no longer chained, and thenceforward enjoyed more liberty; but that very liberty had well nigh proved fatal to him. The leaders of the expedition against Kascambo soon became apprehensive lest the new Mussulman should desert. From his long residence among them, and his acquaintance with their language, he knew all their names, and might give a description of their persons at the Line, if he should ever return thither, and thus they would be exposed individually to the vengeance of the Russians. Of course they

highly disapproved the misplaced zeal of the priest. On the other hand, the pious Mussulmans who had contributed to his conversion remarked, that when he said his prayers on the house-top, according to custom, and as the mollah had expressly enjoined him, that the new convert might conciliate the favour of the people, he frequently intermixed, from habit and inadvertence, the sign of the cross with the prostrations that he ought to have made towards Mecca, on which, however, he sometimes turned his back—a circumstance that led them to doubt the sincerity of his conversion.

(To be continued.)

INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

"COMPOSE yourself, I pray you, and yield your heavy eye to sleep, good old man," said Franklin Morris, a young voyager from North America, who sat on the floor of a hut beside a very aged Indian stretched on a threadbare *poncho* of a stuff manufactured for domestic use among the natives of Chili. "Compose yourself, I beseech you," repeated Franklin Morris, "and allow your dislocated limb to regain its powers. Believe me I feel no discomfort, except in seeing you add to your sufferings by anxiety for my accommodation. This bed of dried grass supplies all I wish to promote repose, and it forms a comfortable seat when I am not inclined to slumber."

This expostulation was uttered in the dialect of Peru, which he understood, and he replied in the same language.

"Compassionate white man! I ought to obey thee—and I will—yet

my heart is cleft in pieces to see my deliverer laid upon the withered herbs of mountain hollows, while I have the mat and the *poncho*."

"I can rise from my couch of herbs when I have tired on its soft surface," answered Morris: "but I am sorry to say you can hardly move to ease your joints a little; nor will you be in a condition to leave your bed this moon, unless you keep your mind and body free from disquiet. If it can afford you any satisfaction, I pledge my word not to leave you till some of your friends arrive. They——"

"Hold! make no promises," interrupted the Indian; "make no engagements to me, white man of the generous soul! Let me not be so ungrateful as to fetter thee with ties beyond the extent of thy claims in thine own land. Never can a friend arrive—nor is there a mortal in existence to care for the long-separated Guaraspo. All that shared the blood

in my veins have mouldered in dust. The last of my race, my son Batalapato, towering in stature as the heliconda, and graceful as the untamed young horse of the wide savannah, fell by my side, as I sunk to the earth covered with wounds. Our tribe had fought and bled till all who could resist the foe were extirpated, and the women and children were dragged away by the Spaniards, who on them wreaked their vengeance for our insurrection. My son and I were the only survivors; but when the fierce combatants left us they supposed life to be extinct. The refreshing dews of night roused me to new being—my son had not ceased to breathe; and exerting all my strength, I bore him up the mountain, the living stream of which bathed our wounds and moistened our parched lips. My son recovered the power of speech; I erected over him a shelter of boughs cut from the *mammac*; and its invigorating fruit appeased our hunger. He recovered a little, and I carried him higher and higher up the steeps, to conceal him from the shouting conquerors, who ravaged the lower Andes, seeking for gold, the idol of their souls, though they profess to worship the cross, and their priests take vows of abstinence and poverty. Spirit of the skies! to thee I raised my heart while, loaded with sorrows, I beheld my son expire; I bore him from a death of steel in the plains to meet death in the cold and lofty region where avarice had no temptation to pursue us. The last offspring of a chief, the leader of a mighty tribe, breathed no more. I gave his remains to the earth near the spot where you found me, and near it have passed days and nights, while on a notched stick were registered

moons to the number of two hundred and ten. All who would have searched for me were mangled clay; and I wished not to behold the face of man. When the tempest of the sky raged abroad, it was my custom to ascend the rugged cliffs, that the voice of my son might vibrate on my ear, denouncing vengeance upon the spoilers of Chili; and vengeance has fallen upon their city of Copiapa, and a vast extent on every side of their dwellings. The earth, shuddering at their crimes, hath quaked from the foundations; multitudes have sunk in a living tomb, and destruction, famine, and disease overwhelm the oppressors of our land. Stretching over a rock to view the ruins of their grandeur, I became dizzy and fell, at the moment when my son with extended arms appeared ready to embrace me: but he vanished; I made a spring to detain him—he is gone—I yet live—and live but to renew my sorrows. White man, I see in thy countenance melting pity for a bereaved father—a desolate chief of nations. Cheer thy open brow, and think of Guaraspo only as an old man drowning near the place of his rest. The fall from a summit of rocks shall hasten the liberation of the aged; and Batalapato shall meet me where no invader can approach us. But how hast thou ventured to this forlorn mountain? White men come only in quest of gold.”

“I am,” said Morris, “a shipwrecked native of the northern parts of America. The surf casting me ashore, stunned me. I traversed the stony beach as soon as my senses returned, and climbed the lower Andes, seeking a brook to quench my thirst: ascending where I saw a grove of trees that promised shelter and fruits,

I heard the plaints of suffering humanity, and guided by the sounds, discovered you among fragments of rock."

"May the strength of thine arm never fail in time of need!" exclaimed the Indian, with uplifted hands. "May the Great Spirit reward thy effort of mercy to a wretched old man! I can but speak my thanks in powerless words: yet it may be of service to urge thy departure from this unhappy, though beautiful land. The Spaniards will slay or enslave thee. They have made bondmen and bondwomen of all the nations except the remaining tribes of Chili. In the last insurrection, my tribe, the most daring warriors among thousands of the brave, were cut to pieces, and of the other tribes multitudes chose rather to die with weapons brandished against the common enemy, than to accept a truce upon terms ignoble and precarious. The survivors retreated to fastnesses of the mountains, and they assert their independence. If you see a Chilian, you must observe how superior he shines in stature, in form, and in a countenance animated by the lofty soul of freedom. Compare them with the dastard, crouching wretches who have submitted to tyranny, and your heart will tell you it is better to preserve liberty in the fastnesses of Chili, than to revel at the festivals of white men in Peru or Paraguay. In other years I have visited those countries as a trader for my nation; and the blood of my veins boiled with rage to behold Indians, free-born Indians, so degraded. White man of the generous soul, hie thee back to the land of thy fathers! Wilt thou indeed barter freedom for gold? Thou canst not know the miseries of ser-

vitude unless by experience, and it will then be too late to repent of the rash exchange. Return, return to the land of thy fathers, and let me die in solitude, comforted by the hope of thy safety!"

"Again let me beseech you to banish all inquietude on my behalf," replied Franklin Morris. "The Spaniards will not molest me. Their own interest has formed a spell to guard my liberty. My father, a merchant of Philadelphia, has traded with the Spanish settlers of Mexico, Peru, and the more southern ports for many years. I have been at Lima, and am personally known to men of eminence in that city. I shall make my way to them, and they will furnish me with means to explore the wondrous scenes of South America, while I wait the arrival of another ship, freighted by our house, which will carry me home."

"White man of the generous soul, beware of the treacherous creoles! And what can you see worthy of travel through regions where the natives are reduced to a state beneath the free animals that roam the wilds, cleave the waters, or skim the air?" The Indian raised himself in the earnestness of remonstrance. Franklin Morris gently assisted him to a recumbent posture, adjusted his injured limb, and thus responded:

"I desire to see under all aspects the luxuriant and varied vegetation of your forests and plains. I would ascend your Andes, contemplate your volcanoes, dive into the mines, and, above all, I am eager to examine the Cueva del Guacharo."

The old Indian, with a cry of dismay, again raised himself on his elbow, saying, in tremulous accents, "The Great Spirit defend thee, my

son! Alas! thou speakest of horrors all unknown to thee! My son, my son, let not thy ignorance betray thee! Thou speakest—thou speakest of terrific dangers, and art not aware of them."

"Father, I am perfectly aware of the gloom and the hoarse murmuring sounds of the Cueva del Guacharo," answered Franklin Morris. "I know every particular by description; but I wish to see the cave with my own eyes."

"Trust not the lying Spaniards, my son," persisted the Indian in a vehement tone; "they will deceive thee to thy ruin."

"It is not from a Spaniard I have had the description," returned Franklin Morris. "A German, named Baron Humboldt, went from the convent of Carepe to the Cueva del Guacharo, and has described it."

While he endeavoured to explain this account in language adapted to the simple notions of the Indian chief, the fixed eyes and clasped hands of the latter testified alarm, repugnance, and grief. Then kindling into ecstasy, he muttered words in his own dialect, and turning to Franklin Morris, said to him, in the Peruvian language, "My son, I have prayed the Great Spirit of the bright heavens to protect thee from the sleep-imposing evil genius of the moon-eyed Indians, and from the tremendous magician that spoke the alluring words you have repeated. I have prayed, and the glorious Spirit of the Heavens is propitious; for, lo! his image, the sun, sheds his clearest lustre over thy golden hair. See the brilliant rays that quiver through the low entrance of our hut, and stretch toward thee. Hear my words, and contemn not a warning from the

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aged, whose prayers have drawn a visible sign of favour from the orb of light. Long before the surges of the great ocean bore rapacious strangers to the coasts of Chili, her people, countless as leaves of the forest, were unmatched in strength and valour. Their high chief, my ancestor, had lived to extreme old age, when the moon-eyed Indians, sorcerers of dreadful arts, suddenly poured upon our plains, assisted by wild tribes from the south. A young descendant of the disabled chief, the daughter of his son's son, defended her grandsire; but a host of the enemy seized her, and slew the warrior, loaded with years that enfeebled his once mighty hand. His sons were supposed to have fallen in the strife; but Rosoluntas, the bravest, was borne from the field of blood by his spouse, and his wounds cured by her skill in herbs of balsamic virtue. He waited moon after moon, till the invaders retired, laden with spoils, and then employed his son Pocolaras to apprise the remnant of the Chilians that their hereditary leader yet lived, and would prove his right, by delivering Carai-baye from the Guacharo cave, where she was detained in a sleep resembling death. Two hundred warriors were required to attend to rescue the maid, in case the necromancer should raise a force to oppose her liberation. Two hundred warriors assembled with the speed of light, and Carai-baye was released. Protected by counter-spells, the gifts of his mother, the valiant Pocolaras proceeded alone to the Cueva del Guacharo. Carai-baye, fast bound to an arum-tree, was guarded by ten thousand monstrous serpents, prolonging her deep slumbers with drowsy notes. Twined

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around manchineel-trees, they projected their poisonous fangs, hissing with open jaws, and coiling themselves to dart upon the hero. He invoked the Great Spirit—he struck his lance against the ground, and discharged an arrow, charmed by counter-spells, over the arum-tree. The manchineel-trees and the serpents vanished, and the arum-tree changed to a beautiful heliconda. The youth cut the gyves from the captive maid, and in his arms presented her to his warriors, who, with anxious hearts, obeyed his command to wait at a distance. How joyful was the astonishment of Carai-baye when roused from deathlike repose and troubled dreams! She awoke and found herself the bride of a hero, and surrounded by mighty hosts of Chili. To this hour the rage of the evil genius for the loss of Carai-baye fills the Cueva del Guacharo with horrible lamentations; thy voice, my son, will be joined with theirs, if thou art enticed by the words of a German magician to trust thyself to the enchanted bound. His description

is formed to delude the unwary stranger; but let not my admonition be addressed to thee in vain."

Franklin Morris appeased the alarm of the dying chief by promising to avoid all contact with necromantic influence. In a few days he discovered a number of Spaniards, native and negro labourers, in the vicinity. The earthquake had loosened a rock from the peak of an adjacent mountain, and a vast quantity of pure gold was found among the fragments. This circumstance induced the Spaniards to make an extensive search in that direction, and they were repaid by collecting much precious metal. Some of these gold-finders entered the hut of the Indian chief, and his strong aversion operated fatally on a constitution nearly worn out by sorrow and pain. A few days terminated his sufferings; and Franklin Morris, after paying the last duty to his remains, accompanied the Spaniards to the next town, whence he was enabled to proceed to the city of Lima. B. G.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

From "THE ODD VOLUME," lately published.

OLD Ludovic Hartz always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration; and yet there appeared nothing about it capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, old, and deeply stained with blood: yet, to the brave Ludovic, it recalled a tale of other days, when, young, ardent, and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the hostile invaders of his native Hungary, and many an unbelieving dog had his good sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the

fortune of the war, and too often was the glory of the holy cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was in one of these fierce combats that, suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks. "But the recollection of you and your angel mother," would Ludovic say to his daughter, "nerved my arm. I was assailed by all my opponents. How

three fell, I knew not; but severe and long was the conflict with the last of my foes, whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow and my child fatherless, and these dreadful thoughts infused fresh vigour into my arm; I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death; I threw myself on the Turkish courser, and forced him on at his utmost speed until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure, which, during the campaign, I had acquired, to my home, purchased these fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war."

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After that sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. The little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after a lapse of some years, our good hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who, on his death-bed, entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son, when they should have attained a proper

age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed to be bent on this union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have attained the age of eighteen, she should become the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection at that time; and, satisfied with this promise, the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him; he loved her not, but he loved the wealth which would one day be hers, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a generous and tender passion were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task to him to attend his gentle mistress; nor did he ever appear disposed to play the part of a lover, except when some other seemed inclined to supply his place. It was at a rural *fête*, given by Ludovic to his neighbours at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What, then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment, he saw Theresa, her slender waist encircled by the arm of a young hussar, moving in the graceful waltz! The evident superiority of his rival, whose well-knit limbs, firm step, and free and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and, in violent wrath,

he advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa pleaded her engagement; he persisted; she refused his request, and laughed at his anger. He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion, laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she were not at liberty to select any partner for the dance she thought proper. "You have no such liberty!" thundered forth Karl. "You are my betrothed wife, and as such, you belong to me alone."

Theresa cast on him a smile full of scorn and contempt, but it faded as she looked to her father, and a deadly paleness overspread her countenance as she inquired, "Father, does this man speak truth?"—"He does, my child," was the reply; and she dropped insensible at his feet.

The young hussar now knelt down beside her, passionately kissed her fair forehead, and, raising her in his arms, bore her to an adjoining apartment, followed by the father and Karl. Theresa slowly revived. At first she saw no one, and breathing a deep sigh, murmured, "It was all a horrid dream!" An anguished groan startled her into perception and agony. She looked up and saw her father standing before her, with folded arms and a countenance clouded with grief. Karl also stood near with an exulting smile; and the hussar knelt beside her, but his face was buried in his hands. She then found it was no dream. She looked to her father. "Father, is there no hope?"—"None, my honour is pledged." She then

turned to the hussar, and placed for a moment her cold hand in his; then rising suddenly, threw herself at the feet of Karl. "O Karl, have mercy! I love another—you do not love me—have pity on us!"—"By all the powers of heaven and hell, you shall be mine, Theresa!"—"I appeal to my father."—"Will your father violate his promise to the dead?"—"I will *not*," said Ludovic, with solemnity.—"Then, Theresa," exclaimed Karl, with fiendlike exultation, "no power on earth shall save you from being mine!" and thus saying, he left the house.

Theresa rose from her knees, and threw herself into the arms of her lover. The presence of her father was no restraint on her pure tenderness. Her tears fell fast on his manly countenance, but his agony was too great for that relief. Ludovic was deeply moved. He approached them, endeavoured to calm their affliction, and related the circumstances under which this promise had been given; but his concluding words, "that he must hold it sacred," threw them into a new paroxysm of grief. "We must part, then, Arnhold," said the weeping Theresa; "we must part—ah! can we survive this cruel blow?"—"No," said Arnhold, "no: I cannot live without you: let us once more entreat your father to have pity on us!" and the youthful lovers threw themselves at his feet.—"Arnhold!" said Ludovic, sternly, "thou a soldier, and ask me to tarnish my honour!" Arnhold felt the appeal; he started up, raised the weeping Theresa, cut off with his sabre one long bright tress, embraced and kissed her, placed her in the arms of her father, and fled.

Every passing day carried with it

some portion of the fortitude of Theresa, as if she saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a fate so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavoured to sooth her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her; but with affections placed on another, the idea of a union with him appeared insupportable.

"My dear child!" would Ludovic say, interrupting a passionate burst of grief, "by what magic has Arnhold gained possession of your heart?"—"He is an hussar," replied Theresa. There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic: he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of his daughter with sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier; and conscience reminded him, that he had too often exalted the profession of arms above the peaceful and unobtrusive occupations of the husbandman. Was it wonderful, then, that Theresa should have imbibed something of this spirit? or that she should have yielded her heart to one who possessed courage to defend her, and tenderness to sooth her, under the afflictions of life? Arnhold dwelt near them; he had been the early playmate of Theresa, and, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they had often listened together to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to relate to them; and to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnhold to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children, and liking the society of the generous and

spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away, of their affection assuming a totally different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief that his daughter was unalterably attached to the youthful soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was scarcely less so: he blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feelings and his duty arose in his breast; but the stern honour of the soldier triumphed, and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice. Unable, however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful female friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa, after receiving her solemn promise that she would return with him the day before that on which she should complete her eighteenth year. "Father," said she, with streaming eyes, "I have never deceived you. If I live, I will return: but do not grieve too deeply, should my heart break in this fearful struggle." The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred and sunburnt cheek, embraced his child, and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all feeling seemed dead; but her mind was awakened to new suffering. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay, apparently, on the bed of death; and with breath-

less impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival her father's sick-room was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there too was the youthful hussar. "My child," said Ludovic, "my days are numbered: my fate must soon be decided, and, alas! yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised, that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement, I could not die in peace: even the grave would afford no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?"—"I can—I will," cried the unfortunate Theresa, sinking on her knees, "so help me Heaven!"—"Heaven will bless a dutiful child!" said Ludovic, with fervour. "Karl, draw near."—Karl obeyed—Theresa shuddered.

"Karl," said Ludovic, "you say you love my child: cherish her, I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you will possess a treasure; but I must warn you, she will bring you but one portion of my possessions—" Karl started and retreated a few steps. "That, however," continued Ludovic, "which I look upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You, Karl, believe me to have some virtues. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder—but enough of this! I have confessed to my spiritual father, and have obtained absolution for the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget I was a father: I pleaded the destitute state of my child—I implored, I entreated—at length I wrung from the pious father

his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa. I chose my saddle. Keep it, dear child, in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you, Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you content to take my daughter with this portion?"

"Fool!" exclaimed Karl, "doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense? Your wealth is mine; your possessions must be the portion of my bride. I will reclaim them from those rapacious monks, and tear them from the altar!"

"You cannot, you dare not," replied Ludovic, raising his voice in anger: "my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only—my wealth formed no part of it."

"Driveller! dotard!" vociferated Karl, "think you that I will accept a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for your purpose: I renounce her."

"Give her to me, father!" cried Arnhold; "I swear to cherish and protect her while I live. Give her to me, and when she shall be the loved wife of my bosom, I will live for her—aye, and die for her!"

Karl laughed in mockery. "You value life but little," said he, "to talk of sacrificing it for a woman. I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all Theresa."

The young hussar laid his hand on his sabre. Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatched his saddle from the wall where it hung, seized his sabre, with one stroke laid it open, and a stream

of gold bezants, Oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels, fell on the floor. "Wretch! worm! vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished? Hence, reptile! be gone before I forget that thou art of my blood!" Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his colourless lips.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewed around, Theresa rushed forward and embraced her father, exclaiming, "Is not this a dream? Are you indeed restored to me? Can this bliss be real?"

"Forgive me, my child," exclaim-

ed Ludovic, "the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of our store has been appropriated to holy church—not to purchase forgiveness of the sins I mentioned, and of which, thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate. Kneel down, my children—aye, support her, Arnhold—lay her innocent head on your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar."

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XX.

Present, the Vicar, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss PRIMROSE, Miss R. PRIMROSE, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, BASIL FIREDRAKE, HORACE PRIMROSE, REGINALD HILDEBRAND, Mr. MATHEWS, and Mr. MONTAGUE.

Reginald (entering). Ha! welcome home from Scarborough, my fair hostess, and you, ladies: and what have you brought *me* from that resort of fashion and gaiety? What trinkets, "rich and rare," am I to receive as a memento of your visit to the Margate of the north?

Rosina. Indeed, Reginald, we have brought you nothing, unless you will be content with this small volume of poems, which attracted our notice as we were lounging in a bookseller's shop the last morning of our stay in Scarborough, and which I bought to add to your library, if you think it worthy a place on your shelves.

Reginald. Of course, as the gift of a lady, it would be entitled to a place there, even had it no merit of its own to sanction its claim to a resting-place in my study; and I accept the gift as a pledge of friendship.

Let me see what is its title. "*The Song of the Patriot, Sonnets and Songs*, by Robert Millhouse of Nottingham;" and here's an "advertisement," setting forth, I suppose, the affection of the parent for his literary progeny, and deprecating the frowns of the critic upon his young bantling. "If any indulgence,"—aye, aye, the usual strain—"if any indulgence be allowable to poetry for the circumstances under which it has been produced, some, the author may reasonably presume, will be due to this little work. Employment of more serious moment has not been omitted, to gratify the beguiling propensity of poetical enthusiasm. The principal, indeed the greatest portion of the work, has been composed in the loom, and written down at such brief intervals as the close application required at his employment would allow." Well, that is cer-

tainly a legitimate claim to indulgence; and if Robert Millhouse, under such circumstances, has produced a volume that contains only a few gems of poetical merit, he will be entitled to high praise.

Miss Primrose. You will find many "gems of purest ray serene" scattered through the pages, if I mistake not. I scanned it over in the carriage, and have marked a few passages for your perusal.

Reginald. Aye, here is one, in "The Song of the Patriot." Listen whilst I recite with "due emphasis and discretion:"

Who does not love his birthplace? There's a spell
Of threefold magic in the Briton's home!
By heroes bought, from Freedom's hand it fell,
Fast clinging to his heart; and though he roam
O'er lands remote, or where vast oceans foam
In noisy uproar, to the wanderer's breast
Wealth, poverty, or joy or woe may come:
Yet native scenes, as for May's bridal dress'd,
Will haunt his very dreams, and, oh! such dreams are blest.

Ye Britons! who have other states survey'd,
Intent new forms of government to try,
Say, have you found, where'er your search was made,
That distant realm where you would live and die,
Nor give one lingering voluntary sigh,
To see, once more, the land where you were born?

Methinks e'en now, beneath another sky,
Wide o'er the Atlantic, many a breast forlorn
Heaves for that peerless isle they late beheld
with scorn.

Whether where Ganges rolls o'er golden sand,
Or copious Nile makes glad Egyptian swains;
Where Niagara shakes the astonished land,
Or Orellana laves Peruvian plains;
Whether free choice, or adverse fate detains,
Often, towards home, the Briton turns his mind,
Listens, in vain, to hear the skylark's strains,

Nor feels that brisk invigorating wind,
Which blows across the land his footsteps left behind.

Haply, while pacing on some seabeat shore,
With sad, yet hopeful wing his fancy roves
Swift o'er a waste of waves to re-explore
The hills, the dales, the streams, the meads,
and groves,
Haunts of his childhood; scenes where early loves
And gentle friendships swayed his inmost soul;
While in his wrapt imagination, moves
She, whose endearments o'er his bosom stole,
And gain'd his youthful heart with beauty's soft controul.

Fair to his sight the briary bank appears,
Where grew the sweetest violet of the spring;
And the wild thorn its aged head uprears
Where he was wont to hear the linnets sing;
And in the pasture he surveys the ring,
Where, as his grandam told, the fairies played;
Beholds the raven from the cliff take wing;
Marks the green turf rise where his sire was laid;
Then vents the struggling sighs his aching breast invade.

And would the Briton seek a happier clime,
Where laws more just and equitable reign?
Long shall his head be hoary grown with time
Ere he succeed that happier clime to gain;
No bark has yet drove keel into the main
To bear the exile to a better shore:
And, O my country! may'st thou long remain
Matchless in worth and might, and evermore
Let justice from thy throne protect the poor man's door!

A beacon lighted on a giant hill,
A sea-girt watch-tower to each neighbouring state,
A barrier to controul the despot's will,
An instrument of all-directing fate,
Is Britain: for whate'er in man is great,
Full to that greatness have her sons attained;
Dreadful in war to hurl the battle's weight;
Supreme in art, in commerce unrestrained;
Peerless in magic song to hold the soul enchained.

The Vicar. That is indeed a patriot's song; and coming from so

lowly a source it is doubly valuable. If the humble weaver feels the superiority of British liberty and British laws, what ought not the rich and mighty, the titled and the proud, to feel, exalted as they are, by those laws, almost to an equality with princes?

Counsellor Eitherside. Yet it is amongst those that the tone was given to the disaffection which once filled the land; it is amongst those we have even now to look for the worst enemies of England, because their station gives them an influence which the demagogues in a different rank do not possess. However, thank God, Radicalism and Whiggism are going out of fashion; and a man may now avow himself to be loyal without being hooted in the streets.

Basil. And the man who would not avow himself to be loyal, even though not merely hooting, but death itself was to be his reward, is unworthy the name of Briton; is unworthy to share the blessings which that magic word, England, conveys to the wanderer's heart.

The Vicar. The poet has well expressed the sentiment of patriotism:

O England, who has seen thy purple vales,
 Drunk on thy sunny hills the joyous gales,
 Roved the rich bowers where a Chatham paid
 The soul's high homage to a Newton's shade;
 Or where the unfailling form of Commerce
 pours
 The tribute of the nations on thy shores;
 Whose is the human heart, not curs'd and
 cold,
 That sees thy chartered millions, brave and
 bold,
 At shut of eve their healthful labour o'er,
 Stretched with their infants at the cottage-
 door;
 While the thick vine and silvery jasmine train
 Their mingled foliage round the latticed pane,
 And sees the British peasant's humble home
 Secure and sacred as the lordly dome;

Sees o'er the land one face of beauty shine,
 And, Freedom, knows the bright creation
 thine:

Yet loves thee not—yet feels no sudden start,
 No hallowed envy of the patriot's heart;
 Feels not with thee his spirits swell sublime,
 And deems e'en slackness in thy cause a
 crime*!

Horace. We want Apathy, now, with his croaking to mar our concord: without him we are all marvelously of one mind, and I think even he has of late been less captious than usual. Where is he?

Mrs. Primrose. At Scarborough, where we left him enjoying the cool sea-breezes, and the refreshments of the bath, which he was indefatigable in taking every morning. Even on the morning after that dreadful thunder-storm, when scarcely an individual but himself was tempted to venture into the sea, our friend Apathy bathed, he says, though he was thinking all the time of the poor girl who lost her life by the mysterious dispensation of Providence.

Reginald. Did you hear much of the storm?

Mrs. Primrose. Hear! It would have awoken any sleeper, I should think, but those who were sleeping the sleep of death. I, however, had not retired to rest when it came on; Mary-Ann and Rosina had gone to their rooms; but as the peals of thunder followed each other in quick succession, they rejoined me, and together we watched its progress from our window, which commanded a full view of the sea. The clouds were one mass of blackness, unilluminated by a single star; but ever and anon emitting flashes of lightning, which were followed by thunder-claps, so loud, that they seemed to shake the

* *The Times.*

very foundation of the building in which we were. By degrees the lightning became more vivid, till the sea appeared one wide sheet of flame; and the agitated waves lashed the shore in impotent madness, adding, by their hollow murmuring, to the horrors of the night.

Rosina. I thought of Thomson's animated description of a storm as dreadful:

To the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive through the
cloud ;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of
heaven,
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on
peal
Crash'd horrible, convulsing heaven and
earth.

Miss Primrose. One poor girl in a lodging-house fell a victim to the terrors of the storm. The house where she resided was reduced almost to ruins; and she expired in her bed unknown to her companions, who were assembled in the same room. I saw her funeral: it was attended by a vast concourse of spectators, who all seemed deeply impressed with the uncertainty of human life. It threw quite a gloom over the gaieties of Scarborough.

The Vicar. Poor girl! she was quickly called from this world to another; and her fate should be a warning lesson to us all.

Reginald. Come, to divert our minds from this melancholy theme, I will read you one of Mr. Millhouse's sonnets:

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER.

Sweet blue-eyed cherub! in my prayers for thee

I have not asked for beauty—yet thou'rt fair;

And as for wealth—thy lot is poverty;
Nor do I wish much gold to be thy share.

May Heaven protect thee from the villain's snare,

And give thee virtue and a prudent mind;
Long may thy cheek the rose and dimple wear,

With breath as fragrant as the vernal wind!

O may to thee the lib'ral arts be kind!

Nor be thou Fortune's scorn so much as I;
And let thine heart to those firm precepts bind,

Which will not fail to lift the soul on high!
My cherub! if enough of these be given,
Thee and the rest I leave to judging Heaven.

Mr. Montague. There appears to be a great purity of language and nervousness of expression in these poems. I wish the author, who is a very deserving individual, every success.

The Vicar. Captain Parry's *Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage*, is a splendid book; a fit companion, in point of appearance, to the two volumes which have preceded it.

Basil Firedrake. The gallant captain is, according to the papers, going upon a new expedition; it is a further attempt. I predict the passage will never be discovered; or if it be, it will certainly be completely useless for commercial purposes. I predict, that as all the voyagers from old Martin Frobisher to Parry have failed, so will this next expedition fail also.

Miss Primrose. How came this thirst for making discoveries in the arctic regions to be revived again?

Basil Firedrake. Why it can't properly be said ever to have altogether subsided (although it certainly slumbered for a time,) since it was

first entertained in the sixteenth century. After Columbus had been foiled in his grand design of penetrating to Asia by the west, but had been rewarded for his daring by the discovery of a land richer even than the Oriental regions, England and the other maritime powers of Europe turned their attention towards discovering a passage by the north.

Reginald. Aye, and the first voyagers took a north-easterly course. The bold Sir Henry Willoughby, with his compatriots, Chandler and Burroughes, between 1553 and 1556, made no less than three attempts to reach the coast of Asia by the north-east, after having "doubled the North Cape, touched at Archangel, and reached Nova Zembla and the straits of Waigats; but could proceed no further, on account of immense shoals of ice." The consequence of their discoveries, however, was the establishment of the Russia Company.

Basil. Then the idea of a north-west passage was started by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, brother-in-law to Sir Walter Raleigh, who wrote a discourse to prove that such a passage existed; and, in the reign of Elizabeth, a company having been formed for its discovery, for which Dudley, Earl of Leicester, obtained the patronage of the queen, the renowned Martin Frobisher was dispatched to that quarter. He sailed July 1576, and returned the following October. He had penetrated as far as 63° 10' N. latitude; and, on touching upon the coast of Greenland, found a species of spar, which, on his return home, was shewn to an assayer by Dame Frobisher, who persuaded her that it was a marcasite of gold. The next year he sailed again for the same quarter, more with a view to

get gold than to discover the north-west passage. He brought home with him a large quantity of earth, which he foolishly fancied contained the precious ore; and this was all he reaped from that voyage. He was sent out the following year, "chiefly to discover Cathay or China, by the *Meta incognita* (Greenland);" and he had a fleet of fifteen ships in company. But nothing was effected. Davis, Waymouth, Cunningham, Knight, Hall (the three latter sent by the King of Denmark), Hudson, Button, Baffin, Fox, Knight and Barlow, Scroggs, Dobbs, Middleton, and others, although they greatly improved the navigation and geography of those regions, yet made no progress in discovering a north-west passage; an impenetrable barrier of ice opposed itself to all attempts to penetrate beyond its boundary; and though the probability of finding an outlet into the Pacific in that direction continued to be discussed, no attempt of late years was made to find it, previous to the voyage of Captain Ross.

Miss Primrose. I am very inquisitive; but what was the occasion of his being sent out?

Basil Firedrake. Mr. Barrow, the very clever and intelligent secretary of the Admiralty, had persuaded himself that this passage really existed; and that if an expedition were sent out, under proper auspices, it might be found. In the 31st Number of the *Quarterly Review*, he called the attention of the public to the subject; and in the 35th Number he renewed his speculations. At that period certainly the prospect of success appeared greater than at any former one. All the Greenland captains, for the two or three previous

seasons, had concurred in the account, that the Arctic Sea was clearer of ice than it had ever before been remembered. The immense barriers, which had hemmed in the pole with a boundary that could not be passed, were broken up; and in 1816 and 1817, large masses of ice were encountered in different parts of the Atlantic, which had been drifted from the north; and the sea in that direction was remarkably clear.

These facts, with Mr. Barrow's deductions and his reasons for thinking that a north-west passage actually existed, are ably set forth in the article to which I allude. Soon after Captain Ross's expedition was fitted out: he penetrated into Lancaster Sound, and returned certainly without having devoted that time and attention to the accomplishment of his object, which its magnitude required. Captain Parry has since been sent on three separate expeditions: he has added, as his predecessors have done, to the stores of our geographical and botanical information, but has completely failed in his efforts to discover the so-much-wished-for passage.

The Vicar. But in the late voyage the failure can scarcely be considered as decisive. The expedition sailed in 1824, and wintered in Port Bowen, in Regent's Inlet, long. 90° W. lat. 73° N. The vessels (the *Hecla* and *Fury*) remained here from the 1st of October till the 20th of July, when their prospects dawned most auspiciously. The ice broke up earlier than was expected, the weather appeared favourable, and every thing promised success: but the *Fury* was unfortunately wrecked, and of course Captain Parry returned; for it would have been the

height of impolicy to have pursued such a voyage with two ships' crews pent up and confined in one vessel.

Basil Firedrake. True; but still my opinion is, that the passage, if it exists, will never be found. If there be a passage, it must be in a higher latitude than any yet reached; and it is clear that the ice is never so far broken up as to render the polar sea perfectly clear. Indeed, Captain Sowerby, one of the most intelligent of the Greenland captains, about eight years since, published a project for crossing the polar ice to the pole itself.

Reginald. It was a bold project, and I should have no objection to accompany him. He proposes to winter in Spitzbergen, and then to set out in the spring, in sledges drawn by dogs: a journey of six or seven hundred miles would be before the adventurous traveller; but if he achieved his object, if he reached the pole, and stood where the foot of man had never trod, he would be amply rewarded.

The Vicar. Yes, if he were such an enthusiast in every thing he undertook as you are; but they are not easily to be found.

Reginald. O, I beg your pardon: look at Captain Parry, look at Captain Lyon; the indefatigable Franklin, the Bowdiches, the Belzonis, the Burckhardts, and others whom I could name. What were my feeble efforts, even if I were now to embark on a voyage of discovery, compared to the gallant daring of those brave and devoted men, who brave danger in every form, and death frequently in its most appalling shape, to promote the interests of science? These are all enthusiasts, and enthusiasts too of the noblest

stamp, if it be enthusiasm to devote one's-self, body and mind, to the ardent and indefatigable pursuit of one object.

The Vicar. I recall my words: I was unjust to those gallant men, who have so signally distinguished themselves; and none deserves a higher meed of praise than Captain Parry.

Mr. Montague. The present volume adds very little to our previous knowledge of the arctic regions.

The Vicar. It cannot be expected that it should, under all the circumstances. The principal time for observation was when the squadron was stationed at Port Bowen; and here but little food for narrative or description was afforded. Few new facts in natural history were gleaned; and yet this part of the volume was to me of high interest, as its details shew the sedulous care with which the officers promoted the comforts of the men, and the good spirit in which the latter received the attentions of their superiors.

Every attention was, as usual, says Captain Parry, paid to the occupation and diversion of the men's minds, as well as to the regularity of their bodily exercise. Our former amusements being almost worn threadbare, it required some ingenuity to devise any plan that should possess the charm of novelty to recommend it. This purpose was completely answered, however, by a proposal of Captain Hoppner to attempt a masquerade, in which officers and men should alike take a part, but which, without imposing any restraint whatever, would leave every one to their own choice, whether to join in this diversion or not. It is impossible that any idea could have proved more happy, or more exactly suited to our situation. Admirably dressed characters of various descriptions readily took their parts, and many of these

were supported with a degree of genuine spirit and humour which would not have disgraced a more refined assembly; while the latter might not have disdained, and would not have been disgraced, by copying the order, decorum, and inoffensive cheerfulness which our humble masquerades presented. It does especial credit to the dispositions and good sense of our men, that, though all the officers entered fully into the spirit of these amusements, which took place once a month, alternately on board each ship, no instance occurred of any thing that could interfere with the regular discipline, or at all weaken the respect of the men towards their superiors. Ours were masquerades without licentiousness, carnivals without excess. A school was also set on foot, and attended with the very best effects.

Basil Firedrake. I should like to have been at one of their masquerades. My stars! how Jack would swagger away; and the native humour of the British seaman would be admirably displayed.

The Vicar. The following observations on the weather, and the paucity of animals, &c. seen on the coast they visited, are curious:

The summer of 1825 was, beyond all doubt, the warmest and most favourable we had experienced since that of 1818. Not more than two or three days occurred during the months of July and August, in which that heavy snow took place which so commonly converts the aspect of nature in these regions, in a single hour, from the cheerfulness of summer into the dreariness of winter. Indeed we experienced very little either of snow, rain, or fog; vegetation, wherever the soil allowed any to spring up, was extremely luxuriant and forward; a great deal of the old snow, which had lain on the ground during the last season, was rapidly dissolving even early in August; and every appearance of nature exhibited a striking contrast

with the last summer, while it seemed evidently to furnish an extraordinary compensation for its rigour and inclemency. We have scarcely ever visited a coast on which so little of animal life occurs. For days together, only one or two seals, a single sea-horse, and now and then a flock of ducks, were seen. I have already mentioned, however, as an exception to this scarcity of animals, the numberless kittiwakes which were flying about the remarkable spout of water; and we were one day visited, at the place where the *Fury* was left, by hundreds of white whales sporting about in the shoal-water, close to the beach. No black whales were ever seen on this coast. Two rein-deer were observed by the gentlemen who extended their walks inland; but this was the only summer in which we did not procure a single pound of venison. Indeed, the whole of our supplies obtained in this way during the voyage, including fish, flesh, and fowl, did not exceed twenty pounds per man.

Reginald. If Captain Parry and his brave companions again undertake a voyage to the north, I wish, for their sakes, it may be successful; but certainly the want of success can in nowise derogate from their merit.

Mr. Montague. Not in the least. They will be entitled to their country's gratitude, whether their enterprise be crowned with success or not. But has there been no other book published during the recess?

Reginald. Why not many, I believe. The booksellers, like the manufacturers, are lying on their oars, with a view to getting rid of their dead stock.

Mr. Mathews. One of the most curious publications I have seen for a long time is, "*Four Years in France*," with an account of the au-

thor's conversion to the Roman Catholic faith.

The Vicar. It is a curious book; and the introduction is not the least curious part of it: though I think, from the association of early ideas, and the bias which the author's mind early received, his embracing the doctrines of the Roman Catholic church is a circumstance by no means difficult to account for.

Mr. Mathews. No: it is only a wonder it did not take place sooner than it did. In his youth, every thing around him tended to make him papistically inclined. When a child, he says,

I went every day to learn Greek and Latin at the school founded, for the use of the city [Lincoln], out of the spoils of some monastery abolished at the time of Henry the Eighth's schism. The sons of citizens are here taught gratis; others give a small honorarium to the master. The school was held in the very chapel of the old religious house; the windows looked into a place called the Friars, or Freres, and over the east window stood, and still stands, the *cross*, "*la triomphante croce*." But this was not all. Opposite to the door of the school-yard lived three elderly ladies, Catholics, of small fortunes, who had united their incomes, and dwelt here, not far from their chapels, in peace and piety. One of these ladies was Miss, or, as she chose to call herself, Mrs. Ravenscroft. Now, my great-grandfather, James Digby, had married a lady of that family; it followed, therefore, that my mother and Mrs. Ravenscroft were cousins. My father's house was about a third of a mile from the school; Mrs. Ravenscroft obtained leave for me, whenever it should rain between nine and ten in the morning, the hour at which the school-boys went to breakfast, that I might call and take my bread and milk at her house.

Some condition, I suppose, was made that I should not be allowed to have tea, but they put sugar in my milk; and all the old ladies and their servants were very kind, and, as I observed, very cheerful; so that I was well pleased when it rained at nine o'clock.

One day it chanced to rain all the morning, an occurrence so common in England that I wonder it only happened once. I staid to dine with Mrs. Ravenscroft and the other ladies. It was a day of abstinence. My father, to do him justice as a true Protestant, an honest man, "who eat no fish," had not accustomed me to days of abstinence; but, as I had no play all the morning, I found the boiled eggs and hot cockles very satisfactory, as well as amusing, by their novelty. The priest came in after dinner, and Mrs. Ravenscroft telling him that I was her little cousin, Master — [Best would supply the hiatus correctly, I believe,]—he spoke to me with great civility. At that time Catholic priests did not dare to risk making themselves known as such by wearing black coats. Mr. Knight was dressed in a grave suit of snuff-colour, with a close neat wig of dark brown hair, a cocked hat, almost an equilateral triangle, worsted stockings, and little silver buckles. By this detail may be inferred the impression that was made on my mind and fancy. I believe I was the only Protestant lad in England, of my age, at that time, who had made an abstinence dinner, and shaken hands with a Jesuit.

When the rain gave over, I returned home, and related to my father all the history of the day. This I did with so much apparent pleasure, that he said, in great good-humour, "These old women will make a Papist of you, Henry."

The Vicar. So much for early impressions; for that these impressions had great weight in producing the author's conversion cannot be doubted. There really is not the shadow

of argument in any of the discussions upon which he entered with different Roman Catholics which can justify that step.

Reginald. I think so too; but as the man was unquestionably sincere, I honour his motives, though I dissent from his conclusions.

Mr. Mathews. I was altogether much pleased with the book. It contains some interesting descriptions of the state of society in France; and every heart must feel the narrative of his son's illness, and execrate the treatment he received from the French physicians; though the *nonchalance* of the author himself, and the indifference he manifests, are sufficiently conspicuous.

Mr. Montague. Colburn has been remarkably fortunate lately: almost all the readable books, during the season, have issued from his shop.

Reginald. Miers's *Travels in Chili*, a very readable book, is not, however, from this publisher, but by Baldwin and Co. It gives one of the best accounts of that country I have seen.

Horace. It exposes the chicanery and want of faith frequently practised there; and the chapters on mines and mining may be read with particular interest, now so many of those bubbles, called joint-stock companies, are on the point of breaking up. On the whole, however, I think he gives too unfavourable a picture of Chili.

Reginald. The account of the American Indians, contained in the diary of Mr. Miers's friend, Dr. Thomas Leighton (who accompanied an expedition, sent by the republicans against them, in a medical capacity), is most entertaining and instructive, and gives an admirable account of

their habits and customs. He describes them as

exceedingly affectionate and tame, below the common stature, of a dark complexion, round and full-faced, with small keen black eyes, very little forehead, the hairy scalp, in many cases, almost reaching the eyebrows; flat noses with wide nostrils, large mouths, their teeth white and regular, with the exception of the superior *dentes canini*, which are, in general, very large and long: they have no beards; their bodies are large, their limbs very muscular, their legs disproportionately short, and generally bandy. The cacique wore a hat and feathers; the others were, in general, bare-headed; some had their long black hair flowing loosely over the shoulders, while others tied it in a knot on the crown of the head; but all had their heads encircled by a piece of ribbon or tape, generally red, which added greatly to the effeminacy of countenance so remarkable amongst them.

Their equipment was curious:

Several were dressed in old Spanish uniforms; some had stockings without feet, but none wore shoes, nor any substitute for them; some had brass spurs, the rowels of which were an inch and a half in diameter; but, for the most part, their heels were armed with wooden spurs, sharpened to a point. Each Indian carried his lance, an extremely awkward-looking weapon; the head is generally the blade of a knife, a broken bayonet, or a piece of iron hoop, ground sharp, and tied to the end of a cane from eight to twelve feet long. The lance is used on horseback or on foot, where the field of action is mountainous or woody; it is never thrown, but when a charge is made, the shaft is pressed hard between the right elbow and side, which serves both as a rest and fulcrum: it is always poised and directed by the left hand. When the Indian is pursued, he never quits his lance, but drags it after him. The caciques had

swords, and all the Indians had machetes, long, heavy, broad-bladed knives, which serve for cutting and chopping; and without these they could not find their way through the thickets of trailing shrubs which cover the country.

They are very dirty and filthy in their habits, particularly in their eating and drinking. The expedition against them concluded in a negotiation, after a war distinguished by as much cold-blooded barbarity on the part of the Chilians as marked the conduct of the first discoverers towards the aboriginal inhabitants.

The Vicar. I have been much interested with Sir William Bethan's *Irish Antiquarian Researches*: they promise to set the history of Ireland in a new light; and merit the attention of all who feel a regard for our sister island. In his capacity of keeper of the records in Birmingham Tower, in Dublin Castle, he says he could not fail, in the course of the investigations and arrangements which his official duties from time to time rendered necessary, observing how little was known of the true history of Ireland.

I saw, he says, in the ancient records, ample materials to enable the historian, not only to investigate the public events and elucidate the political machinery of those remote periods which succeeded the invasion of Strongbow, but also to portray the true state of the country as to the administration of its laws, the character of its government, and the degree of advancement it had attained in agriculture, in commerce, and in the arts.

The state of Ireland from Strongbow's conquest, to about the end of the reign of Richard II. is generally considered as a continued struggle between the conquerors and conquered, a state of perpetual warfare and anarchy: yet, among the re-

cords in Birmingham Tower are rolls of the pleas before the justices itinerant, who held the assizes in most parts of Ireland with the same regularity as they were held in England during that period. The records exhibit striking proofs of the rapid progress made by the first settlers in the introduction of the laws and customs of England; even as early as the reign of John baronial courts were held with great regularity and precision; and the country appears to have been in a state indicating the presence of settled government. The first Edwards drew supplies of men, money, and provisions from Ireland, for their wars in Scotland and France; great quantities of wheat-flour, wheat, bran, barley, oats, peas, malt, beer, salt beef, and salt fish, were sent to their armies; and even red wine was among the supplies sent from Dublin to the king's army in Scotland, as well as large sums of money to the wardrobe and treasury of England; great quantities of wool were also annually exported to the Continent, on which duties were paid.

I must add, however, that Sir William has not done much in the present volume to illustrate the ancient History of Ireland. It is more antiquarian and genealogical than historical; but in the future parts of his *Researches* we may expect somewhat more important on matters of public interest.

Mr. Montague. The descriptions of the antique boxes, with their unpronounceable Irish names, in which copies of various portions of the Scriptures have been preserved almost from time immemorial, are curious. One of these contained a copy of the four Gospels, supposed to have been written by a person named *Dimma*, for St. Cronan, the founder of the abbey of Roscrea,

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who died about the year 619, or, at the latest, 621. Of this MS. a legend is related by an old writer, who gives us an account of the life of Cronan: it is quoted by Sir W. Betham from Colgan's *Acta Sanctorum*.

The blessed father Cronan requested a certain scribe to make him a copy of the four Evangelists. Now this writer was called *Dimma*, and was unwilling to write for more than one day. "Then," says the saint, "write till the sun goes down." This the writer promised to do, and the saint placed for him a seat to write in; but by divine grace and power, St. Cronan caused the rays of the sun to shine forty days and forty nights in that place; and neither was the writer fatigued with continual labour, nor did he feel the want of food, or drink, or sleep, but he thought the forty days and nights were but one day; and in that period the four Evangelists were not so well as correctly written. *Dimma* having finished the book, felt day and night as before, and also that eating and drinking and sleeping were necessary and agreeable as hitherto; and he was then informed by the religious men who were with St. Cronan, that he had written for the space of forty days and forty nights without darkness, whereupon they returned thanks to the power of Christ.

The Vicar. The MS. thus obtained by a sort of pious fraud on the part of St. Cronan, has come down to our time, preserved in a brass box, richly plated with silver, which Thady O'Carroll, chief of Ely O'Carroll, who lived about the middle of the 12th century, caused to be gilt, and Donald O'Cuanain, afterwards Bishop of Killaloe (by Ware called O'Kennedy), repaired about the year 1220. The MS. and box were preserved in the abbey of Roscrea until the dissolution of monasteries, when they came into lay hands,

and were at length bought by Henry Monk Mason, Esq. from Dr. Harrison of Nenagh, in Tipperary.

And from Mr. Mason they came, by purchase, into the possession of Sir W. Betham. There are effigies of the first three Evangelists at the beginning of their respective Gospels; and at the beginning of St. John, the representation of an eagle, the emblem associated with that Evangelist. Fac-similes are given of these; and they are curious as specimens of the art in a rude age.

Reginald. I confess I think those fac-similes, and the representation of the different boxes which formed repositories of the Scriptures, are the only things in the book worth notice: the descriptions seem to me mere antiquarian twaddle; and surely the worthy knight must have wanted matter strangely when he has given us such copious extracts from Bede, an author which is in every scholar's hands.

The Vicar. Do not be too severe on my worthy brother antiquary! To you young scapegraces all our pursuits I know appear as so much loss of time: yet they are not without their value; and the labours of antiquarians have been the means of elucidating many difficult and abstruse questions in the history of nations.

Reginald. Aye, and of confounding many others. I have had no opinion of antiquarians since my grandfather was imposed upon by an arch fellow, who sold him a collection of broken pipkins for genuine Roman *patere*.

Mr. Montague. The memoir of the O'Donnells is interesting; that of the Geraldines is not much more than a collection of names and

dates, and affords little information relative to the family: indeed scarcely any thing that was not known before.

The Vicar. But there is a fruitful field for the labours of the compiler; and I hope he will persevere, and soon give another volume of *Antiquarian Researches* to the world.

Horace. Attracted by the title, I purchased *The Rambles of Redbury Rook*, by the author of the "Subaltern Officer." The latter work had nothing to offend, if not much to please (it must not be classed with the "Subaltern" of Blackwood, recollect); but *The Rambles* I found a mass of egotism and radical abuse. One only passage struck me; and as it is amusing, I will read it. The scene occurred at Dunkirk.

Taking a morning's stroll among the villages which environ the town, I observed in the hamlet of Burgh, a large assemblage of human beings from my country; and on inquiring from one of my tribe, I found that they were collected at the door of an English Protestant captain, who, with his wife and family, had taken up their abode at this place, from whence, after a short residence, it pleased God to take the officer to his eternal home. Most of his countrymen dwelling in the vicinity were come to pay due honour to his remains, and respect to his afflicted widow, by attending the obsequies about to be performed. It so happened that the poor widow, in the goodness of her heart, provided a surloin of beef; and being anxious to have it sufficiently cold, to serve as a collation for her friends on their return from the funeral, placed it outside the garret-window, in a very conspicuous spot, to cool. By this time, a great concourse of people had crowded round the house to view the ceremonies of a Protestant funeral, it being a novelty to them; when

suddenly the meeting was surprised by shouts of laughter and noise among the by-standers, whose eyes were all directed to the house-top. One of the mob, having espied the roast beef, an article so characteristic of English taste, proclaimed his opinion, that this prime dish was to be the principal feature in the procession, and put into the coffin with the dead man, to serve as his resurrection dinner, according to what the sapient observer affirmed to be the usual custom of the English. The poor widow, on discovering the cause of all this uproar and mirth, just before the departure of the corpse, at that unlucky moment took in the beef, which the spectators observing, they were confirmed in the belief that it was actually to be inclosed in the coffin; consequently it only served to corroborate the conjecture and increase the clamour of this strange assemblage. The procession being now about to proceed to the burial-place, and the foregoing story gaining ground, there was scarcely an inhabitant of the village who did not hasten to join the merry party, which converted a ceremony usually solemn and impressive into the most ludicrous scene I ever witnessed. Some facetious persons remarked, that they had better eat the beef in this world; and others inferred that the deceased wished to give Charon a specimen of English hospitality. All hastened to the grave, anxious to see the end of this strange proceeding; and not finding the meat removed from the place where they believed it to be deposited, they imagined it to be interred with the corpse; nor could all the efforts of the good widow ever after persuade them to the contrary.

Basil Firedrake. They must have thought the ruling passion of John Bull to be strong in death at any rate: fond of beef as he is, I question whether he would digest it in his coffin.

Reginald. I lately stumbled on a

small duodecimo, entitled *The London Hermit's Tour to the York Festival, in a Series of Letters to a Friend.* The title-page promises much, but the reader will, I think, like me, be disappointed. The author (who is not *The Hermit in London*;) professes to attempt to ascertain "the origin of the White Horse, Abury, Stonehenge, Lilsbury-Hill, and also of the Druids and ancient Britons;" but he says nothing which has not been better said before, and his descriptions are sufficiently meagre and jejune. Some-what more entitled to notice are some of his "general hints respecting musical festivals," with which he winds up the volume.

So much do these *Musical Festivals* (he observes in conclusion,) meet with my approbation, so much do they resemble those religious, yet festal observances by which Numa (the Roman Moses) endeavoured to humanize and socialize the bandit bands of the warlike Romulus, and to win them to the arts and enjoyments of peace; and so many excellencies do they possess peculiarly their own, that it is most sincerely to be hoped something of a similar nature will be extended to Ireland, and her deserted cathedrals once more echo the voice of gladness and the hymn of praise. After the long war in which we have been engaged, scenes like these may be the more necessary, even in a political point of view, than some of our politicians may suspect. In the sister kingdom, the band of patriots who should introduce and cherish them would deserve to have their names engraven in monumental brass. All religions, at the heavenly voice of harmony, would be assembled together in the same temples, for the same charitable objects, at the same religious rites, and at the same social board. Over the mania for continental travelling such festivities must, doubtless, possess

the most beneficial controul; whilst regattas, races, and field-sports might add to the attractions of the tourist, and make the tide of British wealth, which still overflows the Continent, revert to its proper channel, and enable the peasant to fill the coffers of the peer.

Mrs. Primrose. When is there to be another festival at York?

Reginald. It was said in 1828, but of late I have heard nothing

about it. I almost *fear* we shall not again be gratified with one on the scale of magnificence which characterized the last; but I *hope* my fears may prove unfounded.

Here a summons to the supper-table interrupted us, and I conclude my paper.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
September 10, 1826.

EXTRAORDINARY ATTACHMENT OF A RAT.

LAST year, a young man who is designated by his initial H. was confined, on account of theft, for several months in the house of correction at Geneva. His punishment was rendered the more severe by his being obliged to work alone in his cell, apart from the other prisoners. This solitary confinement, to which he had not been accustomed, was intolerable to the lively young man. Long did he seek a companion, but in vain. At length he was lucky enough to catch a young male rat. In a few days the animal was rendered, by kind treatment, tame and familiar, and made himself quite at home. He took his food only out of his friend's hand, and whilst he worked would creep between his waistcoat and shirt, and there lie for hours as quietly as possible. It is worthy of remark that Ratinet, for so the prisoner christened his new associate, invariably sought the left side, never the right, either because he found it warmer near the heart, or because he was less liable to be disturbed there by the motion of the right hand while H. was at work. Ratinet soon began to be a favourite with the governor of the house, and with other prisoners, on account of his

good qualities, which indeed were such as a rat would not be suspected to possess. To cleanliness alone the animal could not be accustomed, and his master would sometimes chastise him on that account with a little stick.

About a month after the commencement of their acquaintance H. had corrected his four-footed friend rather too severely, and had also forgotten to supply him with drink, on which Ratinet, to use H.'s own words, *jeta son bonnet au-delà du moulin*, and ran away. The sorrow of the prisoner is not to be described. He waited one, two, three days, a week, but in vain; Ratinet did not return. H. now began to think of trying to catch and tame another rat. He was soon fortunate enough to secure one of the same sex, but older than Ratinet, and not possessing his good qualities. He grew tame enough to be sure, and would eat and drink out of H.'s hand, but manifested none of the attachment, docility, and capacity of little Ratinet. The stranger had lived with him about a month when, one evening after dark, he was sitting on his bed; Rat the second lay beside him. All at once he heard something stir at his feet, stretched

out his hand towards the spot, and, behold! Ratinet ran nimbly up his arm, and slipped as usual into his bosom, trembling with joy. H. declared that when once, after a long absence, he met his sweet-heart again, he had not experienced stronger emotion. Ratinet, according to his old practice, crept under the bed-clothes to his friend, when the latter retired to rest. Rat the second, who had not this habit, seemed to take no notice of it. Next morning the two animals first saw one another. They looked, indeed, a good while at each other, but no jealousy, no quarrel, no hostilities took place between them; on the contrary, they ate and drank familiarly together. In a few days, however, Rat the second seemed aware that he was a supernumerary, and that H. was more attached to Ratinet; he disappeared, and was never seen afterwards.

H. now continued to live on the most intimate footing with his old friend for several months, till the term of his confinement expired. He spoke with sorrow of the ap-

proach of the time when he should be under the necessity of parting from Ratinet, as he could not take the animal with him *dans le monde*, as he expressed it. In recommending his little favourite to the governor and to all the other persons whom he knew, he thought he had done all he could. The day at length arrived. H. bade adieu with tears to Ratinet, whom he kissed a thousand times, and whom it was necessary to detain by force when H. went out at the door. After his friend was gone, the poor creature never held up his head. From that moment he neither ate nor drank, notwithstanding the tit-bits that were set before him; neither did he attempt to escape, but would not quit H.'s bed. In three days poor Ratinet was found dead, in an old cloth which H. had left behind, and into which his broken-hearted friend had crept.

These particulars were received by the writer from the lips of M. Aubanel, governor of the *Maison Penitentielle* at Geneva, who pledged his word for the truth of them.

THE HERMIT OF LAGO MAGGIORE.

GALÉAZZO the Third, of the illustrious family of the Visconti, who, on account of important services rendered to the Emperor Wenceslaus, was created by him sovereign Duke of Milan, sought in the diversions of a brilliant court recreation from the fatigues of war. Feasts, balls, concerts, tournaments followed each other in gay succession. One day Galeazzo diversified them with a grand nautical entertainment on Lago Maggiore. More than a hundred richly decorated gondolas, with the fairest ladies of the court and the

principal nobles of Milan, and an innumerable multitude of other vessels, some having on board bands of music, which filled the air with the sweetest melodies, appeared on the enchanting lake. After various movements and evolutions had been performed with the gondolas, Galeazzo ordered his rowers to steer to an island, which was then only a barren rock projecting above the surface of the water, but which, in later times, holds, by the name of *Isola bella*, the first place among the lovely Borromæan Islands. When the duke with

his train had landed on the shore covered with chalk and slate, he imagined himself transported to a desert. The whole vegetation of the island seemed to consist of a few species of moss and creeping plants; and there was nothing but a grotto, hewn at the foot of a granite-rock, and covered with ivy, to induce a notion that the island was not wholly uninhabited, and that it might be the abode of some human being or other. Umbrageous chesnut-trees overhung the grotto on one side, and on the other severe and incessant toil had succeeded in gaining from the sea a small plot of ground for a rice plantation, and in preventing its destruction. "This can only be the abode of an exile or a hermit!" said Galeazzo, who, though possessing many estimable qualities, was vindictive and bigoted; and he went up to the grotto with the intention either of bringing the inhabitant to punishment or of joining him in his devotions.

A hermit, named Anselmo Giramo, had dwelt here for many years, the sole inhabitant of this desert islet. He was surprised, yet not dismayed, at the sudden appearance of the duke and his splendid retinue; but still at the sight of the ladies who were of the party, a transient blush tinged his cheek, and his eyes were cast down, as though with shame, to the ground. At a sign from Galeazzo, his attendants drew back, and he was left alone with the hermit, who presently recovering his former modest dignity, displayed in his conversation with the duke, such correctness of judgment and such extensive knowledge, that he exclaimed in astonishment, "But, reverend father, how could you, with so cultivated a mind, have quite withdrawn yourself from

human society, to which by your talents you might have been so serviceable?"—"I have found happiness on this rock," replied Anselmo: "neither is my life here wholly useless to my fellow-creatures; for the fishermen about the lake often have recourse to me in their spiritual and temporal difficulties for solace and advice."—"But how do you contrive to subsist on this barren rock?"—"My net and my rice-field, my chesnuts, and when these fail, my roots, afford me abundant subsistence."—"Are you not sometimes in this solitude a prey to mortal *ennui*?"—"He who has a clear conscience and can behold the sea and the sky in their splendour knows no *ennui*. I go with cheerfulness to my labour, for it contributes to my health; and from prayer and meditation flow ever new and pure delights: wherefore then should I hanker after the world?" The ambitious Galeazzo left the hermit in astonishment at the simplicity of his wants, and filled with high respect for his virtues. The particulars which he learned concerning him from the gondoliers and fishermen served to heighten, if possible, the favourable opinion which he had conceived of him; for they could not sufficiently extol the sanctity of his life and the benevolence of his disposition. They declared that his application to their patron-saints was always sure to be of service to them, sometimes procuring them better luck in their fishery, at others a greater number of passengers; nay, his very blessing was sufficient to drive away diseases and wicked thoughts.

It was not long before the duke paid Anselmo a second visit; but this time in private and without retinue. Anselmo took advantage of Galeaz-

zo's condescending familiarity, to acquaint him with the loud complaints of his people, which had penetrated even to this solitary retreat. He censured in gentle terms his ambition, his profusion towards unworthy favourites, his blind confidence in cheating astrologers; and then drew a lively picture of the melancholy situation of his subjects, groaning under the load of taxation. Truth, when told in mild words and without witnesses, finds a more favourable reception with high and low, than severe reproaches uttered in the presence of the multitude. Galeazzo thanked the hermit for his candour. "I perceive, reverend father," said he, "that your counsels may be of great benefit both to my subjects and myself: leave then your rock, and come and reside with me. Hitherto only fools and buffoons have been privileged to speak the truth at the courts of princes; in future Truth shall employ, at my court at least, a nobler organ." Long did Anselmo decline this invitation; but Galeazzo's solicitations were so pressing, that at length, animated with the delicious hope of bringing back a powerful prince from his errors into the right track, and of promoting the welfare of a whole nation, he complied; and having with tears in his eyes bidden adieu to his grotto, his chesnut-trees, and his rice-field, he accompanied the duke to Milan. Agreeably to his advice, Galeazzo immediately dismissed the swarm of parasites, astrologers, dancers, buffoons, and misshapen dwarfs who at that period formed part and parcel of the establishments of all the Italian princes. The duke paid daily visits to the wise Anselmo, in the simple apartments which he had chosen for

his abode, asked his advice in the most important affairs, confided to him his most secret wishes and projects, and always left him full of inward content, though the hermit spared none of his faults.

It was about this time that the republics of Florence and Venice formed that league, threatening imminent danger to the independence of Milan, which was dissolved by the valour and address of Galeazzo. Before he took the field, he received the blessing of Anselmo, and commanded the officers of his court during his absence to obey implicitly the injunctions of the wise hermit. In a short time Galeazzo was master of the cities of Pisa, Sienna, and Bologna, which conquests were followed by a peace that gave solidity to his formidable power. The nobles and the people received him at his return with loud demonstrations of joy, and even the holy Anselmo, who had joined the deputation sent to meet and congratulate the duke, welcomed him with a speech full of expressions most flattering to the conqueror. Anselmo's praise excited in the duke more astonishment than pleasure: still he was gratified to find that his military achievements had the power to disarm the wonted severity of the hermit.

Next morning, just at the moment when Galeazzo, according to his former practice, was about to pay a familiar visit to his sage adviser, Anselmo suddenly entered the audience-chamber, and haughtily advancing between the ranks of courtiers, who respectfully made way for him, he made a low obeisance to the duke, and exclaimed in the words of Jeremiah the prophet, "I have set thee over the nations and over the king-

doms, to root out, to pull down and to destroy, and to build and to plant."—"Jeremiah is a flatterer," replied the duke smiling; "it is Anselmo alone that I desire to hear to-day." All present thereupon withdrew from the apartment.

Various acts of violence and treachery, not wholly reconcilable with the principles of the law of nations, troubled the conscience of the conqueror of Florence and Venice, and therefore it was that he wished to seek consolation of his spiritual counsellor. The hermit declared Galeazzo's scruples to be groundless, saying, in order to give still greater emphasis to his words, "The house of Judah and the house of Israel—" "We are now talking of Florence and Venice," rejoined the duke, interrupting him; "let us therefore set aside the houses of Judah and Israel, the prophet Jeremiah and all the saints, for a few moments." Anselmo then endeavoured to convince the duke, in a less scriptural way, of the lawfulness of his actions and the immaculate splendour of his victor-crown, and concluded his speech in the following terms: "Now, illustrious prince, in order to prove to all Europe, that thou art a tender father to thy subjects, thou hast nothing more to do than to reward those who, during thy absence, contributed to preserve the internal tranquillity and well-being of thy dominions; and my frankness and my attachment to thy sublime person render it my duty to enlighten thy generous sentiments, and to direct thy particular attention to the merits of the governor of the palace, the high-treasurer, and the chief cup-bearer, whose zeal and indefatigable activity are deserving, in my opinion, of the

most honourable distinction."—"I will consider of it," replied Galeazzo, who, when Anselmo had retired, said to himself, "My hermit seems to be already infected by the atmosphere of the court: he begins to flatter and to favour." But another matter of some importance soon diverted his thoughts from the prosecution of this subject. The Archbishop of Milan had recently died, and the cathedral of that city, then the most magnificent temple of Christendom, just finished after the designs of the celebrated Bramante, was waiting for the archiepiscopal hand to consecrate its new altars. Galeazzo resolved to consult the hermit immediately on the choice of a person to fill the high office, and repaired to his apartments; but what was his astonishment, when he saw them furnished with the greatest splendour and elegance, and the anti-chamber swarming with parasites and supplicants! In the room where Anselmo himself was, were assembled the chief officers of the duke and the most eminent artists of Milan, who were paying court with the grossest adulation to the holy man as he carelessly lolled in a magnificent arm-chair. On the appearance of the duke, all present fell back to the farther end of the room; and Galeazzo, turning to Anselmo, said, "I expected to find you alone, and wished to ask your opinion respecting a fit person to fill the archiepiscopal see of Milan; but as I perceive my ordinary counsellors assembled here, they may lend us the benefit of their talents in this business." The governor of the palace, the high-treasurer, and the chief cup-bearer thereupon approached. "May it please your highness," said they, "there is but one man, distin-

guished by the universal veneration of the people, recommended by the holy father at Rome, and, above all, great by his own virtues, who seems to us to be fit for this elevated situation." At these words Anselmo bowed with a look of humility. "I understand," said Galeazzo; and then raising his voice, he thus proceeded: "Anselmo Giramo, I conceived that in thee I had found a real friend; but now I see that I have only gained an additional flatterer. The poor and virtuous anchorite is transformed into a haughty and intriguing prelate; and a residence of but a few months at my court has sufficed to rob thee of thy virtue and peace of mind. Return to thy rock, whither,

as I alone have been the cause of thy fall, my bounty shall attend thee: For the rest, thou, who art so conversant in the sacred scriptures, shouldst imprint upon thy memory the following texts: 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.' I Cor. x. 12.;—and 'Can the blind lead the blind?' Luke vi. 39."—"Your commands, gracious sovereign, shall be obeyed," said Anselmo, with feelings of mortification and remorse. "But before I leave this place, let me give you one useful piece of advice: Should you ever again take it into your head to summon a hermit to your court, let him, for his and your own safety, not remain longer than a month within these walls."

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SWEDES.

THE lower classes in Sweden, and especially the country-folk, are addicted to superstition; and people earth, air, and water with spirits and genii. The lakes and rivers are the abodes of the *Neck* and the *Strommann*; the former of whom is a mischievous sprite, but the latter kind and benevolent, and very fond of music: he sits quietly at the bottom of transparent water playing upon the harp, or rises to the surface to watch the dances of the *Alfen* (elves) in the meadows by moonlight. Those who possess the faculty of seeing spirits may then perceive them frisking and gambolling about; but others can do no more than discover their slight traces the following morning in the dewy grass. The *Alfen* are fairies that punish only the audacious wight who dares profane their haunts and disturb their sports—him they afflict with diseases. Another

class of the genii are the *Skogs-ra*, wood-demons. They are not visible, but their voices may be heard in the woods: sometimes, however, they appear to the hunter in assumed forms, generally in those of pretty little nymphs; or they fly like birds with a rushing noise over his head, or take pleasure in teasing him, conjuring up a sudden shower to wet him through in the midst of a serene sky, or charming his gun, so that he may wander about whole days without killing a single head of game: yet if he can but contrive to throw a piece of iron or steel across the way of the spirit the charm is dissolved. The water has a similar sprite called the *Sjö-ra*, the sea-demon. More than one incredulous fisherman has seen him tumbling heels over head into the water, and the consequence was, that he had bad luck in his fishery.

They have besides these, ghosts, called *Skeltorångare*, the souls of deceased persons, who in their lifetime bore false witness, took false oaths, or removed land-marks, and who are doomed to roam about after death and fill the woods with their howlings. But still more general is the belief in and reverence of the *Tomtegubber*, beneficent genii, a sort of Lares and domestic deities, who take under their protection the place where they are venerated, and even defend it against those who approach with hostile intentions. The utmost respect is paid to their place of abode; trees and groves are planted for them, and these no axe may ever touch. The Swedish peasant is thoroughly convinced, that every, even the slightest injury, such as the breaking off a twig or a branch, would bring ruin upon the perpetrator.

In Smaland in particular great superstition prevails. On Thursday afternoon no noisy work must be performed. When a man dies, three mutton-steaks and a woman's *chemise* are put into the coffin along with him; and the same number of steaks and a man's shirt when the deceased is a woman: this they consider as a sure method of preventing the dead from walking and appearing again. The coffin is not nailed, but the lid is fastened down with wooden pegs. At christenings it is customary to wait for the last sound of the bell before the infant is carried into the church; for, say they, were this done while the bell is ringing, the child would not fail to become a great chatterbox.

Some of their customs at weddings are also remarkable. When the couple kneel before the priest, the spectators and witnesses take particular notice which of them inclines the head most towards the other, for that one will die first. If the heads of both are inclined in an equal degree, it will be a happy marriage. In going to church the oldest and worst horse is assigned to the bride; for, they say, such an errand is fatal to the horse, which is sure to die not long afterwards. In returning, as soon as the bride reaches home, she must repair to the kitchen and taste of all the articles of provision: this brings good luck and abundance.

When they are going to kill a sheep, they first cut off a lock of wool from the forehead, and make the animal swallow it. They dislike to pronounce the names of noxious animals, which they describe by a circumlocution: thus they call the fox the fowl-slayer, the wolf the lamb-stealer, the bear the honey-eater, &c. Even certain birds, as the owl and the cuckoo, and among domestic animals the cat, they never mention but in a round-about way. No stranger must be present at the slaughtering of an animal, for the latter would be kept longer in suffering, and the person would fall ill. When any one has passed through a wood, he must, as soon as he reaches home, stir up the fire in the oven, under the brewing-copper, or in the kitchen, lest any evil spirit he might unwittingly bring with him should spoil the bread, the beer, or whatever may just then happen to be cooking.

ANECDOTES, &c.
HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

GIGANTIC REMAINS.

IN 1645 the Swedes, during the time they occupied Krems, in Austria, found in the ditch of the fortifications, at the depth of four fathoms, a human skeleton, which was broken by the tools employed in digging. All the bones, however, that could be saved were collected. The skull was found to be as large as a round table, a yard in diameter, and the bone of the arm thicker than the body of a robust man. Applications arrived from all quarters for these gigantic remains, and the proprietors of collections offered as much as a hundred dollars for a single bone. Several of the double teeth weighed five pounds and a half: one of these was presented to the emperor, and others to the churches of Passau, München, and Steyer. Several bones were exhibited for money in the Jesuits' church at Krems, but the principal ones were sent off to Sweden and Poland, to be preserved in cabinets of natural curiosities. In the ancient chronicle from which these particulars are taken, it is related that near this gigantic skeleton were discovered two others about one-eighth smaller; but they were not dug out, as the excavation would have injured the fortifications. Are any of these remains still in existence, to prove the veracity of the writer?

REMARKABLE CURES.

On the 2d of February, 1786, the following curious circumstance took place at Chateaudun, in France: The prior of the convent was so ill that for some days his life had been despaired of. The physician, however,

caused his temples to be rubbed with scented water, and a little Spanish wine to be dropped now and then into his mouth. The patient, who had previously lain motionless, soon afterwards, to the great surprise of all present, stirred and uttered some inarticulate sounds, but soon relapsed into his former lethargy. In the afternoon the physician introduced into the sick-room two persons who were to play various tunes on the violin. At the same time he sent for two venerable men, one an inhabitant of the town, the other a monk of seventy-two, who began to dance to the music. The physician's dog danced along with them. The music and the dancing awoke the apparently dying prior, and attracted his notice. He could not forbear laughing, recovered, and soon afterwards in his first sermon he gave his congregation an account of his extraordinary recovery.

When Henry IV. was advancing to besiege Paris, the Duke d'Angoulême, natural son of Charles IX. who accompanied the army, was seized with a fever, which obliged him to remain behind at Meudon. Doubts were entertained of his recovery. His physician had pronounced the ominous words, *Non vacat periculum*—the case is dangerous; and as the sick have sharp ears, and the prince understood Latin, he desired a priest to be sent for, that he might confess himself and prepare for death. After confession, the physicians informed his attendants that there was but one chance left for saving the life of the prince, and that was to make him laugh heartily. His secretary and

intendant, both about sixty years of age, and the captain of his guard, a grave old soldier, hereupon agreed to try an expedient for accomplishing that purpose. All three entered the chamber of the royal patient in long white robes, and advanced before the bed. The captain was in the middle, and slapped the cheeks of the two others, on the right and left of him, in regular time. These wore red caps with cocks' feathers, and strove alternately to knock off a large grotesque hat from the head of their companion. This ludicrous scene excited in the patient such a fit of laughter as to cause a considerable discharge of blood at the nose, and produced in him such a revolution that in two hours he was a great deal better. The fever, which had tormented him for twenty-two days, gradually subsided, and in less than a week he was so far recovered as to be carried about in a sedan to take the air.

CONJUGAL REBELLION.

In the year 1682 the women of Soetimoer, in Holland, rebelled against the authority of their husbands, and marched with a flag and drum, and armed with broomsticks, pokers, spades, pickaxes, &c. to the house of the chief magistrate. Here a troop of soldiers, coming upon the insurgents in the rear, surrounded and took them prisoners. The ring-leaders were publicly whipped; and this punishment had such an effect on the others that they returned to their duty.

NARROW ESCAPES.

In 1697 a soldier at Hameln murdered his landlord, and was condemned to be beheaded. He knelt down,

but the executioner was so wide of the mark as to cut off only a part of the scull about the size of a crown-piece. The criminal availing himself of the general surprise, sprang upon his legs, ran off, and hid himself among the attending soldiers, crying, "I have had my due!" He was seized, remanded to prison, cured, and finally pardoned by the Duke of Hanover.

In 1681 a woman at Stockholm was sentenced to death for a double adultery; but the axe, on touching her neck, rebounded as from an anvil, leaving only a red mark, which afterwards swelled. The axe was tried and found perfectly sharp. The culprit was pardoned.

SINGULAR MERCHANDISE.

In 1684 the Leipzig Michaelmas fair was attended by several merchants, who had for sale some casks of Turks' heads dried, of various sizes, of hideous physiognomy, with prodigious beards, and some with long and others short hair. These heads they sold at the rate of four, six, eight or more dollars, in proportion to their ugliness, and they were sent to Holland, France, Spain, England, Sweden, and Denmark.

We are assured that two human heads preserved by a process peculiar to the islands of the East, and brought from Java by the late Sir Stamford Raffles, were among the ornaments of his drawing-room.

ALCHEMY.

The veil of mystery with which the writers concerning alchemy have covered their rhapsodies, has probably contributed to the respect which that whimsical science yet retains among persons whom one would

not suppose capable of such credulity. The following anecdote, though it *proved* nothing, had its weight with amateurs :

In 1687, a stranger, naming himself Signor Gualdi, profited of the known ease and freedom of Venice to render himself much respected and well received there. He spent his money readily, but was never observed to have connection with any banker; he was perfectly well-bred, and remarkable for his sagacity and powers of entertainment in conversation. Inquiries were made about his family, and whence he came, but all terminated in obscurity. One day a Venetian noble, admiring the stranger's pictures, which were exquisitely fine, and fixing his eye on one of them, exclaimed, "How is this, sir! Here is a portrait of yourself drawn by the hand of Titian: yet that artist has been dead one hundred and thirty years, and you look not to be more than fifty!"—"Well, signor," replied the stranger, "there is, I hope, no crime in resembling a portrait drawn by Titian." The noble found that he had been too curious, and withdrew; but before the next morning's dawn the stranger, his pictures, goods, and domestics had quitted Venice.

FANATICISM.

On the 5th of October, 1403, Agnes du Rochier, a beautiful girl, eighteen years of age, and the only daughter of a rich tradesman, was received with great ceremony at the church of St. Opportune, in Paris, as "a recluse." Recluses were at that time so called from their being literally sealed and shut up, by the hands of the bishop, in a small chamber built for the purpose close to the wall of the church, with an opening in-

wards, that the recluse might bear the service and receive necessary sustenance. In this retreat Agnes lived to the age of eighty years. St. Foix, who tells this tale, rationally observes, that, as she was rich, the disposal of her income for the benefit of the poor, under her own inspection, might have given her at least an equal chance for heaven, with that which she could gain by the indolent plan which she chose to embrace.

THE ADVANTAGES OF TACITURNITY.

A Persian merchant, having suffered a loss of a thousand dinars, said to his son, "You must not mention this matter to any one." He answered, "O father, it is your command, and therefore I will not speak: but pray tell me, what is the use of keeping it secret?"—He replied, "In order that we may not suffer two misfortunes: one, the loss of the money; and another, the reproach of our neighbours. Impart not your sorrows to your enemies, for they will exclaim, 'God avert the evil!' at the same time that they will rejoice at it."

POSSIBILITY OF FERTILIZING THE DESERTS OF AFRICA.

The sagacious and ingenious John Leyden maintained that the deserts of Africa might be rendered into productive soil by planting extensive forests of acacia. A tract of sand of sufficient breadth could be retained for the Arab "ships of the desert"—the indefatigable, the patient camel; and what a blessed relief for them and their riders to pasture on the green margin of the arid waste, and to take in supplies of water, which might be obtained by digging to a certain depth, and forming wells properly secured!

THE CHEERFULNESS OF GENUINE
PIETY.

A clergyman, in the diocese of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, boasted to him that he had abolished the dances of the peasants at their festivals and holidays. "My good friend," returned Fenelon, "let us not dance ourselves; but let us permit to the poor a harmless enjoyment. Why should we deprive them of momentary gratifications, which give them for a short time the oblivion of wretchedness?"

TYCHO BRAHE THE ASTRONOMER.

Tycho Brahe, descended from an illustrious family in Scania, gifted with genius, and adorned by splendid acquirements, aspired to the reputation of a fortune-teller more anxiously than to the celebrity so justly due to his proficiency in the fine arts, science, and literature. At Uranienburg he had several devices calculated to astonish his visitors: among others, a suite of bells, communicating with the upper story, gave immediate notice when any of his pupils were required to attend, and the name of the individual was also indicated. He would secretly pull the nearest bell, and call aloud, "Come hither, Peter Christian," or any other name; speedily the pupil appeared, while the company were convinced that Tycho Brahe gave a supernatural

summons. Tycho had a fool whose name was Sep, whose incoherent expressions his master noted down, being convinced that, under emotion and strong excitement, the mind is capable of predicting future events. Tycho Brahe had this fool continually with him; even at meals Sep sat at his feet, and was fed from his own plate.

How pernicious to the vulgar was such an example from a man celebrated for wisdom and learning, may be judged from the fatal consequences to the Emperor Rodolph the Second. Tycho believed that his fool could predict death or recovery; and when any inhabitant of the Isle of Huen was sick, the relatives consulted the great astronomer, who made answer according to his astrological calculations and the rhapsodies of Sep. He went yet further, and announced to Rodolph that a star presiding at his nativity revealed that the sinister designs of his relations would prove fatal. The emperor, thrown into a panic, confined himself to his palace, and died of the corroding anxiety which preyed upon his spirits.

Tycho Brahe, by his mechanical powers, constructed several automata, which he took pleasure in shewing to the peasantry; and they supposed them to be genii, subject to the dominion of their admired philosopher.

MUSICAL REVIEW.*

"*La Grazia*," a Rondo for the Piano-forte, composed by Charles Neate. Op. 10. Pr. 4s.—(Cramer and Co. Regent-street.)

THE choice of the title, in this in-

stance, is warranted by the publication, which blends gracefulness, selectness of conception, and a display of the higher aims of the science. We have seen nothing of Mr. N.'s

* Owing to the Reviewer's absence from town, the consideration of a variety of publications with which he has been favoured is unavoidably deferred.

that pleased us more than this rondo; the subject is extremely engaging, and the various ideas engrafted upon it are in the best taste: some of them are much in the style of Beethoven. The whole rondo, indeed, may rank with the classic works of the German school, in the style of which it is obviously written, without ever incurring the imputation of intention, or even accidental imitation. It requires a matured player, but is not abstruse by any means.

Favourite Airs from Winter's celebrated Opera, "The interrupted Sacrifice," arranged for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute (ad lib.), by S. F. Rimbault. Books 1. to 4. Pr. 4s. each.—(Cocks and Co. Regent-street.)

That an opera like Winter's "Unterbrochene Operfest" should for these thirty years past have resounded on all the theatres in Germany, and excited there a sensation little inferior to that produced by Mozart's dramatic compositions, that such an opera should during so long a period of time have remained almost unknown in England, is a circumstance as surprising as it must be admitted to be humiliating to British musical taste. But, better late than never; and thanks, infinite thanks, to Mr. Arnold, the proprietor of the Lyceum Theatre, not only for bringing this opera on the stage at last, but, generally, for his endeavours to introduce altogether a better taste in music, by transferring to our boards the great classic works of the Continent, unclipt and in their native purity. The *Freyschütz*, first brought out by Mr. Arnold, gave the signal and furnished the dawn of a better state of

things. Then came *Tarare*; and the production of *The interrupted Sacrifice*, this summer, has really exceeded our expectations. We feel truly delighted in bearing witness to the excellent manner in which this opera has been represented at Mr. Arnold's house. There has been, taking all in all, no performance like it at either of our national winter theatres, and the choruses at the Lyceum are superior to those of the Italian Opera. Infinite praise also is due to most of the solo-singers: here and there a little want of the right style is felt; but we cannot have every thing at once; all will come if we go on as Mr. Arnold has begun. We have made great strides within these two years, considering the imperfect method and means of professional musical education in this country. Mr. Philipps as a bass-singer gave us great pleasure, and Mr. Atkins shewed that he can do better things than mere ghosts at the Italian Opera. Of Miss Paton and Mr. Sapio, first as they rank in their line, it is scarcely necessary to say any thing in the way of praise, so justly due to them. But solicitous as we feel for Miss Paton's future success, we must caution her against two defects in her performance. She indulges far too much in what appear to her embellishments, and takes unwarrantable liberties with the musical time. We had hoped poor Weber's advice had been of service. But her delivery of the beautiful air in four sharps ("Mir war als ich erwachte," in the original,) proved the reverse. Why not give the notes in their simple, sustained, affecting purity? Why disguise the melody by constant, adventitious, over-tasty ornaments, and by

illegitimate inroads upon the time? Of the orchestra, also, and especially their able leader, Mr. Wagstaff, we cannot forbear making honourable mention. Their efforts evince their zeal in the cause of their art; and nothing but eminent skill, cultivated taste, and immense care and attention on the part of their leader, could have produced so near an approach to perfection.

The above remarks, we trust, will not be deemed an absolute digression: as our Miscellany has not a distinct dramatic department, we felt justified by the occasion, in taking this opportunity of expressing our sentiments upon the important service rendered to the art by the performances at the English Opera.

With regard to Mr. Rimbault's four books, which gave rise to these observations, our comment may be comprised within a few words. Each book contains about four pieces. The best and most suitable for extract have been selected, and, agreeably to Mr. R.'s general practice, great care has been taken not to assign to the piano-forte more, in quantity or quality, than what a moderate performer might be able to execute with convenience and satisfaction. Nevertheless, their adaptation is such as to convey as fair an idea of the beauties of the composition, as can well be expected without the assistance of the voice.

The Beauties of P. Winter's "Interrupted Sacrifice." Pr. 6s. 6d. or 1s. 6d. each Piece separately.—(Cocks and Co. Prince's-street.)

This is an extract for the voice, the translation of the German words being made by Mr. M'Gregor Logan, and the accompaniment for the piano-forte being arranged by Mr. John Barnett. The six pieces con-

tained in the book consist, unquestionably, of those airs which have been received with the greatest applause at the Lyceum; and which indeed, from their fine and simple melodies, are sure to be best remembered. The new English texts, with few exceptions, and those inconsiderable, accord particularly well with the airs. The accompaniment is adequate and effective; but the staves might have held a little more of the score, especially some of the elegant and effective repetitions of the flute-parts. But there is quite enough to portray the march and essence of the harmony. In the first air, we observe, Mr. Barnett has resorted to transposition, substituting the key of E \flat for E natural; for what reason we cannot guess. The air in the original key is not too high for even ordinary voices, and nothing is gained in point of facility; on the contrary, in the minore portion, the key of E \flat minor, with its numerous flats, will prove much more intricate than the E \flat minor in the original.

But be this as it may, the publication, in every respect, deserves our best commendations: it has moreover the rare advantage of being very reasonable; not to mention a portrait of Winter in the title-page, which is not only well executed on stone, but a striking likeness. Winter died last year, on the 18th of October, we believe.

Romance, composed by Mehul, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by C. M. von Weber. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Cramer and Co.)

The theme of these variations is the sweet and simple romance sung by Joseph in Mehul's opera of "*Joseph*." The variations are seven in number, written in such a classic

style, so beautiful and perfect, that, in all our experience, we do not recollect one composition of this class to which we should feel justified in giving the preference over this admirable effusion of poor Weber. It requires much skill on the instrument; but, as a study, it will be of the greatest utility to less advanced players.

The favourite Air, "Shepherds, I have lost my love," arranged as a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute, by T. A. Rawlings. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The contents are, an introduction (adagio), the air above-named, two variations on it, and a finale in the bolero style, in which the $\frac{4}{4}$ subject of the air is neatly transformed into $\frac{3}{4}$. All is in good taste and keeping, so as to form a pleasing and instructive lesson.

Mélange on favourite Airs from Rossini's Opera, "Il Turco in Italia," for the Piano-forte, by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 3s.—(Cocks and Co.)

In this *mélange*, Mr. C. Pleyel, according to a practice adopted by him in similar previous publications, has selected the essential features of three or four airs from the above lively opera; and, by bringing these into proper connection, and occasionally amplifying favourable passages, and otherwise adapting them to the character and capabilities of the piano-forte, has produced a whole, which not only presents the charm of a great variety of good melody, but also a sufficient opportunity for active execution and improvement. The piece is perfect in its kind.

"Lovely Rosa," a Cavatina, sung
Vol. VIII. No. XLVI.

by Mr. Sinclair, composed by J. Blewitt. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

We had occasion some time ago to notice, with much approbation, a harp-song of Mr. Blewitt's ("O touch that harp,") and the present cavatina fully confirms the good opinion we had formed of that gentleman's qualifications as a vocal composer. There is much tasteful melodic expression, great variety of thought, and the accompaniment, independently of its harmonic merit, is properly diversified, often elegant, and always effective.

"Put round the bright wine," composed by Esther Elizabeth Fleet. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Monro and May, Holborn-Bars.)

A jovial song, full of well-meant counsel to enjoy life's varied pleasures. This advice, no doubt, will be felt with the greater force, when conveyed through the musical medium provided by the pen of a fair lyrist. The song, without presenting much novelty, is lively, and every way creditable to the lady's talent and musical taste.

Monody on Weber, written by W. McGregor Logan, composed by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)

The text has some passages of rather prosaic homeliness; while others, whether from their unaffected simplicity, or the nature of the melancholy event, cannot fail to create deep emotion. All that is connected with the fate of Weber in this country, is a tale of sorrow not easily forgotten. Mr. Barnett's composition bears many traces of the intensity of his feelings on this deplorable occasion, with the extent of which

we are so deeply impressed, that we would rather avoid entering upon a dry critical analysis of the composition. It is not unworthy of the character which Mr. B. has hitherto borne in our Miscellany. Let this be enough!

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

HEAD-DRESSES.

1. Hat of rice-straw; the breadth of the brim equal in front and sides, but rather shallow behind; bound with green satin ribbon of the colour of the waters of the Nile: on the outside of the edge, and within the brim on the left side, are small branches of the beautiful Peruvian browallia, from which proceed two ribbons as far as the top of the crown on the right side, where they are interrupted by a cluster of browallias; they descend again and go round the crown, thus crossing it four times in front; a smaller branch of browallia is placed on the opposite side: two bows are attached to *les brides*, or strings withinside the brim.

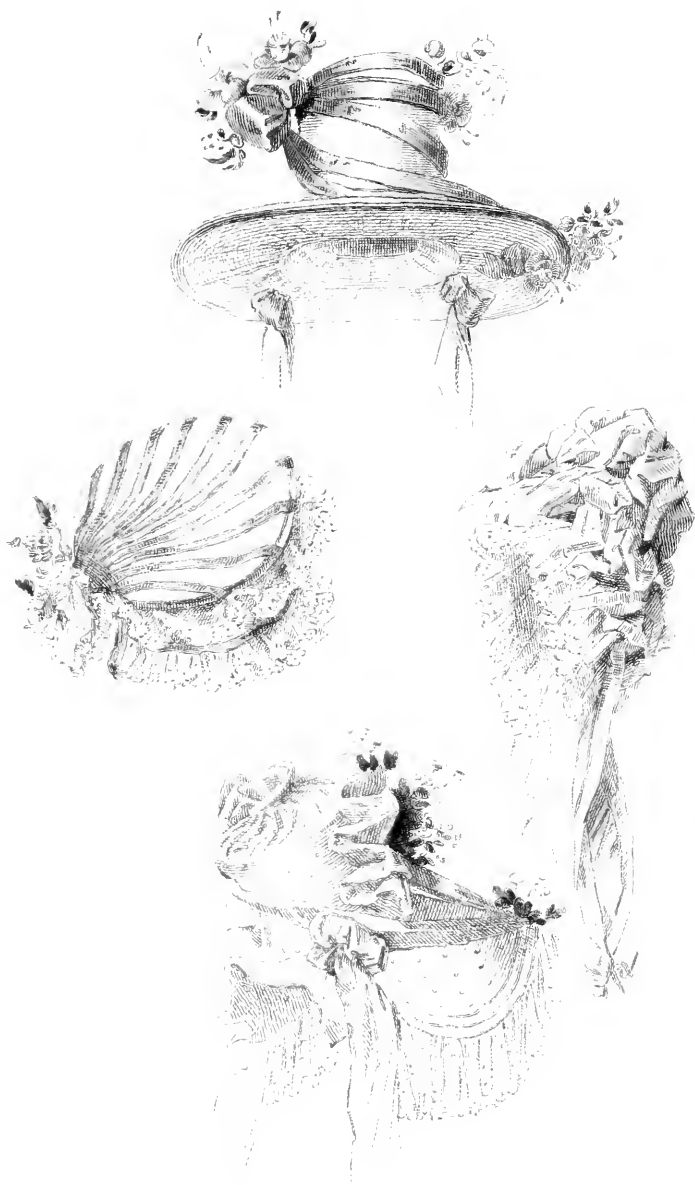
2. Cap of white *crêpe lisse*; the crown, *à la bivet*, is flat, large, and circular, ornamented with blue satin rouleaux spreading from the back; the head-piece is straight, trimmed profusely with deep blond lace, a Provins rose, and waving *crêpe lisse* edged with blue satin.

3. French demi-toilette cap of lilac gauze; the crown very full and arranged *en bouffes*; gold-colour shaded gauze ribbon fancifully disposed in front, with full trimmings of lilac gauze, bound with shaded gold-colour gauze; long loose string of the same, terminated with two bows, and a short end fastened sometimes on the opposite side: deep full border of British lace.

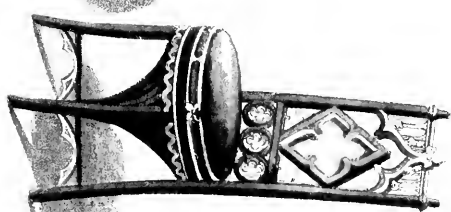
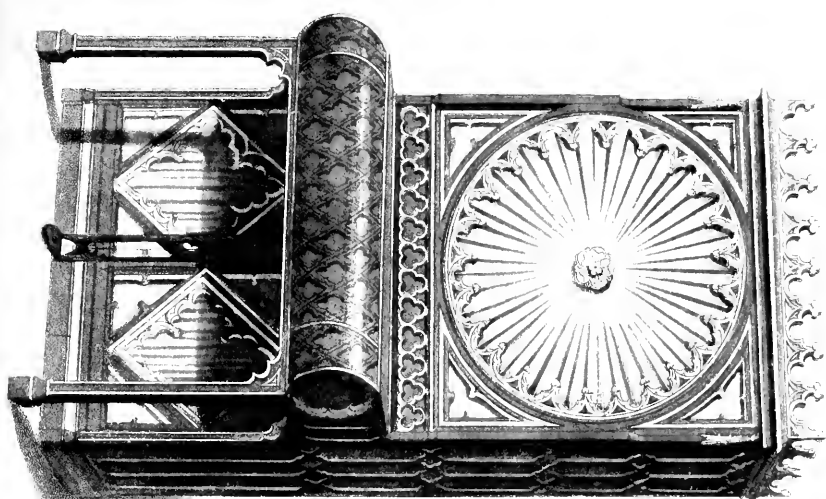
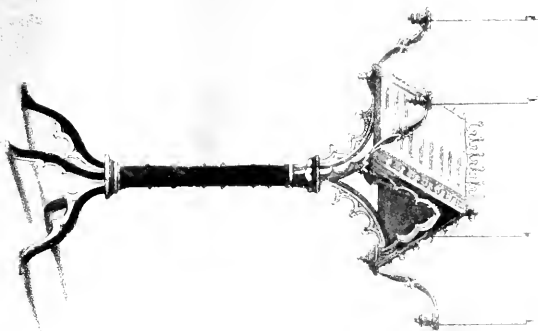
4. Bonnet of sprigged rose-colour *gros de Naples*; the brim large and rounded at the sides, ornamented with two rose-colour satin rouleaux and a curtain blond veil more than half-a-quarter deep: behind is a stiffened silk trimming, the brim not extending to the back; the crown is high, and has a waving trimming and a large cluster of arbutus in front, and also at the edge of the brim, from whence proceeds a rose-colour *crêpe lisse* to the opposite side of the crown, the top of which is arranged in waving flutes, and at the edge is a shell-like ornament: the strings commence with bows on the outside of the brim.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of *gros de Naples*; the colour *acajou*, now much in favour at Paris, that and yellow dividing their empire among the *haut-ton*; the *corsage* cut bias, and made plain, high across the front and lower on the shoulders, which have epaulettes of puffed ribbon and leaves, uniting with the trimming, that descends on each side of the bust to the sash, which is of the same colour as the dress, and tied behind in two short bows and ends. The sleeves are of a basket form; the upper half plain and projecting; the lower has reversed plaitings, confined to the size of the arm by a band edged with blond. The skirt is ornamented with a rich







blond lace nearly a quarter of a yard in depth, set on very full, and headed by a wreath of diamond-shaped leaves, united by a berry and two rouleaux: beneath is a wreath of leaves and wadded hem. The hair is in large curls in front, dressed high,

and with large bows at the top; between is a papilionaceous wreath of azure *crêpe lisse*, with gold ornaments. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of embossed gold and beryl; long white kid gloves, trimmed with blond; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

UPRIGHT PIANO-FORTE, MUSIC-STAND, AND CHAIR.

IN the annexed plate are represented an upright piano-forte, a music-stand, and chair.

Having in a preceding portion of this work had occasion to treat of the horizontal piano, we shall here only mention some peculiarities of an upright one.

From the little space which this instrument requires, it is admirably calculated for a small apartment, in which a horizontal piano would be heavy and inconvenient; it has also a very pleasing appearance when placed in a recess, such as that formed by the projection of the chimney; and, though so different in its form from the grand piano, it is nevertheless capable of producing the same pleasing sounds, but not in so powerful a tone.

The second subject in our plate is a music-desk. In consequence of the Roman Catholic service being chanted before the Reformation, a music-stand was to be found in all ecclesiastical edifices, from the chapel to the cathedral; but when, under Henry VIII. the mutilation and plunder of these edifices took place, few

of the desks, which were mostly constructed in brass, escaped the rapacious and sacrilegious hand of avarice. But those few which still remain claim the admiration of every lover of ancient art. Among them there is none more entitled to our consideration than that of King's College, Cambridge, which, for beauty of workmanship, is not surpassed by the productions of the present day: but elegant as these specimens are, we have been obliged to differ from them in the present design, in order to render the stand more easy of removal; taking care, however, at the same time, to present the general character so beautiful in the originals.

The music-chair is constructed with a screw, so as to be capable of being raised or lowered like a stool; and it is decorated in the same style as the other pieces of furniture represented in the plate.

The material to be employed is rose-wood, inlaid with brass, and the space within the large circle, as well as that in the two square quatrefoils in the base, is of crimson silk.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THAT popular annual, the FORGET ME NOT, of the last volume of which nearly ten thousand copies were sold, will this

year appear with increased claims to public favour. The literary department exhibits NINETY compositions in prose

and verse, among the authors of which appear the names of the Rev. GEORGE CROLY; DELTA, author of "*The Legend of Genevieve*;" Rev. R. POLWHELE; Rev. W. L. BOWLES; Rev. Dr. BOOKER; J. BOWRING, Esq.; H. NEELE, Esq.; J. KENNEY, Esq.; BERNARD BARTON, Esq.; Rev. W. B. CLARKE; D. L. RICHARDSON, Esq.; D. LYNDSEY, Esq.; HENRY BRANDRETH, JUN. Esq.; J. BIRD, Esq.; Rev. G. WOODLEY; Alexander BALFOUR, Esq.; the authors of "*The Duke of Mantua*" and "*Chronicles of London Bridge*:" MISS LONDON; Mrs. HEMANS; MISS MITFORD; Miss BENDER; Miss EMMA ROBERTS; Mrs. C. B. WILSON; Mrs. BOWDICH; Mrs. GRANT of Laggan; the late Mrs. PIOZZI, &c. The graphic embellishments consist of THIRTEEN engravings, in the highest style of the art, executed by HEATH, the FINDENS, LE KEUX, WARREN, FREEBAIRN, SMART, &c. from original designs, made expressly for the work, by WESTALL, CORBOULD, FRADELLE, OWEN, PROUT, HILLS, and PORTER. Though a very large edition of the forthcoming volume has been prepared, still all those who wish to spare themselves the disappointment so extensively experienced in former years would do wisely to be early in their orders for this elegant Christmas present.

Nearly ready for publication, in one volume 8vo. *Narrative of an Excursion from Corfu to Smyrna*, comprising a tour through part of Albania and the north of Greece; with some account of the ancient and present state of Athens, by T. R. JOLLIFFE, Esq.

The second part of *Self-Examinations in Algebra*, by Muir Kersch, translated by the Rev. J. A. ROSS, A. M. will be published in October.

Shortly will be published, *Principles of Dental Surgery*, exhibiting a new method of treating the diseases of the teeth and gums, especially calculated to promote their health and beauty: accompanied by a general view of the pre-

sent state of dental surgery, with occasional references to the more prevalent abuses of the art, by Leonard Koecker, M. D. surgeon-dentist.

Among the literary annuals preparing against the approach of Christmas, *Friendship's Offering*, edited by T. K. HERVEY, Esq. will have to boast of very high literary merit, as well as of a most splendid series of engravings.

Mr. Hawkesworth has been some time engaged in collecting materials for a *History of France* from the earliest period.

Shortly will be published, *Memoirs of the Court of Queen Anne*, by a lady.

A prospectus has been circulated, announcing the publication of *Illustrations of Ornithology*, by Sir William Jardine and P. J. Selby, Esq. with the co-operation of Mr. Bichenov, Secretary to the Linnæan Society; Mr. Children, Zoologist to the British Museum; Major-General Hardwicke; Dr. Horsfield, Zoologist to the East India Company; Professor Jameson, Director of the Edinburgh Museum; Mr. Vigers, Secretary to the Zoological Society; and the late Sir Stamford Raffles. It will contain coloured plates of birds, accompanied by descriptions, including their generic and specific characters, references to the best figures of those already published, and occasional remarks on the nature, habits, and comparative anatomy of the species. The work will be published in quarterly parts, royal 4to. with from fifteen to twenty plates, on which will be figured from twenty to thirty species in each. The first part is expected on next new-year's day.

Shortly will be published, *Protestant Union, or a Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the Growth of Popery*, by John Milton; to which is added a Preface on Milton's Religious Principles and unimpeachable Sincerity, by the Bishop of Salisbury.

Early in October will appear, in one vol. 4to. *The History of the Reign of*

Henry the Eighth, being the first part of the Modern History of England, by Sharon Turner, F. A. S.

Letters, Memoirs, &c. of General Wolfe, are in preparation.

Mr. Hallam has in the press a work of English History, in two 4to. volumes.

The Rev. John Mitford has nearly ready for publication, a volume of devotional poetry, entitled *Sacred Specimens, selected from the early English Poets*, with prefatory verses. It will contain extracts on religious subjects from many scarce publications, commencing from the year 1565.

Miss Mary Russel Mitford is preparing for publication, the second volume of *Our Village*, or Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.

A translation from the German of Claren's Swiss tale, *Liesli*, is announced as being in the press. It will be recollected that this tale was some years since introduced to the English reader in the first volume of the "Forget Me Not."

The author of "Recollections in the

Peninsula" is preparing for the press, *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble through Germany*.

The Rev. S. H. Cassan is engaged on the *Lives of the Bishops of Winchester*, from the first bishop down to the present time, which will form two 8vo. volumes, to correspond with the "Lives of the Bishops of Salisbury."

PANORAMA OF MADRID.

The Exhibition-Room in Leicester-square is now occupied by an excellent view of the picturesque city of Madrid, executed by the Messrs. Burford with the happiest effect. It is taken from a point which embraces the principal churches, public buildings, and promenades. The ancient edifices, the prevalence of Moorish architecture, the superb modern palaces, and the surrounding country and distance, all combine to produce an extremely interesting scene; while it is rendered lively by the gay colours displayed, according to Continental custom, on the exterior of the houses.

Poetry.

GLENDOWER.

"THE fight is fought, the battle's o'er,
A bloody victory is won;
See to the captives, hide the slain,
Before to-morrow's rising sun.
"The grim Llewellyn's bloody race
Is scatter'd, as when eastern wind
Drives the sear leaves through autumn's
woods,
Nor one is left to mourn behind."
So spake Lord Hubert Deloraine,
The noblest Norman of the land;
In courtly halls the gentlest heart,
In fields of fight the boldest hand.
Yet o'er his brow, just touch'd with age,
A secret sorrow lay conceal'd;
Hopes nipt untimely in the bud
With woe his later years had seal'd.
And now, with pride of conquest flush'd,
He hail'd a bloody victory o'er'd;
Llewellyn, long his deadly foe,
Had fallen, ne'er to vex him more.
Yet one remain'd, whose trusty sword
Had deeply drank the focman's blood;

And now, disarm'd, and bleeding, faint,
In all save soul a captive stood.
"Art thou the youth," Lord Hubert said,
"Who cross'd me in this morning's strife,
Whose powerful hand and pond'rous sword
Had nearly robb'd me of my life?"
With cheek unblanch'd and eye of fire,
The youth his proud defiance frown'd:
"I am!" he cried, "and 'twas this arm
Which brought Lord Hubert to the ground."
"And I regret this treacherous blade,
Which ever faithful was till now,
Fail'd to revenge us on our foes,
In buying freedom with the blow."
A soldier loves a bearing bold,
And courage in a foe admires;
The valiant heart a feeling has
For those whom lofty fame inspires.
"Brave captive, lo! I find my soul
Incline to make thy path as free
As hart or mountain deer would rove—
Then friendship give for liberty."
"I sell not friendship," said the youth:
"Thy star prevails to make me slave;

But not thine anger, power, or wealth,
Can buy the *friendship* of the brave.

"Were I unbound, and we on terms
As equal as two foes could be,
Methinks thou'dst wish thy dungeon's keep
Had held so firm an arm from thee.

"We have to freedom bent the knee,
We're pledged to it in life and death;
Our banner's liberty, our crest
That honour only lost with breath.

"Though tyranny and ruthless power
At present in the forest reign,
Soon shall the Cambrian lion wake,
And rend th' usurping foeman's chain."

"Hence with the dog!" Lord Hubert cried,
"Who dares insult me to the face!
Confess and shrive him—choose thy priest,
Thou hast but one short hour of grace."

"I fear not death!" Glendower replied,
And on the baron lower'd his eye:
"Vain are thy threats, proud Norman; know,
A coward only fears to die.

"And life's as vain, when honour's gone,
As freedom to the dying slave,
Whose tyrant breaks his iron chain
When it has bow'd him to the grave."

A finer form, a step more free,
Was never yet in Britain seen;
Though pale his cheek and stain'd his dress,
Yet dignity was in his mien.

Scarce had he left the victor's tent,
When Morvan claim'd Lord Hubert's ear:
"Llewellyn, at the point of death,"
He said, "has something to declare.

"A heavy crime weighs on his soul,
Which will not let the spirit flee;
He says 'tis something wondrous dread,
Which he would feign impart to thee."

"Seek him a priest; those lazy friars
Have nothing else to mind but prayer;
My heart's engaged with weightier thoughts:
Morvan, I have no time to spare.

"What say'st thou—Eva!—what of her?
What of my lost, my murder'd bride?
Oh! tell me, what of Eva's fate
Have I to learn? I wait my guide."

Stretch'd on a couch by guilt made hard,
The stern Llewellyn groaning lay;
The consciousness of crime was such,
The spirit could not pass away.

"I cannot die," he murmur'd forth:
"Eva, thy fate, so long conceal'd,
Must, as thy dying lips declared,
In racking torments be reveal'd."

"What of my wife?" Lord Hubert said,
And hurried to the sick man's side:
"Oh! say by him who bled for thee,
What know'st thou of my murder'd bride?"

"Talk not of Christ," the ruffian said,
No hope have I in earth or heaven;
But Eva's blood weighs on my soul,
A crime which cannot be forgiven.

"When we were young, and she as fair
As seraphim of yonder sky,
I wooed her—but she scorn'd my love,
And chose to share thy destiny.

"I breath'd a vow—a deadly vow,
Of hatred on thy haughty wife;
And many a scheme of vengeance plann'd
To blight with woe thy married life.

"Thy castle storm'd, the prey was mine;
Ap Griffith's towers conceal'd my prize;
And as she still refus'd my love,
Her life became the sacrifice.

"I saw her take the fatal bowl,
Which held the potion fraught with death;
And looking at her son, foretold
A curse with her expiring breath,

"That legacy invoked by her
Has wrapp'd my wretched days in gloom:
I have no hope in life; and, lo!
I dread what lies beyond the tomb."

"Her son! her son!" Lord Hubert cried—
"What! had my murdered wife a son?
Monster accurs'd, for Christ declare
What with that hapless babe was done?"

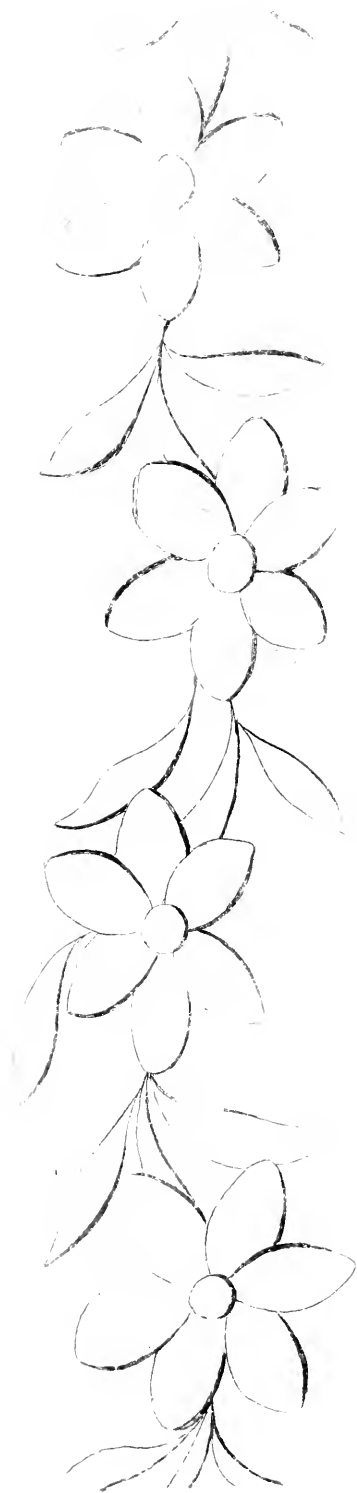
"I would have stabb'd the urchin's heart,"
Llewellyn said, "slain wife and child;
But when I drew my shining blade,
The infant on the weapon smil'd.

"I could not strike, and so the boy
By that sweet look his safety won;
I gave him to my nurse, who took
The young Glendower for her son."

"The young Glendower! was it he
Who bore thy standard in the fight?
It was, thou say'st! O God of Heaven,
The youth condemn'd to die ere night!"

Like winged arrow from the bow,
Lord Hubert reach'd the place of gloom;
"Thank Heaven," he cried, "I'm not too
late
To save him from a bloody tomb!"

Joy seized his heart, and in the burst
Of hope all recollection fled;
When life return'd, he heard these words
Of woe—"This is a traitor's head!"





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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII. NOVEMBER 1, 1826. N^o. XLVII.

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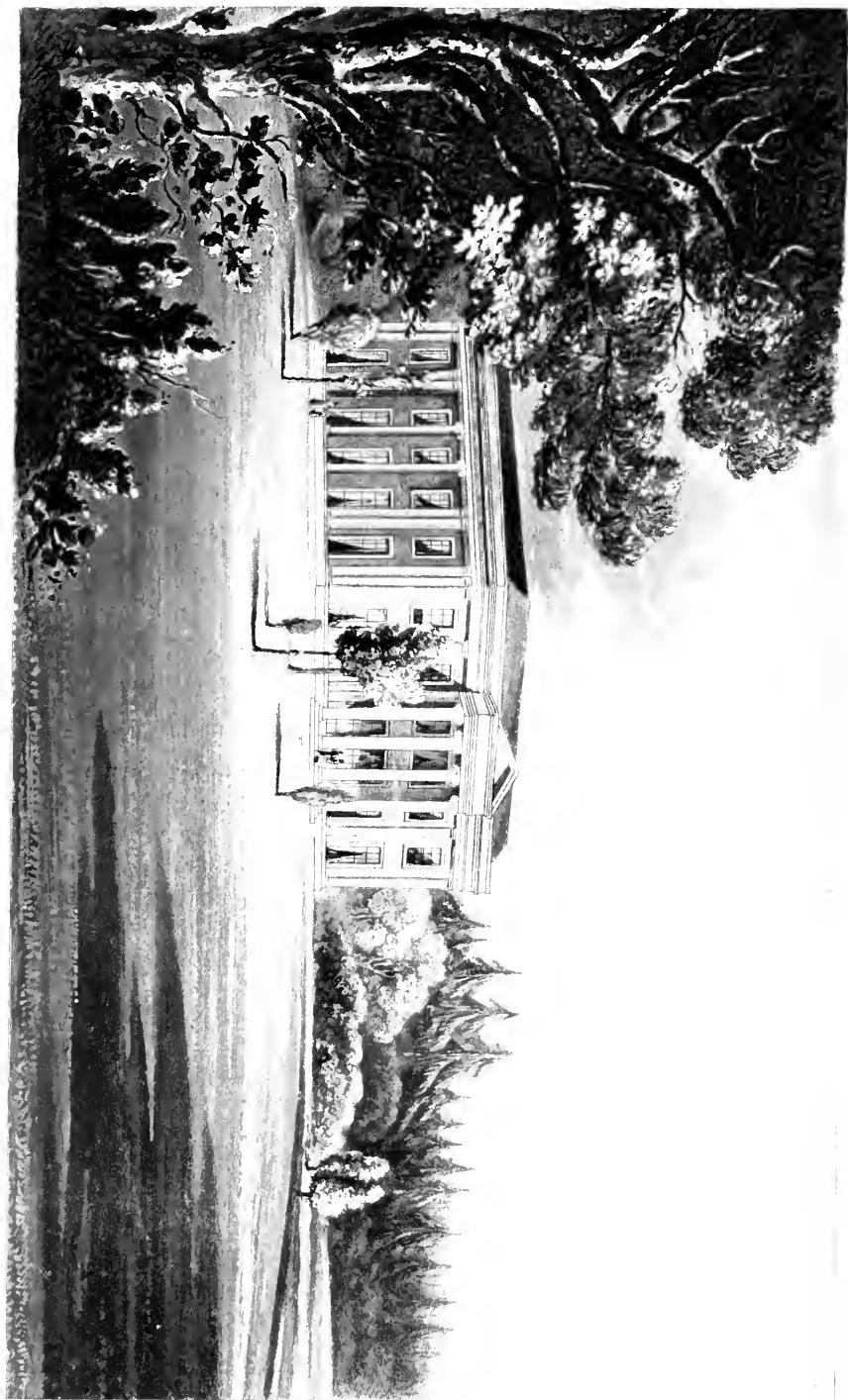
Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 20th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, if a copy be addressed 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.

The friendly and gentlemanly but awful warning of Coventry has made a suitable impression upon us; but we must confess that we should have profited a little more by it, had he carried his courtesy so far as to pay the postage.

Our Musical Reviewer again solicits the indulgence of our Readers, and hopes next month to make ample amends for the temporary suspension of his critical remarks.

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. VIII. NOVEMBER 1, 1826. N^o. XLVII.

VIEWES OF COUNTRY SEATS.

OAKLANDS, DEVON, THE SEAT OF ALBANY SAVILLE, ESQ.

THIS fine mansion is the creation of the present spirited proprietor, having been but recently finished from designs by Bacon. It is of the Grecian Ionic, as will be seen by our plate, presenting a view of the principal front, elegant in its proportions, beautiful and chaste in its detail. The portico is equal in dimensions and beauty to any modern edifice we are acquainted with. The hall of entrance is pleasing; it is an admirably proportioned vestibule. The scagliola columns, of a rich colour, ranged around at equal distances, supporting a highly wrought architrave, have a pleasing effect as connected with the quadrangular hall, or body of the mansion: for here, over against a beautiful staircase, a superb row of the richest scagliola columns, highly enriched, forms a

lovely vista; the eye, just catching the top of their deep pedestals, ranges through the building, terminating with the library. This effect will be heightened by the finishing of the library-window in enriched glass, as intended. The dining-room and drawing-room are of fine proportions, and command a charming view across the grounds, over the town of Oakhampton to the great park, boldly rising in the distance, with the picturesque castle in the vale.

The gardens are in the rear of the house, and well laid out; and a small fountain in the flower-garden has a pleasing effect. The offices are very complete, every way befitting a mansion of this class.

Great care has been taken of late years in the improvement of the

grounds; new plantations to a great extent have been made, old roads have been removed, and new ones, forming more pleasing approaches to the house, constructed.

The Okement, a small river, winds in a most pleasing manner through the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the house. There are two streams, called the East and West Okement, which embrace the lawn, and form a junction near the house, after supplying some mills in their course.

The principal entrance to the grounds is by a newly erected bridge over the West Okement, the banks of which are beautifully wooded, steep, and rocky, which gives a pleasing alpine appearance to this structure, by its elevation above the river to carry the road on a level. Connected with this bridge are the entrance-gate, and a very pleasing lodge, rising from the bed of the river and overhanging the bridge. Its great height imparts to it a peculiar and picturesque appearance, well according with the surrounding scenery; it forms an octagon, with a bold overhanging thatch roof. Rustic columns ranged around form a pleasing colonnade, particularly in that portion which overhangs the river. The woods in a line with the house are extensive, covering the brows of the hills on either side of the river, which takes its serpentine course thus embellished for a considerable distance.

Oakhampton church is a pleasing object from the house and grounds of Oaklands, being situated some way above the town, on the brow of a bold hill. In a line with the church, and about half a mile from the town, are the ruins of Oakhampton Castle, which was the ancient seat of the Barons of Oakhampton. The re-

mains of the once proud castle sweep up the sides of the isolated hill to the keep, the only portion that may be said to bid defiance to time, and from which a pleasing and beautiful scene meets the eye: the bold outline of the park, which is spread in massy verdure to the right, while on the left is the wood-covered hill rising high above the castle, and on the side of which runs the new and picturesque road to Tavistock; the interspersed windings of the Okement flashing across the valley, beneath the wavy profusion of variegated foliage, mellowing the sides of the hills as they recede to the termination of the vale, bounded by the picturesque town of Oakhampton, which, though poor, peers happily from amidst the mingled beauties of nature and cultivation; while over the park may be discerned, breaking into the blue distance, some of those prominent points called Tors, rising above Dartmoor, where no smiling emblem of man's industry meets the eye, Nature having moulded that tract with an iron hand, and rendered it unsusceptible of the soft embellishments of art.

William the Conqueror gave to Baldwin de Bass, or de Brioniis, the honour or barony of Oakhampton; it descended to his son Richard, who dying without issue, it passed to Ralph Avenell, son of Emma, his second sister, the elder not having had issue. Ralph having fallen under the displeasure of King Henry II. was dispossessed of his barony, which was given to Matilda, daughter of the said Emma by her second husband, William d'Averinches. Hawise, daughter of Matilda d'Averinches, by her husband the Lord of Aincourt, brought the barony of Oakhampton to William de Courtenay,



son of Reginald, who came over into England with Eleanor the queen of Henry II. The barony continued without intermission in the Courtenay family till the reign of Edward IV. when it was forfeited, together with the earldom of Devon. The honour and estates were restored to the Courtenay family by Henry VII. who afterwards advanced it to a marquise. They were again forfeited by the Marquis of Exeter; but the earldom and estates were again restored. After the death of the last Earl of Devon, in 1566, the estates were divided among the co-heiresses, married to Arundel of Tolvern, Trethurfe, Mohun, and Trelawney. Sir Francis Vyvyan, one of the representatives of Trethurfe, possessed an eighth so lately as 1743; another eighth was for nearly a century in the family of Northmore; it afterwards passed to the Luxmoores, and from Luxmoore to Holland. One-fourth was for some time in the fa-

mily of the Coxes. The Mohuns, who possessed one-fourth by inheritance, acquired another fourth and the site of the castle. These two fourths came by purchase to the Pitts, who possessed them for many years. Lord Clive became the proprietor of them and another fourth, by purchase; and this estate was successively in the possession of his present Majesty, when Prince of Wales, and of Henry Holland, Esq. of whom it was bought by Albany Saville, Esq. the present proprietor. The Barons of Oakhampton were hereditary sheriffs of Devon and keepers of the castle of Exeter till the reign of Edward III.: they held eight manors in demesne, in which they had the power of life and death. At Brightly was an abbey founded by Richard de Rivers, Earl of Devon: on its site are still the ruins of a chapel, now the property of Albany Saville, Esq.

CRETE-HALL, KENT,

THE RESIDENCE OF JEREMIAH ROSHER, ESQ.

THIS villa is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Thames, about a mile from Northfleet, in the county of Kent; the north front commanding a fine view of the river, where the various vessels may be seen passing and repassing at all times in the day. The annexed engraving represents the south front, which offers a model for the house of a private gentleman, and is nearly the same as the north; admirable in its classic correctness of proportion, and affording a beautiful illustration of the *simplex munditiis*; and it is rendered more picturesque by the surrounding scenery. It was erected, about seven

years ago, by the present proprietor, Jeremiah Rosher, Esq.; and, as its name imports, is built entirely of chalk cut from the excavations south of the building, which retains its native whiteness, and has much the appearance of stone. There is nothing remarkable in the interior, but the several apartments are very spacious and agreeable, combining all the comforts of a country residence.

The excavations extend above a mile on the banks of the river, and are highly romantic, being planted with shrubs and trees of various kinds, where, in the spring, the nightingales, thrushes, and black-

birds sing the praises of these retreats in full chorus. This delightful spot is also remarkable for the great variety of wild flowers which grow spontaneously upon it.

The views from the tops of these cliffs are extremely fine: Gravesend may be seen to the east; to the north, the county of Essex, Tilbury-Fort, and Laindon-Hill; to the south-west, Northfleet church and village, also

its dock-yard, and many other interesting objects. The river has a most beautiful appearance from this place, taking a serpentine course towards London; and to the south, the rich and fertile county of Kent may be seen to great advantage. In fact, the views from this place are most charming, and cannot fail to afford much gratification to all who may visit these romantic retreats.

THE PRISONERS IN THE CAUCASUS.

(Continued from p. 208.)

A FEW months after Ivan's feigned apostacy, he perceived a great alteration in the behaviour of the inhabitants, and the tokens of their displeasure were too manifest to be mistaken. He strove, to no purpose, to discover the cause, when some young men, with whom he had formed a more intimate acquaintance, proposed to him to accompany them in an expedition which they were about to undertake. Their plan was to cross the Terek, for the purpose of plundering the merchants who were known to be travelling that way to Mosdok. Ivan assented to their proposal without hesitation. He had long been desirous of procuring arms, and was promised a share of the booty. He conceived that when those who suspected him of an intention to desert saw him return to his master, they would cease to mistrust him. The major, however, strongly opposed this design, and the *denshik* seemed to think no more about it, when, one morning, Kascambo saw the mat on which Ivan slept rolled up against the wall. He had set out in the night. His companions were to cross the Terek the following

night, and to attack the merchants, of whose route they had been apprised by their spies.

The confidence of the Tchetchenges ought to have awakened some suspicion in Ivan's mind: it was not natural that men so crafty and so mistrustful should associate with themselves a Russian, their prisoner, in an expedition against his countrymen. He was actually informed, in the sequel, that they had made the proposal with no other intention than to murder him by the way. Being, however, necessitated to preserve appearances with him as a new convert, they resolved to keep a strict eye upon him during the march, and not to dispatch him till the moment of attack, to induce a belief that he had fallen in the conflict. Some few only of his companions were in the secret. Circumstances frustrated this arrangement; for just at the moment when their band had formed an ambuscade to waylay the merchants, they were themselves surprised by a regiment of Cossacks, who charged them so vigorously, that they had great difficulty to recross the river. The imminence of the danger caused

them to forget their plot against Ivan, who followed them in their retreat.

As their troop, in the utmost confusion, was fording the Terek, the current of which is extremely rapid, the horse of a young Tchetchenge fell in the middle of the river, and was immediately carried away by the stream. Ivan, who was behind him, rode to his assistance, at the risk of his own life, and seizing the young man, when on the point of sinking, dragged him to the bank. The Cossacks, recognising him by his uniform and foraging cap, for the day was beginning to dawn, took aim at him, crying, "A deserter! down with the deserter!" His clothes were perforated with balls. At length, after fighting desperately and expending all his cartridges, he returned to the village, with the glory of having saved the life of one of his comrades, and rendered good service to the whole troop.

If his behaviour on this occasion did not gain him the general confidence, it secured him at least a friend. The young man whose life he had saved adopted him for his *koniak* (a sacred title which the mountaineers of the Caucasus never violate), and swore to defend him against every foe. This new connection, however, was not sufficient to screen him from the hatred of the principal inhabitants. The courage which he had just shewn, and his attachment to his master, strengthened the apprehensions which he had excited. They could no longer consider him as a mere buffoon, incapable of any thing but antics; and when they reflected on the failure of the enterprise in which he had borne a part, they were astonished that Russian troops should

have been just at that moment at a point so far distant from their usual residence, and suspected that he might have found means to apprise the enemy of their intentions. Though this conjecture was really unfounded, he was watched more closely than ever. Old Ibrahim too, fearful of some plot for the escape of the prisoners, prevented them from holding any long conversation together; and the faithful *denshik* was threatened, nay, sometimes beaten, when he attempted to converse with his master.

In this situation the two prisoners devised an expedient for interchanging their ideas without awakening the suspicion of their gaoler. As they were in the habit of singing Russian songs together, the major took his guitar, when he had something important to communicate to Ivan in Ibrahim's presence, and sung what he had to say in a sort of recitative, which his attendant answered in the same manner, while his master accompanied him on the guitar. This arrangement was nothing new; the stratagem excited no suspicion; and the prisoners moreover had the precaution to resort to it but very rarely.

More than three months had elapsed since the unfortunate expedition adverted to above, when Ivan thought that he could perceive an extraordinary bustle in the village. Some mules laden with powder had just arrived from the plain. The men furbished their arms and made cartridges. He soon learned that they were preparing for a great expedition. The whole nation was to unite for the purpose of attacking a neighbouring tribe, which had put itself under the protection of Russia, and allowed a fort to be built in its territory. Their intention was no other

than to exterminate the whole tribe, as well as the Russian battalion which covered the erection of the fort.

A few days afterwards, Ivan, on leaving the hut in the morning, found the whole village deserted. All the mules capable of bearing arms had marched away in the night. In the walk which he took through the village to make inquiries, he received fresh proofs of the ill-will that was borne him. The old men abstained from all conversation with him; and a little boy told him plumply, that his father designed to take his life. As he was returning quite pensive to his master, he saw on the roof of a house a young female, who raised her veil, and, with a look of the greatest alarm, motioned to him with her hand to begone, at the same time pointing towards Russia. It was the sister of the young man whom he had saved in crossing the Terek.

On reaching the house, he found the old gaoler engaged in examining the fetters of the major. A third person was seated in the room: it was a man who had been prevented by an intermittent fever from accompanying his countrymen, and who had been sent to Ibrahim as an additional guard upon the prisoners till the return of the expedition. Ivan was soon aware of this precaution, but took care not to manifest surprise. The absence of the men furnished him with a favourable opportunity for the execution of his plans; but the increased vigilance of their gaoler, and, above all, the presence of the invalid, rendered their success extremely doubtful. On the other hand, he was convinced that if he awaited the return of the people, his death would be inevitable: he fore-

saw that the expedition would be unsuccessful, and that he should not fail to be sacrificed to their rage. He had no other alternative than either to abandon his master, or to set immediately about his liberation. The faithful Ivan would rather have suffered a thousand deaths than have pursued the former course.

Kascambo, who began to lose all hopes, had for some time past given way to deep despondency, and observed an habitual silence. Ivan, more calm and in better spirits than usual, displayed unwonted alacrity in the preparation of breakfast, and while thus engaged, kept singing Russian songs, introducing now and then words of encouragement to his master.

"The time is come," he said, or rather sang, subjoining to each phrase the unmeaning burden of a Russian popular song—*Hai lulee, hai lulee*; "the time is come to terminate our misery or perish. To-morrow, *hai lulee*, we shall be on the way to a city, a delightful city, *hai lulee*, which I will not name. Courage, master! be not disheartened, *hai lulee!* Great is the God of the Russians."

Kascambo, indifferent alike to life and death, and ignorant of the plan of his *denshik*, concluded with merely saying, "Hold thy tongue and do what thou wilt." Towards evening the invalid, who had been well treated that he might stay the more willingly, and who, besides making a hearty dinner, had gratified himself all the rest of the day with eating *chislik**, was seized with so violent a paroxysm of fever, that he could stay no longer, but was obliged to go home. He

* Mutton cut in small pieces, stuck on a stick and roasted, or rather toasted at the fire.

was suffered to depart without much difficulty, for Ivan had by his mirth lulled the old man's suspicions. To remove them completely, he retired at an early hour to the extremity of the room, and lay down upon a bench close to the wall, till Ibrahim should be asleep: but the latter had determined to watch all night. Instead, therefore, of taking up his quarters as usual on a mat by the fire, he seated himself on a block, opposite to the prisoner; he sent his daughter-in-law to bed in the adjoining apartment, where her son also slept, and she locked the door after her.

From the dark corner where Ivan lay, he surveyed attentively the scene before him. By the flickering flame of the fire he perceived a hatchet glistening in a recess. The old man, overcome by drowsiness, began to nod. Ivan, aware that this was his time, rose upon his feet. The suspicious gaoler instantly roused up. "What art thou about?" said he gruffly. Without returning any answer, Ivan went up to the fire, stretching and yawning like one just awoke from a sound sleep. Ibrahim, to dispel his own drowsiness, now urged Kascambo to play the guitar, to keep him awake. The major hesitated, but Ivan brought him the instrument, at the same time making the preconcerted sign. "Play, master," said he; "I want to speak with you." Kascambo tuned the guitar, and both commenced the following duet, intermixed with the stanzas of a popular Russian song:

KASCAMBO.

Hai lulce, hai lulce! what hast thou to say? Beware what thou dost!

[After each question and answer they sang a stanza of the song, as follows:]

What, alas! what shall I do?

My lover comes not yet to greet me:

Sure he cannot be untrue,

He would not else have vow'd to meet me.

Hai lulce, hai lulce,

Without my love, ah woe is me!

IVAN.

You see that hatchet, but do not look at it. *Hai lulce, hai lulce.* I will cleave that scoundrel's skull.

If the humming wheel I ply,

How the threads are always breaking!

To spin to-morrow I will try,

To-day I can't with heart that's aching.

Hai lulce, hai lulce;

Where, ah where, can my lover be?

KASCAMBO.

A useless murder! *hai lulce;* how should I flee with my fetters?

As the calf, or kid, or lamb,

O'er the herbage lightly bounding,

Seeks with anxious eye its dam,

While with its bleat the woods are sounding:

Hai lulce, hai lulce,

Just so, my love, do I seek thee.

IVAN.

We shall find the key to your fetters in the pocket of this robber.

When, each morning, from the rill

With my pitcher homeward wending,

Without thought, my steps are still

Tow'rd my lover's cottage tending:

Hai lulce, hai lulce,

To his door they carry me.

KASCAMBO.

The woman will raise an alarm, *hai lulce.*

While I linger here alone,

The ingrate cares not for my anguish;

Nay, perhaps, inconstant grown,

He for some other maid may languish.

Hai lulce, hai lulce,

Can my love play false with me?

IVAN.

Let what will happen, should you not die all the same, *hai lulce,* of want and starvation?

Still he comes not!—If the youth,

The truant youth, indeed forsake me,

Heedless of his plighted truth,

To the cold grave I will betake me:

Hai lulce, hai lulce,

For what is life, love, without thee?

The old man became more and more attentive; they redoubled their

hai lulec, while the major struck the strings with greater vehemence. "Play, master," cried the *denshik*, "play the Cossack dance, while I will dance about the room till I can get at the hatchet. Play boldly, *hai lulec!*"

"Be it so, then!" rejoined Kascambo, "that this hell may have an end." He turned away his face, and began to play with all his might the dance required.

Ivan began those grotesque steps and attitudes of the Cossack dance with which the old man was particularly pleased, making a variety of antics and shouting to divert his attention. Whenever Kascambo was aware that the dancer was near the hatchet, his heart throbbled with anxiety: it was in a sort of closet without door, formed in the wall of the house, but at such a height that Ivan could scarcely reach it. That he might have it handy for his purpose, he availed himself of a favourable moment, made a sudden snatch at the weapon, and immediately placed it on the floor, in the shadow thrown by Ibrahim's body. When the eyes of the latter were again turned towards him, he was far from the spot and continuing the dance. This dangerous scene had lasted a considerable time, and Kascambo, tired of playing, began to imagine that his *denshik's* courage failed him, or that he judged the opportunity unfavourable. He cast his eyes on him at the moment when the intrepid dancer, having seized the hatchet, was advancing with firm step to strike the fatal blow. Such was the horror which seized the major, that he unconsciously ceased playing and dropped the guitar on his lap. The old man, stooping at the same moment, made one step forward to stir

the fire: some dry leaves blazed up and threw a strong light about the room, when Ibrahim raised himself to resume his seat.

Had Ivan then attempted to execute his design, a combat man to man would have been the inevitable consequence; an alarm would have been raised, and this it behoved him above all things to avoid. His presence of mind saved him. Perceiving the agitation of the major as Ibrahim was rising, he set down the hatchet behind the very block which served him for a seat, and began dancing again. "What are you at?" said he to his master, "play away." The major, sensible of his indiscretion, again began to play. The old gaoler, having no suspicion, resumed his seat, but ordered them to cease the music and retire to rest. Ivan coolly fetched the case of the instrument, and set it down by the fire-place, but instead of taking the guitar, which his master held out to him, he snatched up the hatchet that lay behind Ibrahim, and dealt him such a terrible blow on the head, that the wretched man, without uttering a groan, dropped down dead with his face in the fire, which burned his long gray beard. Ivan drew him back by his legs and threw a mat over the corpse.

They listened, to ascertain whether the woman was awake, when, surprised no doubt at the sudden silence which had succeeded so much noise, she opened the door of her room. "What are you doing here?" said she, advancing towards the prisoners, "and whence comes this smell of burnt feathers?" The fire had been scattered by Ibrahim's fall and gave but little light. Ivan raised the hatchet to strike her; she had time to turn aside her head, and received the blow on the breast with a deep groan:

another stroke, more rapid than lightning, overtook her in falling, and extended her lifeless at the feet of Kascambo. Horror-struck at this second murder, which was wholly unexpected by him, the major, seeing Ivan advance towards the room where the boy lay, stepped before the door to stop him. "What art thou about, wretch?" he exclaimed; "couldst thou have the barbarity to murder that boy too, who has shewn me so much kindness? Shouldst thou deliver me at this price, neither thy attachment nor thy services shall save thee on our arrival at the Line."—"At the Line," replied Ivan, "do with me what you please; but here is a business that I must go through with." Kascambo, mustering all his strength, seized him by the collar, as he endeavoured to force a passage. "Scoundrel!" cried he, "if thou darest attempt his life or to hurt a hair of his head, I swear by the Almighty God, that I will deliver myself up to the Tchetchenges, without benefiting by thy barbarity!"—"To the Tchetchenges!" repeated the *denshik*, brandishing the bloody weapon over the head of his master; "they shall never take you again alive: I will murder them and you and myself first. That boy may ruin us by raising an alarm: in the state in which you are, women would be strong enough to overpower and bring you back to prison."—"Hold! hold!" cried Kascambo—from whose grasp Ivan strove to disengage himself—"hold, monster! thou shalt dispatch me before I suffer thee to commit such a crime." Weak, however, as he was, and embarrassed by his fetters, he could not hold the ferocious young man, who thrust him back so roughly that he fell on the floor, half-fainting

with surprise and horror. "Ivan," he cried, whilst his garments dripped with the blood of the first victims, as he endeavoured to rise—"Ivan, kill him not, I conjure thee! For God's sake, shed not the blood of that innocent creature!" He hurried, as soon as he could, to save the child, but at the door of the room he jostled against the *denshik*, who was coming out.—"Master," said he, "'tis all over: let us lose no time, and don't make a noise. Don't make a noise, I tell you," cried he in answer to the vehement reproaches with which the major loaded him. "What is done can't be undone: 'tis now too late to recede. Till we are free, whoever comes within my reach dies or shall kill me; and should any one enter this place before our departure, I care not whether it be man, woman, or child, whether friend or foe, I shall extend him there with the others." He lighted a splinter of fir, and searched Ibrahim's knapsack and pockets: the key to the fetters was not there. To no purpose did he seek it in the woman's pockets, in a chest, and in every place where he conjectured that it might be concealed. The major meanwhile gave free scope to his grief; Ivan strove to cheer him in his way. "You ought rather to weep for the loss of the key," said he. "Why should you lament over this race of robbers, who have tormented you for more than fifteen months. They meant to murder us, but their turn is come before ours. How could I help that? May hell engulf them all, I say!"

The key of the fetters, however, was no where to be found; and unless means could be devised to break them, this threefold murder would be of no advantage. With the corner

of the hatchet Ivan found means to rid his master of the ring at his wrist, but that which fastened the chain to his legs withstood all his efforts; for he durst not exert his whole strength for fear of hurting the major. On the other hand, the night was advancing, and the danger becoming more urgent. They resolved to depart. Ivan fastened the chain about the major's waist in such a manner as not to make a noise, and to incommode him as little as possible. He put into a knapsack a quarter of mutton, left from dinner the preceding day, and some other provisions, and armed himself with the pistol and dagger of his victim. Kascambo took his *bourka**. They then set out in silence, and going round to the rear of the house, lest they should meet any one, took the way to the mountains, instead of following the usual route to Mosdok, foreseeing that they should be pursued in that direction. For the rest of the night they kept along the foot of the heights on their right, and when day began to dawn, entered a beech-wood, which covered the hills and screened them from observation. It was the month of February: the ground on these heights, and especially in the wood, was still covered with snow, frozen so hard as to bear the travellers in the night and part of the forenoon; but towards mid-day, when it was softened by the sun, they sank into it at every step, and hence their progress was very slow.

* A water-proof mantle of felt, with long hair, resembling a bear-skin. It is the ordinary mantle of the Cossacks, and is manufactured by them only. In this wrapper they defy wind and weather, rain and mud, when they are obliged to pass the night in the open air.

In this manner they proceeded till they reached the margin of a deep valley, which they would be obliged to cross, and the bottom of which was free from snow. A beaten track, winding along the banks of the stream which ran through it, denoted that this spot was frequented. This circumstance and the fatigue of the major induced the travellers to halt there till night; and they concealed themselves among some detached rocks, which projected from amid the snow. Ivan cut branches of fir, and made with them a thick bed upon the snow for his master. While the latter rested himself, his attendant reconnoitred the country. The valley which opened at their feet was surrounded by lofty hills, to which there appeared to be no outlet; he saw that it was impossible to avoid the beaten track, and that they must absolutely follow the course of the stream in order to get out of this labyrinth. About eleven at night, when the snow began to be hardened by the frost, they descended into the valley; but before they started they set fire to the branches which composed their couch, as well to warm themselves, as to make a supper of *chislik*, a refreshment which they much needed. A handful of snow was their drink and a dram of brandy concluded the repast. They traversed the valley luckily without encountering any person, and entered a defile where the road and the stream were confined by perpendicular hills. Here they proceeded with all possible expedition, well aware of the danger they should incur if they were met in that narrow pass, which they did not clear till about nine in the morning. The dark defile then opened all at once, and they discovered,

beyond the lower ranges of hills which presented themselves, the immense plains of Russia, spread out like an ocean to their view. It is impossible to conceive the joy of the major at this unexpected sight. "Russia! Russia!" was the only word that he was able to pronounce.

The travellers sat down to rest themselves and to enjoy the prospect of their approaching liberty. This anticipation was mingled in the mind of the major with the recollection of the horrid catastrophe which he had recently witnessed, of which his fetters and his blood-stained garments strongly reminded him. With his eyes fixed on the distant object of his wishes, he calculated the difficulties which he had yet to surmount.

The prospect of the long and dangerous journey that he had still to

perform, with fetters about his legs, which were swollen with fatigue, soon obliterated every trace of the momentary pleasure caused by the sight of his native land. To the torments of his imagination were added those of burning thirst. Ivan descended towards a stream that flowed not far off, to fetch some water for his master. He found there a bridge formed of two trees, and descried a habitation in the distance. It was a kind of *chalet*, or summer-abode of the Tchetchenges, and then unoccupied. To the fugitives this lonely dwelling was an important discovery. Ivan roused his master from his gloomy reflections, conducted him to this asylum, and then began to seek the magazine belonging to it.

(To be concluded in our next.)

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. V.

THE DEVIL'S CHATEAU.

IN a village in Picardy are still to be seen the ruins of a *château* which has long been uninhabited. Tradition says, that its last possessor was a peasant named Claude, whose history is as follows:

This man was the elder of two brothers, who, together with their father, lived a long time peaceably and happily by their labour; but Claude, who was naturally avaricious, began at last to grow discontented with his poverty, and his discontent was fostered by an old woman who had not the best repute among the villagers: none of them indeed, except Claude, would associate with her, for she was generally regarded as a witch. She threw out so many hints that it was his own fault if he

remained poor, that at last he one day told her it should be his fault no longer, for he was ready to do whatever she desired, provided she made his fortune.

"I cannot do it myself," replied the old woman, "but I can bring you to him that will, if you are courageous, and willing to do what he requires of you."

"But who may that be?"

"Oh, he will tell you himself. Come to my house a little before twelve to-night, and I will put you in the way of obtaining all you wish."

Claude was punctual to the time appointed; the witch shut the door, performed some conjurations, and the spirit that she invoked appeared under the form of a little winged boy,

of exceeding beauty. Claude gazed upon him with admiration; he could not conceive that there was any thing to fear from a creature so beautiful: but in spite of himself a cold shudder crept through his veins, when the demon, fixing upon him his large melancholy eyes, asked, in a solemn tone, "What wouldst thou have of me?"

"I would be rich," replied he, in a faltering voice.

"Thou shalt be so, but upon condition that thou makest over thy soul to me."

"No," replied Claude firmly, "that I will not do: I am willing to serve you for a term of years, but not to give myself entirely to you."

"I can assist you on no other condition than that of having your soul either after your death, or after a term of years, or after you have committed seven murders."

"Seven murders!" said Claude to himself: "what, I commit murders! Oh, I run no risk at all in making that bargain."—"Well, then," cried he aloud to the demon, "upon this last condition, I am yours: only remember, I will have a good fortune."

"Thou seest this purse?" replied the fiend.

"Yes."

"Well, every first day of the month, if thou wilt sign the agreement thou hast made, thou shalt find it full of gold."

Claude assented joyfully, drew the blood from his arm with the iron pen given him by the devil, and signed upon the spot,

Claude put up the purse, which he was resolved in future to carry about his person, and went home well satisfied with his bargain; but

he could not sleep for thinking of his expected good fortune. The next day was the first of the month: my readers will readily believe that he examined his purse as soon as it was light: he found it filled with gold, and his joy was unbounded. He left off work immediately, bought fine clothes, and to the astonishment of every body, said he should live in future like a gentleman.

His father and brother inquired where he got the money that he boasted of having, but they received only insulting replies; and in a little time afterwards he bought the *château* mentioned above, and taking up his abode in it, separated himself entirely from his family.

At first, he thought himself the happiest man in the world to have so much money; he ate, drank, and dressed much better than he had ever done before. But he soon began to think that there was no pleasure equal to counting his money, and by degrees the contents of his purse, ample as they were, seemed too small to satisfy his wishes. In order to make up this fancied deficiency, he laid out the money of the fiend in the purchase of land, and in a little time found himself master of an enormous fortune. His immense wealth served only to increase the natural hardness of his heart; he refused the most trifling alms to the poor, broke off all connection with his father and brother, and when he learned that the former was dangerously ill, he refused to give him any succour. His brother, who was as good and dutiful as he was the reverse, worked beyond his strength to supply the old man with necessaries: their neighbours, touched with the filial piety of Jacques, pitied and did

all in their power to assist him, while they execrated the avarice and unnatural conduct of Claude, who, regardless of their censures and of the exhortations of the *curé*, placed all his happiness in adding to his already enormous fortune.

A new method of augmenting his ill-gotten store soon presented itself to this miserable wretch. A hard spring brought on a scarcity, storms and inundations destroyed the harvest, and the poor peasants saw with terror, as the winter advanced, that famine came on with hasty strides. Corn rose to an extravagant price; and Claude, whose granaries were full, had the inhumanity to resolve that he would keep his corn till the return of spring, hoping to sell it still dearer. He saw his poor neighbours drooping round him for want; but their tears and the exhortations of his pastor were vain, nothing could shake his cruel determination. His brother avoided applying to him while he could get work; at length being without it, and unable to procure bread for his aged father, he set out with a heavy heart to represent his case to his unnatural brother, who asked him insolently how he dared to appear before him? "Brother," replied he, "I am come to beg of you, in God's name, to give bread to our poor father, who is dying of hunger."

"That must be his fault and yours—why don't you work?"

"For two years past he has never been able to earn a shilling; it is I who have supported him, and I would do so still if I could get employment."

"Oh, the idle never want excuses: you could get work if you liked to seek it."

"Brother, I protest to you"——

"What, you would have the assurance to argue with me, your elder and your better? Go, get out of my house, and never dare to enter it again."

The unfortunate Jacques went away, with a heart bursting with grief and indignation: he related what had passed to his neighbours; every body participated in his feelings, but, alas! no one could relieve him. He found every where distress similar to his own.

The *curé*, who had already parted with every thing that he had for the relief of his parishoners, determined to make a last effort in their favour: he went himself, and begged with tears that Claude would afford them assistance, offering to take measures for securing to him the price of his corn. The obdurate miser was deaf to all solicitations; he disregarded even the solemn assurance of the pastor, that his cruelty would cause the loss of many lives. The good man went away in tears; and two days afterwards, Jacques presented himself again at the gate of the *château*. His father was reduced to the last extremity, and he could not believe that Claude would actually suffer him to expire of hunger. He begged of Jacques to apply once more to his barbarous brother. Jacques had hardly the strength to obey his father, so much was he exhausted by hunger and suffering. In vain did he represent in the most moving terms to Claude the miserable situation of their parent; in vain did he assure him that without instant succour famine would, in the course of a few hours, terminate his days. The wretch, without any reply, grasped the arm of Jacques, and pushed him from his door.

“O my poor father!” exclaimed the sorrowful Jacques, “thou must go to the grave with the bitter thought that it is thine own son who precipitates thee into it!” He returned weeping, and unable to relate the reception he had met with; but the old man read it in his countenance. Despair finished what famine had begun, and in a few hours he breathed his last. The unfortunate Jacques, already reduced by hunger to the last extremity, could not support the sight of this dreadful catastrophe; before morning he followed his father.

The monster who had caused their deaths went to bed that night as tranquil as usual, with his head full of the gain which he expected to make by selling his corn in the spring; but hardly had he closed his eyes, when he dreamed that he was surrounded by spectres; he recognised in the foremost his father and his brother: they seized him with their icy hands, and in a hollow voice murmured in his ear, “Wretch! it is thou who hast caused our deaths; but the hour of vengeance is at hand.” These terrible words were repeated by the other spectres. In vain did he strive to disengage himself from their grasp, he could not succeed. At length he awoke, half-dead with terror; and his heart, though inaccessible to pity or remorse, began to be assailed by fear. He arose with the dawn, and resolved to send some food to his father and brother, of whose deaths he was still ignorant. But first he went, as usual, to visit his granary. He found his grain in the greatest disorder, and in the midst of it a doe of monstrous size, who trampled upon it, and mixed the different sorts toge-

ther. No sooner did he enter than the animal ran towards him with such a menacing look that he fled from her in terror. Hardly had he reached the door of his house, when he met the *curé* coming to inform him of the death of his father and brother. At this news the most horrible apprehensions seized him; he related the vision he had had and the strange sight he had just seen to the *curé*, who proceeded with him to the granary, and ordered the doe to tell him in whose name she came. “I come to seize my own!” immediately exclaimed the fiend, assuming his real form. The *curé* commanded him in God's name to retire. “I must obey,” replied the demon; “but I shall take with me that which is mine. The soul of that man belongs to me by right, for our bargain is complete. I required of him only seven murders; he has committed more: mine, therefore, he is. I am ready to depart, but he shall accompany me. Tell me, then, how you will have me go.”

The *curé*, struck with consternation, saw at once that he could not save Claude: yet he determined to make an effort, and turning to him, he exhorted him to pray; but the miserable wretch had not the power to utter a single word.

“May I go in flames?” asked the devil abruptly.

“No,” replied the pastor, “thou mightst destroy the village.”

“I shall vanish in smoke then.”

“Not so, neither; for thou mightst stifle my parishioners, for whose lives I should be answerable before the Supreme Tribunal.”

“Well, then, I can depart only under the form of a whirlwind.”

The *curé* sighed: he turned once.

more to the miscreant Claude; but his exhortations were unavailing, the demon of riches had contrived too well to secure his prey. The heart seared by avarice is incapable of true repentance, and the exulting fiend struck his talons into the breast of his victim, exclaiming, "Monster! thou hast committed more crimes than I exacted of thee; come and augment the number of those whose damnation I have caused." As he spoke, he mounted in the air with the wretched miser, carrying in his flight

the roof of the *château*, and destroying the trees and the buildings which surrounded it. The storm he raised was the most terrible ever witnessed, but it destroyed only the property of the miser.

No one ever attempted to repair the *château*; for as it was known to have been bought by the money of the devil, no one could be found bold enough to inhabit it; and it has retained from that time to the present the name of *the Devil's Château*.

THE GREAT TUN OF GRONINGEN.

AMONG the bishops who governed Halberstadt, Henry Julius of Brunswick deserves particular notice. Endowed by nature with distinguished qualities of mind and heart, he would have graced the proudest throne; and his faculties had been highly cultivated by a very careful education for the age in which he lived. His father, Duke Julius of Brunswick, had brought him up in rural retirement, and had been so fortunate as to procure for him instructors of equal zeal and ability. Hence in his early youth he had made extraordinary progress in the languages and sciences. At so early an age as nine years he took an active part in a theological disputation at Gandersheim, and at twelve he delivered extempore discourses in Latin. He studied jurisprudence with such assiduity, that during his father's lifetime he was capable of undertaking the functions of a judge. He possessed also the gift of poesy; for he wrote German plays, which, if we may believe the divine who preached his funeral sermon, were admirable compositions.

Nominated bishop while yet a child, and declared of age by the emperor in 1578, after he assumed the government, his active mind delighted in seeking sources of occupation. To these belonged building.

The principal edifice erected by him was the palace at Gröningen. A mansion had been previously built there by Cardinal Albert, but Henry Julius found it too small and too tasteless; it fell far short of his notions of beauty and grandeur. He therefore enlarged it, added wings, and beautified the whole, to which he gave the same external form that it still retains. The interior was loaded with a profusion of carving, gilding, and paintings, agreeably to the taste of the times, and especially the church, which, however, contains many valuable paintings in fresco, of which a night-piece, representing the apprehension of Christ, is particularly conspicuous. The excellent organ, with more than sixty stops, which cost the bishop upwards of ten thousand dollars, a very large sum for that period, is now in St. Martin's church at Halberstadt.

In the inner court of the palace the bishop had a building erected, beneath which was the gigantic tun known in the sequel by the name of *the Great Tun of Gröningen*. Nor was it miscalled, for it is thirty feet long and somewhat more than eighteen in diameter. The hoops are strengthened with iron clouts, which, with nine hundred and fifty-five iron screws that fasten them together, weigh nearly six tons four hundred weight. The vessel itself weighs nearly twenty-two tons, and holds twenty-eight thousand six hundred and seventy-two gallons. It is now on the Spiegel Hills, near Halberstadt, thus named after a canon of the cathedral, by whom they were planted. The builder was Michael Werner of Landau, the same person who constructed the famous tun of Heidelberg.

One day, after this tun had received into its capacious bosom a quantity of fragrant Rhenish, it happened that the wall of the cellar required some repair. The butler sent for a bricklayer to do what was needful. This was a young man, named Andrew Reuter, industrious and clever at his business, but a jovial fellow, and a great favourite both with matrons and maidens, for the beauty of his person and his merry disposition. The butler, to whom he was well known, left him almost the whole day alone in the cellar, only coming now and then to see how the work proceeded and to chat with the jolly bricklayer. Towards evening the latter, finding himself somewhat fatigued with labour, took it into his head to draw a little wine out of the great tun, for the purpose of refreshing himself. The few drops, he thought, could not be missed out of

so large a quantity. But the first indulgence led to a second, the second to a third, and the third to so many more, that Reuter, overcome by the potency of the beverage, at length sunk senseless on the floor and fell fast asleep.

The butler, after waiting an hour in expectation that Reuter would leave work and bring him the key of the cellar as he had desired, at length set off to see what was the cause of his stay. On finding him in a sound sleep, he readily conjectured what had happened; but as he should himself have been liable to blame for not looking more sharply after the workman, which it was his duty to do, he would not summon any of his fellow-servants to assist in removing him. He left him, therefore, lying where he was and locked up the cellar, intending the next morning to release his prisoner, and to rate him soundly for his misconduct.

About midnight Reuter awoke. It was the first time in his life that he had been in such a state. He was the more puzzled to conceive what had befallen him and where he was. He groped about in the pitch-dark cellar to find his way out; but the door was locked. He was going to knock, but soon reflected, that for the sake of his character it was requisite that he should make no noise and await the issue, as the only means of escaping notice. He sat down upon a stone, meditating on his situation till he was thoroughly ashamed of himself.

In a short time he perceived in the opposite corner of the cellar a bright light, that seemed to rise out of the ground. Looking stedfastly at it, he saw a little gray man, scarcely a foot high, with slow and solemn step

advancing towards him. Though not timorous, yet not infected with the incredulity of modern times, which in bright sunshine pertinaciously denies the possibility of supernatural appearances, he started with affright; his blood ran cold; and he clapped his hand to his eyes, as though he expected by so doing to withdraw himself from observation.

The little gray man meanwhile came up close to him. "Be not afraid, Andrew!" said he; "I am thy friend, for I have taken a liking to thee. I have dominion under the earth, and whatever thou here wishest I will grant thee."

"Then let me out of the cellar!"

"Follow me!—and shouldst thou ever feel again a desire to recruit thy spirits with the liquor in this tun, come at midnight, knock with the little finger of the left hand seven times on the middle nail in the lock of the outer door, and I will instantly open it and admit thee."

Reuter fearfully followed his guide. They were soon at the door. The gray man touched the lock; and the door instantly flew open, but without the least noise. Reuter was at liberty. Without once looking round, he ran home as fast as his legs could carry him. There he formed the serious resolution to beware in future of the great tun, and still more of the diminutive ruler of the lower world.

He rose early next morning to fetch the key of the cellar and continue his work. He pondered by the way—for he was not a little perplexed about it—what excuse he should make for his conduct the preceding day, and above all how he should account for his release from

the cellar; for he could not possibly confess the truth relative to the latter circumstance, neither could he have the least doubt that the butler had purposely locked him up. He repaired under no slight apprehension to the butler's lodgings, and was there informed that he had not yet risen, having come home late from a carousal and been put to bed insensible. Aha! thought he—the game is mine! He knew from experience how imperfectly a person in such a condition recollects previous circumstances, and on this knowledge his ready wit immediately built a plan.

When the butler had at last risen, and Reuter went to him to fetch the keys, the former began to inveigh bitterly against him, calling him a good-for-nothing fellow, not fit to be trusted, and threatening to acquaint the bishop with his misconduct.

Reuter affected the profoundest astonishment. "But how should I have got home," said he, "if I had been in such a state as you assert?"

"Got home! That is precisely what I wish to know. I left you lying like a lump of lead in the cellar, as I did not wish to make a noise, and locked the doors. How did you get out?"

"You must have been dreaming, my good sir. I had neither keys nor any other implements for unlocking the doors; and even if I had such, you know those locks cannot be opened from within."

"You must have used main strength—your large hammer."

"What a noise that would have made! Consider the strength of those prodigious locks! Ask the watchman if he heard any thing."

"He was asleep I dare say."

"Come along then and see."

Away they went—but not the slightest mark of violence was to be discovered either on the locks or the doors.

The butler was completely puzzled. He was positive that he had locked up the drunken bricklayer, but he was equally positive that, if he had done so, Reuter could not have got out of the cellar without betraying himself.

"There you see!" said Reuter. "You must certainly have been in your cups last night, and your overheated blood or the foul fiend must have inspired the dream which you would pass off for reality, to shift the fault from your own shoulders to those of an innocent person."

The butler's conscience smote him—and that always makes a man a coward. He muttered something to himself and went away, but sent a person to stay in the cellar the whole day and watch Reuter; and he himself went besides several times to and fro.

This treatment vexed Reuter exceedingly. He thought more than once of availing himself the next night of the offer of the little gray man, merely to play the butler a trick. This, however, would have been making free with the property of another, and his natural sense of honour revolted against that. Still more repugnant to his mind was the idea of any intercourse with unearthly spirits, who, he was well aware, could not be good ones, since they offered him their aid to do what was wrong. He shuddered at the thought of making a covenant with the powers of hell; and he therefore rejected this scheme of revenge as often as it recurred to his mind.

The job was finished, and nothing further transpired of Reuter's adventure, the butler keeping the one half with which he was acquainted a profound secret, as Reuter did the other, to which he alone was privy. The latter soon relinquished the criminal idea of profiting by his knowledge of the cellar, and indeed seemed to have totally forgotten it, when soon afterwards wishes of a very different kind occupied his heart.

Maria was the daughter of one of the wealthiest inhabitants of Gröningen, who possessed some hundred acres of excellent land, gardens, and houses, and numbered many persons even of distinction amongst his debtors. At the same time he lived within his income, so that his property was constantly increasing; for, though he was by no means parsimonious, but bountiful to the poor and zealous in promoting the public welfare, still, on the other hand, he was trained from his youth to habits of industry and moderation, and he took delight in making the best possible provision for his only child—his darling Maria.

Many suitors, allured as well by her personal charms as her large expectations, had already solicited her hand. She was in the first bloom of youth. Vivacity, wit, and humour heightened her attractions. She had, however, hitherto rejected all addresses, and on this point her father allowed her to follow her own inclination.

It so happened that about this time Maria met with Reuter at a ball given by a young couple in celebration of their wedding. She had before heard a good deal concerning him, from the young females of her acquaintance; and therefore observ-

ed him with particular attention. Her first glance at the handsome young man prepossessed her in his favour, and each of those that followed, and there followed not a few, kindled a fresh spark in her susceptible heart. Her most earnest wish was, that Reuter would ask her to dance with him, and she insensibly drew as near to him as she could. Reuter, however, was too much engaged with his acquaintance to regard Maria, strongly as she attracted the notice of the rest of the company. Vexed at this disappointment, she drew back and refused all the solicitations to dance with which she was assailed. No one could conceive what had come to her, who used to be so full of spirits and so fond of the amusement, which she now alleged head-ache as an excuse for not sharing.

Upon this pretext she sat still in a corner and watched the object of her wishes. The unexpected difficulty which she had encountered only served to increase the vehemence of desire, and her mind was wholly engaged in devising means to accomplish her purpose. After some time, it occurred to her that her father's house wanted some repairs. The very thing! said she to herself, this job shall be done immediately, and Reuter employed for one. She suddenly recovered her gaiety, and danced as usual, without appearing to take the least notice of Reuter.

The following day she contrived to introduce the subject of the requisite repairs to her father with such art, that no one could possibly have suspected her motive. The job was begun, and Reuter was engaged to assist. Maria undertook to supply the workmen with refreshments. "It is a pleasure to me," said she to her

father, "and a kind word will often go a great way with such people."

She provided abundantly for all, but was particularly attentive to Reuter. Such partiality rarely fails to produce its effect. Reuter could not help remarking it. His eye dwelt with delight on the charms of the lovely girl, and he was fascinated with her amiable manner. In a few days he was so deeply in love, that it now came to his turn to form plans.

Great, however, as was the volatility of disposition which nature had bestowed on him, which shed a roseate light over every thing around him, and imparted a faith that removes mountains; still he could not satisfy himself that a poor journeyman bricklayer, who lived by the labour of his hands, was authorized to look up to the greatest beauty and the richest heiress in all Gröningen. More hopeless and more dejected he returned every morning to his work, and with that indeed he now found that he could not make the same progress as usual. A man, however, often attains without plan an object which he has failed to compass by the very best that he could devise, or that he has given up, because he was incapable of forming any plan at all for its accomplishment.

Maria was very soon aware of the impression which she had made on Reuter, but she perceived too how shy he was towards her, and how this shyness increased every day. She was as much vexed at the one as pleased at the other. What was to be done? Love and virgin modesty combated in her bosom. Love proved victorious; and she was constrained to act the suitor. This she accordingly did, but with all the delicacy and tact peculiar to a sensible

woman in such a situation; and yet with an assurance which she possessed in a high degree, and which, in this instance, was greatly augmented by her superiority in condition to Reuter.

The latter was so completely taken by surprise, that at first he doubted whether he understood Maria's meaning. As soon, however, as he had satisfied himself on this point, and the first ray of hope had penetrated his soul, he became as bold and enterprising as he had before been timid and inactive. The business was soon settled, and in three days they were formally betrothed: for, though Maria's father was not exactly pleased with her choice, and had probably calculated upon a different kind of

son-in-law, still he made a point of allowing perfect liberty to her inclination; and after a few objections which he could not repress, and which his darling answered with protestations, that with this young man, and him alone, could she be happy, he gave his consent.

The wedding took place in a few months. Reuter thought himself the happiest man in all Gröningen, and every body else thought so too. He was a topic of general conversation, and an object of bitter envy to many, especially to the disappointed aspirants to Maria's hand. But it is not all gold that glitters; the brightest things often rust the soonest.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE JEW AND THE TRAVELLING TINKER.

IN the winter of no matter what year, as Hans Stendhal, a travelling tinker, was pursuing his way to a German village, he perceived a man lying on the road-side wrapped up in his cloak. "Poor fellow!" said Hans to himself, "he has a cold birth of it, and a dangerous one too, to sleep upon the snow; I had better rouse him. Hollo, friend!" cried he, "don't lie there, but jump up, and jog on with me to the next village: you will find a better bed, I warrant me."

The man made no answer; the tinker went up and shook him, but he moved not, and, on opening his cloak, Hans saw that he was apparently frozen to death. Hans was greatly shocked at this sight, but thinking it might not yet be too late to save him, he exerted his whole strength, took him upon his back,

and proceeded with all the speed he could to the next village.

We should not omit to state, that a pack upon which the poor fellow's head rested shewed that he was a pedlar. Hans was, for a moment, perplexed what to do with it; but he bethought himself of making a deep hole in the snow, in which he hid it, satisfied that it would be safe till he could return to fetch it. On reaching the village, he entered the first house he came to, and with the assistance of the honest peasant who owned it, tried all means to restore the pedlar to life. At last he had the pleasure to see him open his eyes, and then leaving him in the care of the peasant, he hastened back for the pack, which he brought with him to the cottage. By this time, the pedlar, who was an Israelite, had come completely to himself, and was

looking round with a strong expression of anxiety in his countenance. Judging that this was caused by fear for the safety of his pack, the tinker presented it to him. "You will find it all safe and right," said he: "so don't trouble yourself about it, but swallow a drop of something comfortable, and think of getting a little sleep. To-morrow, when you are able to get up, you may convince yourself that you have lost nothing." The Jew pressed his hand without speaking, drank the potion prescribed to him, and soon sank into a transient slumber, from which he awoke quite recovered.

He then desired to be left a little to himself, and ripping up the lining of his coat, took from it some pieces of gold, which, with many thanks and expressions of gratitude, he offered to the tinker.

"Not a farthing!" cried the honest fellow, drawing back: "I don't want to be paid. God forbid that I should take money for assisting a fellow-creature."

"But, mine goot friend," said Isaac, "I am not thinking of payment; for what payment could I think sufficient for saving my life, seeing that it is worth more to me than all the gold in the world? This is only a little acknowledgment of a service which it would be impossible for me ever to repay; and I hope you will not refuse what I can very well spare. I am not so poor, that is not so very poor, as I look."

"So much the better, much good may your money do you! I hope you may live long to make a good use of it; but I can't take it, for all that."

"You are too proud, den, to have someting from a poor Jew?"

"No, no!" cried Hans eagerly: "it is not pride, I assure you. I am not much of a scholar, so I don't very well know how to explain myself; but you know that our Saviour—you have heard of our Saviour, I suppose?"

Isaac nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, then, our Saviour orders us to do to others as we would be done by: now it is very clear that that is all I have done; and if I take your money, I shall then receive a recompence for doing that which as a Christian I was bound to do. I can't think of it, my good friend, I can't indeed; so now you know my whole mind. Let us shake hands and part friends; and no offence intended on my part, I assure you."

"I do believe thee, worthy Christian!" said the Jew, stretching out his hand; "and for thy sake, I shall think better of thy religion: it can't be a bad one that produces such fruits."

Before they parted, the Jew inquired the tinker's intended route, determined to find some means or other to pay his debt of gratitude. He learned that Hans meant to stay a couple of days in that village, and then proceed to a town at no great distance. The next day the pedlar set forward on his journey to that town; he reached it without accident, and in passing through the market-place, perceived a group of people speaking with great earnestness: he went up and asked what was the matter.

"Why where did you come from," said the person he addressed, "that you have not heard of the strange will of old Gortz, nicknamed the Miser? He has scraped together an immense fortune by his parsimony,

and he has bequeathed it in the most whimsical manner that it is possible to conceive. It can be inherited only by a person who can prove that he or she has done, on the very day that Gortz died, a purely disinterested benevolent action."

"Eh! mine Got!" cried the Jew, suppressing as well as he could his emotion, "and when did he die?"

"Three days ago."

The Jew clapped his hands in ecstasy. "Oh, how fortunate! where can I go to claim that money?"

"You! you claim it?"

"Yes, yes; I will claim it for mine friend: he shall have it, he has right."

"Ah, well done, cunning Isaac! Let a Jew alone for getting something. What you and your friend will go snacks, eh?" cried one.

"Don't be too sanguine, honest Isaac," said another: "this matter is to be settled by the mayor, and I fancy his worship will be a match for you and all your fraternity."

Without heeding their sneers, Isaac hastened to the magistrate, a man whose aspect and manners were as repulsive as his heart was kind and humane. Isaac forgot, in speaking to him, the habitually cringing tone which he was accustomed to use. He forgot that he belonged to a proscribed and wandering race. He told his story boldly and plainly; and the truth and energy of his manner carried conviction to the mind of his auditor. Nevertheless, regarding the deposit as a sacred one, he resolved to do every thing necessary to prevent imposition. He dispatched persons whom he could trust to make inquiries in the village; and he stationed others to intercept the tinker, and take him into custody.

The surprise and consternation of Hans may easily be conceived. "What is my offence?" cried he.

"We do not know."

"Why am I apprehended?"

"It is in consequence of the deposition of your accomplice, the Jew."

"My accomplice! God knows I am a stranger to him."

"That remains to be proved;" and without saying more they conducted him to the house of the magistrate, who, arming himself with all the authority of his office, ordered him, in a stern tone, to tell him without reserve all he knew of the Jew. The manner in which Hans delivered his tale convinced the magistrate that that there was no collusion between them: however, he thought it prudent to wait till the return of the emissaries he had dispatched to the village; and they fully corroborated all the circumstances of the case, for the Jew before he left it had published the generous conduct of Hans.

The magistrate then proceeded to fulfil his duty as executor of the will. He liberated Hans and Isaac, and proceeded with them to the town-hall to hear and judge of the different claims that would be made to the property; for, to the credit of the townspeople be it spoken, there were some persons among them who could prove that they had on that day performed benevolent actions; but, as the power was vested in the magistrate to give the fortune to the person whom he considered most worthy of it, he decided in favour of Hans, who remained, during the whole of the proceedings, a mere passive spectator; his claims being stated by his friend Isaac, who established them so fully, that even the other claimants unanimously agreed

that he alone deserved the noble inheritance, which was to be the prize of disinterested humanity. No sooner did he hear it awarded to him, than he declared he would only accept it on condition of being allowed to divide one half of it among the other claimants. "What remains," said he, "is a great deal more than I shall know how to employ properly; nor can I enjoy it, unless he, to whose friendship I owe it, will share it with me."

Isaac was deeply affected with his generosity. "You know," said he, "I told you that I was not so poor as I appeared; all I want or will ac-

cept from you is, your friendship and society. I can afford to throw away my pack, and to settle near you, if you will promise that we shall live like brothers."

Hans joyfully agreed. It is almost superfluous to say, that he made a good use of the money he had so worthily gained. Isaac, released from the toils of his occupation, and roused by the conduct of Hans to inquire into the grounds of Christianity, soon became a convert to that heaven-taught religion, from whose precepts alone man can imbibe principles of pure disinterested benevolence.

THE PRECIEUSES OF THE HOTEL RAMBOUILLET.

ABOUT the middle of the 17th century, there existed in Paris a *coterie* composed of persons of both sexes, distinguished by rank and wit, and whose manners the higher classes of society, not only in the capital, but also in the provinces, strove to imitate. This *coterie* met in the Hotel Rambouillet, situated in the Rue St. Thomas du Louvre, which possesses some historic interest, as it communicated with the Hotel de Longueville, which was rendered so celebrated at the time of the Fronde, and especially by the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz. Here assembled La Rochefoucault, Chapelain, Pelisson, Balzac, and all the eminent *beaux esprits* of the age, the mother of the great Condé, her daughter, the model of a political female intriguer, afterwards Madame de Longueville, Mademoiselle Scuderi, at a later period Madame de Maintenon and wife of Louis XIV. besides many other distinguished ladies, among whom, as if by way of contrast, was Ma-

dame de Sevigné; for, though our national character may incapacitate us for discovering genuine feeling in the charming gossip of this writer, still such of us as are sufficiently intimate with her language cannot but admire her grace and acuteness. The wretched taste which prevailed in this society and the various epochs of its celebrity render it worthy of notice. After the accession of Louis XIV. during the intrigues and confusion of the regency of Anne of Austria, when civil dissensions, fanaticism, and ambition left but little scope for the sciences, an amiable and accomplished woman, Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet, wishing to afford in her house an asylum to the belles lettres, assembled all the celebrated wits about her, but was not able to prevent a tone most affectedly extravagant from gaining the ascendancy among them: indeed it is possible that it might even have escaped her observation.

Of this *coterie* Labruyère says,

that "it left to the multitude the vulgar art of speaking intelligibly: one obscure phrase drew after it another still more obscure; and every speaker strove to find more far-fetched expressions than the preceding, till at last they spoke entirely in riddles, which, however, obtained the greatest applause. All that they termed delicacy, grace, and tenderness in expression, they brought at last to such a pass, that they could not understand themselves or each other. To carry on conversations of this kind required neither sound reason, nor memory, nor talents, nothing but a little understanding, and that of the very worst kind, for it was perverted and abused by the imagination."

The manners of this society were not less singular than its language. The females made a show of the most extravagant tenderness for one another: they called each other *chère*, whence this term was employed to designate them. Each *chère* and *précieuse* had a bed decorated in the most costly manner, which stood in an alcove, and in this bed she received visitors at the hour when the *coterie* met. To obtain admission into this society, it was requisite that a person, according to the language of the place, should be "capable of grasping the tenderness of an object," but it must be the "greatest tenderness," nay, even the "tenderness of tenderness." Two abbés well known in their day, de Bellebat and Dubuisson, had the title of "grand alcove-introducers," and by them young men were instructed regarding the qualities essential for obtaining admission into the circle of the *chères*.

Each lady belonging to this circle had moreover an *alcoviste*, a sort of

cavaliere servente, who assisted her to receive visitors, and to keep up the conversation. At the present day such an arrangement, which certainly presupposes great familiarity between the *chère* and the *alcoviste*, would not fail to be condemned as indecorous: at that time no one thought there was any harm in it, nor did it excite the least unfavourable suspicion. St. Evremond asserts its innocence when he tells us that "the *alcoviste* was a mere title, for a *précieuse* made it her chief merit to love her lover in the tenderest manner, but platonically: whereas she hated her husband, but lived with him most unplatonically."

This *coterie*, to which even such men as Bossuet gave consequence by their presence, Molière had the courage to hold up to derision in his *Précieuses Ridicules*. "I was present," says Menage, "at the first representation of the *Précieuses*. Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, Madame de Grignon (daughter of Madame de Sevigné), the whole circle of the Hotel de Rambouillet, were in their boxes. The piece was performed with universal applause, and I was delighted with it; for I even then foresaw the effect which it could not fail to produce. In going out of the theatre, I took Mons. Chapelain by the hand, and said, 'We have both given our sanction to all the absurdities which we have just seen ridiculed with such keen satire and so much sound reason; but, to use the words addressed by St. Remigius to Clovis, 'We must burn what we have worshipped, and worship what we have burned.' It happened as I had foreseen; for, after this first representation, the foolery fell into decline."

MAINA AND THE MAINOTTES.

From the Journal of a recent Traveller.

FROM the present state of Greece, the following authentic particulars respecting the high-spirited people who claim the ancient Spartans for their ancestors, collected from actual observation, are peculiarly interesting:

The Mainottes and their country have been hitherto, but very little known, because they, together with the Kakovuniotes, who inhabit the southernmost point, have been so derided as an extremely dangerous race and the worst of robbers, that few travellers have ventured to explore this district with any degree of attention. This prejudice, however, is for the most part unfounded: as the most formidable and inveterate foes of the Turks, they have at all times struck such terror into the latter, that the Mussulmans could devise no other means of disguising their own weakness than to circulate the most absurd stories of the Mainottes, the worthy descendants of the Spartans, who have inherited from their forefathers that proud spirit and love of liberty which cannot brook submission to any master.

The form of government of the Mainottes has much of the republican, but is in reality a mixture of aristocracy and the patriarchal form, resembling in many respects the ancient institutions of the Highland clans in Scotland. The country is divided into larger or smaller districts, over each of which there is a Capitano or chief, who resides in a fortified tower, which is at the same time a place of refuge for his family in war. The chiefs are also the leaders in war, and their consequence is immediately at an end whenever they are

deemed unfit for the command. The territory which they govern belongs to their adherents, each of whom contributes part of the produce of his land for the subsistence of his chief and his family. Each chief has besides some land of his own, but never much. They are perfectly independent of each other. The most powerful capitano has usually the title of Bey of Maina, and as such transacts the business of his countrymen with the Turks, and leads them against the common enemy. In the country itself his authority depends only on the voluntary obedience of the other chiefs, and his jurisdiction extends no farther than over his immediate adherents. The Porte, in order to keep up a show of sovereignty, generally confirms the Bey by a firman; though, without this confirmation, he would be able from his own power to maintain himself in this post.

The population of the country so far exceeds its fertility as to require the importation of many commodities: hence a traffic by barter is occasionally carried on with the Turkish provinces, or recourse is had to smuggling, and even the *Karatsch*, or capitation-tax, is regularly paid as a blind for a time. That burden, however, is instantly thrown off again whenever any extraordinary resource renders this semblance of submission unnecessary. This conduct has incensed the Turks in the highest degree against the Mainottes, whom they have in consequence frequently attacked, but by whom they have hitherto been invariably repulsed.

The coast is full of creeks, which

afford retreats for row-boats that are universally engaged in piracy. These creeks are so surrounded by rocks and exposed to all winds that they are not suited to merchantmen and vessels of burden. On the arrival of an enemy, the villages and towns on the coast are deserted, and the Mainottes retire to the ridges and steep declivities of the Taygetus, which rises from the coast, where other villages and more secure valleys afford them a temporary asylum from the foe. Should the latter land and wreak his vengeance on the forsaken habitations, the first wind that arose would cut him off from all succour on the part of his fleet. A bold race, intimately acquainted with the paths of their native mountains, and armed with excellent weapons, readily dispersing in the daytime and as readily assembling again at night, would increase his danger with every moment's delay, and harass him at every step that he advanced. The women themselves are no strangers to the management of arms, and they have often dealt death and destruction among the assailants, from whom as conquerors they had to expect nothing but slavery. The country is impassable for artillery; and hence their towers, inefficient as they would be under a more improved system of warfare, nevertheless furnish a powerful medium of resistance, and have more than once arrested the progress of the Turks. Were the latter to attempt an attack by land, the northern frontier is still more impenetrable. The most abrupt and inaccessible rocks and peaks of the Taygetus occupy the whole line, and leave but two approaches, bordered on the one hand by precipices and on the other by the sea. The avenues to the in-

terior are known to the natives alone, and if troops were to attempt to penetrate from the coast while the Mainottes were in possession of the mountains, this operation would require far greater courage and discipline than Turkish soldiers possess. In the war which Lambro carried on with Russian money, the Mainottes were so troublesome to the Turks, that a joint attack was made on their territory by the fleet which landed troops on the coast, and by the army in the Morea, which advanced at the same time from Misistra. The forces engaged in this attack were estimated at fifteen thousand men. The expedition nevertheless failed; the Turks were obliged to retreat, while the Mainottes scoured the plain of the Eurotas, carrying away with them every thing moveable and setting fire to Misistra.

The Mainottes, whenever they are threatened by the Turks, speedily assemble. The petty chiefs indeed are frequently at variance with each other, but these feuds serve to keep up a martial spirit among them. With their little row-boats they harass every corner of the Morea, and even the Cyclades, and consider every ship that is not too strong for them as a lawful prize. Their vessels, called *trattas*, have the form of long narrow boats, and carry from ten to forty men, each armed with sword and pistols. They possess uncommon address in rowing, and when the wind is favourable employ also small masts with antique sails. Each chief has several such boats, and all of them practise piracy without reserve.

The guarding of the frontiers in time of peace is intrusted to a select corps of one thousand men, which, like the sacred phalanx of the The-

bans, must always be complete. This corps is constantly in activity and almost always fighting, being in camp and bivouack night and day, watching every motion of the Turks, cutting off such as pass along the frontiers and repelling all attacks. A young Mainotte who enters this corps never quits it till he dies; and yet not an old man is to be seen in its ranks. In general these men fall at an early age for their country. The day on which a youth is admitted into this body is a festival for his family; and his mother rejoices that she has given life to a son who is deemed worthy to be numbered among the avengers of his native land. This glorious victim, who devotes himself to the defence of his compatriots, is carried in triumph to the camp, where his relatives take leave of him for ever. A Mainotte mother, like one of Sparta, would not survive any cowardice in her son. But this misfortune, say they, is as rare as a white crow.

The Mainottes are active, industrious, and not destitute of natural talents. Among their chiefs are men tolerably conversant in the modern Romaic literature; nay, some have such a knowledge of ancient Greek, as to be able to read Herodotus and Xenophon, and possess a tolerable acquaintance with the history of their country. Their independence and their victories have infused into them

great confidence in themselves, and they possess the high spirit and attachment to their native land which universally prevail among mountaineers. The stranger who comes to them is regarded as inviolable. One chief accompanies him to another, and he is every where sure of a welcome. If a stranger passes the abode of a chief without entering, the latter considers it as an affront, because he looks upon the entertainment of strangers as one of his most valuable prerogatives; and were any one to attempt to harm his guest the offender would draw upon himself the most signal vengeance.

The Mainottes are Christians and profess the Greek religion. They have numerous churches, which are kept very clean and much frequented. They are a superstitious people, and constantly carry about them a great number of amulets. Their females are not shut up like those of the other Orientals; and when a father leaves no male issue, the daughters inherit his whole property. Wives possess the confidence of their husbands, and take part in the education of the children and in all domestic concerns. In no part of Greece does the sex enjoy more liberty and abuse it less than in Maina. Infidelity in marriage is rare, and it is punished with death.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE ISLE OF ST. BOURONDON.

THE advanced brigades of the British army halted, after a long march across the Pyrenees, and took their ground eight miles to the north-west of Auch, a handsome town of France, in the department of Gers. To the south sloped a mountainous

district, comprising the Lower Pyrenees; to the north-west lay the sandy district of Landes, where, by necessity and habit, the natives have been taught to move about upon stilts, with a celerity and perseverance which ignorance would incline a

stranger to regard as a peculiar endowment from nature. On the east might be descried, far off, the glittering spires of the magnificent cathedral of Auch; and on all sides the perspective was diversified, grand, and beautiful, with grotesque stupendous cliffs towering in rocky battlements over the green hills, and distributing foamy cascades or meandering streams to enrich the valleys, the gardens, the corn-fields, and sylvan scenery.

The soldiers were appointed to their respective stations, with strict orders not to molest the people or their property. Sentinels taking their posts were reminded to have an eye to the fulfilment of this order, and to be vigilant in protecting the cottages and vineyards, while a bustle of glad activity prevailed among the individuals who were off guard. Some unpacked camp-kettles and other culinary requisites; others drew water, or hewed wood, to prepare their rations; or were occupied in waiting upon merry groups of officers at their repast, under the shade of a cork or chestnut tree. Some of these gentlemen, still suffering from the consequences of severe wounds, were more inclined for retirement and rest than for joining the desultory messes; and a recurrence of hectic fever made even the sight of food disagreeable to Major Napier, though he persisted in the discharge of his military duties. He slowly walked to an elevated spot, umbrageous with clumps of walnut, oak, and wild cherries; and his indefatigable attendant placed a camp-stool under a spreading tree, entreating his master's leave to mix a little wine, or orange or lime-juice, with a cup of the living waters that

flowed within sight. To satisfy Brisbane, Major Napier took a draught of the acidulated beverage, and desired him to return in an hour, after getting his own dinner. In half an hour Brisbane was again offering some fresh fruits to the invalid, who in a tone of kindness reproved him for not taking sufficient time for his own refection, when the rebuke was interrupted by Serjeant Scott, followed by a mean-looking foreigner with a bundle in his hand. "Please your honour," said Scott, "as this man has curiosities to sell, I made bold to bring him to your honour."

"You have done right, and I thank you, Scott," answered Major Napier. "Shew your wares," he continued, turning to the stranger, who, quickly bending on one knee, untied a faded silk shawl, and spreading it, displayed several rolls of ancient-looking parchments and small heaps of gold coins. In a monotonous tone, like a schoolboy rehearsing a lesson he did not understand, the Italian, in corrupt French, claimed very high antiquity for the manuscripts, which he said were found in a niche of the vault where one hundred and fifty human skeletons had been discovered, at Toulouse, under a nave of the late church of the Cordeliers. The bodies were preserved by the calcareous nature of the soil of the vault; and he reminded Major Napier that Toulouse had been the chief city of the Tectosages, the conquerors of Greece and of many Asiatic nations. He averred it was probable the skeletons were of that era, or at least coeval with the ravages of the Visigoths, after Toulouse became the capital of a Roman colony. Major Napier patiently examined the coins,

to ascertain by their dates the truth of this conjecture; but so far as their inscriptions were legible, they presented only the names of Philip I. of France, and Sancho the Strong of Spain. The Italian, a little mortified by this detection, acknowledged that the coins belonged to another person, and not to his employer. He was commissioned to dispose of the open manuscripts, and of two rolls so carefully closed as to make it probable the purchaser would obtain a valuable prize; and he produced the rolls from a large pouch within his coat, requesting *Milor Anglais* to read an attestation from the municipality at Toulouse, that the closed rolls were found, with several vestiges of African productions, in a niche of a vault under the church of the Cordeliers at Toulouse, in 1809; and that no tradition was extant to indicate the age when that vault became inaccessible. Major Napier knew that the margossa oil or varnish is employed in Asia to anoint the *holays*, or *cadjores*, on which the *vedas*, histories, and important records are written, and thence they acquire imperishable durability. The margossa nut might grow in the western torrid clime, and perhaps the rolls would furnish Mauritanian registers concerning the better days of Africa. The Italian received permission to offer his employer four dollars for each roll. He returned in the evening to say, that for ten dollars *Milor Anglais* might have both; and the owner would not part with them for double the sum, if cruel necessity had not urged him to the deed: he must procure ten dollars, or go to prison. Major Napier paid the ten dollars, and gave the Italian two francs for his agency. He retired

with many bows, and a profusion of compliments upon the generosity of the English nation.

A few tents had been erected to screen invalids from the damp of night. Under this canvas canopy Major Napier rested while he concluded the blind bargain with the Italian. By the light of a taper he narrowly examined each roll; Brisbane also searched for a crevice or fold to allow the application of a small letter-folder to enlarge the aperture. After every effort had proved abortive, Brisbane proposed cautiously to divide the upper edge with a sharp penknife. The first wrapper was thus detached, without injury to the contents: on the second was written, in old English, "*The Adventures of Algernon Percy and Barbara Cyril, and the Parents of Algernon, named Henry Percy and Emma Mortimer, who were separated on their bridal day, and reunited in an island uninhabited, but not desolate, 1378.*"

Our invalid forgot pain and debility in the perusal of this singular narrative; and when the surrender of Paris afforded him leisure to take care of his health, and indulge his taste for literature, he made a translation from the Latin language, in which the record was written. There is reason to suppose that the island it describes is St. Bourondon, so long unavailingly sought by early navigators. Juan Fernandez returned to South America after an absence of some years, and related that he had passed a considerable time at an island in forty degrees south-west, where the climate was uniformly genial and salubrious, the fecundity of the earth unparalleled, and the inhabitants tall and handsome, and their beautiful countenances expressing

the most noble and amiable dispositions. They had no distinctions of rank; for a superabundance of the necessaries, delicacies, and luxuries obtained in other countries by labour, were yielded spontaneously by the riches of nature, and a working class could have no employment. Perfect concord and kindness united the people as one vast family; and they welcomed Fernandez and his crew with fraternal cordiality. Their clothing, of the most elegant texture, was produced by a tree which increased in girth and multiplied its shoots in proportion to the frequent removal of the bark, and giving free admission to the sun and air to nourish the solid wood. No preparation of the bark was requisite but soaking in water, and gently drawing it out to a great width, till it became so fine as to be almost transparent, and shining as if streaked with gold and silver, intermingled with the lustre of gems in every variety of colour. Juan Fernandez endeavoured to prevail with the government at Acapulco and with his private friends to equip a fleet for conveying works of art to excite the genius of the wonderful people of St. Bourondon; but his account of them gained little credit, and before he could persuade his countrymen to engage in a speculation so extraordinary, he was seized with a sudden illness and died. After his decease, the spirit of enterprise seemed to rise as a phoenix from his ashes. Adventurers mourned their own folly in delaying a voyage of such important discovery while the most able navigator and only competent pilot yet lived. Many attempts were made to find the Isle of St. Bourondon, but all proved unsuccessful. The reader will decide

whether its history and population have been derived from Henry Percy and Emma Mortimer.

We have already mentioned, that after cutting the first wrapper that inclosed the manuscript, Major Napier found the second to be inscribed in old English characters, "*The Adventures of Algernon Percy and Barbara Cyril.*" On the third wrapper was written, in classical Latin, "*The History of Henry Percy and Emma Mortimer, recorded for the satisfaction of their descendants.*"

In the year of our Lord 1376, Henry Percy, sixteen years old, and Emma Mortimer, aged twelve, were solemnly betrothed, with the full consent of their parents. In the following summer they were secretly married, according to the rites of the Christian church as reformed by John Wickliffe, the fearless champion of truth. To avert open feud with Lord Mortimer, the friend of his youth and the father of Emma, in whom his son Henry had treasured all prospects of happiness, Lord Percy sanctioned by his presence the administration of the sacrament of marriage to Emma and Henry, debased by the ceremonies of superstition. Sinful was the compromise, and signal the castigation inflicted by the avenger of unrighteous deeds. The day passed with glad-some entertainments; a nuptial couch of princely magnificence awaited the happy pair, who, regardless of pomp, loved each other with disinterested affection. As Emma was motherless, her nearest female relative had taken her hand to lead her, covered with blushes, to the bridal couch, when a message from King Richard summoned him to the royal standard he

had sworn to defend. Loyalty and honour triumphed over love: Henry tore himself from his weeping bride, and committing her to the guardianship of Lord Percy his father, hastened to the king. He arrived in time to perform conspicuous service in suppressing the riot stirred up by Wat Tyler. Lord Percy arrayed his brave Northumbrians to defend King Richard; Lord Mortimer espoused the popular cause; and the estrangement created by a difference in political views flamed even to animosity as soon as Lord Percy avowed an opposition to the errors of Popery. Lord Mortimer boasted of ancestry ennobled and renowned before the Norman conquest; but his territory was diminished, yielding a revenue hardly adequate to the support of his rank. The house of Percy had, from time immemorial, flourished in vast possessions, and thousands of warriors equipped in gleaming armour, at a moment's warning, repaired to the banners of Northumbria. The pride of Mortimer rose as his fortunes declined: Henry venerated his unconquerable spirit, and still lamented that a nature so lofty was deluded and subjugated by priestcraft. Mortimer sent an envoy to Lord Percy, intimating that he disclaimed alliance with a heretic; but Lord Percy withheld the cruel message from his son, who underwent imminent danger from a wound inflicted by a battle-axe which was aimed at King Richard, when Henry, as in duty bound, interposed his own person. In the delirium of fever he lay, calling incessantly for the beloved Emma. His lucid intervals were comforted by assurances that regard to her safety detained her in the north; and that even the disturbed state of

the country hardly deterred her from undertaking a long journey to seek her own felicity—the presence of her heart's dear spouse. It was not till Henry and Emma met, when the sole rational inhabitants of a remote isle, that he knew her perils and sufferings as a reformer, and that the Northumbrians having rescued her by force of arms, she surrendered herself in duty to her expiring parent.

A sea-voyage was ordered for Henry, and Lord Percy reconciled him to a temporary absence from England, by a promise that they should disembark on the shores of Northumberland. “While cruising along the south-western coast of Spain,” continued the narrator, “tempestuous east winds drove the ship into a boundless ocean. The sails and cordage torn and shattered, the masts shivered and levelled on the deck, the rudder and helm broken, the ungovernable hulk was tossed in every direction as changeful furious gusts and eddying currents drove her through the roaring billows. Masses of vapour darkened the skies, and combustibles being rolled to and fro by the continual heaving and pitching of the dismantled bark, it was found necessary that all the fires and lights should be extinguished, except one lamp, cased in horn, which shewed the ship's compass, trembling and veering to every point. To look back on those days of horror still sickens my heart.

“My vigour of youth had been wasted by tedious indisposition; my father verging upon the last decline of life, yet retained full possession of those personal and mental faculties that shone the glory of England. His skill as a mariner, his undaunted courage and presence of mind, were ad-

equated to all emergencies; and his crew, with admiring veneration, gave prompt obedience to his commands. In fields of battle he had often inspired me with ambition to emulate his valour, coolness, decision, and unfailing intrepidity. His conduct as a sea-captain has served as a perpetual example of fortitude, which enabled me to support an isolated existence. Holding by the pillars that upheld a canopy of cloth of gold, over a carved and elevated chair, appropriated to Lord Percy in the great cabin of his ship, my father and I were in humble supplication to Almighty God, when a tremendous concussion shattered the wooden column, and we staggered, and were thrown to a distance, where the fountains of the deep rushed in water-spouts upon us. My father recovered his erect posture, and snatched me from the frightful bath. 'Henry, we must swim for our lives,' he said, 'before the sinking hulk forms a vortex to engulf us. You are debilitated by fever; but trusting in God, omnipotent by sea as by land, my strength will suffice to keep us both afloat.' As he spoke, my tender parent helped me through innumerable obstructions dashing upon us from all quarters of the wreck, until another heave of the surges burst the planks with a crash which can never be forgotten. At that instant of awful jeopardy I felt myself seized by my hair. My senses failed. Memory presents but one dismal blank until I revived upon a sandy beach, where all objects were strange to my view, except my favourite dog, whose persevering fondness made him swim after our ship when we left England, and, at my request, he was taken on board. Minutes elapsed in a chaos

of indistinct recollections—I lay bewildered, and incapable of giving utterance to my wild, distracted, torturing, confused perceptions. My affectionate canine preserver stood gazing at me, wagging his tail and holding up his paws alternately, as if entreating me to speak. I looked around for my father, and missing him, sprung upon my feet. 'He hoped to save me,' I exclaimed with the voice and gesture of despairing anguish; 'he hoped to save me—he has perished—and I yet live! Royal, Royal, why have you not preserved the good, the great Lord Percy? I charge you, dive deep to the bottom of the raging seas, and restore Lord Percy to his son.'

"The animal seemed to comprehend my upbraidings. He cast himself before me, and by whining tones and imploring looks deprecated my resentment. My heart was smitten with a sense of injustice and ingratitude to my deliverer—I took him to my arms, soothed him with caresses, and in floods of tears vented the emotions that wrung my feelings to agony. The contending elements were hushed to silence; the flowing tide calmly gained upon the strand; the sun rose, and a mild cherishing fervour reanimated my frame. I felt new powers in my mind; my attention was drawn to the brilliant reflection of the solar rays upon a clear rivulet, winding among the rugged steeps of a promontory. By gaining the summit I might, perhaps, obtain an extensive view all around, and I could not forego a lingering hope that I should descry my dear honoured father, escaped from the turbulent element so long subject to the controul of his maritime skill. I trusted more to the sagacity of my

stag-hound than to my own acuteness in tracing his steps; and, at the accustomed signal, Royal led the way, making a path for me through rank grass, and often looking back, as afraid to outgo his master. The lower region of the promontory had a broad girdle of wood, peopled by aerial inhabitants of the most admirable plumage and melodious voice. Royal made a halt, and I soon perceived that he was not attracted either by the eye or the ear. He stopped to regale himself with eggs from a colony of nests in the vicinity. I threw myself on the flowery verdure, and encouraged my companion to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. He repaid my courtesy by rolling some of the eggs with his muzzle, and earnestly fixing his mild intelligent eyes upon me, as if to beg I would accept the humble donation. To please him I took an egg, broke the shell, and put it to my lips; but strong repugnance sickened me, and I think I must have fainted, unless I had observed near me a profusion of fruits, resembling the wild strawberry of my native land, but of more exquisite flavour.

“Royal resumed the ascent of the mountain, and I followed with renovated alacrity. On approaching the rivulet, he made an eager bound: yet quickly checked his impatience to reach the liquid, and stood to allow me precedence. I signed to him that he should drink, and he obeyed, wagging his tail to express a sense of the indulgencé. It is but gratitude to notice the characteristic traits of more than half-reasoning assiduity on the part of my canine friend. After toiling up the wooded eminences, and threading the intricate mazes of trees stupendous in height and in-

terlaced by creeping plants, the atmosphere became moderated to the temperature of Europe, and European fruits abounded; but I passed them with indifference, for my soul was fired with the hope of finding my parent. I climbed the highest pinnacle, straining my powers of vision at every point. Some vestiges of the wreck were cast on the beach where I first touched *terra firma*, but no human being met my anxious view. I continued to wander from cliff to cliff, looking on all sides, and when my eyes were dazzled by excessive effort, I closed them, sat down, and tried to flatter myself that the desired object was not lost to me.

“Daylight began to fail, and my hopes became less sanguine, when Royal barked loudly, and my heart throbbled with joyful expectation, while I sought in every direction to descry Lord Percy, or some of his crew. Alas! I saw only a flock of goats, disappearing as if they retired to the bowels of the earth on the land-side of the promontory. If I could give utterance to the pangs of disappointment which I then felt, I should not attempt to describe them, since only they who have known a similar condition would make allowances for the vehemence of anguish that distracted my reason. At length a confused dreamy slumber in some measure composed my feelings; when I awoke, Royal lay with his head on my bosom, and a large herd of deer had stretched their dappled sides around. Royal seemed to know his occupation was suspended; for he did not disturb the stately visitors, nor did they evince alarm at our presence—a sure proof that men and dogs were not of their acquaintance.

“With the dawn I recommenced

a search for my father, repairing to the most central and commanding height. Numberless tribes of deer and goats were hastening to pasture; flocks of birds, leaving their nests, filled the air with sounds of gladness; but no human form greeted my sight. I intimated to Royal my wish to regain the beach. He descended; I followed his rapid movements, and employed many days in exploring the coast of this extensive isle, attended by my faithful companion, and subsisting upon fruits and the eggs of birds which I had learned to use. Chests, barrels, and packages encountered me at brief intervals; but I found no human being, living or dead. Having completed a circuit of the island, I was brought back to the base of the promontory, dejected, but not repining. Reclined in a grove of tall flowering shrubs, I endeavoured to consider my situation with manly

and pious fortitude. 'I am here,' said I, 'cut off from intercourse with my species; but I am not in gloomy solitude, knowing of a truth, that I am permitted to hold communion with the great omnipresent Lord of the Universe, the author and preserver of my life.' With my mortal body and inmost soul prostrated at the footstool of divine goodness, the peace of humble resignation enabled me to perceive that in the midst of judgment I had received mercy. I might have been cast upon barren rocks, chilled with cold or scorched by sunbeams, without shelter or food. Here nothing was wanting to my comfort but society; my state of probation would terminate, and I might hope for admission to the everlasting mansions where saints and angels surround the throne of supreme glory."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXI.

Present, the VICAR, MISS PRIMROSE, MR. MATHEWS, MR. MONTAGUE, HORACE PRIMROSE, MR. APATHY, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

The Vicar. WELCOME, gentlemen, to our *symposium!* I notice that several old friends are absent; but I am the more pleased to see those who make a point of always giving me their company on these occasions.

Mr. Apathy. I plead guilty to not being so punctual in my attendance as I ought to be; but I assure you my pleasantest evenings are spent in this society, where we meet with pleasure; and though we part with pain, it is soothed by the hope of our next encounter.

Mr. Mathews. How stands the bookselling world since our last?

Mr. Montague. Why better: there

is not only something in *posse*, but more in *esse*. Several new publications have made their appearance; and the booksellers' announcements (particularly Mr. Murray's) promise much for the next and following months.

The Vicar. I rejoice to hear it. I should think the downfall of the bookselling trade a national misfortune; though I am no friend to the wide diffusion of knowledge, as it is called, the advance of intellect, and the march of mind, about which we hear so much; but whose effects, if they have any, at any rate do not tend to good.

Reginald. No, nor will they ever come to good. But I do not like to think, much less talk, about these disagreeable subjects, on which our friend Apathy I know would soon be ready to give me a broadside of his argumentative logic. But I positively am not in the humour to listen to it to-night: so a truce, my dear friend, and let me know what you have been amusing yourself with since last we met.

Mr. Apathy. In reading a most curious book, entitled *Explication de l'Enigme de la Revolution Européenne, commencée vers le Milieu du Dix-huitième Siècle.*

Mr. Montague. I have heard of it. The object is to shew, that the conspiracy in France, which we have generally been taught to consider as directed against all princes and all religions, was the work of a religious sect, and of a prince of the royal house of France.

Mr. Apathy. Aye, the author lays at the door of the Jesuits and of the late King of France, Louis XVIII. all the horrors and all the crimes of the French Revolution: the leaders of the Constituent Assembly, he says, were his tools; and he affirms, that all the movements, all the plots of that melancholy and disastrous period, were arranged by secret councils of foreigners, who met in Paris, and had their secret agents and secret police all over the kingdom. The Duke of Orleans was, he says, merely the convenient cloak for the crimes of Louis Xavier; and, says the anonymous writer,

I will prove that scarcely had he advanced beyond childhood, when he was preparing the dreadful catastrophe which overwhelmed his country. I will prove that a society, vomited forth by hell to curse

the earth, or, to speak more precisely, to make a hell of this world; I will prove that this society directed his first steps in the career of crime. I will prove that almost all his principal agents were of this society. I will prove it by a series of fifty years of contrivances, well known to France and Europe.

The Vicar. Strong charges, and which ought not to be brought against any man without the most overwhelming proof.

Mr. Apathy. And that proof the author does not bring. He fails in my opinion; and although there cannot be a doubt, that the late King of France was much more liberal in his ideas than any other member of his family, yet it is absolutely horrible to suppose him guilty of the crimes here laid to his charge.

Reginald. He must have been a devil in human shape, if he were.

Mr. Montague. The author has succeeded in veiling himself in a shroud of secrecy, which militates against him: there would be danger in avowing himself undoubtedly; but no honest man would, under the shield of obscurity, charge another with the commission of crimes so revolting to every feeling of our nature.

The Vicar. I always looked upon Louis XVIII. as a good, though certainly a weak, man. He cared less about the splendours of royalty than his own personal comforts: he was more of a *gourmand* than a tyrant, and possessed a far keener relish for the luxuries of a well-furnished table, than for the cares of government or the intricacies of diplomacy. He was, therefore, of all men in the world, I should think, the most unlikely to engage in such a scheme, and to become the dupe of that artful, designing, and mischievous soci-

ety, the Jesuits. Nor is it at all more likely that they should be the prime movers in forwarding schemes that common sense must tell them would end in the downfall of their own power.

Mr. Apathy. The attempt of the anonymous writer could only have been justified by the strongest evidence. No suspicions merely should have operated upon him; and if he has any right feeling at all, *that* will hereafter punish him for his desire to violate the sanctuary of the dead.

Miss Primrose. I should not like to read the book; I am sure it would leave an unpleasant impression upon my mind. I think it would not be so agreeable an occupation as perusing *More Odd Moments*, a pretty and agreeable volume by a lady, who lately published a work under the title of *Odd Moments*. She says,

Not of fays and goblins,
Not of prank and freak,
Not of tilts and tournaments,
Do I mean to speak:
But of men and women,
Erring, frail, and weak;
Of plain, simple manners,
Do I mean to speak.

And she has kept her word: she has, in fact, caught "the manners living as they rise;" and her descriptions and illustrations strike me as being alike apposite and agreeable. For instance, on a subject which concerns myself, "the coming out" of a young lady:

"Pray, mamma," said Theresa, "what is the meaning of *coming out*? It is a term I so often hear in company."—"That is a question which I will solve," replied a voice, which was immediately recognised as Lady D——'s. "Come with me, child, if you are not pinned to mamma's gown, and be all attention, for it is not to every one that I would conde-

scend to be thus communicative. You must know then, that it is the most important epoch in a young lady's life, and is often deferred till a late period, because mammams are unwilling to be eclipsed by the more youthful graces of their offspring. Another reason is this, that the period in which they figure among their rivals (all striving to reach the goal of matrimony) is dated from the time of *coming out*, or first introduction. But to make amends for this cruel banishment, they are taken, as children, to balls, theatres, concerts, and any where else that their fancy and inclination may lead them. It was my fate a few nights since to be present at a children's ball; and more vanity, airs, and graces were displayed among these pigmy performers, than I ever saw in any assemblage of full-grown veterans of fashion. One instance particularly struck me. An interesting little girl, about eight years old, who seemed extremely anxious to join the dancers, was sitting near me: a little fellow about her own age was brought up to her as a partner; she refused dancing with him: the lady of the house tried to persuade her, but she continued obstinate, nor would she assign a reason for her refusal: she coloured violently, and the tears stood in her eyes. At last the lady took her by the hand, and led her from the room, determined to ascertain why she had objected to the partner allotted her. And what do you think it was, my dear Theresa? She declared she would not dance with such a baby, who had a frill round his throat; she would have a bigger boy, with a collar. Thus you see that vanity springs from the very cradle; and can it be surprising that deceit of all sorts is practised, when girls are formally ushered into society with the avowed intention of securing a husband? You are admiring those young women; at one time they bore away the prize for beauty, but their day is gone by, they are *passées*. They came out three long years ago, and after experi-

encing the fatigue and uncertainty of a long campaign, are obliged to wear a look of good-humour, whilst every one knows they are devoured by mortification. Poor things! we must pity *them*, but we cannot help laughing at the failure of those schemes which their sage mammas took such pains in forming."

Reginald. Alas! poor woman! What she undergoes to obtain the first object of her life—a husband!

Miss Primrose. Don't be saucy, sir! Man undergoes as much to obtain a wife. He has his follies and frivolities as well as our sex; and as he is lord of the creation, they do not sit so well upon his shoulders as on ours.

Reginald. Granted; and I assure you, I have no wish to claim a superiority for my sex over yours in that respect. I shall read *More Odd Moments* though, as it may give me an insight into some other mysteries of female management.

The Vicar. You may spend an hour worse, Reginald. But have you read *King James's Progresses*, a work which Mr. Nichols is publishing so splendidly?

Reginald. No: but I have heard it is a very quaint and pleasant antiquarian book. I shall read it, and that "righte soone."

The Vicar. Do: it will repay the trouble. Mr. Henderson's *Biblical Tour in Russia* is also well worth perusing.

Mr. Montague. I have read it with no small degree of interest, as all that concerns Russia is now calculated to excite curiosity. Notwithstanding the elaborate works of Dr. Clarke and Dr. Lyall, much yet remains to be known of that country. Henderson's notices of the Polish Jews are particularly worthy of attention. The whole

number of Jews under the dominion of Russia is estimated at little less than *two millions*, and in Poland they swarm in all directions: here, too, they enjoy so many peculiar privileges, that it has been long called "the Jews' Paradise."

The Polish Jew (says Mr. Henderson) is generally of a pale and sallow complexion, the features small, and the hair, which is mostly black, is suffered to hang in ringlets over the shoulders. A fine beard, covering the chin, finishes the Oriental character of the Jewish physiognomy. But few of the Jews enjoy a robust and healthy constitution; an evil resulting from a combination of physical and moral causes—such as early marriage, innutritious food, the filthiness of their domestic habits, and the perpetual mental anxiety which is so strikingly depicted in their countenances, and forms the most onerous part of the curse of the Almighty to which they are subject in their dispersion. Their breath is absolutely intolerable; and the offensive odour of their apartments is such, that I have more than once been obliged to break off interesting discussions with their Rabbins, in order to obtain a fresh supply of rarefied air. Their dress commonly consists of a linen shirt and drawers, over which is thrown a long black robe, fastened in front by silver clasps, and hanging loose about the legs. They wear no handkerchief about their neck, and cover their head with a fur cap, and sometimes with a round broad-brimmed hat.

They marry at the early age of 13 or 14, and the females still younger. Few of them follow any trade; some are rich, and possess houses and other immoveable property; but the great mass of them are like strangers and sojourners only, having nothing to attach them to the soil, but looking forward to the promised restoration to the Holy Land, to which their attachment is unconquerable. They do not, like some of the natives of Africa,

who are doomed to pass their lives in the west, under slavery's galling yoke, believe that they shall return to Palestine immediately after their death; but, die where they will, they believe their bodies will all be raised there, though those that die in a distant country will have to be trundled there through subterraneous passages; on which account, numbers sell all their effects, and proceed thither in their lifetime, or remove to some of the adjacent countries, that they may either spare themselves this toil, or, at least, reduce the awkward and troublesome passage within the shortest possible limits. Instances have been known of their embalming their dead, and sending them to Palestine by sea.

Notwithstanding the privileges they enjoy in Poland, they are in a state of great moral degradation; they are in the highest degree superstitious, and are the ready dupes of a set of impostors, who pretend, by virtue of the mysteries of the Cabbala, to have the power of working miracles; they believe in charms and amulets and talismans; they are prone to the perpetration of crimes, which are either modified or palliated by rabbinical sophistries; love of money is their predominating vice, and they regard no means as sinful by which they can acquire it; they steal from the Christians whenever they have an opportunity; and are awfully given to the sin of incontinency: their prejudice and inveteracy against christianity and its divine founder are as great as were those of their ancestors, who crucified the Lord of Life; and they lose no opportunity of inspiring their offspring with the same feelings. Such are the Jews of Poland, according to Mr. Henderson, who gives a much more minute detail, and who particularly describes their various religious

sects; but I must refer you to his *Tour* for these particulars.

Reginald. Talking of tours reminds me that Head's *Journey across the Pampas* is a book of great interest and considerable merit. It is written in the frank and easy style of a rough soldier; and gives an admirable picture of the manners and customs of the people who inhabit the immense plains which extend from the Rio de la Plata to the Cordilleras; a people to whom restriction seems to be unknown; who live a life of perfect freedom, untroubled and unfettered as the wind which whistles round their frequently unsheltered heads, and as wild as the animals on which they depend for sustenance.

Horace. Captain Head went out in the employ of the Rio de la Plata Company, did he not?

Reginald. Aye. He was sent in search of mines; and he galloped many a weary mile to find one, but failed in the object of his mission. However, he has given us a very amusing book; therefore, as I have not the slightest interest in the mine concern, his failure on that head gives me no uneasiness, as he has contributed to my amusement by publishing his "Rough Notes." Hasty sketches they indeed are, but they bear every appearance of being faithful ones; and they are evidently not written for *effect*, but with a regard to truth, which is more than we can say for all travellers.

Mr. Apathy. Why Major Longbow may, undoubtedly, be taken as a specimen of the genius of travellers; many of them do romance most confoundedly.

Reginald. Yes. But our gallant soldier tells his tale in such an unas-

saming, yet in so clear and frank a manner, that his veracity appears unquestionable; and his sketches are so spirited, that the scenes and persons he describes appear to be passing and living and breathing before you.

The Vicar. The Pampas appear from his description to be a wonderful country, and more nearly approaching to a state of nature than any which has yet been visited by civilized man.

Reginald. It is indeed. The great plain on the east of the Cordilleras, which is called the Pampas, is, according to Captain Head, about nine hundred miles in breadth; and the part he visited, though under the same latitude, is divided into regions of different climate and produce. "On leaving Buenos-Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for one hundred and eighty miles with clover and thistles; the second region, which extends for four hundred and fifty miles, produces low grass; and the third region, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is a grove of low trees and shrubs." The second and third regions vary very little in appearance throughout the year; but in the first there are very extraordinary changes.

In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture, is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region

becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and, though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned with these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the *panpero*, or hurricane, levels them with the ground, where they rapidly decompose and disappear; the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant.

Although a few individuals are either scattered along the path which traverses these vast plains, or are living together in small groups, yet the general state of the country is the same as it has been since the first year of its creation. The whole country bears the noble stamp of an Omnipotent Creator; and it is impossible for any one to ride through it, without feelings which it is very pleasant to entertain; for, although, in all countries, "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work," yet the surface of populous countries affords generally the insipid produce of man's labour: it is an easy error to consider that he who has tilled the ground and sown the seed, is the author of his own crop; and, therefore, those who are accustomed to see the confused produce, which, in populous and

cultivated countries, is the effect of leaving the ground to itself, are at first surprised in the Pampas, to observe the regularity and beauty of the vegetable world when left to the wise arrangements of Nature.

The Vicar. Or rather of Nature's God, whose hand is indeed conspicuous in all the manifestations of his providence.

Miss Primrose. Is it possible that in such a country travelling is practicable, or that people can live?

Reginald. It is both possible and it is the fact. It is true, the roads are scarcely tracked in the interior, and that the inhabitants reside only at wide and scattered intervals, in rude huts which have scarcely any roof, and no window, the walls of which are full of holes, and the door a bullock's hide; and where all the family live, boys, girls, men, women, and children, all huddled together. But there are roads and there are inhabitants; and the Gauchos, as the latter are called, are as happy, perhaps indeed more so, than the residents of more civilized countries. "Born in the rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is left to swing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are drawn towards each other by four strips of the same material." He is early inured to hardship and privation. "As soon as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare him for the occupations of his future life: with a lasso made of twine he tries to catch little birds, or the dogs as they walk in and out of the hut. By the time he is four years old, he is on horseback, and immediately becomes useful, by assisting to drive the cattle into the corral." As he grows up, his occupations and amusements become more

manly: "he gallops after the ostrich, the gama, the lion, and the tiger; he catches them with his balls; and with his lasso he assists in catching the wild cattle, and in dragging them to the hut, either for slaughter or to be marked." Beef and water are his food; his freedom is entirely unrestrained; his property consists, when he has any, in droves of wild horses and other cattle; and give him a good saddle and spurs, he cares not for money. Skeletons of horses' heads form his seats, which he is always ready to offer to the stranger; and, like the rude Arab of the desert, he is frank and hospitable. The traveller is sure to find a welcome at his hut, and is invited with hearty good-will to partake of his humble fare.

Miss Primrose. But the absence of every thing like civilization—

Reginald. Is to be regretted, no doubt. But Captain Head offers an apology for the Gaucho, so far as he appears regardless of improving his condition, or of procuring what we should consider the common necessities of life, which a little application, a different direction to his industry, would put within his reach.

It is true (says our author) the Gaucho is of little service in the great cause of civilization, which it is the duty of every rational being to promote; but a humble individual living by himself in a boundless plain cannot introduce into the vast uninhabited regions which surround him either arts or sciences: he may, therefore, without blame, be permitted to leave them as he found them, and as they must remain until population, which will create wants, devises the means of supplying them.

Mr. Mathews. How do the women spend their time?

Reginald. Our author shall tell you :

The habits of the women are very curious ; they have literally nothing to do. The great plains which surround them offer them no motive to walk ; they seldom ride, and *their* lives certainly are very indolent and inactive. They have all, however, families, whether married or not ; and once when I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very pretty child, who was the father of the "*creatura*," she replied, "*Quien sabe ?*"

The Vicar. Probably the reason why marriage is sometimes dispensed with is the distance they have to go to a church. I think in one part of his Journal Captain Head says, "When a marriage is contracted, the young Gaucho takes his bride behind him on his horse, and in the course of a few days they can generally get to a church."

Reginald. That seems to be the fact : the religion professed by these people is the Roman Catholic ; but churches are very thinly scattered through the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, which comprise the Pampas. It is to be feared, therefore, that religion exists amongst them more in name than in reality. The towns are very few, and little intercourse is kept up between them ; each entertains a jealousy of the other, and all are envious of the ascendancy of Buenos-Ayres. It is a pity, however, that so fine a country should be neglected ; a country where

the rivers all preserve their course, and the whole country is in such beautiful order, that if cities and millions of inhabitants could be suddenly planted at proper intervals and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive

out their cattle to graze, and without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quality of ground their wants might require.

Miss Primrose. Pray what is the mode of travelling in the Pampas ?

Reginald. Either in carriages or on horseback. The carriages are without springs, but suspended on ropes, made of the raw hide of a bullock. They are bound together, and the wheels, &c. are fastened with thongs of hide, which being put on wet, when dried they become hard and tight. Whether on horseback or in carriages, relays of horses accompany the traveller ; for the post-huts are from twelve to thirty-six, and in one instance, fifty-four miles asunder. The horses are changed sometimes five times in a stage, and they gallop all the way.

It is scarcely possible (says Captain Head) to conceive a wilder sight than our carriage and covered cart, as I often saw them, galloping over the trackless plain, and preceded or followed by a troop of from thirty to seventy wild horses, all loose and galloping, driven by a Gaucho and his son, and sometimes by a couple of children. The picture seems to correspond with the danger which positively exists in passing through uninhabited regions, which are so often invaded by the merciless Indians.

Mr. Mathews. Indians ! I thought the Gauchos were the only inhabitants of these plains.

Reginald. No ; they divide the territory with Indians, who are their merciless enemies. But I will speak of them presently ; let us dismiss the travelling first. The Gauchos ride immense distances, sometimes one hundred miles a day. Captain Head attributes this to their food, which is

only beef and water. At first our countryman could hardly ride with the natives, but was obliged, after five or six hours galloping, to get into the carriage: yet, after riding for three or four months, and living upon beef and water, he says he felt as if no exertion would kill him. The country is intersected with streams, rivulets, and even rivers, through which it is necessary to drive: but the greatest danger in travelling is from the holes of the *biscachos*, an animal something resembling a rabbit in its habits: they live in holes or burrows, which abound in the plains, and are frequently the means of bringing both horse and rider to the ground. Captain Head got more falls during the few months he was in the Pampas than in all his life before; and the *Gauchos* are sometimes killed by their horses stumbling in the *biscacho*-holes, and frequently break a limb. Horses and bullocks are met with in every direction; frequently their dead carcasses are found in the waste, the prey of birds, more ravenous and of much larger size than any the old world affords. The *Gauchos*' method of breaking the horses is very simple, and they are most excellent horsemen when travelling:

In the plains of grass it is even wonderful to see how the horses are driven on; but in a wood it is much more astonishing: and it is a beautiful display of horsemanship to see the *Gauchos* galloping at full speed among the trees, sometimes hanging over the sides of their horses, and sometimes crouching upon their necks, to avoid the branches. The carriage-road is a place cleared of trees, but it is often covered with bushes, which bend under the carriage in a most extraordinary manner.

Miss Primrose. Did not Captain Head get at the mines at all?

Reginald. Yes, he visited several in the Andes; and the travelling on the mountains was infinitely more dangerous than on the plains. The journeys are performed by mules; and there are precipices to climb, and torrents to cross, which in description are truly appalling: what, therefore, must they be in reality? These mountains are covered with perpetual snow, from which the plains below are supplied with water.

The Vicar. Thus none of the works of Providence are in vain.

Reginald. But now for the Indians. These are the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants, whom the Spaniards were able not either to subdue or to extirpate. They continue to inhabit the vast unknown plains of the Pampas, and are almost always on horseback. Though the climate is burning hot in summer and freezing in winter, they go entirely naked, and have not even a covering for their heads. They live in tribes, each of which is governed by a *cacique*; but like the wandering Arabs, they have no fixed habitations; they take up their abode on any spot which affords pasture for their horses, and when it is eaten up they remove. Mares' flesh forms their food, and they never ride those animals: they have no bread, fruit, or vegetables; and the only luxury in which they indulge is washing their hair in mares' blood. They believe in good and evil spirits, and in a future state, to which they conceive they shall be transferred as soon as they die, and where they expect to be always drunk and to spend their time in hunting.

As the Indians gallop over their plains

at night, they will point with their spears to constellations in the heavens, which they say are the figures of their ancestors, who, reeling in the firmament, are mounted on horses swifter than the wind, and are hunting ostriches. They bury their dead, but at the grave they kill several of their best horses, as they believe that their friend would otherwise have nothing to ride.

Mr. Mathews. These appear to be a singular race of men, more interesting than even the Gauchos.

Reginald. They are a fine and a bold people, and are not wanting in a due sense of what will contribute to their own advantage. When at peace with the provinces, they often take the skins of ostriches, hides, &c. to exchange for knives, spurs, sugar, liquors, &c. for they will not have money, which they say is of no use; and they will not buy by weight, which they say they do not understand; but they mark out upon a skin how much is to be covered with sugar, or any thing of the sort which they desire to receive in barter for their property. The first day of their arrival and the last of their stay they devote to drinking: before they begin they surrender their weapons to the cacique, as they are aware of their propensity to quarrel, which they inevitably do as soon as they become intoxicated. "They drink till they can hardly see, and fight and scratch and bite for the rest of the evening." When in this state they will never sell any goods, as they say they are liable to be imposed upon. When their business is concluded, and they have got nearly sober, "they mount their horses, and with their new spurs, they stagger and gallop away to their wild plains."

Miss Primrose. Are they humane?

or do they possess the usual characteristics of Indians, cruelty and barbarity?

Reginald. They are mortal enemies to the Gauchos, whose huts they frequently attack at night. They set fire to the roof, and when the wretched inhabitants come out, they are stabbed by the Indians with their spears, which are eighteen feet long. On these weapons the infants are frequently impaled; the men and old women are killed; and the young women are placed on their horses, and carried away by the victors. Not unfrequently these captives become so attached to their captors, that no entreaties can prevail on them to return to their own homes.

In the province of Santa Fé (says Captain Head) a few of the posts are fortified, to protect the inhabitants against the Indians. The forts are very simple, and most of them have been attacked; one of them I looked on with peculiar interest, as it had been defended for nearly an hour by eight Gauchos against three hundred Indians. The cattle, the women, and six families of little children, were all in the inside, spectators of a contest on which so much depended, and they described to me their feelings with a great deal of nature and expression. They said that the native Indians rode up to the ditch with a scream which was quite terrific, and that, finding that they could not cross it, the cacique at last ordered them to get off their horses and pull down the gates. Two had dismounted, when the musket which the Gauchos had, and which had constantly before missed fire, went off, and one of the Indians was shot. They then all galloped away; but in a few seconds their cacique led them on again with a terrible cry, and at a pace which was indescribable. They took up their dead comrade, and then rode away, leaving

two or three of their spears on the ground. I could never learn that any of these forts had been taken by the Indians, who can do nothing on foot, and whose horses cannot leap; but the ditches are so shallow and narrow, that by killing a few horses and tumbling them in, they might in two minutes ride into every part of the place.

The Vicar. The merits of this book consist in its striking and vivid portraiture of men and things. Notwithstanding the account given in Proctor's *Travels*, and in Mr. Miers's *Journey to Chili*, I think it contains the best account of the Pampas and their inhabitants we have in print.

Mr. Mathews. The author appears to have written *con amore*, and to have a taste for uncivilized life which I should scarcely expect to find in a well-educated Indian.

Reginald. We won't quarrel with his taste, as it has produced us a very pleasant book, which, in this season of literary dearth, will in my eyes atone for more faults than Captain Head has been guilty of. His book, too, is valuable as well as amusing, on more accounts than one, and his descriptions are not confined to the Pampas. He gives some admirable sketches of society in Buenos-Ayres and other places he visited; and though he may, perhaps, have erred in speaking too harshly or too sarcastically of the measures of the young governments of South America, yet there is an evident inclination to do justice to all classes and descriptions of people.

Mr. Apathy. I occasionally dip into a volume of poetry; and in a little book just published by Longman, entitled *The Minstrel's Tale, and other Poems*, by George Moore,

I found the following exquisite *morceau* :

THE DEPARTED.

My being still is link'd to thine,
By holy thoughts that haunt my heart,
Like gleams of glory which recline
On evening clouds, and there impart
A sober charm of calm delight,
Gilding the gloom with beamings bright.

But darkness gathers on my soul,
And blots my spirit's brightness o'er,
And dreamy sounds with dread controul
Whisper of joy that wakes no more;
And smiles of heart-fraught fondness dear
On fancy flash—and all is drear.

But why does memory darkly weep?
And why is earth a desert now?
My love, thou sleep'st a dreamless sleep,
And stillness sits on thy cold brow;
That lip of smiles, that soul-lit eye,
With silent death in darkness lie.

The spell that spake in thy sweet voice
No more shall sooth my soul with dreams
Of potent richness, and rejoice
My panting heart with glowing themes;
What delicate delights supplied
My heaven of hopes that with thee died!

And doth thy spirit watch me here?
O yes—thy presence deep I feel;
Thou look'st into my heart, and there
Behold'st what I would ne'er conceal—
Thine image, throned in love and light,
A sacred shrine in Memory's sight.

Oh! be my guardian angel still!
For thou didst love me while on earth.
At best this world is drench'd with ill;
Then what, without thee, is its worth?
Soon may my spirit wing away,
And blend with thine in ceaseless day!

The Vicar. What have you got there, friend Montague, which seems to engage your attention so intently?

Mr. Montague. Since the appearance of the *Dance of Death*, by Holbein, there has been nothing better in the same department than this, which is entitled *Death's Doings*, and has just appeared, in which a number of spirited engravings, some humor-

ous, some pathetic, representing the "Doings" of man's great enemy, Death, are illustrated by some very clever compositions; and when the difficulty of successfully illustrating the conceptions of other minds is considered, the authors deserve no mean praise for having so ably seconded the ingenious idea of Mr. Dagley, who has himself both designed and engraved the plates in a style which, if not equal to the highest effort of the art, is certainly very far removed from the lowest, and may even be said to have passed the middle path—"the golden mean," in which some philosophers tell us the charm of true excellence consists.

The Vicar. Aye, with regard to worldly possessions, or worldly stations, they have truly told us so; but the maxim does not apply to the qualifications of the mind or the attainment of science, in which every man should strive to excel his fellow.

Mr. Mathews. And I think Mr. Dagley has gone beyond most of his competitors, of modern times at least, in the art of humorous designing; and his literary associates have done themselves equal honour.

Mr. Montague. They have, and so admirably have they all acquitted themselves, that I scarcely know to which to give the preference.

Mr. Mathews. I was most pleased with a beautiful illustration of the plate of a Senior Wrangler, by Mr. Carrington, whose poem of *Dartmoor* has rendered him, who was before "unknown to fame," so deservedly popular. The engraving represents the student "pensive and wan," exhausted by the conflicts through which he has just passed; his strength, weakened by poring "o'er the midnight oil," was only suf-

ficient to bear him to the goal of his young ambition; and he is seen pale, emaciated, and spiritless—the victim of study. Mr. Carrington has entitled his exquisitely sweet and flowing lines on this engraving,

THE MARTYR STUDENT.

List not t' Ambition's call, for she has lur'd
To death hōrtens of thousands, and her voice,
Though sweet as the old Syren's, is as false!
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
The battle-field, where red Destruction waves
O'er the wide plain his banner, trampling
down
The dying and the dead; on ocean's wave,
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the
fight—
The seaman follows her, to fall—at last—
In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons
She promises the proud degree—the praise
Of academic senates, and a name
That Fame on her imperishable scroll
Shall deeply 'grave. Oh! there was one who
heard
Her fatal promptings — whom the Muses
mourn,
And Genius yet deplores! In studious cell
Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,
And Morn unmark'd upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant clos'd, and sleep around his couch
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled insensibly—and night with day:
In loveliest change the Seasons came—and
pass'd:
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the
streams
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy;
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer
gemm'd
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as
seen
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By
day
The grateful peasant pour'd his song—by
night
The nightingale:—he heeded not the lay
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—
Sunshine and shadow—and the rich blue sky;
Nor gales of fragrance and of life, that cheer
The aching brow, relume the drooping eye,
And fire the languid pulse. One stern pur-
suit,
One master-passion, mastered all—and Death
Smil'd inly as Consumption at his nod

Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the
check

With roses that bloom only o'er the grave,
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,
Kindled unnatural fires!

Yet Hope sustain'd

His sinking soul; and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights and watchful days, and
scorn

Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss

From man's impatient lip--with horrid glance
Mark'd the young victim, as with flutt'ring
step,

And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous
bloom

Suffus'd, he press'd where Science op'd the
gates

Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise

Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd
The tyrant Death; and, as around the brow

Of that ill-fated votary he wreath'd

The crown of victory, silently he twin'd

The cypress with the laurel--at his foot

Perish'd the Martyr Student.

Reginald. I shall read an extract
of a different description. Mr. Dag-
ley has drawn Death in the attitude
of a pugilistic champion; and as
Cribb once floored all the pretenders
to the belt with whom he came in
contact, so Death has "laid low"
many an antagonist. His triumphs
are thus celebrated:

Well! so I've "floored" these "fancy" fight-
ing-cocks,

And "finished" them in style! Presump-
tuous fellows!

They "chaffed" of science, and, forsooth,
would box

With one whose "hits" were sure to touch
the "bellows."

Conceited mortals! thus to "spar" with
Death,

Whose fame's almost as old as the creation;
For knock-down blows, which take away the
breath,

I've ever had a first-rate reputation:

And yet these heroes of the science fistic,
Poor stupid drones!

Thinking I could not "come it pugilistic,"

Threw up their "castors," stak'd the "ready
bustle,"

"Peel'd," and prepared with Death to have
a "tustle!"—

As though their *flesh* and *blood* and *muscle*
Were proof against my *bones!*

They talk of championship! ' what next, I
wonder?

Did they imagine Death would e'er "knock
under?"

Could they, in fact, suppose
I ear'd about their blows?

I! who can "draw the claret" when I please,
"Fib," or "cross-buttock" 'em, or "close
their peepers;"

I! who can "double-up" the "swells" with
ease,

And make them senseless as the seven
sleepers!

Not I, indeed; and so, it seems, they found,
For there they all lie sprawling on the
ground:

They'll never "come to time" again--no,
never—

At least not here—

For 'twill appear,

When I their business do, 'tis done for ever!
The greatest champions that the world e'er

saw,

By turns have bow'd obedient to my law.

Look back at history's page,

In every clime and age,

You'll find I "mill'd" the mightiest of them
all;

No matter how they sparr'd,

My blows were *sure* and *hard*,

And when I threw them, fatal was their fall.

From Alexander down to Emperor Nap,

Whene'er I chose to give the rogues a slap,

Not one could parry off a single rap:

No, no! nor, had they each a thousand lives,

Could they have stood against my rattling
"bunch of fives!"

Mr. Montague. The epilogue, in
which Death makes a sort of apologetic
defence of his "Doings," contains
some happy touches; it admirably
epitomizes the subjects which are
more elaborately treated of in the
former part of the volume. For in-
stance,

THE CRICKETER.

In the cricketer's care-killing game

There was something so manly and gay,

That his pastimes I never could blame,

But cheerfully join'd in the play:

And if Time had not thought it a sin,
 For ever to stand behind wicket,
 The batsman might still have been in,
 And Death might have still play'd at
 cricket.

Again,

THE CAPTIVE.

'Twas I who set the wretched captive free,
 And eas'd him of his load of misery;
 In mercy bore him from a dungeon's gloom,
 And laid his body in the silent tomb:
 His mortal part commingled with its kindred
 dust,
 His spirit took its flight, to join "the good
 and just."

The following is also very happy:

THE SERENADER.

Would you know why so slyly I grasp'd the
 stiletto,
 And slew young Adonis, the gay serenader;
 I had just before seen, in a foul lazaretto,
 A fair-one expire—it was he first betray'd
 her!
 "No longer," said I, "shall thy strains so
 melodious,
 Their aid lend, to lead lovely woman astray;
 Not a chord shalt thou strike for a purpose
 so odious—
 So haste, serenader! Death calls thee
 away!"

An old idea is neatly expressed in

THE MOTHER.

Methinks I hear some pitying mother say,
 "Why snatch a helpless infant thus away?
 Why turn to clay that cheek on which was
 spread
 The lily's whiteness with the rose's red?
 Why close those ruby lips—those deep-
 fring'd eyes?
 Why seize so young, so innocent a prize?"
 Hold! hold! nor murmur at the wise decree
 That set a lovely earth-born seraph free,
 And gave it bliss and immortality!

One more extract, and I shut the
 book:

THE CHAMPION.

O mourn not for prize-fighting kiddies inglorious;
 Lament not the fate of those swells of the
 ring;
 The championship's mine! for I'm ever vic-
 torious,
 And fam'd Boxiana my prowess shall sing.
 Then hoist the black fogle—let marrow-bones
 rattle—
 And push round the skulls which with cla-
 ret o'erflow:

Drink, drink to the champion, who fairly in
 battle

The fam'd men of muscle for ever laid low!

Reginald. I recognise some old acquaintances in the contributors: Gaspey, the ingenious author of the *Lollards*—by the bye, when will he give us another tale so eloquent, so full of imagination and vivid picturesque description, and admirably conceived characters?—Mr. Pyne, who again figures as Ephraim Hardcastle; Miss Landon, the fair, the accomplished *improvisatrice*; Mr. Proctor, under his *nomme-de-guerre*, Barry Cornwall, are the most conspicuous. The prose contributors have not been so successful as those who have furnished the poetical articles; but I hope they will soon produce another volume, equally felicitous, equally ingenious and amusing.

Miss Primrose. Have you any more poetry for me, Reginald? You know I am a devoted worshipper of the Muses, though the "gods have not made me poetical."

Reginald. There is a tolerably well written volume called *The Nun*, by William Elliott, of the 58th Bombay Native Infantry. It contains some beauties and many faults: on the whole, however, it is a production of promise; although I am no advocate for any thing which can convey, even by implication, a justification of a wife's unfaithfulness.

Miss Primrose. And does *The Nun*?

Reginald. Certainly not in the language; but there is no *moral* to be drawn from the story; and *if* a lesson be to be taken from it, as a critic has already observed, it must be one "of a kind excusative of adultery and murder." But I dare say Mr. Elliott, in the ardour of his feel-

ings, never dreamt of the impression the finale was calculated to leave upon the mind.

The Vicar. I should hope not: I should hope there is no man who would come before the public as the apologist for the two crimes, which, of all others, are the most detrimental to the peace of society, the most opposite to the law of God.

Reginald. The author should have awarded poetical justice to his *Nun*, and the frightful idea would not have obtruded. But the poem evinces decided marks of talent; and I hope to meet him again in a less exceptional form. The following is a pleasing specimen of his poetic tact:

I have wreath'd an ivy-wreath
 With the oak on which it grew,
 Not a floweret flings its leaf
 Through the garland firm and true,
 Such is love; oh! who would cherish
 Moment-living flowers that blow,
 Full of fragrance soon to perish,
 Leaving but the thorns of woe?
 Take, O take my ivy-wreath,
 Bind it on thy soldier-brow—
 There no rose of bliss shall breathe
 Mockery of our hapless vow!

See, the oak, by lightning shiver'd,
 Falls a mighty ruin there:
 Yet the ivy, nothing wither'd,
 Twines it in its leafy care.
 Such is woman's love, believe me,
 Fresh in danger, great in grief;
 Never will her spirit leave thee,
 Faithful as the ivy-wreath.
 Take, then, take my ivy-wreath,
 Bind it on thy soldier-brow—
 There no rose of bliss shall breathe
 Mockery of our hapless vow!

But the ivy, summer shining,
 Round another tree will grow,
 With adult'ress' branches twining,
 Thoughtless of its master's woe.
 Not so woman—she, still proving
 Faithful, withers when the stay,
 Which her soul was blest in loving,
 Life's fell lightnings blast away.
 Then, O take my ivy-wreath,
 Bind it on thy soldier-brow—
 There no rose of bliss shall breathe
 Mockery of our hapless vow!

Woman's love, when once 'tis given,
 Knows no change—it cannot fling
 Tendrils from their first hope riven,
 That with constancy will cling.
 If a second faith it nourish,
 Stifling dreams that pass not by,
 Passion's semblance still may flourish,
 But the soul of love will die.
 Then, O take my ivy-wreath,
 Bind it on thy soldier-brow—
 There no rose of bliss shall breathe
 Mockery of our hapless vow!

Miss Primrose. Positively, Reginald, the author of *The Nun* speaks so prettily of "woman's love," that I will not have him abused.

Reginald. Nor have I any wish to abuse him. He is a single man, I dare say: he will marry some of these days and reform.

Miss Primrose. And you had better follow so good an example.

Reginald. O willingly will I become "Benedict the married man," if thou wilt be my Beatrice. (*Sings.*)

Oh! were I a moss-rose, my love,
 To repose on thy bosom so fair;
 Or could I like Zephyrus rove
 In the maze of thy beautiful hair;
 Could I kiss from thy cheek the bright tear
 That falls at humanity's call,
 No monarch I'd envy, I swear,
 But look with contempt on them all.

Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
 To thee I would fly for my rest;
 I'd hover about thee, my love,
 Then sink to repose on thy breast:
 Or had I the nightingale's voice,
 In soft accents I'd tell my sad tale;
 And, oh! how this heart would rejoice,
 Could the pleadings of true love prevail!

And wert thou but mine, dearest maid,
 To my cot I would bear thee away;
 And we'd wander all day in the shade,
 At night by the moonbeams we'd stray.
 Together how blest should we be!
 Nor sorrow nor care should annoy:
 But if I'm rejected by thee,
 Farewell then for ever to joy.

Miss Primrose. Extremely gallant! But how can I place any faith in your professions, when I have no doubt you can make them equally

fervent and equally as sincere to my sister, or indeed any other lady?

Reginald. You shall judge: I sent your sister a copy of verses the other day. I have not the vanity to term my doggerel *poetry*, be it remembered, which I have no objection to your hearing.

I wish I were in Richmond's groves,
At set of sun, where Rosa roves;
I wish I were a fragrant flower
To decorate her favourite bower;
The jasmine, or the climbing vine,
That round her window graceful twine.
I wish I were a bee, to sip
The sweets that hang upon her lip;
A dove, to nestle on her breast,
And lull my cares and fears to rest.
I wish I'd Proteus' power to take
A thousand shapes for her dear sake,
That, like her shade, I might pursue
Her steps, and keep her in my view.
Wishes are vain, and we must part;
But fear not, Rose, my constant heart
Still loves; nor time nor place shall tend
To estrange from thee thy faithful friend.
In weal or woe, come pain or joy,
Should Pleasure cheer, or Care annoy;
Should Misery thee her minion make,
Lovers prove false, or friends forsake;
Or bright-eyed Hope around thee smile,
Thy joys enhance, thy cares beguile;
Whate'er thy lot in life may be,
Thou'lt aye be dear, my Rose, to me.
Friendship's pure flame shall brightly burn
Till the cold earth this form inurn;
And when my spirit shall buoyant rise
To meet its God in yonder skies,
In those blest realms, so rich, so rare,
'Twill be my joy to meet thee there.

The Vicar. The conclusion perhaps is introducing sacred themes rather too lightly, and connecting them too intimately with subjects of mere *badinage*: seriously you might say,

What is this world? It is a scene
Of trouble, toil, and care;
A land of darkness, error, pride,
Oppression, and despair.

What is this world? It is a state
Of anxious hopes and fears;
Of various vicissitudes,
Of sighs and bitter tears.

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What is this world? It is a soil
Strewn with corruption's seed;
Where flowers, well-cultured, bloom, but
where
Spontaneous is the weed.

Then, world, if such thy evils are,
Let heaven our hearts possess;
Assured there's nothing here to prize,
There's nothing here can bless.

Reginald. There's nothing in this world, my dear sir, on which we ought to set our regards too strongly or value too highly; and there are cares and fears, toils and troubles, distress and misery enough in it, to make us almost out of love with it and its inhabitants. Yet *I* cannot say it is such a very bad world either: folks often make it worse than it is by their own misanthropical speculations and unmeaning repinings. My motto is, always to look on the bright side of the picture of life, for there are plenty of "good-natured friends" ready to point out to you the dark hues. Up to the *present* moment I have had reason to say, I have been a favoured mortal; and for the *future*,

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright beams of the past which she cannot
destroy;

Which will come in the night-time of sorrow
and care,

To bring back the features that joy used to
wear.

Long, long be my heart with such memories
fill'd,

Like the vase in which roses have once been
distill'd!

You may break, you may ruin the vase, if
you will,

But the scent of the roses will hang round it
still.

The Vicar. And if you can pass through life with such feelings, such sentiments, you will be a happy man.

Miss Primrose. And if he is not happy, pray who is to be? Of a tem-

perament so volatile, that he can frisk "from gay to grave, from lively to severe," almost without effort; who can make love to half-a-dozen ladies at a time; and, I suppose, if he were in a Mahometan country, would marry them all.

Reginald. O no: one wife at a time is enough for any reasonable man. Dearly as I love women, I should not like to encounter more than one as a wife.

Miss Primrose. And in her you'd expect, I suppose, more good qualities than would be requisite to make an angel: I know your notions both of friendship and love are very singular.

Reginald. Why, perhaps they may be so; but I shall nevertheless adhere to them. Perhaps you would wish to hear what I should like in "a friend and a wife?"

Miss Primrose. Something extravagant, no doubt; but let us hear.

Reginald:

A friend I like sincere and true,
Candid and generous—just like you:
Such friends 'tis rare indeed to meet;
They make life's happiness complete.

A wife I'd like good-humour'd, gay,
Whose smiles would cheer life's devious way;

Who'd to my faults be very blind,
And to my failings very kind;
Who'd sooth me should distress assail,
And cheer me if false friends prevail;
On whose pure truth I could rely—
With her I'd live, for her I'd die.

Miss Primrose. For myself, Reginald, thanks for the compliment; and when you meet with a lady calculated to realize your ideas of a wife, why let me be the bridemaid.

Reginald. Granted. And now, as our books are all exhausted, as we have passed sentence upon various authors in the exercise of our critical sagacity—which that we possess, who will dare to gainsay?—suppose we adjourn to the next room, and have a little music; and after that to supper with what appetite we may.

The Vicar. A very sensible proposition; to which all you who are of opinion it should be complied with, say "Aye," those of a contrary opinion, "No:" the "Ayes" have it.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,
October 12, 1826.

INGENUITY OF THE BEAVER IN CONFINEMENT.

By M. GEOFFROY DE ST. HILAIRE.

A FEW years since there was in the royal menagerie, in the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, a beaver, belonging to the family of the Rhone beavers, which live solitary like the water-rats. The observations on this animal which I had occasion to make, placed it beyond a doubt, that this variety of the beaver species can, upon emergency, exert their instinctive sagacity as a resource against unforeseen difficulties or mishaps.

As a protection from the rather severe cold of winter, our beaver

was furnished with nothing but a more abundant supply of straw. The nights grew colder; and the falling door of his cage had so many chinks, that the animal was forced to set about preparing a better defence against the inclemency of the weather. It was usual to give him, as well for food as for employment in the night, a quantity of green boughs, the bark of which was always found gnawed off in the morning; and every evening regularly, before his door was closed, he received a certain al-

lowance of other articles of food, consisting of fruit and garden vegetables. On one occasion, after it had been snowing all day, a good deal of snow had accumulated in a corner of his cage.

Such were the materials which the beaver had at his disposal, and which he diverted from their proper destination, to employ them in the formation of a wall, which should defend him from the external air and the cold. With the boughs he interlaced the bars of his cage with as much regularity as is displayed in the work of a basket-maker. The platted branches, however, were not so close as not to leave open spaces, for filling which the animal had recourse to his other supplies. For this purpose he employed the turnips, apples, and straw; and the

former were gnawed or cut into pieces suitable to the vacancies. Lastly, as though the animal was sensible that he needed a still closer shelter, he used the snow to plaster the whole, and thus filled all the little remaining interstices. The wall covered two-thirds of the aperture of the door, and all the provisions with which the beaver had this time been supplied, were expended in its construction.

The next morning the door of the cage was found by the keeper frozen fast by the snow to the new wall. It was not without some trouble that it could be detached and opened, and then the contrivance of the inhabitant was exposed to view. The man was so astonished at the work of the beaver, that he left it untouched, and called me to look at it.

Mr. HOGAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM happy to inform your readers, that, by the latest account from Rome, Mr. Hogan is far advanced in the execution of the statue of *Eve*, for which he had the honour to receive a commission from that liberal patron of the arts, Lord de Tabley. An undressed female figure has been, at all times, considered the most arduous test of a veteran sculptor's skill. It is, therefore, an essay which must excite no common sympathy, when proceeding from the chisel of a young self-taught sculptor in his

outset: nevertheless, I look forward with anxious hope that this statue will reflect honour on the taste of the artist and noble spirit of his patron. I have reason to believe that the figure will be finished early next year.

John Fitzgerald, Esq. of Wherstead Lodge in Suffolk, has, since my last communication on the subject, paid in ten pounds to the subscription at Messrs. Hammersleys' for Mr. Hogan.

W. C.

Oct. 18, 1826.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

LUCKY EXCHANGE.

DURING the war in La Vendée, one tempestuous evening in the

month of June 1793, a considerable column of infantry and cavalry was marching by one of the

several roads leading from St. Laurent des Autels to La Renaudière: it was sent by the National Convention as a reinforcement to the republican army then commanded by General Westermann. The men were ankle-deep in water; they knew nothing of the country; they were equal strangers to the species of warfare carried on there, and in every bush lurked an enemy. Their patriotic songs were interrupted at times by oaths and execrations, and at others by bursts of laughter, when some unlucky wight slipped down in the mud, or was tripped up by a stone. At length the fatigues of the march became so intolerable that their cheerfulness forsook them, and nothing but murmuring was to be heard. General Cherin, who, mounted on a fine powerful horse, headed the column, stopped and endeavoured to raise the drooping spirits of his followers. "By G—d, general," said one of them, who was rather bolder than his comrades, "you may well think lightly of our hardships: you have a good horse, you are not tired, you don't stumble about; while we poor devils have been marching these eight hours with empty stomachs. "Well, my friend," rejoined the general, "I'll dismount; there's my place for you; I will take yours." The grenadier imagined that his general was only in jest; but the latter repeated his offer to the man, whose comrades joked him upon it: he quickly mounted the horse, and rode forward at the head of the column. Scarcely, however, had he advanced a hundred paces, when a shot from a thicket by the road-side extended him lifeless at the feet of the general, who was thus saved by this extraordinary change of place.

His horse stood still; he took hold of the bridle. "Citizens," said he, between joke and earnest, "which of you will now take my post?" No answer was returned. He again mounted; the march was continued, and not the slightest murmur was again heard in the lines.

SINGULAR MODE OF CONVERSATION.

A German writer named Spaun, who died lately at Munich, was in early life in the civil service of Austria. In 1788, having been appointed assessor to the Imperial Chamber at Wetzlar, he was just setting out for his new destination, when he was apprehended as the author of a work which was considered dangerous to the monarchy, and confined as a prisoner of state, first at Mungatsch and afterwards at Kufstein. Here he passed ten of the best years of his life; but as it rarely happens that some advantage does not accrue from misfortune, so Spaun, in his solitary cell, where he was debarred from books and materials for writing, became so profound a mathematician, that even in advanced age he was able to solve the most difficult problems in his head. During his confinement a companion in misfortune came to be his neighbour, from whom, however, he was parted by a thick wall, which rendered oral communication totally impracticable. In this situation, he hit upon the happy thought of making himself understood by knocking; and to this end invented a system which is extremely ingenious: but the most difficult point was to furnish his neighbour, who might not even, perhaps, understand the German language, with a key to it. Spaun began by giving twenty-four taps on the wall,

and continued this manœuvre till the stranger at length perceived that they indicated the letters of the alphabet, and repeated the taps as a sign that he understood their meaning. In a few weeks the prisoners could converse fluently in this new language, and communicate their misfortunes to each other. In this way Spaun was informed by his neighbour of the origin and progress of the French revolution, of which he was of course previously ignorant. This neighbour was Mr. M. afterwards secretary of state in France, and Duke of B.* who had the generosity to think of his fellow-prisoner, and being set at liberty before him, procured him a pension, which Spaun enjoyed till his death. "It is either Spaun or the devil!" exclaimed the minister ten years later, when, being at Munich, Spaun called to see him, and began the old manœuvre on the door of his apartment.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENTIMENT.

During the reign of terror in France, Baron Marivet was continually tormented with the apprehension that he should die upon the scaffold. In vain did his wife strive by all the means in her power to remove his fears. He sometimes indulged in the hope that if his birthday passed without his being arrested, he should be relieved from the weight which oppressed his heart, and that he might perhaps be saved. On one occasion he gazed with deep melancholy on his son, then about two years old, and exclaimed, "I shall never live to see this child out of petticoats!" an observation which his lady carefully treasured up in her memory. The horrors of the revo-

* Probably Maret, Duke of Bassano.
—EDITOR.

lution appeared at length to draw to a close, and the baron's birthday arrived. His wife provided for the occasion a little treat, which she deferred till the hour of supper. About eleven o'clock, just as the dessert was placed on the table, Madame de Marivet, wishing to give her husband an agreeable surprise, and to bely his presentiments, left the room, and returned in a few moments with her child in her arms dressed in a jacket and trowsers. She gave him to her husband, whom she tenderly embraced, saying, "You now see your son, my dear, out of petticoats, and your birthday is past!"—"Not yet!" was his reply: "the clock has not struck twelve." His friends shuddered at the words, and anxiously turned their eyes to a time-piece, looking in silence at the hands as they moved towards the wished-for hour. It was on the point of twelve when a thundering knock was heard at the door. M. de Marivet turned pale; all present were struck dumb with terror; the door opened, and admitted the emissaries of the revolutionary committee, who had come to seize him. M. de la C. whom in a letter he had advised to emigrate, had not taken the precaution to destroy his papers. After his departure, they had been removed with his other effects to the house of his grandfather, M. de Piepape. The latter had been imprisoned on suspicion, and seals were placed upon the property in his house. He died in prison, and the agents of the committee who were present when the seals were taken off, found in an earthen pot, among some other papers destined to be burned, the letter in question. On this ground M. de Marivet was summoned before the revolutionary tribunal, condemned to

death, and lost his head on the scaffold.

LEGISLATION OF BOURNOU.

In the central African kingdom of Bournou, murder is punished with death, the culprit, on conviction, being handed over to the relations of the deceased, who revenge his death with their clubs; repeated thefts by the loss of a hand, or by burying the young Spartan, if a beginner, with only his head above-ground, well buttered or honeyed, and so exposed him for twelve or eighteen hours to the torture of a burning sun, and to innumerable flies and mosquitoes, which all feast on him undisturbed. These punishments, however, are often commuted for others of a more lenient kind; the judge himself having a strong fellow-feeling for a culprit of this description. Their laws relative to debtor and creditor manifest a just and merciful principle, which some civilized nations might cultivate with advantage. When a man who has the means refuses to pay his debts, on a creditor pushing his claims, the *cadi* takes possession of the debtor's property, pays the demand, and takes a handsome per-centage for his trouble. It is necessary, however, that the debtor should give his consent; but this is not long withheld, as he is pinioned and laid on his back until it is given; for all which trouble and restiveness he pays handsomely to the *cadi*: and they seldom find that a man gets into a scrape of this kind twice. On the other hand, should a man be in debt and unable to pay, on clearly proving his poverty, he is at liberty. The judge then says, "God send you the means!" the bystanders say "Amen!" and the insolvent has full liberty to trade where

he pleases. But if, at any future time, his creditors catch him with even two robes on, or a red cap, on taking him before the *cadi*, all superfluous habiliments are stripped off and given towards payment of his debts.

FRENCH QUACKERY.

The ingenuity of English quackery stares us in the face in every newspaper, and is notorious to all the world; but we doubt whether our Continental neighbours are not capable of giving useful lessons even to our most skilful professors of the art. All Paris is acquainted with the anecdote of the present Baron Portal, who, when the sphere of his practice was very confined, hired men to knock violently at the great hotels in the Fauxbourg St. Germain and to inquire if Dr. Portal did not live there, as the Princess A or the Countess B required his immediate attendance. The inhabitants of the great hotels, hearing so many inquiries for the doctor, conceived that he must be the physician employed by all the distinguished families of the capital, and sent for him too. In this manner the doctor got into extensive and excellent practice, and became physician to the king and a baron.

EXTRAORDINARY ANTIPATHY OF THE OSTRICH.

Major Denham, in his recently published Travels in the Interior of Africa, informs us "that ostriches have a most extraordinary aversion from nature to a pregnant woman, and a sensibility in discovering when such a person is near them quite astonishing: they will make directly towards her, and with lifted feet and

menaces oblige her to withdraw. I have even known them single out a woman so situated in the street, and following her to her own door, beat her with their long beaks, and the whole time hissing with the greatest agitation and anger."

OPINION OF THE PORTUGUESE, RESPECTING DUELLING.

"Duelling," say the Portuguese, "is a detestable method of retrieving one's honour; it is wilful premeditated murder, which is adopted only by the people of England, Germany, and other savages in the north." In Portugal, on the other hand, when a man wishes to obtain satisfaction, it is customary for him to lie in wait for his foe, or to shoot or stab him as he passes. "He ought to be on his guard," say they; "it is not committing murder to kill one's enemy—it is only revenging one's-self." Thus does every nation strive to defend its own customs, and employ for this purpose the most wretched sophistries.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES.

Madame de Sevigné compared La Fontaine's fables with a plate of cherries: you begin with culling out the finest, but do not cease eating till you have cleared the plate of them all.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

While Rousseau was in England Garrick, for his gratification, performed two parts, Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone. As it was known that Jean Jacques would be present, the house was crowded to suffocation. Mrs. Garrick declared that she never passed so disagreeable an evening, for the philosopher, who pre-

tended to be so fond of solitude, in his anxiety to shew himself, leaned so far over the front of the box, that she could not help laying hold of the skirt of his coat for fear he should tumble into the pit. He afterwards told Garrick, that he had done nothing but cry during the whole of the tragedy and laugh through the whole farce, though he understood not a word of the language.

HARRIS'S HERMES.

A gentleman requested his friend to lend him some interesting book, on which he sent him that profound philological work, Harris's *Hermes*. The borrower supposed from the title that it was a novel, but after turning it over and over, without knowing what to make of it, he returned it with his thanks. When his friend afterwards inquired how he liked it, he replied, "Not much—all these imitations of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* are far inferior to the original."

GENEALOGY OF LOUIS XV.

Louis XV. once proved to his courtiers that he was descended from an attorney named Griffet, who, being a wealthy man, married a lady of fortune. Their daughter married the Marquis de Cœuvres, who was father of the fair Gabrielle, mistress of Henry IV. Her son was the Duke of Vendôme, whose daughter married the Duke of Nemours; his daughter gave her hand to the Duke of Savoy, and his daughter, Adelaide of Savoy, was the mother of Louis XV.

POPULATION OF PARIS.

In the year 1821 the population of the French capital amounted to

713,000 souls. From a census just taken by order of the prefect of the department, it is now 894,000, being an increase in five years of 181,000. The progression was most considerable in the last years; in the quarter called Poissonnière the increase amounts to 38 per cent.

JEAN BONHOMME.

About two years ago a poor Savoyard at Paris took it into his head to train an ape in such a manner as to earn a living by him, without running the risk of being taken for a beggar. The animal certainly contrives, by his good-natured, modest, and intelligent look, to draw the small coin out of the pockets of the spectators. He has none of the wildness and impetuosity of his species, but looks kindly in your face, as if to ask whether he may offer his services. At the same time he is very decently, nay elegantly dressed. He begins by sweeping with his little broom the spot where you are with him. He looks at you to see if you are pleased, and seems to beg a new favour; he then takes a shoe-brush and brushes one shoe at least, if you do not hold out both to him. With his plaid dress he usually wears a hat and feather; he takes it off when any one comes, puts it on while he is at work, and again takes it off when he has finished. When he afterwards holds out his little bowl, and with his penetrating but kind and familiar look tells you to give him what you please, you cannot find in your heart to reproach him with being a common beggar. Such is the fame of Jean Bonhomme, by which name the animal is universally known, that his presence has been more than once

required at court for the amusement of the children of the Duchess of Berry.

VOLTAIRE.

When Voltaire erected, in 1760, the new church at Ferney with the well-known inscription, "Deo erexit Voltaire," there was no end to conjectures, criticisms, and satirical observations. One of his letters acquaints us with the genuine motive for an act which in him appeared so extraordinary. He built the new church that he might have the old one pulled down, because it intercepted a fine view, and prevented his planting an avenue of trees as he wished.

CHINESE FREEMASONS.

For the last fifty years there has subsisted in China a society which has a great resemblance to that of the Freemasons, and is called Thian-Thée-Ohé: this name literally signifies Union of Heaven and Earth; denoting that as heaven and earth are one, and subject to the same laws of nature, so mankind ought also to be animated by one spirit, and to serve and to succour one another. The grand principles on which the society is founded are, equality of all mankind, and obligation of the rich to share their superfluity with the poor. The members have no supreme head, and they have signs by which they recognise their brethren. On the admission of a member, he is required to stand under two swords held crosswise over his head, and to swear that he will rather die than betray the laws of the order. A few drops of blood are drawn from him, as well as from the person who introduces him; the blood is caught in a







cup, and they both drink of it. The members of this order knew one another by the mode in which they offer and accept tea and smoke tobacco. It is said to have been found ed at Canton by an inhabitant of that city, and it is admitted that the plan was originally brought from Europe. All attempts to dissolve it have proved ineffectual.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PROMENADE DRESS.

WADDED pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the blossoms of the pomegranate, made quite plain and to fit the shape, fastened down the front, and ornamented on each side with a row of leaves of an obovate shape; the ends point outwards; they are corded all round, and arranged one beneath the other, and are smaller at the waist, where they approximate, and over the bust, but enlarge as they descend, turn off circularly, and form a border to the skirt, which is terminated by a wadded hem. The sleeve is rather large at the shoulder, but afterwards decreases to nearly the size of the arm, and is finished with a cuff reaching over the hand, and ornamented with obovate leaves pointing upwards. Circular gauze cape, hemmed and edged with a narrow ruche of tulle. Hat of azure *gros de Naples*, trimmed profusely with blond artificial flowers and shaded ribbon; *les brides*, of shaded blue and gold-colour ribbon, reach below the waist. The hair is parted in front, and displays a narrow border of blond lace; three or four large curls on each side, with bows of blue and gold-colour shaded ribbon. Long coral ear-rings; gold chain and cross,

and gold bracelets; yellow gloves and bronze shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Dress of white *crêpe lisse* over a corn-flower blue satin slip; the *corsage* made very full and high in front, with a straight cape, which is divided angularly on the shoulders, and ornamented with a blue satin rouleau. Short and full sleeves beneath the upper long ones, which are spacious to the wrist, where they are terminated with vandyke cuffs, and fastened with broad gold bracelets. The skirt is trimmed with three deep flounces of blond lace, set on very full, and tastefully drawn up in festoons, about half the depth of the lace, by a blue satin rouleau, arranged in a waving direction and confined by buttons placed at regular distances: these flounces are headed by a wreath of leaves *à l'antique*; the hem of the slip appears below the dress. Blue satin sash, *à la François*, extending from the waist, where it meets in a point, to the shoulders diagonally; it ties in front in two short bows, the ends fringed and reaching half-way down the skirt: bows ornament the shoulder. The head-dress is composed of bows of blue Italian crape, and three very

large bows of hair on each side of the crape bow in front; plaited bands of hair are brought from the temples and intersect the bows. Pear-shaped gold ear-rings; gold chain twice round the neck, and an enamelled locket pendant in the centre; white kid gloves; white satin shoes.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

A SOFA.

THE annexed plate represents a sofa decorated in the Gothic style. This piece of furniture is comparatively of modern date, and undoubtedly of Eastern origin; but in adapting it to European customs, it has been found necessary to vary the decoration in some degree from that of the original model.

In the Oriental countries a sofa is but little elevated from the floor, and consists of soft cushions covered with silk and other costly materials. Two of these are generally piled upon one another, and a third is placed against the wall to recline upon. These cushions are thus ranged round an apartment, and the heat of the climate renders them indispensable, either for public meetings or private

assemblies. They are also well calculated for the sitting posture of the Eastern nations, which requires an easy couch. As none of these conveniences are adapted to the climate and customs of Europeans, the artist has been obliged to make some change from the original; so that the modern sofa presents quite a different appearance from its Oriental original: it nevertheless possesses a comfort which entitles it to rank among useful furniture. From its flowing and easy form, it is more calculated for the Italian than the Gothic style: the latter character has nevertheless been attempted to be given in the present design, which is composed from the best authorities in the florid style.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE new volume of the *FORGET ME NOT*, announced in the Literary Intelligence in our last Number, is now ready for delivery. As by far the greater part of the very large impression is already disposed of, the publisher recommends an immediate application to all who wish to possess themselves of this favourite Christmas and New-Year's present.

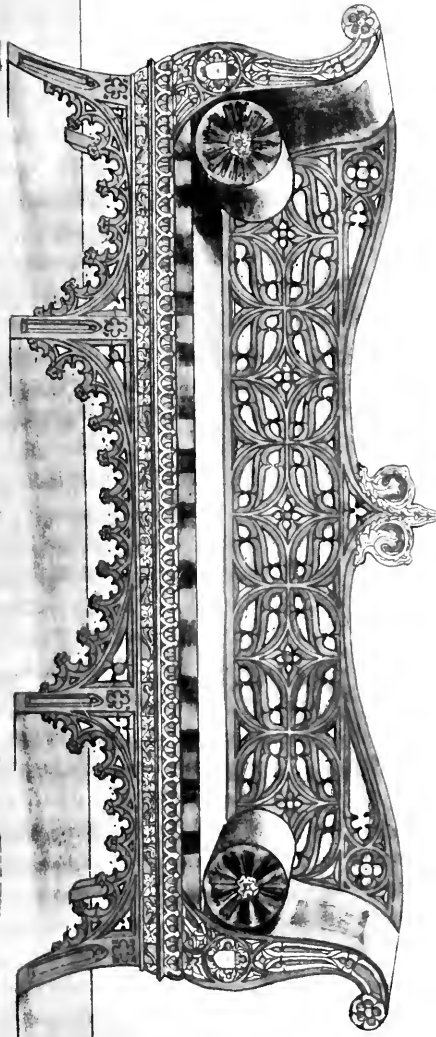
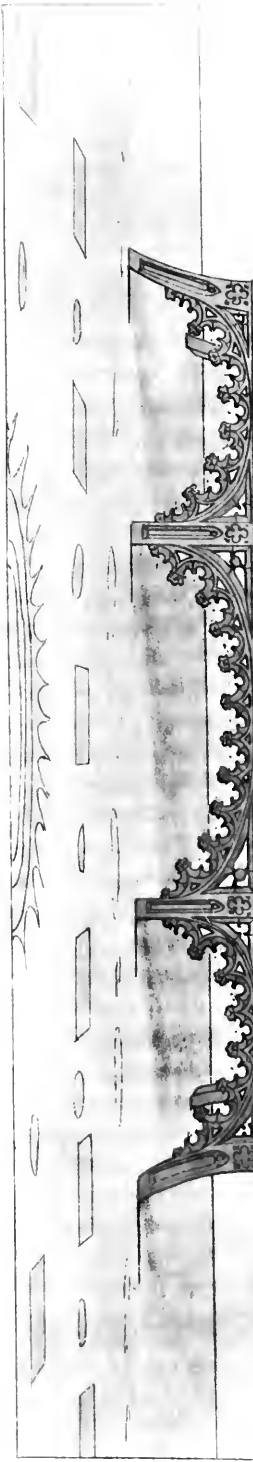
Our correspondent, Mr. W. C. Stafford of York, is preparing for the press, *A Series of Essays on Shakspeare's Female Characters*.

Messrs. Curry and Co. of Dublin, have announced as being in preparation, *Sketches of Ireland*, descriptive of unnotic-

ed Districts; *Ten Weeks in Munster*; *Three Weeks in Donegal*; also *The Irish Pulpit*, a Collection of Sermons by various Clergymen of the Established Church.

Mr. Horace Smith has nearly ready for publication a new novel, entitled *The Tor Hill*. The story is laid in the time of Henry the Eighth, and the scene is chiefly in Glastonbury Abbey and the Mendip Hills.

The Hon. George Keppel, son of the Earl of Albemarle, is preparing for the press, his *Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England*, by Bassorah, Bagdad, the ruins of Babylon, Curdistan, Persia, and Russia, in 1824.



A second series of *Tales of the O'Hara Family* may be expected forthwith.

Napoleon in the other World will be published in a few days, in French and English.

Another volume of Mr. Craddock's *Miscellaneous and Literary Memoirs* is preparing for the press.

A Treatise on the Steam-Engine, historical, practical, and descriptive, by Mr. John Farey, illustrated by numerous engravings made by the late Mr. Lowry, is announced to appear in December.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson is preparing *Collections towards a Parochial History of London and its Liberties*.

Mr. Williams of Shrewsbury has in the press, a *Memoir of Matthew Henry*, the Expositor of the Bible.

The Rev. L. Moyes will speedily publish, *Remarks on the Principal Features of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of Great Britain since the year 1753*.

Edward VI. and his Times, an historical work for the study of youth, is nearly ready.

Mr. Jolliffe, author of "Letters from Palestine," is about to publish a *Tour from Smyrna, through Albania, &c. to Corfu*.

In the press and nearly ready, in crown 8vo. *The Poetical Souvenir*, by Kennett and George Read Dixon, Esqrs. containing Gonzalo and Alcæa and other Poems, embellished with numerous woodcuts.

Mr. E. A. Kendall has in the press, an Essay, entitled *Education, whether liberal or ordinary, seriously defective without the Inculcation of the Art of Drawing*. The author considers the art of drawing under a variety of moral, philosophical, economical, and political aspects, but especially as belonging to the general cultivation of the human faculties, and therefore to the general advancement both of the sciences and arts.

Mr. Pickering is collecting all the works, dramatic and otherwise, of Christopher Marlowe, the poet. Several of his productions, scarcely known to be in ex-

istence, consisting of translations from Ovid and Lucan, in the best style of the author, have been brought to light by the research of the publisher, and will be included in this new edition.

The same publisher is also collecting the works of Webster, one of the most eminent dramatists of the age of Queen Elizabeth, which have never been brought together, and several of which are extremely scarce.

Mr. Wellbeloved has nearly ready, *London Lions for Country Cousins and Friends about Town*, with twenty-three views.

Immediately on the meeting of Parliament will be commenced, a weekly publication, entitled *The Parliamentary Reporter, or Debates in Parliament*.

A novel work on the *Passions of the Horse*, designed and executed in lithography by Mr. W. B. Chalou, is about to appear, by subscription, in a series of six drawings; size twenty inches by sixteen. The work is dedicated to his Majesty.

Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day, with Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks by Mr. J. Johnstone, will soon appear.

Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, which will form six volumes, is expected to appear within a few weeks of Christmas.

The Governors of the British Institution have presented to the National Gallery three very valuable pictures: *the Vision of St. Jerome*, by Parmegiano, bought at Mr. Watson Taylor's sale for 3100 guineas; *the Communion of St. Nicholas*, by Paul Veronese, purchased by the Directors at 1500 guineas; and West's picture of *Christ Healing the Sick*, for which they paid him 3000 guineas. The national collection, with this superb accession, will open for public inspection on the first Monday in November.

Mr. I. Harrison Curtis, surgeon, aurist to the King, commenced his course

of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, last month, at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Dean-street, Soho-square. The lecturer combated the unfortunate prejudice respecting the incurability of diseases of the ear, and proved by his own extensive practice and experience, as well as that of the celebrated professor, Lallemand of Montpellier, the mischief that had arisen from this idea, in

consequence of neglected affections of this organ, producing chronic diseases of the brain, ending most unhappily, and frequently from the inattention of patients themselves. The lecturer supported this fact by exhibiting a variety of anatomical preparations, shewing the effects and extent of neglected disease; but he came to this satisfactory conclusion, that diseases of the ear, like diseases of other organs, will yield to proper treatment.

Poetry.

THE FUNERAL KNELL.

There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.

MONTGOMERY.

HARK! 'tis the burial knell! A solemn sound,
Though so familiar to the ear that we
Remark it not. I too have heard it oft,
And with indifference. But upon this day
A feeling of disconsolate wretchedness
Pervades my bosom, and each heavy toll
Strikes on my sinking heart as though 'twould
stop

The vital current circling in my veins.
It brings to recollection years long past,
Years spent in happiness and misery—
Of innocent, joyous youth, when yet no care
Depressed my buoyant spirit—and of grief
Deep-seated in the heart, which ne'er will
lose

The scorching influence it there has shed.

'Tis a once dear
Companion of my early youth who goes
To her last home. In days of infancy
We were as one—we had no separate wish,
No secret action. Time would have flown by
Unconsciously but that our forms were
changed,
And we had grown to womanhood—riper
years

Had ripened our affection—to look back
Upon that blissful period but augments
The anguish of my cold and cheerless heart
O happy days! alas! to be contrasted
With years of misery! Misery came too
soon!

Friendship, for long time,
Had reigned the sole possessor of my breast:
At length it owned a rival. Love had stolen
Into my young and inexperienced heart.

The youth was one who dauntlessly had
fought
In king and country's right—not his the
tongue
In woman's facile ear to whisper love
His bosom felt not. And when we were wed-
ded

I left my home—I left too that dear friend,
The sweet companion of my infancy,
A prey to sorrow. Though my love had
thriven,
I was not happy.

After a brief year
My husband to a foreign clime was called,
Where war rag'd deadly, and I visited
My much-loved home: few months had fled
by,

But 'twas as if a lapse of years had wrought
Havoc upon my friend, whom I had left
So beautiful. Scarce could I recognise
Her altered countenance—her pallid face,
And sunken eye, and withered form, betrayed
A broken heart. Too late I learned the cause
Of this lamented change—that she, like me,
Had deeply loved, but not, like me, had won
The object of her soul's idolatry—
Of that I had bereft her. Fatal love!
We had been happy if we ne'er had loved!
But woman, feeble woman, cannot change
Nature's soft dictates.

Another keen, deep shaft,
Like lightning, sped. My husband in the
field

Had yielded up his life. No hallowed ground,
No native land, received his dear remains;
No relative hung sorrowing o'er his bier;
No parent saw him in his dying hour:
Yet nobly he had died! Peace was restored,
A glorious victory won; the lighted streets
Were filled with crowds of a rejoicing people,
As if in mockery of my widowed heart.

My lot was truly wretched: one had thought
I had quaffed deeply of Affliction's cup,
But mine it was to drain it to the lees:
My early friend with wild delirium raved—
An agonizing gush of fierce passion
At times escaped her—and a frenzied laugh
Told of the fire in her bewildered brain:
And thus she lived for years—a torturing
sight

E'en to a flinty breast. Before she died
Reason returned, and 'twas her funeral
The bell is tolling for. In death I love her!
The broken heart can only find relief
In the cold grave. Oh! would I too were laid
In my last resting-place! F. S. jun.

A SKETCH.

He walks among the crowd,
With thoughtful brow and eye,
Ador'd by all the fair and proud,
In fond idolatry:
And yet his heart's beyond the ocean
In firm fidelity.

He treads the lofty hall,
Where peers and princes meet,
And threads the mazy ball
With footsteps light and fleet:
Yet, fair-ones, spare your fond devotion,
His heart is arm'd complete.

He lists to many a voice
Of music's sweetest sound;
And yet he'll not rejoice
When song and glee go round:
There is a voice his ear will cherish,
Though wealth and joy surround.

He looks on many a face,
On many a radiant eye;
On forms of female grace
Amongst the rich and high:
Yet his fond faith can never perish—
He only looks to sigh.

'Midst courtly hall and dance
He thinks how light she mov'd;
In beauty's softest glance
He thinks on her he lov'd:
And tho' perchance he'll meet her never,
His faith shall still be prov'd.

He thinks how sweet her song
Flow'd like her native streams;
And how she mov'd along
In beauty's hallow'd beams:
And parted though, perhaps, for ever,
He meets her in his dreams.

I. L. D.

THE FIRST BROWN LEAF.

By J. M. LACEY.

The first brown leaf that I had seen,
Since summer hours were fled,

Had left its fellows gaily green
On many a branch, that smil'd serene,
Unheeding their first dead!

At least so seem'd to fancy's eye
This symptom of decay;
A little while those leaves may sigh
To balmy zephyrs, ere they die,
And end their trivial day.

But latter autumn sure will come,
With all its stormy powers;
Then will these green ones meet their doom,
And make the earth one leafy tomb,
Through all its gloomy bow'rs.

So in our lives, 'midst childhood's throng,
We heed not him who falls
The first among us; still the song
Of youthful joy is blithe and strong,
Ere age and sickness calls.

But when we seek, in life's late years,
The group we knew in youth,
'Twill wake the callous bosom's fears,
And draw from Stoic eyes moist tears,
'To learn the fatal truth:

We find, that like the leaves so brown
Which fall in autumn's gloom,
They've dropp'd around us, one by one,
Till all we lov'd in youth are gone
Before us to the tomb!

LINES

Written by a Lady on the Death of JOHN GOLL
WALTON, Esq. who died the 20th of May,
1825, aged 21 years.

Has then that gentle spirit fled?
Is Walton mingled with the silent dead?
Could not his merits win him from the tomb,
And spare him full of life's fresh morning
bloom?

A father's agony—a mother's tears—
And numerous friends pale with a thousand
fears,
Could they not snatch him from the arms of
Death,

And stay awhile the fluctuating breath?
Ah! no:—tho' every good to him was given,
And prayers unceasing reach'd the throne of
Heav'n,

'Twas His decree, who never judges wrong,
That Walton's pilgrimage should not be long:
He was but lent to shew in early youth,
The power of goodness, piety, and truth.
Then mourn no more, he dwells in realms
above,

Crown'd with the Father's all-approving love.
Heart-broken mother, let your grief be mild,
A heavenly angel is your darling child!

LINES

From the German of SCHILLER, on the Journey of the Hereditary Prince of SAXE-WEIMAR to Paris, in 1802.

'Tis the last glass, my friends, fill to the brim
To our loved wanderer's health—a health to him

Who quits his native land, and the green vales
Which cradled him in childhood! Nought avails

The parent's close embrace, the warning sage
Of more experienced and more cautious age:
He breaks the spell, and seeks that haughty state

By plunder rich, by unjust conquest great.
The thunder silenced, War close-fetter'd lies,
Discord expands her raven wings and flies.
The lava, o'er the crater thinly spread,
Yet glows and cracks beneath the traveller's tread.

Oh! may auspicious Destiny preside,
And through life's stormy passage ever guide
Thy steps, O princely youth! for good and pure

Hath Nature form'd thy heart: may it endure
The world's fierce test! Drink not from
Pleasure's urn—

Reject the poison'd beverage. Youth, return
Such as thou goest hence—return again
To prove that Vice spreads snares for thee in vain.

Thou wilt see countries wide despoil'd by
War,

And earth polluted by his blood-stain'd car:
Yet o'er those fields where died the great and brave,

In quick succession golden harvests wave.

Thou wilt behold the vast majestic Rhine,
And while it flows the glories of thy line
Shall be recorded in the rolls of Time—
Ancestral glory, won by deeds sublime.

To these heroic shades do homage there:
Nor to the father Rhine just offerings spare;
The powerful guardian of our frontier line!
To him give tribute from his native vine.
Thy country's genius then shall lead thee
o'er

The feeble plank which lands thee on that
shore

Where Gallic arms and Gallic treachery,
Uncheck'd, still live, but German virtues die.

VALERIA.

SONG :

*Adapted to Mozart's celebrated German Air,
"Freuet euch des Lebens."*

O faithless maid, adieu!

The dream of hope is o'er;
Since Fiona proves untrue,
Life smiles no more.

Ah! let me, let me fly the scene
Where Pleasure holds her giddy reign!
For easy hearts her bounties flow,
Free from the thorn of woe.

Farewell the witching smile,
That lured my fond heart;
No more shall it beguile
Sorrow's keen smart.

I quit with willing feet the bower
Where gaily blooms each fragrant flower;
To distant climes I bend my way,
To end my lonely day.

Farewell the azure eye
That softly beam'd on me,
And cheek of roseate dye—
Farewell to thee!

Again I'll tempt the dangerous main,
Since Fiona I've loved in vain;
Since faithless she has proved to me,
Her syren charms I flee.

Ah! native plains, adieu,
Where oft at eve we stray'd,
When hours like moments flew
Adown the green glade!
Careless I pass the favourite bower;
Since Fiona, once its fairest flower,
Graces no more its soothing shade,
Its wonted beauties fade.

If on some foreign shore
Bright eyes on me should smile,
And in some dimpled cheek
Lurk the fond wile—
Then Fiona, though thou faithless be,
Still would I think alone of thee:
For never shall blooming fair
With thee, love, compare!

But, O sweet maid, adieu!
Since hope's gay dream is o'er,
Since thou hast proved untrue,
Life charms no more!

A. J.

Ipswich.



附註

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII. DECEMBER 1, 1826. N^o. XLVIII.

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LONDON:

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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 reserve the paper on Religious Lady's-Maids for our next Number.

We acknowledge the receipt of a packet from D. L. J.; also The Lover of Monsters, Les Dames de la Halle, A Country Belle, and Enigma, which shall have an early place.

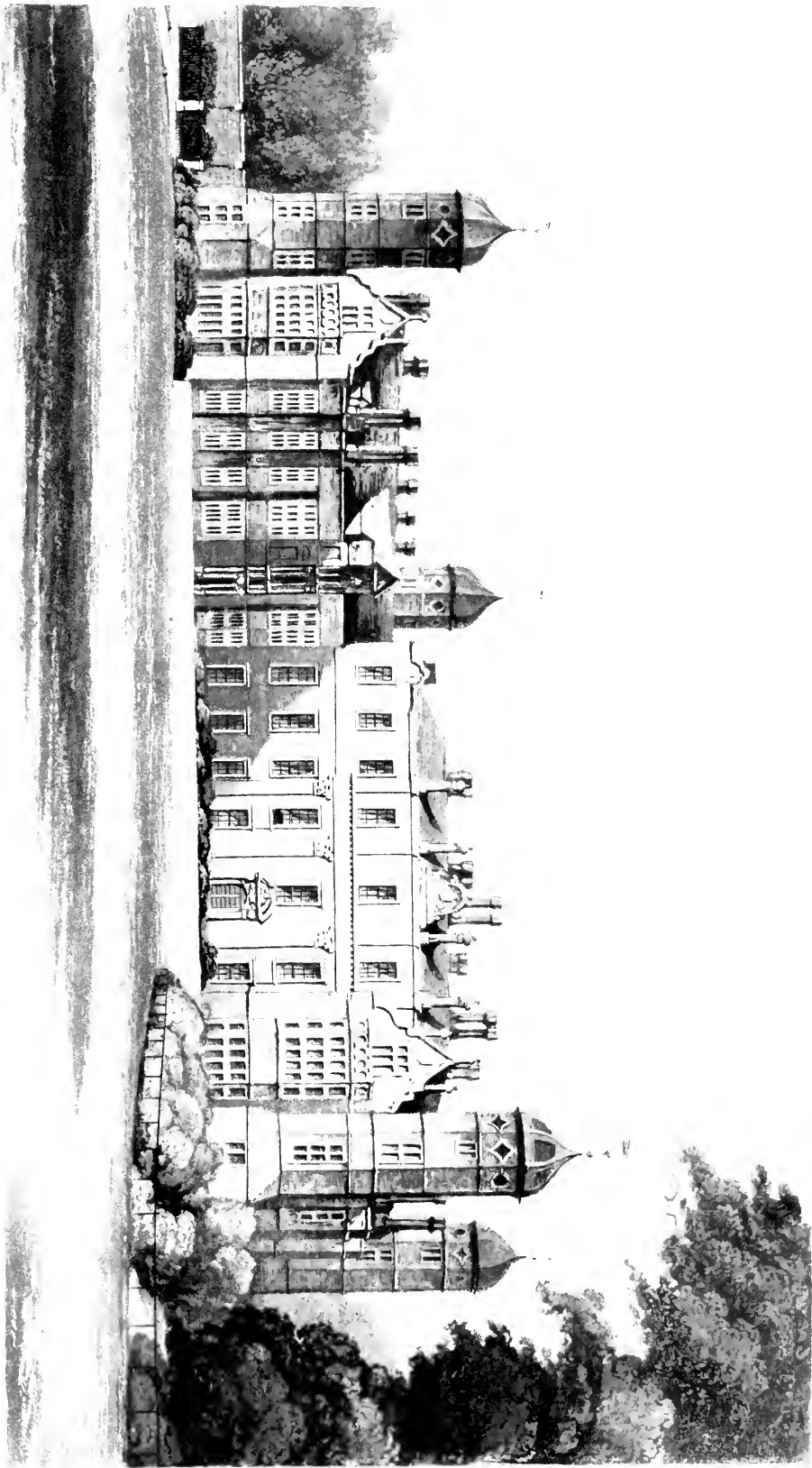
Ignatius Denner and The Bandit shall be commenced with our new volume.

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THE THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII. DECEMBER 1, 1826. N^o. XLVIII.

VIEWS OF COUNTRY SEATS.

COBHAM-HALL, KENT, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF DARNLEY.

THIS ancient mansion, situated about five miles on the right of the road from the city of Rochester, is one of the most perfect specimens of the talents of Inigo Jones, and also remarkable as having been for ages the principal abode of the Earls of Cobham, who enjoyed the manor since the reign of King John. It consists of a centre and two wings, and the interior contains a variety of commodious apartments; but the principal attraction is the collection of pictures, among which are many exquisite specimens of Titian, Rubens, Salvator Rosa, Guido, Corregio, Vandyke, Sir Peter Lely, and other eminent masters. The *Young Samuel*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the *Danæe*, by Titian; the *Savage Act of the Scythian Queen towards the Remains of the unfortunate Cyrus*; the *Fate of Regulus*, by the

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sublime Salvator Rosa, cannot fail to strike every beholder with admiration and astonishment. In the saloon, which is magnificently finished, and is both spacious and lofty, a fine statue of *Antinous* and a bust of *Cæsar* are particularly deserving of notice; and also an exceedingly fine collection of marble columns, &c. made by the Earl of Darnley, which are placed in excellent order.

The beautiful and extensive park and wood which surround this building possess innumerable charms, and have been laid out with the greatest taste; trees of large growth, spreading their magnificent and undulating foliage, meet the eye in every point of view; and an avenue of stately limes, of nearly a mile in length, affords an impenetrable shade from the house to the village of Cobham. On an elevated ground to the south-east

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has been erected a mausoleum, from which there is a fine view of the river Medway and surrounding country.

The pleasure-grounds are planted with much taste and judgment; and there is an excellent variety of choice flowers and shrubs, which adorn the parterres. Adjoining this delightful spot, there is also a menagerie, containing many rare and beautiful birds, and some animals of the kangaroo species, &c.

On an eminence, called the Mount, many fine picturesque views of the park and distant country are obtained from a seat placed under a walnut-tree, especially a panoramic view, the effect of which is particularly impressive. The house, with its towers partially hidden with trees, and

the mausoleum, rising above the grove, dignify the woody boundary; and the dark and bold aspect of Boxley Hill forms a pleasing back-ground. The noble proprietor, among other acts of munificence, has kindly given an annual afternoon's recreation to the children who attend the reading-schools of the neighbouring parishes; parties drink tea on the lawn, and bands of music are provided to enliven the rural festivity.

In the church are some curious ancient brasses of the Earls of Cobham; and near it is an ancient college, now converted into an abode for the support of twenty poor persons.

For the above account we are indebted to Mr. Thomas H. Shepherd.

MIDGHAM-HOUSE, BERKS,

THE SEAT OF WILLIAM STEPHEN POYNTZ, ESQ. M. P.

MIDGHAM-HOUSE is an elegant modern building, situated in a very delightful and sporting part of the county of Berks. It derives its name from an ancient chapel or hamlet in the parish of Thatcham, and is distant about three miles from Newbury. This estate came into the possession of the present proprietor on the demise of his father, by whom it was purchased, about the year 1738, of the Hillersdon family.

The parish of Thatcham is the largest in the county, and contains several valuable manors. Deniston-

House, which was considered one of the most magnificent mansions in the county, was pulled down a few years since for the sake of the materials. As the present owner of Midgham has another seat near Petworth in Sussex, he but seldom resides here.

In the church of Thatcham is an ancient monument of Judge Danvers; but it has been most shamefully mutilated.

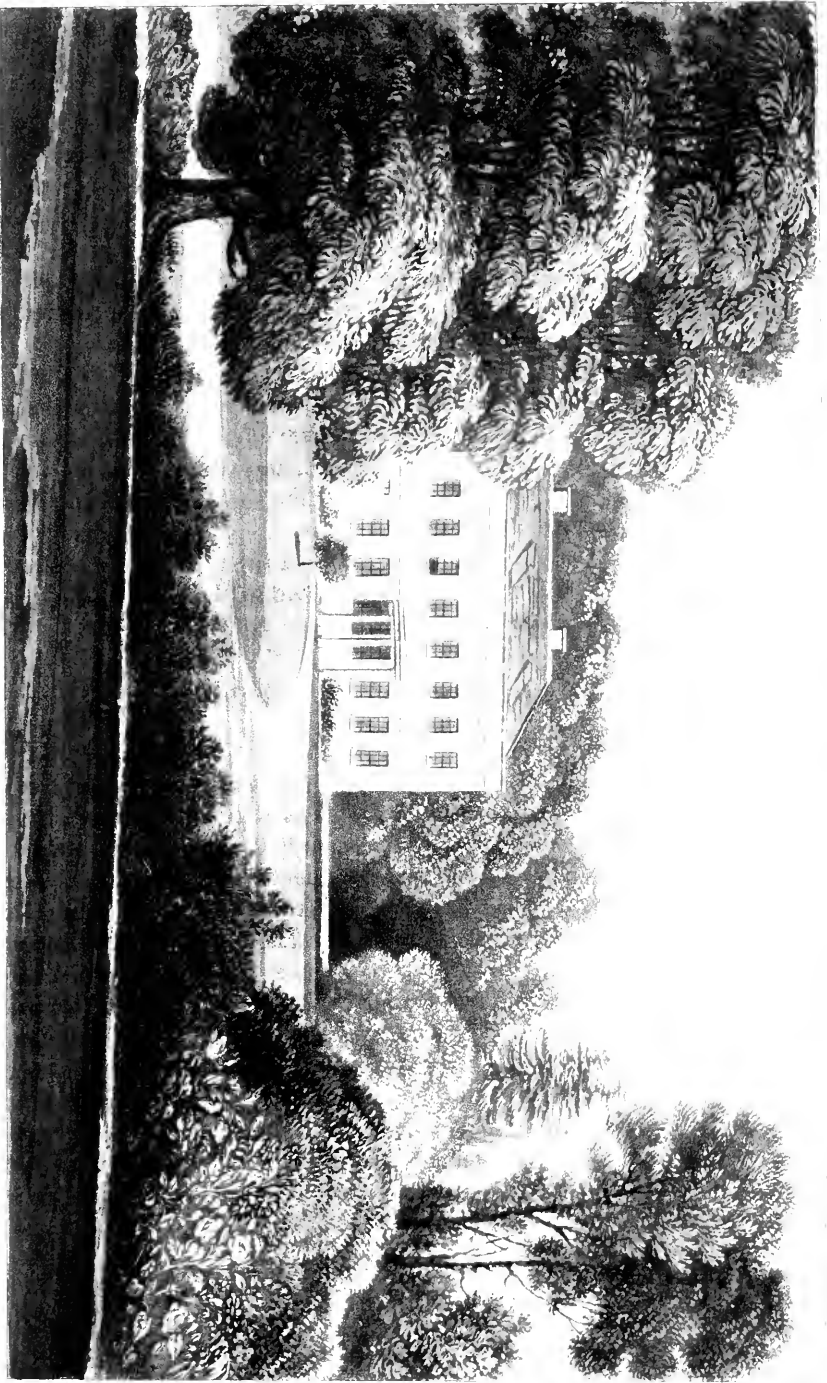
In the village is a respectable charity-school, founded by Lady Winchcomb, in which forty boys are clothed and educated.

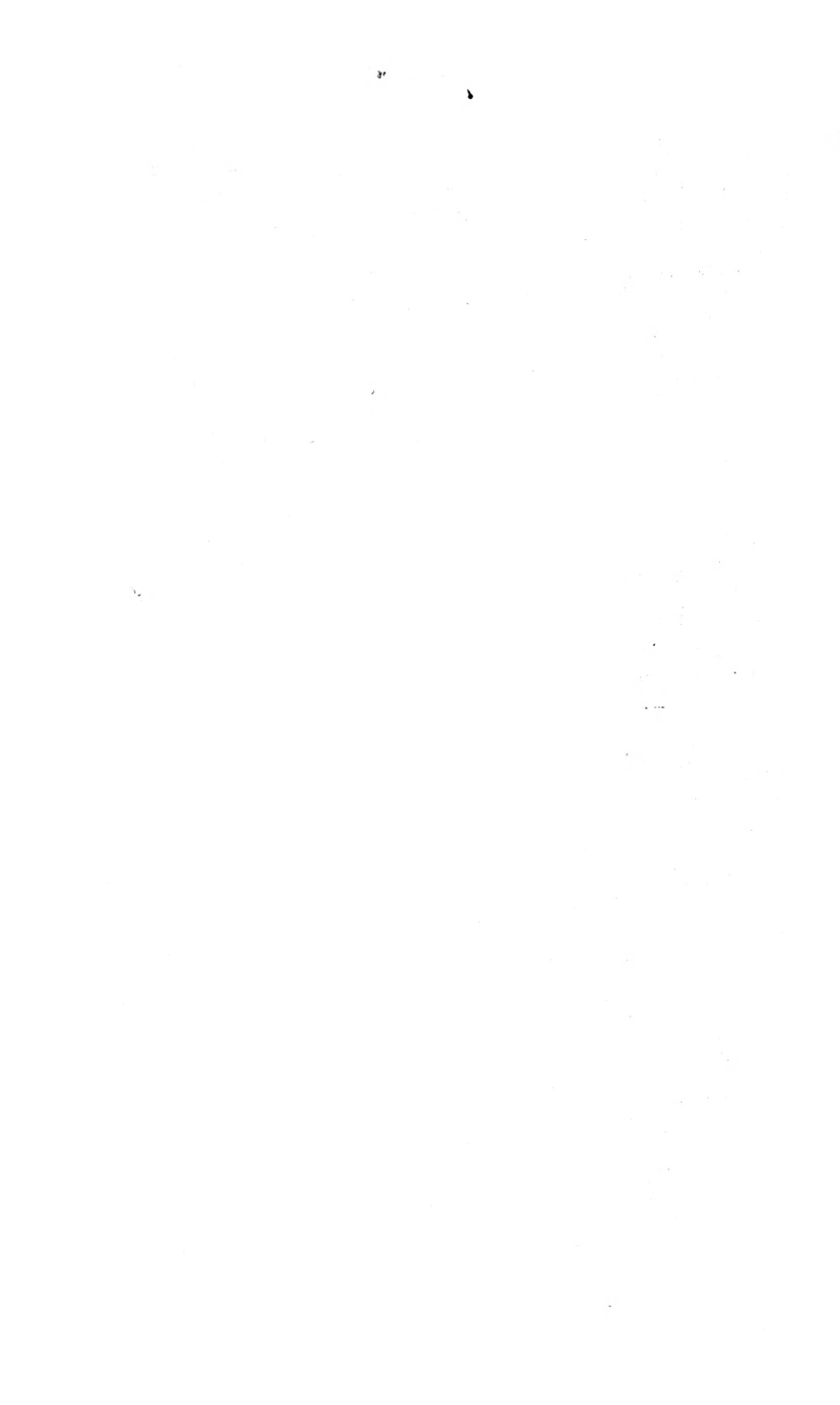
THE PRISONERS IN THE CAUCASUS.

(Concluded from p. 259.)

THE inhabitants of the Caucasus, who mostly lead a half-vagrant life, and are often exposed to the incur-

sions of their neighbours, have always near their houses subterraneous receptacles, in which they conceal





their provisions and other effects. These places, in the form of a narrow well, are carefully covered with a plank or a large stone, and that again with mould; and they are always dug in bare spots, lest the colour of the grass should betray the secret. Notwithstanding these precautions, they are frequently discovered by the Russian soldiers, who strike the ground with the butt-end of their muskets in the beaten paths and bare spots near the houses, and the hollow sound betrays the excavations of which they are in search. Ivan discovered one in a shed contiguous to the house. Here he found some earthen pots, a quantity of maize, a lump of rock salt, and several culinary utensils. He immediately went in quest of water for cooking, and set the quarter of mutton and some potatoes which he had brought with him, on the fire. While the repast was preparing, Kascambo roasted the maize; and a few nuts, which they also found in the magazine, served for a dessert. When they had finished their meal, Ivan, having now more leisure as well as means, contrived to release his master from his fetters; and the latter, more comfortable and refreshed by what, under his circumstances, was an excellent meal, fell into a sound sleep, from which he did not awake till about nine in the evening. Notwithstanding this rest, when he would have resumed his route, his swollen limbs were so stiff, that he could not stir a step without the most acute pain. It was necessary, however, to continue the journey. Supported by his *denshik*, he moved sadly on, despairing that he should ever reach the desired goal. The exercise, and the warmth diffused by it, gradually abated his pains.

He travelled on the whole night, frequently halting for a short time, and then pursuing his route. Sometimes too, giving way to despondency, he would throw himself on the ground, and conjure Ivan to abandon him to his fate. His undaunted companion not only encouraged him by exhortation and example, but had even recourse almost to violence to drag him forward. In their way they came to a difficult and dangerous pass, which they could not avoid. To wait for daylight would have caused an irreparable loss of time; they therefore determined to proceed at all hazards: but before Ivan would suffer his master to expose himself to any danger, he insisted on reconnoitring this pass alone. While he was descending, Kascambo remained on the brink of the precipice in a state of anxiety that baffles description. The night was dark: he heard below him the dull murmur of a rapid river which flowed through the valley; the sound of the stones, which, loosened by the tread of his companion, rolled down into the water, indicated the great depth of the precipice on the brink of which he was. In this moment of anguish, which might be the last of his life, the recollection of his mother darted across his mind. She had blessed him most affectionately on his departure from the Line. This idea revived his courage: he felt a secret presentiment that he should behold her again. "O God!" he ejaculated, "let not her benediction prove unavailing!" As he uttered this short but fervent prayer, Ivan rejoined him. The passage was not so difficult as they had supposed. After descending for a few fathoms among the rocks, they had to cross a nar-

row sloping ledge, covered with frozen snow, beneath which was an abrupt precipice. Ivan, with his hatchet, cut furrows in the snow to facilitate the passage. They both crossed themselves. "Lead on!" said Kascambo; "if I perish, it shall not be at least for want of courage. I will now go as far as God shall give me strength." They cleared this dangerous pass without accident, and continued their route. The paths began to be more beaten; and they now found no snow but in spots having a north aspect, or in hollows where it had drifted. They were lucky enough not to meet with any person till daybreak, when the appearance of two men at a distance obliged them to lie down on the ground to escape their observation.

In these provinces, as soon as the traveller has passed the mountains, the woods cease; the country becomes absolutely bare, and he would look in vain for a single tree, except on the banks of large rivers, and even there they are extremely rare, which is a remarkable circumstance considering the fertility of the soil. The fugitives followed for some time the course of the Sonja, which it was necessary for them to cross in order to proceed to Mosdok, seeking a place where the current, less rapid than usual, would permit them to ford it without much danger, when they descried a person on horseback coming straight towards them. The country, being quite open, offered neither tree nor bush, behind which they might conceal themselves; they covered therefore under the bank of the Sonja, close to the water's edge. The traveller passed within a few paces of their retreat. They determined merely to defend themselves in case of attack. Ivan drew

his poniard and gave the pistol to the major. Perceiving then that the rider was but a boy of twelve or thirteen, he rushed suddenly upon him, seized him by the collar, and threw him on the ground. The youth made a show of resistance; but seeing the major approach with the pistol in his hand, he scampered off as fast as his legs would carry him. The horse had nothing about him but a halter; and the fugitives immediately availed themselves of their prize to cross the river. This was a most fortunate circumstance; for they soon found that it would have been impossible for them to ford the river on foot, as they intended. The animal, though bearing the weight of two men, was nearly carried away by the rapidity of the current. They, nevertheless, arrived safe and sound at the opposite bank, which, unluckily, was too steep for the horse to ascend. They attempted to assist him; and as Ivan was pulling him with all his might to make him climb the bank, the halter came off and was left in his hands. The poor beast, hurried away by the current, after repeated struggles to get on shore, was engulfed and drowned.

Deprived of this resource, but henceforward less apprehensive of pursuit, they directed their steps to a hill covered with detached rocks, which they saw at a distance, intending to hide and rest themselves there till night. Judging from the space over which they had already travelled, they concluded that they could not be far from the settlements of the peaceable Tchetchenges; but nothing could be more perilous than to put themselves into the power of those people, whose probable treachery might still involve them in destruction. Owing, however, to the

weak state to which Kascambo was reduced, he could scarcely be expected to reach the Terek without assistance. Their provisions were by this time exhausted. They passed the rest of the day in silent dejection, neither daring to communicate his fears to the other. Towards evening the major saw his *denshik* strike his forehead with his fist, and at the same time he gave a deep sigh. Astonished at this sudden despair, which his intrepid companion had not hitherto betrayed, he inquired the cause. "Master," said Ivan, "I have been guilty of one great fault."—"God forgive it us!" ejaculated Kascambo, crossing himself.—"Yes," rejoined Ivan, "I forgot to take that beautiful carbine which was in the boy's room. It can't be helped now—but I never thought of it. You sobbed and groaned, and made such an ado, that I clean forgot it. Nay, don't laugh; it was the best carbine in the whole village. I could have made a present of it to the first man we may meet, and thus gained him over to befriend us; for in the state in which you are, I am not quite sure that we shall be able to finish our journey.

The weather, which till then had favoured them, changed during the day. The keen wind of Russia blew with violence, and drove the sleet in their faces. They started again at nightfall, uncertain whether to seek some village or to avoid human habitations. A fresh misfortune, which befel them towards morning, rendered it absolutely impossible for them to perform the great distance which, on the latter supposition, they had yet to travel. As they were crossing a small ravine on the remaining snow that covered the bottom of it, the ice

broke under them, and they were plunged up to the knees in water. In Kascambo's struggles to extricate himself, his clothes were completely soaked. From the time of their departure, the cold had never been so piercing, and the whole country was white with sleet. After walking on about a quarter of an hour, he fell, overpowered with cold, pain, and fatigue, and peremptorily refused to proceed a step further. Convinced that it was impossible for him to reach his journey's end, he considered it as a useless piece of cruelty to detain his companion, who might easily escape alone. "Ivan," said he, "God is my witness that I have till this moment done all that lay in my power to profit by the assistance which thou hast afforded me; but thou must now see that it can no longer save me, and that my fate is decided. Go on then to the Line, my dear Ivan; return to the regiment: I enjoin thee to do so. Inform my old friends and superiors that thou hast left me here to feed the ravens, and that I wish them a happier lot. But before thou leavest me, remember the oath sworn by thee over the blood of our gaolers—the oath that the Tchetchenges should never retake me alive: keep thy word." As he thus spoke, he extended himself at full length on the ground, and covered himself all over with his *bourka*, awaiting the fatal blow. "We have still one resource left," replied Ivan; "that is, to seek some habitation, and to gain over the master by promises. Should he betray us, we shall at least have nothing wherewith to reproach ourselves. Try to walk so far; or," added he, as the major returned no answer, "I will go alone, and make the

attempt. If I succeed, I will come with the man to fetch you; if I fail and perish, and you find that I don't return, here is the pistol for you." Kascambo extended his hand from beneath the *bourka* and took the pistol.

Ivan covered him with dry grass and bushes, lest he should be discovered during his absence. He was on the point of departing, when his master called him. "Ivan," said he, "listen to my last request. If thou shouldst repass the Terek, and see my mother again without me——" —"Master," exclaimed Ivan, interrupting him, "I will be with you again to-day. If you perish, neither your mother nor mine shall ever see me more!"

After an hour's walk, he descried from a rising ground two villages, at the distance of three or four wersts; but these were not what he was in quest of: he wanted to find some lone house, which he might enter unobserved, that he might secretly gain the assistance of its owner. The distant smoke of a chimney led him to the discovery of such a dwelling. He made the best of his way thither, and entered without hesitation. The master of the house was seated on the floor, mending one of his boots. "I am come," said Ivan, "to ask if thou hast a mind to earn two hundred rubles by the performance of a certain service. Thou hast no doubt heard of Major Kascambo, who was a prisoner to the mountaineers. Well, I have assisted him to escape; he is close by, ill and in thy power. If thou choosest to deliver him up again to his enemies, they will praise thee, I dare say; but thou well knowest that they will bestow on thee no other reward. If, on the contrary,

thou wilt agree to save him, merely by concealing him here for three days, I will go to Mosdok, and bring thee two hundred rubles in hard cash for his ransom: but," continued he, drawing his dagger, "if thou darest but stir to give the alarm, and cause me to be apprehended, thou art a dead man. Thy word this instant, as thou valuest thy life!"

The firmness of Ivan's tone persuaded, without intimidating, the Tchetchenge. "Young man," said he, coolly laying down his boot, "I have a dagger too at my girdle, and I am not affrighted by thine. Hadst thou entered my house like a friend, I would never have betrayed a man who had crossed my threshold: as it is, I promise thee nothing; sit down there and tell me what thou wouldst have." Ivan, perceiving what sort of person he had to deal with, sheathed his dagger, sat down, and repeated his proposal. "What assurance canst thou give me," asked the Tchetchenge, "for the execution of thy promise?"—"I shall leave the major himself with thee," replied Ivan: "dost thou suppose that, after fifteen months' sufferings, I should have brought my master to thee for the purpose of abandoning him?"—"Well, I am satisfied as to that; but two hundred rubles wont do, I must have four hundred."—"Why not demand four thousand at once? it would be just as easy: for my part, as I mean to keep my word, I offer two hundred, because I know where to get them, and not a copeck more. Wouldst thou require me to promise what I might find it impossible to perform?"—"Well! be it so! go and fetch the two hundred rubles: and wilt thou return alone and in three days?"—"Yes, alone and in three days; I

give thee my word: but hast thou given me thine? Is the major thy guest?"—"He is my guest, and so art thou from this moment; I give thee my word." They shook hands, and then hastened to the major, whom they brought to the house half dead with cold and hunger.

Instead of proceeding to Mosdok, Ivan, on learning that he was nearer to Tchervelienskaya-Stanitzza, where there was a considerable post of Cossacks, immediately repaired thither. He had no difficulty in collecting the sum which he wanted. The brave Cossacks, some of whom had been engaged in the disastrous rencounter which had cost the major his liberty, cheerfully contributed their quotas to complete the ransom. On the appointed day, Ivan set out to effect the final deliverance of his master: but the colonel commanding the post, apprehensive of some fresh treachery, would not allow him to return alone; and, in spite of the engagement made with the Tchetchenge, ordered some Cossacks to accompany the *denshik*.

This precaution had nearly proved fatal to Kascambo. The moment his host perceived at a distance the lances of the Cossacks, he felt convinced that he was betrayed; and, with the courageous ferocity of his nation, he took the major, who was yet ill, to the roof of the house, bound him to a stake, and posted himself in front of him, with his carbine in his hand. "If you advance," cried he, when Ivan was within hearing, at the same time clapping the muzzle of his piece to the head of his prisoner; "if you advance another step, I will blow out the major's brains, and I have plenty of cartridges for my enemies, and for the traitor who has brought them."

"I have not betrayed thee," cried the *denshik*, trembling for the life of his master; "I was forced to come back thus accompanied: but I have brought the two hundred rubles, and will keep my word."—"Let the Cossacks retire then," rejoined the Tchetchenge, or I will fire!" Kascambo himself begged the officer to retire. Ivan followed the detachment for some time, and then returned alone; but the suspicious Caucasian would not permit him to approach. He made him count down the rubles in the path, a hundred paces from the house, and ordered him to keep at a distance.

As soon as he had secured the money, he returned to the major and fell on his knees before him, begging his pardon, and entreating him to forgive the ill usage to which, for the sake of his own safety, he had been forced, he said, to have recourse. "I shall only remember," answered Kascambo, "that I have been thy guest, and that thou hast kept thy word; but before thou beggest my pardon, release me from my bonds." The Tchetchenge, seeing Ivan coming back, made no reply, but sprang from the roof and ran off like lightning.

The same day the brave Ivan had the gratification and the glory to conduct his master to his friends, who had despaired of ever beholding him again.

The person who collected these particulars, passing some months afterwards at night by a small house at Jegorievsky, of respectable appearance and well lighted, stepped out of his *kibitk**, and went up to a

* The ordinary travelling-carriage of Russia, without wheels.

window to enjoy the sight of a dance on the ground-floor. A young subaltern was also watching very attentively what was going forward within. "Who gives this ball?" asked the traveller.—"It is the major's wedding-day."—"And what is the major's name?"—"His name is Kascambo." The traveller, who was acquainted with the remarkable history of this officer, was glad that he had given way to his curiosity, and inquired which was the bridegroom. The young man pointed out the major, whose eyes glistened with delight, and who had forgot at that moment both the Tchetchenges and their cruelty. "Have the goodness," resumed the stranger, "to tell me also, which is the brave *denshik* who saved his life." The subaltern, after some hesitation, replied, "I am the person." Doubly surprised at this meeting, and still more to find that

he was so young, the traveller inquired his age. He had not yet completed his twentieth year, and had just been presented with a gratuity and the rank of serjeant, as a recompence for his courage and fidelity. This brave youth, after having voluntarily shared the misfortunes of his master, and restored him to life and liberty, was now participating in his happiness by looking through the window at his nuptial festivities. The stranger expressed his astonishment that the faithful *denshik* was not one of the party, and even charged his former master with ingratitude in regard to him. Ivan cast a sidelong glance at him, and went into the house, whistling the tune of *Hai lulee, hai lulee*; and the inquisitive stranger returned to his *kibitk*, congratulating himself that he had not got knocked on the head with a hatchet.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE FRENCH PROVINCES.

No. VI.

THE MAID OF PROVENCE.

In the lovely country of Provence are still to be seen the remains of a building which does not appear to have ever been remarkable for any thing but its extraordinary solidity. This building was, if tradition says true, in former days an asylum for destitute travellers. It was founded in the eleventh century, by a daughter of one of the Counts of Provence, in consequence of the circumstances we are about to relate. Just before the commencement of the first Crusade, all France resounded with the praises of the fair Gabrielle de Provence. Never, indeed, was there a more complete union of the beauties of mind and person than in this lovely

creature, the daughter of the Count de Provence, and the blessing of his age. The count was a wise and good sovereign, a father to his subjects, under whose just and benevolent sway Provence had enjoyed a long and happy peace.

Conformably to the usages of the times, the count held frequent tournaments, where the most valliant knights of France displayed their skill in arms, and the fairest dames of a province renowned for the loveliness of its women graced the jousts with their presence. Fairest where all were fair, Gabrielle far outshone her beauteous companions. At the time of which we speak she was just

rising into womanhood, but already the fame of her beauty had brought to the court of Provence many brave and noble suitors for her hand: none was, however, successful. She listened indifferently to their passionate vows, and her father declared openly that he would not constrain her choice. Things were in this state when a young unknown knight presented himself at one of the tournaments given by the count. He was attended only by a single squire, and the plainness of his equipments, as well as the incognito which he preserved, seemed to say that he had little to boast on the score of birth or fortune; but the dignity of his air and the knightly courtesy of his manners interested every heart in his favour, and created in the minds of the ladies at court a belief that his birth was far above what his appearance indicated.

When he entered the lists, every noble dame present breathed vows for his success; nor were they breathed in vain: he carried away all the prizes, but in presenting himself to receive them from the hand of Gabrielle, it was evident to all the spectators that he had found a conqueror. Yes, the youthful hero who had vanquished so many brave and vigorous knights, trembled and turned pale before the blushing girl, whose timid glance he scarcely dared to meet. That glance decided his fate. He loved for the first time, and he retired with his mind filled with the charming image of the princess. The tournament lasted for eight days, and during that time Albert, so the young stranger called himself, obtained the name of the invincible knight. The bravest and most expe-

rienced chevalliers combated against him in vain; he was constantly successful.

So much valour, joined to his noble and modest bearing, won the regard of the count, who distinguished him by many marks of favour, and expressed an intention of placing him near his own person. Had Gabrielle been less innocent, the joy which this intimation gave her would have opened her eyes to the nature of her sentiments for Albert: as yet, however, she suspected not that the feelings which she mistook for admiration and esteem were those of the tenderest love; but the moment soon came which unveiled to her the state of her heart.

The powerful eloquence of Peter the Hermit drew the chivalry of Europe to the standard of the cross. The valiant Provençals were among the first to take up arms for the recovery of Palestine. Albert was obliged, at the order of a father whom he at once loved and feared, to hasten to the Holy Land. That order, which a short time before would, by leading him to glory, have crowned his wishes and his hopes, was now received as the death-blow to both; for it forced him to tear himself from Gabrielle, and to leave her without daring to reveal his passion. Ah! how badly had he calculated its strength when he believed that possible! Chance procured him a sight of the princess alone; unable to resist the temptation, he acknowledged to her his love and its hopelessness. He was the son of Victor of Champagne, her father's ancient rival. Both had loved the same lady, Victor had won her, and from that moment the Count of Provence had sworn eternal enmity to him.

The pang that rent the heart of Gabrielle at the avowal of Albert revealed to her the true state of her affections. Her trouble, her confusion revealed to the knight that he was beloved. In the transport of that moment he forgot every thing but the adorable object before him, and the unfortunate Gabrielle became the victim of his rash passion and her own weakness.

Recovering from the delirium of the moment, the bitterest remorse seized the unhappy girl: it was in vain that Albert endeavoured to console her by the most solemn assurances of eternal constancy; in vain he pledged himself to obtain the consent of his father, and implored her to fly with him. She positively refused to leave her home, and they separated, the most wretched of human beings. The following day the knight was forced to quit the palace, leaving Gabrielle in a state of misery which she thought admitted of no increase. Alas! she soon found, that great as was her wretchedness, it was capable of aggravation: she found herself pregnant. Ah! who can paint the horror with which that discovery overwhelmed her? By the ancient laws of Provence, any maid who so transgressed was punished with death; and if she was of exalted rank she died by fire. The count had always shewn himself a zealous enforcer of the laws, and so inflexible was his justice, that his daughter dared not hope he would mitigate them even for her preservation. She had then no resource but in flight: but whither could the unfortunate fly? She knew not where to seek an asylum; all that she could resolve upon was to search for one in obscurity, and far from the dominions

of her father. While she hesitated whither to direct her wandering steps, a new pretender to her hand presented himself in the person of the Count de St. Foix. Her father was in favour of the knight, and for the first time represented to Gabrielle the necessity of marrying. This circumstance hastened the decision of the princess; she eloped alone and in disguise. She reached in safety a wood at some distance from her father's palace, where, overcome by fatigue, she threw herself on the turf to snatch a short repose. But she sought it in vain; in spite of her fatigue, sleep refused to visit her eyelids. A multitude of sad thoughts drove it from her; grief at being forced to leave her father, the shame of her flight, the uncertainty of finding an asylum, and the fear that constantly tormented her of her lover's falling in battle, all joined to overcome her spirits. A coldness like that of death seized upon her heart, and believing her last hour approaching, she threw herself upon her knees, and besought Heaven to pardon her sins. While she prayed, she heard a clear and sweet voice, which sounded close to her, exclaim, "Gabrielle, put thy trust in him who bought with his blood the pardon of sinners, and he will not forsake thee." She looked around to see whence the voice proceeded; she saw nothing, but she heard the same words three times repeated.

Reassured and comforted by this extraordinary incident, the princess composed herself to sleep. She had not long enjoyed its refreshing influence when she found herself a prisoner. Brought back to the palace of her father, and about to be

led into his presence, shame and terror overpowered her. She fell into fainting fits, and in that state her fatal secret was discovered.

Reason nearly forsook the unhappy father when he learned that the daughter, whom he loved almost to idolatry, had tarnished the honour of his illustrious house. He refused to see her, ordered her to be conducted to prison, and declared that she should suffer the sentence of the law in its utmost severity. No sooner was the doom of the princess known, than all Provence was in consternation, so universally was she beloved. Still, however, a hope of saving her remained; for, according to the laws, she could not be condemned till after she had been publicly accused; and the people comforted themselves with the belief that no accuser would appear against her. Perhaps this hope sustained also the spirits of her wretched father; but it was a vain one. The Count de St. Foix, maddened by disappointment, gave loose to his naturally cruel and vindictive spirit. He presented himself as the accuser of the unfortunate Gabrielle, and her father was obliged to pronounce the sentence which consigned her to the most dreadful of deaths. None who saw him in that terrible moment believed that nature would support him under the effort; but recalling his firmness by an almost supernatural exertion, he pronounced aloud the doom of his wretched daughter.

A groan of grief and horror escaped the assembly, but none presumed to speak, till an old knight, equally renowned for his wisdom and his valour, rose and claimed for the princess the remission of her sentence, provided that within seven

days before that fixed upon for her death, her seducer, or any other knight in his name, should appear in mortal combat against her accuser, and should prove victorious. The count consented to a demand which was in conformity to the laws, but despair was in his heart; for the princess, though she had carefully concealed the name of her lover, had avowed that he was in the Holy Land, and the Count de Provence well knew that no other knight would tarnish his glory by upholding the cause of a dishonoured maiden. Such was also the thought of Gabrielle; she believed death inevitable, and she prepared herself for it with a firmness and patience which inspired pity and admiration in every heart, save that of her relentless and implacable persecutor. Many brave knights deplored the hard necessity which prevented their staking their lives in her defence, but no one dared to raise his arm for a woman who had lost the brightest ornament of her sex.

During seven days the lists were opened, and heralds at arms summoned each morning the accuser of the princess and her champion to appear. Alas! the former alone obeyed the summons! On the seventh morning the funeral pile was prepared, the heralds opened the lists, and the assembled spectators heard with grief and horror, that if no knight appeared for the princess when the horn had sounded three times, she was to be thrown alive into the blazing pile.

Twice had the horn sounded, and yet no knight appeared. Ah! how many prayers were sent up to Heaven for the unfortunate, whose crime was about to be so dreadfully expi-

ated! Already had the herald seized his horn, and was about to sound it for the third time, when, to the equal astonishment and joy of the spectators, a knight was seen galloping up to the lists. His armour and plume were black, his scarf and sword of the same mournful hue, and he bore a shield without device. He saluted the princess in silence, and turning towards her accuser, the battle began with fury.

Loud prayers for the success of the stranger-knight burst from the spectators, and soon were these prayers answered; for, in spite of the valour and the strength of St. Foix, he rolled a corse at the feet of his adversary. Godfrey of St. Foix rushed forward to avenge the death of his brother. "Tempt not thy fate," said the stranger-knight; "I am not sent to combat against thee."

"Coward, come on! that subterfuge shall not save thee."

"I have proved that Victor of Champagne is not a coward."

"Victor of Champagne! what impious mockery! Darest thou borrow the name of that brave knight who was one of the first to fall in Palestine? Noble Count de Provence, I do adjure thee by thy known love of justice, do me right on this impostor!"

"Chevalier," cried the count, "why hast thou stooped to tarnish thy glory with a falsehood? Victor of Champagne thou canst not be; declare then thy name, or raise thy vizzor instantly, I command thee: if thou wilt not willingly obey, force shall"——

"I could brave thy threats, for I am beyond all human power. But thou wouldst see my face—look on it, then!" and slowly raising his vizzor,

he presented to the crowd the countenance of a spectre. Horror seized on all present; none dared to speak, but stood as root-bound to the spot, till the phantom, after a moment's silence, slowly uttered the following words:

"Inhabitants of Provence, I was one of the first who fell on entering the Holy Land. My son, who fought by my side, owned to me in my dying hour his love and his fault; and with my last breath I gave him my blessing and my forgiveness. While I lived, his happiness was my sole earthly care. Heaven has permitted me to come from the tomb to save the life of her whose death would render him the most wretched of mortals, and to punish her accuser. Remember that he who has given me that power has said, 'Let him that is without sin throw the first stone.' The repentance of the princess has expiated her crime in the eyes of the Eternal. Dare you, then, be more inflexible than he is?"

In finishing these words the spectre disappeared, and cries of pardon for the princess resounded through the crowd. The count, with transport, yielded to the visible interposition of Heaven, and the princess was brought back to the palace.

While these things were passing in Provence, Peter the Hermit entered one morning the tent of the youthful Albert: the holy man had been informed in a dream of the sufferings of Gabrielle, and ordered to conduct Albert to Provence to claim her hand. They reached its fertile plains in safety, and the count giving way to the entreaties of the venerable Peter, forgot his ancient enmity, and united the lovers, whose nuptials were celebrated with great pomp.

The first act of the young Countess de Champagne was to found a monastery on the spot where the spectre-knight had appeared in her defence. In an hospital attached to this monastery, and attended by its inmates, the sick, the maimed, and the wounded were received, without distinction of sex, age, or religion; their sufferings were alleviated by the kindest treatment, and the most efficacious remedies administered not

unfrequently by the fair hands of Gabrielle herself, who, during her long and happy life, strove to shew her gratitude to Heaven for her extraordinary preservation by acts of piety and benevolence to her fellow-creatures. She was worthily seconded by her noble spouse, and when both sank in extreme age into the tomb, they were followed to it by the tears and the prayers of their numerous dependents.

MAINA AND THE MAINOTTES.

From the Journal of a recent Traveller.

(Concluded from p. 275.)

THE tower of Myla, which we visited, has its name from the salt-streams in the vicinity of Abia. The capitano, who received us, invited us into his house to a repast of which he partook himself—the usual token of hospitality, and at the same time a pledge of safety. He assured us that we might pursue our journey without molestation. His own possessions, like the number of his adherents, were not great; but his house was neat and well furnished. After our meal, he accompanied us on foot and with a considerable retinue to Abia, the ruins of which are situated on the beach, about a mile from the salt-springs. An old circular wall, and the relics of a mosaic pavement in the floor of a Greek church, are the only vestiges of antiquity that mark the spot where Abia once stood.

From Myla the Taygetus rises into lofty ridges to the east, and declines in rocky precipices towards the sea. The country is barren, and the soil beyond conception hard and compact; but that which is washed down by rain and the mountain-torrents

from the higher parts is formed into terraces by the industrious inhabitants, and covered with corn, maize, mulberry and olive trees. Such was the country through which we passed to the little hamlet of Kitrees, composed of eight cottages, built round a species of fort, the residence of the former bey, Zanetatschi-Kutuphari, and his niece Helen, to whom the property belongs. The mansion consists of two stone towers; a suite of apartments for business, lodgings for servants, stables and open sheds, inclose a court-yard, which is entered by an arched and well-secured gateway. On our arrival, an armed servant of the family came and spoke with our escort. He then went back to the castle and apprized the chief, who hastened to the gate to meet and welcome us. He was surrounded by a swarm of gaping attendants, who were lost in amaze at sight of the strangers. We were received very cordially, and conducted to a commodious and well-furnished apartment, on the principal floor of that tower which is inhabited by himself and family. The other is oc-

cupied by the capitanesa, as she is styled.

Zanetatschi-Kutuphari was a venerable figure, though not then fifty-six. His family consisted of a wife and four daughters, the two youngest of whom were but children. They resided in the apartments above ours, and were introduced to us on our arrival. The old man, who had already dined, sat down again to table with us, while his wife and the two youngest children, in spite of all our remonstrances, waited upon us, agreeably to the custom of the country, by way of welcome. Presently, however, they retired, leaving a female servant to attend us. At night mattresses and beds were spread on the floor, and pillows and bed-clothes, made of broad stripes of muslin and variegated silk, were brought in. These things are usually made by the female part of the family.

The Mainotte women are very handsome, and as the proximity to the sea renders neither the summer too hot, nor the winter too cold, they have all a fair and delicate complexion; a phenomenon which is likewise observed in the islands; while the contrary is the case under the same degree of latitude on the Continent. The men are an active race, not above the middle stature, well made, lean, but nervous and muscular. The bey's dress consisted of a close vest with open sleeves, embroidered with gold, and a short mantle of black velvet, bordered with sable. A red and yellow shawl formed a girdle, in which were stuck his pistols and dagger. His light-blue breeches were tied at the knee, and the legs were covered with close gaiters of blue cloth embroidered with gold, and provided with silver bosses to defend the ancles. When he

went out of his house he threw over all a cloth mantle with wide sleeves, blue without and red within, and the sleeves and front of which were very richly embroidered with gold. His turban was green and gold colour, and his gray hair hung, contrary to the Turkish custom, from beneath it. The costume of the lower classes is the same, only of coarser stuff and without such costly decorations. This dress is very different from that of the Turks. The shoes are either of yellow leather or untanned hide, and fit tightly to the foot.

From this place we made excursions to some neighbouring villages, and as it was just Easter, we found the inhabitants every where dancing and amusing themselves out of doors. Our host, Zanetatschi, was very well acquainted with the ancient and modern state of Maina: he assured us, that in case of need there might be from twelve to fifteen thousand men under arms. All the Mainottes learn from their childhood the management of the musket, and when grown up, they never appear abroad without it: the same may be said of the sabre. Near every village, there are fields where boys practise throwing at a mark: even women and children join in these exercises. Little villages with their churches lie scattered in the valleys and on the sides of the hills, and the country around them is cultivated like a garden. We passed through many such small hamlets, the inhabitants of which gazed at us with great curiosity. Our attendants begged us with the utmost good-nature to halt till they had apprized their friends of our arrival, for most of them had never yet seen any foreigner. No sooner had we signified our assent

than they ran off, and as the news spread shots were heard and answered, the people quitted their work, and men, women, and children flew to meet our approach. The men cordially shook hands with us, bidding us welcome to their country, and whole troops followed us on our way.

Cardamyla is a small village, with four towers, belonging to chiefs who have possessions in the vicinity. There is scarcely an inhabitant who is not related to one or other of the chiefs, because families rarely emigrate from these districts, and the various branches continue to be united with the principal stock. Behind the village is a rocky eminence, on which are still to be seen some traces of the ancient Acropolis of Cardamyla, and at its foot are several caverns and relics of ancient tombs. We were present at the exercises of the boys in the use of fire-arms, and found to our surprise that they are trained to it at so early an age as eight or ten years. At another place in the village, a group of women and girls were throwing at a mark with stones and bullets. They appeared to be very expert at it; and the chief assured us that in their petty wars they had more than once accompanied their fathers and brothers in the field, and the men were the more anxious to distinguish themselves in their presence.

We next visited the little hamlet of Leuctra, close to the beach, where I again found my old friend Krespapulo (the captain of the vessel which brought us to Greece), in the circle of his family. He would not rest till we had taken up our quarters with him. He had relinquished the seafaring life, and resolved to pass the remainder of his days in repose.

For us, however, repose was totally out of the question, either on this or the succeeding day, as there was no end to the troops of curious country-people who were solicitous to obtain a sight of the strangers. The Capitano Christeia was the owner of a tower near the rock of Paphnos, and possessed considerable influence. Marathonisi was now the residence of the bey. It consists of a single street along the beach. The bey, named Zanet, had a large and strong castle half a mile from the place. He received us, however, at his house in the town, where he then resided, with great civility.

Krespapulo's eldest son, who had succeeded to his father's business, and was about to sail on commercial affairs for the Isle of Andros, offered either himself to carry to Corinth the effects which we had left behind at Makronisi, or to take care that they should be conveyed thither. We were thus dispensed from the trouble of returning to the latter place, and at liberty to pursue our route by land to Corinth, and proceed over the isthmus to Bœotia. A boat carried us to the mouth of the Eurotas, which here flows through swamps, bordered by a rich and fertile plain, which formerly belonged to the unfortunate Helots, whose name it still bears, being called Helios.

We had entered Maina on the side towards Calamata, and quitted it by the valley of Eurotas, traversing a tract over which the Turks have but little authority, yet where we could no longer benefit by the protection of the Mainottes. As far as Mistrata the country was in the hands of the Barduniotes, a clan of lawless vagabonds, who are often, though erroneously, considered as belonging to

the Mainottes. We travelled through their villages, and owed our safety solely to the strength of our escort. The valleys of the Eurotas are beautiful and richly diversified: in some parts they are broad, in others so small as to resemble passes, but every where rude and uncultivated, with a few exceptions in the neighbourhood

of the villages, which are inhabited by expatriated Albanian peasants, who are dangerous to travellers, as every crime committed by them passes unpunished.

With the return to Corinth terminated our tour of the Morea, which for the space of three months we had been traversing in all directions.

THE GREAT TUN OF GRÖNINGEN.

(Concluded from p. 268.)

REUTER was obliged to give up his trade and to devote himself to farming, that he might qualify himself to manage at some future time the fine estate of his father-in-law. With this new profession he quickly became familiar, for he took delight in it, and being habituated to industry, his diligence and zeal enabled him to make such rapid progress in agricultural knowledge as highly astonished his father-in-law, who now rejoiced in this alliance. The old man's satisfaction was greatly enhanced in witnessing how happily his children lived together.

Reuter soon found the knowledge of husbandry which he had acquired of essential service; for Maria's father died the year following, and, her mother having been long since deceased, all his property devolved to her. She had fondly loved her father, and deplored his loss with tears of unfeigned sorrow; but her grief was not lasting, being soon dispelled by the gratifying reflection that she was mistress of so large a fortune, and the plans founded upon it, which spontaneously presented themselves to her mind.

Reuter mourned his loss as sincerely as Maria; but, notwithstanding his natural levity of disposition, his

grief was more intense and of longer duration. He was therefore not a little surprised—and this was the first time that he perceived something to find fault with in the conduct of his beloved Maria—that in a few weeks she ceased to make mention of her father, and talked of scarcely any thing but alterations and improvements which she intended to make in her house. Considering the heavy expense that would necessarily be incurred in the execution of these designs as useless, he sought to defer the matter, hoping that Maria would change her mind. The house was in fact not only very commodious, but fitted up and furnished handsomely enough for persons in their condition of life. The style indeed was rather old-fashioned; and this Maria disliked. Her vanity too aspired to something superior. She was incessantly recurring to the subject. Reuter at length ventured upon gentle remonstrances. Maria grew angry, and declared that his refusal to allow her this gratification was an unequivocal sign of diminished fondness. This argument was irresistible: the work was commenced, and as Maria was continually striking out new ideas, it cost twice as much as had been estimated.

Reuter submitted the bills to Maria, conceiving that the magnitude of the sum would strike her, and make her more cautious for the future; but she scarcely noticed it. "What is money for but to spend?" said she; and away she went laughing.

No sooner were the apartments finished than Maria discovered that the old furniture must be exchanged for new; and the reformation extended to the plate, apparel, and jewels. Reuter had several times seriously opposed these innovations; for in all these things Maria went to an expense that was far beyond her circumstances, so that he had already been obliged to draw two sums placed out at interest in order to keep pace with her profusion. She, on her part, had always succeeded in softening him into compliance either by her tears or by pouting, which he could not bear. She now purposed buying a diamond ring, which was to cost several hundred dollars. Reuter peremptorily declared that he never would consent to this whim, and that she must cease to squander the money in that manner. She tauntingly told him that he was nothing but a poor bricklayer, that she had made a man of him, that the property was hers, and she should lay it out as she pleased in spite of his teeth.

She could scarcely have said any thing more aggravating. He persisted the more firmly in his opposition, for anger gave him courage. She bounced away in the most vehement passion, and banged the door after her till the windows clattered again.

Reuter's eyes were now opened. His wife's disposition became manifest to him, and he was astonished that he could so long have been blind

to all that which was now so clearly exposed to his view. Maria sulked for weeks together, and in vain did her husband strive to bring her back to a better spirit. A feeling of bitter enmity took possession of her soul, and far from subsiding, it was confirmed and strengthened on every new occasion, which, unfortunately, occurred but too often.

Maria now began to neglect her household affairs as if to defy or spite her husband. The more assiduously he attended to the out-door concerns, the less she cared about those within; and she gradually acquired more and more fondness for this indolent life. She lay in bed till ten in the morning, spent whole hours at her toilet, took a nap after dinner, and then went out visiting or had company at home. The servants meanwhile were at liberty to do what they pleased; and under such circumstances what will they not do? Not only was the most essential work of the house left undone, but the cattle shared the general neglect, the domestic stores were speedily exhausted, and Reuter was obliged to provide more.

Reuter tried all possible means to bring Maria to reason. He employed entreaties and threats, motives of prudence and of religion. "Consider," said he one day, "that if Heaven has bestowed on us these temporal blessings, we shall some time be called to account for our stewardship. You felt happy—did you not?—when your father left you such a fine property. Shall our children then be reduced to beggary, and have to deplore our improvidence, and stand forth as our accusers on the great day of judgment?"

These arguments made some im-

pression upon her, and she solemnly promised amendment. This, however, lasted but a few days, at the end of which matters returned into their former train. Reuter's oft-repeated remonstrances to the like effect were attended with no better success.

At length he was forced to relinquish all hope. He was incessantly involved in broils and quarrels with Maria, while his circumstances kept growing worse and worse. This state of things, which it was not in his power to alter, filled him with vexation, and plunged him into a species of despair. To drown trouble and cheer his spirits he had recourse to the most deplorable of all expedients—he gave himself up to drinking. He ordered one cask of wine after another, each larger than its predecessor, and yet more speedily emptied; for not only did his own fondness for the bottle increase, but also the number of those whom he invited to share it with him. The more noisy these parties were the more he felt relieved from the cares which preyed upon his mind, and the better he liked them. His neighbours and acquaintance were very ready to profit by his hospitality, or rather to abuse his indiscretion. Maria gave herself no concern about it, but pursued her own pleasures and amusements.

The result could not be either doubtful or distant. Extravagance and total neglect of the household concerns could not fail to involve him in speedy ruin. One field was sold, and one sum of money borrowed after another, and at higher and higher interest, as is always the case in sinking credit. A Jew who had advanced him considerable loans, and could

not obtain the promised interest when it was due, commenced proceedings against him, for he was apprehensive lest in the end he might lose the whole of his money. This was the signal for all his creditors to assail him. Reuter, having no resource, was driven from house and home. All that was still left scarcely sufficed to discharge his debts, so that he was left without a guilder.

Maria, dissolved in tears, persecuted Reuter with the keenest reproaches. He retorted as sharply, and threw the entire blame on herself, who had been the cause of all his misfortunes. The most rancorous hatred was the consequence.

In the first days Reuter was as if annihilated. To that volatile disposition alone with which nature had endowed him did he owe his gradual recovery from his stupor. It was requisite too that something should be done; for he had not so much as a morsel of dry bread, and he would have been ashamed on the one hand to accept relief, which on the other he might have solicited in vain. His real friends had long turned their backs on him, disgusted by the haughty behaviour of his wife and latterly by his own misconduct, and he had been deserted by his boon companions at the moment of his fall. He resolved, therefore, to return to his old trade, that of a bricklayer.

It is true he no longer liked this employment; but he might have become used to it again in time, and then have lived more happily perhaps than in the possession of his lost wealth. Such an idea too, a recollection of his joyous youth, did dart across his soul; but Maria ruined all. She never ceased her reproaches, and every hour of the day she overwhelm-

ed him with abuse; every trifle furnished occasion for fresh quarrels and vituperation. In particular when Reuter had been from home the whole day, she seemed to have reserved all her spleen to pour it on his unfortunate head on his return in the evening from his labour.

Reuter at length found it impossible to endure this treatment. He stayed away therefore in the evening and frequently all night, spending in public-houses what he had earned in the day.

At the bottom, however, he heartily disliked this kind of life. One evening, after he had been engaged on a much more profitable job than usual, he resolved to make a last attempt to bring Maria to reason. He addressed her kindly as he entered the room, and handed to her the money that he had earned. She snatched it up, threw it in his face, called him a drunken vagabond, and concluded a volley of abuse by bidding him go to the devil, to whom he belonged. And to the devil he accordingly went.

Exasperated at this treatment, which was not less unexpected than outrageous and imprudent, he rushed out of the house. But whither was he to go? Not to the tavern—for he had not a heller in his pocket, neither could he have borrowed one; and he had not a single friend to whom he might have recourse. The tumult in his soul had excited his passion for drink. At this crisis the little gray man in the bishop's cellar unlookingly occurred to him.

With burning impatience he awaited the hour of midnight. He then knocked at the cellar-door in the manner that he had been directed. The door softly opened. He entered.

“Art thou come at last?” said the

little gray man in a tone of extreme kindness after the door had shut as softly as it had opened. “I have waited a long time for thee.”

“Then give me something to drink. I must slake my thirst up yonder.”

“Here is plenty. Ten pipes were filled yesterday with wine of the best quality.”

He began to draw some.

“But beware! When the midnight hour is past, I cannot open the door.”

Reuter tipped to his heart's content. His thirst increased with every bowl, and the more he drank the less he thought of the progress of time. Muddled and insensible, he lay stretched on the floor when the clock struck one, and the little gray man disappeared.

Unfortunately for him, the butler was in the same predicament. Unable to withstand the temptation to try the newly arrived vintage, he had in the evening shut himself up in the cellar for that purpose, and repeated the experiment so often that he sunk senseless on the spot. He awoke, and heard his companion snoring. He shuddered. That he had not brought any one into the cellar with him he was quite sure. There must be some infernal agency in the case, that was evident. Hastily gathering himself up, he groped about for the door, slipped out quietly, and carefully locked it again.

The terrors which had oppressed him gradually subsided; he even began to think it possible that the snoring, by which he had been so much alarmed, might be a perfectly natural phenomenon, and resolved to take his measures accordingly.

Early in the morning he collected

people, and easily devised a pretext for taking them with him to the cellar. On the one hand, he was not wholly free from a sort of apprehension as to what he might find; and, on the other, he had reasons to wish for witnesses if it should prove to be an unbidden visitor composed of flesh and blood.

They entered the cellar and found—nothing. The butler desired the people to search every corner, saying he had the preceding day dropped a piece of gold in the cellar. They looked and looked, but to no purpose. Reuter, roused by the rattling of the door after he had come to himself, climbed to the top of the great tun and lay down. There he escaped observation, and he would probably have remained undiscovered, had he not imprudently taken it into his head, while the butler and his companions were at the farther end of the cellar, to leap down from the front of the tun, in the hope of escaping at the door. He broke one of his legs in the attempt.

The cry of pain which he uttered brought forward the butler with his people. That it was precisely Reuter whom he had caught served to lessen his astonishment; for he recollected his former mysterious adventure—but so much the greater was his joy at the discovery. He had made several attempts to ingratiate himself with the charming Maria, and been kicked out of the house by Reuter as soon as he was acquainted with the object of his visits. He was glad that he had now an opportunity of revenging this affront. It was moreover a great satisfaction to

him to have a scape-goat to which he could transfer his own guilt. Considerable deficiencies had taken place in the cellar; these he now officiously enumerated to his master, at the same time begging his pardon for not having perceived them sooner; and excusing himself by the observation, that he could not have suspected it to be in the power of any one to introduce himself clandestinely into a cellar which was so well secured. Neither could this be done by fair means; and he was therefore compelled, for his own justification, to insist on a strict investigation of the matter.

Reuter was committed to prison as a thief. The bishop gave orders for his trial, and in case of need the application of the torture, for which, however, there was no occasion. Reuter, weary of his life, confessed every thing in his first examination, and related all the circumstances that led to his transgression and his connection with the little gray man.

He was in consequence declared guilty of witchcraft and sentenced to die. The dreadful mandate was not executed. A violent fever, induced by exposure to the cold air of the cellar and the fracture of his leg, together with anxiety, horror, and despair, had broken his strength and spirits. The priest, appointed to prepare him for the final catastrophe, found him extended lifeless in the prison. His distorted features afforded evidence of the agonies in which, cut off from all human aid and the soothing attentions of friends or kindred, the unfortunate prisoner had expired.

THE ISLE OF ST. BOURONDON.

(Concluded from p. 282.)

The narrative continued as follows:

“More to fill up the tedious hours than to amass property, I examined the contents of the freshest chests that strewed the shores. Royal, my able coadjutor on all occasions, willingly submitted his neck to a harness made of cordage, and drew my selected stores to a cavern in the promontory. His services were emulated by two fine young stags, that from the commencement of our acquaintance shewed a disposition to familiarity. The process of forcing locks and bursting open the lids of boxes secured by long nails was my department of the work, and it was a slow and discouraging labour while proper tools were wanting. Caskets of jewels, ingots of the precious metals, and utensils of the same costly materials, heaps of coins, bales of silk, of fine linen and woollen stuffs; in short, all that Venetian commerce distributed to the great and wealthy of Europe was mine; but the treasures were to me tasteless and of no utility. The discovery of a chest containing carpenter’s tools and a chest of manuscripts afforded me real pleasure; and, with holy transport, I found among a large collection of monkish legends, a Greek New Testament, beautifully written upon vellum, with the margin superbly illuminated. In the same parcel there had been a letter from the Patriarch of Byzantium, addressed to Hugh Balsham, the founder of Peterhouse College, Cambridge. The envelope of the letter, and which also inclosed the Greek Testament, was damaged; but the sacred scripture remained uninjured, and I hailed the roll as

my guide and consoler. Assisted by the carpenter’s tools, I speedily made myself master of valuable possessions, and I stored the grain of different countries and the planks of timber as provision for food and fuel in the wintry season. I had no idea of a climate where perpetual summer and exemption from rain rendered the open air by day and night perfectly agreeable, and produced a constant succession of fruits and spontaneous corn. A quantity of wine in jars was my latest acquisition. I regarded this as a snare, and bound myself by vows to reserve the liquor as a cordial for sickness and old age. I faithfully adhered to this engagement. Indeed my spirit was so impressed and regulated by religious contemplation, that I seemed to feel the present Deity: yet my abiding aspirations for devout communion with the all-perfect being never deviated from that humble reverence due from a fallible creature to the most holy Lord God. The senseless raptures of the Popish ascetics, which were described in some of the monkish writings, effectually guarded me against the presumptuous self-deceptions of enthusiasm. John Wickliffe declaimed against the sinful folly of imagining we honour and obey the great Parent of all mankind by deserting the secular duties, that the very constitution of our nature should teach us we are bound reciprocally to perform. My isolated condition came from the immediate dispensation of Providence; and I was free from the guilt of abandoning my post in the world. I gradually became reconciled to the prospect of passing

from time to eternity dis severed from all I held dear; and when thoughts of my Emma grew too intense for my tranquillity, I betook myself to active occupation by day, and in the night I sought refuge in prayer.

“I divided my hours for various employment; but when dejection stole upon me, I left my sedentary pursuit and found my mind exhilarated by activity. About the same period I discovered some chests under sand-hillocks as I was levelling a road to bring to my cave what remained of the treasures I had placed in temporary shelters at the farthest end of the isle. To my great joy, two of the chests contained parchment and writing implements. I had often wished to make records of all I knew of the useful arts, that the information might be serviceable, perhaps, to some unfortunate man like myself cut off from human society; and I regretted my sad deficiencies in the theory or practice of mechanics. So far as I could, I detailed the business of artisans—the smith, the carpenter, mason, &c. &c. and after writing my own history, I amused myself in committing to MS. many poems of the joculars, or king’s minstrels; two poems of the philosopher Du Thou upon animals; a considerable portion of Geoffry of Monmouth’s British History; and many ditties composed by Chaucer, our modern bard. All these my labours have proved beneficial to my children; and since I have discovered the juice of a plant which renders parchment imperishable, I hope the writings will descend from generation to generation.

“It is now for me to explain how my name is transmitted to posterity. My inseparable attendant, Royal, and several stags followed me in all my

walks, and lay beside me when I went to rest, Royal always maintaining his right of keeping nearest; and as I observed he looked disappointed and mortified if I spoke less to him than to my other companions, I addressed myself to him most frequently; and to retain the faculty of speech, I daily exercised it.

“The second year of my seclusion was nearly finished. I had hung out the garments which I found in chests under the sand-hills. These dresses were some of the Eastern fashion, and others of southern Europe. They must have been intended for commerce, as they partly consisted of female wearing apparel. I aired them on the branches of trees that formed a grove around my cave. The day had been unusually hot, the evening sultry, and the setting sun was encircled by a hazy red cloud. I had worked hard; for my quadruped assistants were of no use in suspending my wardrobe on the long arms of the oak, plane, walnut, and hickory. I was glad when all had been collected, folded, and laid up in due order, and eagerly sought my couch. I was awoke by the feathered tenants of the grove fluttering their wings, and uttering screams of terror as they took shelter in the cave. I soon perceived that a fierce hurricane had levelled many lofty trees to the ground, and shaken down the birds’ nests from such as stood against the storm. Royal was absent: I found him gathering my flock of goats into a cave nearer than that where they commonly reposed. I regarded this as an intimation that they ought to be fed; and during every abatement of the tempest, I brought tender shoots of the fallen trees to subsist them. I passed a dreary day,

and underwent much fatigue in cutting and carrying branches to my flock. Again my couch was thrice welcome, and my eyes were not unsealed until Royal, licking my hand and dragging at my garments, gave warning that my presence was needful elsewhere. I snatched a spear, a bow, and a quiver full of arrows, expecting to encounter a foe. Royal, with marked impatience, conducted me to the beach under the promontory. The faintest light of opening day hardly sufficed to reveal a human figure, clad as a sailor, stretched motionless, and though still warm, without a sign of life. What language can express my anxiety to prolong the life of a rational associate, while I bore the youth to my cave, and hastened to remove his wet apparel! or who can imagine the emotions of alarm, joy, and astonishment that quivered through my frame, when, unclasping his vest, I beheld the ring with which I wedded my own Emma, suspended by a gold chain, which, as a pledge of love and fidelity, I gave her on the day of our betrothment! Could this be Emma, or could she give my token of true affection to another? This last thought was but momentary—I spurned it with disdain; but grief unutterable succeeded. My Emma must be no more; she would have parted with the ring and chain only in death, and the state of my patient would not allow a remission of endeavours to restore animation. She breathed, and a long struggle of nature ensued, mingled with sighs and groans and other piteous symptoms of severe distress. The healing art was included among warlike studies for sea or land; and I succeeded in assuaging the pain and sickness that threatened

the life of my charge. She slept; I examined the weather-beaten countenance, and recognised with certainty the features engraven upon my heart. Many days and nights were spent in watching every alteration upon that pale, emaciated visage; and I mourned the afflicting destiny which restored to me a beloved spouse only to witness her expiring agonies.

“When her stomach could retain a little nourishment, and her voice blessed my ear with articulate sounds, it seemed as a reprieve from death for myself, though her words were incoherent; and when she raised her swollen eyelids, it was evident she could not see distinctly. However, her most alarming ailments had disappeared, and I hoped for her perfect convalescence. To save her from the danger of sudden ecstasy, if in her weak state she should discover the Percy of whom in the raving of fever she spoke most fondly, I assumed female attire; and to a benefactress of her own sex, as she supposed, my Emma accounted for her disguise. Her father was slain in retaliating upon the Northumbrians the evils he alleged they inflicted upon his people, when they stormed his castle to liberate the bride of Henry, the son of their lord. An affecting call from her father to receive his last benediction, induced her to surrender herself to a herald and a proper escort of the Mortimers. A band of Northumbrians wished to attend as a guard; but, afraid of sanguinary contention between tribes so long inimical, she refused the protection of the Percies, and had bitter cause to rue her confidence in the Mortimers. She found her father defunct, and in violation of all promises her aunt kept her a close prisoner. Liberty, magnifi-

cence, and power were offered, on condition of giving her hand to Sir Furnival Audley, a valiant favourite of Lancaster, the usurper of King Richard's throne. Audley was young, handsome, opulent in merit as in wealth, but Emma remained faithful to Henry; and resolved to die rather than to break the marriage-vows that bound her heart with ties dear as sacred. The old lady had information that the Northumbrians were preparing to rescue the affianced bride of Lord Henry, and designed to force her on shipboard, to convey her southward. The chief mate of the ship engaged for this nefarious purpose happened to be nephew to Emma's nurse, and imparted to her the plot. He furnished Emma and her nurse with sailors' habits, and they escaped and fled across the country. They were soon intercepted by a party of seamen, who, armed with authority from the government, seized all strangers that could not produce satisfactory vouchers for their character and the intention of their journey. Such vagrants were constrained to enter the sea-service; and to this doom was subjected my best beloved, in whose veins ran a tide of far-derived and noble blood, and who by marriage was allied to the most illustrious princes of Europe. Delicate in constitution, reared with the most tender indulgence, and refined in disposition, habits, and manners, my Emma had no alternative but to reveal her condition, and throw herself under the merciless controul of her aunt, or to share the most laborious duties with the rudest of men. The intolerable hardships she experienced at sea could not have been sustained, and a religious horror against suicide might not have been

sufficient, in her distraction, to withhold her from plunging into the deep, if her nurse, a person of undaunted resolution and prudence, had not comforted and admonished her. When the vessel sprung a leak and was dashed against the rocks, the despair of the crew was to her a fund of hope in the immediate prospect of deliverance from evils more dreadful than the loss of life.

“The recital of her miseries threw me into paroxysms of alternate rage and sorrow. This excess of sympathy from a stranger surprised my Emma, while those signs of generous friendship enhanced her gratitude for my efforts to prolong her days. She declared, that since she gave a long farewell to her most dear Percy, no object had ever warmed her heart with affections of intensity comparable to the attachment and esteem with which she regarded me; and she confessed she was nevertheless unhappy, since she must be conscious that the cheerfulness and enjoyment conferred by my presence were incompatible with the ever-enduring sorrow with which she ought to lament a separation from her Henry. ‘Alas! I am born to be wretched!’ she continued; ‘my feelings and my duty are for ever at variance, and my heart must break either way. Let me at least testify my sense of obligation to you by attempting to leave my bed, that I may work for your bounty.’

“I could no longer contain my emotion. ‘My dear Emma,’ I replied, ‘wipe away those tears, and in less than ten minutes your Percy will appear to assert his own rights. I have delayed the glad tidings only till you had strength to bear them.’ Emma attempted to rise, but sunk

down. I made myself known, and in a few days we afforded to each other the most perfect felicity; and our island, as one vast garden, spontaneously yielded all we required for comfort or accommodation. Convenience and ornament were superadded by the judgment, taste, and activity of my fair companion. Her genius and industry adorned our dwelling; she arranged the stores I had accumulated, and converted to useful purposes much that to me had been a dead stock or incumbrance. She improved my wardrobe, and with elegant simplicity arrayed her lovely form to enchant me. Accident discovered to us the properties of that valuable tree from whose bark we prepare the most gorgeous article of our dress. Many experiments taught us that no other process was necessary but to soak the bark in water, and to draw it out to any fineness of texture suitable for the use to which it was to be applied. This work, our chief occupation, we owe to my Emma's discernment. Our only deficiency in the means of happiness arose from want of employment. In England, I have pitied the labourer who must earn a livelihood by diurnal toils; I now perceived that to be wholly without an engagement to fill up time, was a lot more liable to discontent. While our children were young, we had always a resource in tending and instructing their helpless years; but as they grew up, we all found that to be idle is to be the prey of self-created uneasinesses. Sorrow or sickness were to us unknown: we grieved, indeed, for the decease of Royal. I have tried to record his services to me, and those services endeared him to my Emma;

my children loved him as the guardian of their infancy: yet his extreme suffering through the concluding weeks of his life made us less reluctant to part with him for ever, and a severe calamity banished him from our recollection. My eldest twin sons and my eldest girl, with several harnessed stags, went to take bark from the aperl-tree, as we named it. They purposed going to a distance of several miles, and we could not expect their return sooner than about sunset. Though they did not then appear, I should not have been alarmed had not two of the oldest domesticated stags come where I was teaching my youngest boy to ascend a tree with agility and take fruit from the higher boughs. The stags were half loaded, and they galloped as though flying from an enemy. A sight so unusual filled me with alarm: I sent the child with a message to his mother, which occasioned her to go in a direction away from the cave, and seizing my arms, I made the stags understand they must return to the west. They shook their heads and butted with their antlers, but I cheered them, and we set off together. Many tracks of blood were near the place where aperl-trees had been recently stripped of their rind. I shouted aloud, and after some time my daughter came weeping and tearing her hair. I besought her to tell me the cause, and she at length was able to say, that her eldest brother, Algernon, sent Henry farther into the forest to get bark for completing their loads, while he piled what they had got and fixed it to the stags' harness. She went to help Henry, and when they came back Algernon could not be found. Henry

comforted her with the expectation that their brother might be far in the wood, and she had climbed a great tree to look for them both, as Henry went off in quest of Algernon; but, dreadful to relate, she saw from the tree what she supposed must be one of the ships I had portrayed to her, and she believed Algernon was there, holding out his arms to her, and terrible dark-visaged men dragged him away. They must have killed the stags, taken away the rolls I had lately appended to some trees, and, worse than all, they had carried off dear, dear Algernon. My very soul was wounded by this recital, but I tried to speak comfort to my daughter. Henry came to share our grief, and as we returned homeward, I met my Emma and all our children. My absence at an hour so late, and some indistinct mention by the child of the returning stags, gave her a presentiment of disaster, and she feared we were all taken from her. With her accustomed right feeling, she thanked God that her bereavement was not so overwhelming as she anticipated. Above all, she thanked God that her Henry, the spouse of her youth, the

father of her children, was safe. 'The God of mercies will preserve our son—oh! he will live—to be a slave!'

"My Emma wrung her hands, and wept the tears of a mother for her first-born. I reminded her that the danger was not past—the spoiler would return—we might be torn from each other.

"We watch in turns for the sails of an invader; we cannot repel force, but we can hide ourselves from aggression. The Percy skulking in caves and woods to shun an enemy! Thus is he degraded by the usurper of Richard's throne. Duty to his wife and family must be preferred to individual pride. Copies of this manuscript were appended to many a peep-tree. The spoiler may convey them to Algernon, and with them goes the blessing of his fond parents."

The other roll obtained by Major Napier gives the adventures of Algernon. We have but to add, that harnessed stags are not mere romance. A northern duke had a light carriage drawn by stags not forty years since.

B. G.

THE LITERARY COTERIE.

No. XXII.

Present, the VICAR, Mrs. PRIMROSE, Miss PRIMROSE, Miss ROSINA PRIMROSE, Mr. MATHEWS, Mr. APATHY, Counsellor EITHERSIDE, and REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

Reginald. * * * * * But there's the *Forget Me Not*,

Appealing, by the magic of its name,
To gentle feelings and affections, kept
Within the heart like gold.

The title alone is worth the volume; and the beautiful inscription-page, where the donor may write the name of the favoured mortal for whom he designs this elegant Christmas and

New-Year's present, is unique. I admire the spirit in which *The Amulet* is got up; *Friendship's Offering* has claims to my regard as the result of the conjoined labours of a clever editor (T. K. Hervey) and no less clever contributors; and *The Literary Souvenir* by my friend Alaric Watts is rich in literary merit and graphic excellence, the effusions of

his own Muse being among the best specimens of the former: but still I cling to my first favourite. This year's volume of Mr. Ackermann's elegant annual can boast of a much longer list of eminent names than any of the preceding, and the editor's remarks respecting the talent displayed in it seem to be fully justified. He says, "Many of the compositions are of so high an order, that a miscellany possessing in so small a compass equal claims to public favour has rarely issued from the press." Where so much is excellent, it might be invidious to particularize; but by way of specimen, take a passage from a spirited and energetic tale called "Lacy de Vere," to which no name is attached, although the language is not unworthy of the mighty wizard of the North. Lacy de Vere, "the last of a lordly race," returns from the battle of Townton to his long-deserted home, where he finds all devastated and laid waste:

Lacy de Vere walked round the remains of this, the last hold of his race; and, in the anguish of a noble spirit brought low by self-reproach, he rejoiced that his father and brothers were in the grave. But when he reached a spot which had once been a little herb-garden carefully walled round, now open on all sides, and choked with the drifted sea-sand, rage and grief overcame him—he could no longer refrain from the expression of his inward emotions. "Yes," said he, with a bitter smile; "yes, an enemy hath done this: but no enemy of King Henry and his cause; it was no Robin of Redsdale with his marauders; no vindictive Warwick; no savage borderers: it was *my enemy*, the enemy of my house—Lionel Wethamstede, *thou* dost this evil! Assassin serpent, *twice* I spared thee in battle, and *twice* didst thou ride off, bidding me seek my flourishing home and fair sister!—Blind, blind fool, to cherish a

tiger till it longed for its keeper's blood! Lionel, Lionel Wethamstede," continued the speaker more vehemently, while his whole frame was tremulous with passion, "didst thou slaughter the lamb in the fold? was the bird crushed with the nest? O Lionel, if thou *didst* spare Blanche in the day of destruction, all, all, were thy sins thousand-fold, shall be forgiven!—if Blanche lives—if thou hast spared her—I, even I, thine enemy, will bless thee!"

Lacy was too much engrossed by his own emotions to be aware that he was watched, or even observed, by a boy couched amongst the rubbish. At the first glance the intruder appeared nothing more than a young peasant, worn with fright and famine; but upon a second view, his attire, coarse as it was, could not disguise the natural grace of the wearer; nor even the dark cloth bonnet, though of the kind only worn by menials, give a sordid expression to the noble countenance which it shaded. Hitherto he had remained perfectly quiet, eyeing Lacy with mingled anxiety and interest; but when the last words of the young knight's passionate invocation died upon the air, he rose from his hiding-place with a slow and stately step, and addressed him in a tone that struck like the east wind to the listener's heart—a tone of reproach, if aught so sweet could be said to convey reproach, of affection and deep sorrow. "And where wert *thou*, Lacy de Vere, when the spoiler stole upon thy heritage? Where was *thy* care when she for whom thou mournest prayed thee, by that mystery of love which unites those born in the same hour, to stay and shield her from treachery and violence? And didst thou spare Lionel Wethamstede?—Look to it; for, of a truth, in the day of his power not so will he spare *thee*: look to it, for he hath vowed vengeance against all who bear thy name and all who call thee master; but few, few are those. He hath begun his work well; think ye not

he will finish? When thou wert young thou hatedst him; for the lying lip and craven spirit are hateful to the brave and true. But he saw it—he withered in the scornful glances of thy dark eye—and he swore to have vengeance—slow, secret, but sure vengeance, on thee and thine!"

"He hath it, he hath it!" groaned Lacy; "he hath it to the last drop of bitterness."

"He hath it *not*," resumed the boy, solemnly. "Dost not thou, the offender, live? and she who spurned him as a reptile when he proffered her safety—and his hand?—Look to it, last of a lordly race; spare him not the *third* time. He hath laid thy dwelling in the dust; those who were hirelings he corrupted; those who were faithful he slew; and she who was born to mate with princes fled for her life to the dark and noisome cavern of the rock. *Yet* is the work of vengeance incomplete.—Weep on, Lacy de Vere," continued the mysterious speaker, after a pause, only interrupted by the baron's convulsive sobs; "though thou art a warrior, weep on—what knowest thou of *grief*?—It hath come to thee in its royal robes, amid sounding trumpets and gorgeous banners, and the shout of victory, and the presence of mighty warriors:—but grief hath come to me in lowlier guise—in darkness, and cold, and neglect, and hunger, and sickness of heart, and loneliness as of the grave; and I shall weep no more, unless perchance for thee!"

"Curse, curse me, *Blanche!*" said Lacy, vehemently: for his heart told him that she herself was by his side. "I can bear all things now I have found thee;" and saying this, he drew her to his bosom, and wept over her like a child.

Miss Primrose. And what say you of the poetry, your favourite department, *Reginald*?

Reginald. Of the poetry there is a great variety, many of the shorter pieces of which possess great sweet-

ness and simplicity. Of the longer poems, I would recommend to your notice, "First Love," a Dramatic Scene; "The Gamester," by Mrs. Wilson; "The Bridal Eve," by Miss Mitford; and "Gildeluec ha Guillaudun," a beautiful ballad by *Delta*, the author of "The Legend of Genevieve."

The Vicar. To the poetical department I observe that the Rev. Mr. Croly has been a liberal contributor, and I think several of his pieces, especially the "Dirge," are in his best style.

A DIRGE.

"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empires' groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment-sign,
In the East the KING shall shine;
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume:
Tremble, then, thou sullen tomb!

Heaven shall open on our sight,
 Earth be turn'd to living light,
 Kingdom of the ransom'd Just—
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
 Shall be gorgeous as a gem;
 Then shall in the desert rise
 Fruits of more than Paradise;
 Earth by angel feet be trod,
 One great garden of her God!
 Till are dried the martyrs' tears
 Through a thousand glorious years!
 Now, in hope of HIM we trust
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Mrs. Primrose. Mrs. Hemans, I see, has illustrated the View of Dover with some spirited lines, entitled

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
 Your erected heights array;
 And rise ye, like a fortress proud,
 Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand
 Breasting the billows' foam;
 Oh! thus for ever guard the land,
 The sever'd land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind,
 Lighting up classic shrines,
 And music on the southern wind,
 And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle-flowers
 Have floated o'er my way,
 The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
 Hath sooth'd me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
 The purple heavens of Rome—
 Yes, all are glorious—yet, again
 I bless thee, land of home.

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land,
 And thine the guarded hearth;
 And thine the dead, the noble band,
 That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze,
 Their steps are on thy plains,
 Their names by old majestic trees
 Are whisper'd round thy fanes:

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
 Of thine exulting sea—
 O be it still a joy, a pride,
 To live and die for thee!

Miss Primrose. Here is a very pretty simple song by Kenney, the dramatist; at least it took my fancy.

When Zephyr comes fresh'ning the broad
 summer glare,
 And fans thee, and toys with thy bright raven
 hair;
 When thy lips, with a smile gently parting,
 reveal
 The pearls they repose on, but will not con-
 ceal;
 When thy cheek and thy bosom have each its
 fresh rose,
 And the tide of thy joy in sweet melody flows:
 Be thus, I exclaim, ever simple and free,
 Rejoicing in nature, and nature in thee!

When the full rising moon, with its bright
 golden beam,
 Breaks faintly, and gleams on the slumbering
 stream;
 When like gems in its lustre the tears fondly
 start,
 As the song of the nightingale steals to thy
 heart,
 And the charm to a gentle confession gives
 birth
 Of that love which is all I am proud of on
 earth:
 'Tis thus, I exclaim, thou art dearest to me,
 Enamour'd of nature, and nature of thee.

I think the plates in this volume are on the whole superior to those in any former one. "The Mother's Grave," by E. Finden, from a design by Westall, is an affecting picture: the two little innocents standing hand in hand at the spot which contains the remains of their departed parent have the very form and semblance of reality.

Reginald. "The Stag," by E. Finden, from a design of Hills', though not exactly in keeping with the illustrative verses of Miss Landon, is a spirited engraving. The noble animal, standing on the brow of the hill, seems rather to have reached a place of refuge and of safety, whence, with renovated strength, he could dart defiance on his pursuers, than to meet

the ideas conveyed in these beautiful lines :

Wearily the brave stag drew
His deep breath, as on he flew ;
Heavily his glazed eye
Seems to seek somewhere to die ;
All his failing strength is spent—
Now to gain one steep ascent !
Up he toils—the height is won—
'Tis the sea he looks upon.
Yet upon the breeze are borne
Coming sounds of shout and horn ;
The hunters gain the rock's steep crest—
Starts he from his moment's rest,
Proudly shakes his antler'd head,
As though his defiance said,
" Come ! but your triumph shall be vain !"
The proud stag plunges in the main—
Seeks and finds beneath the wave
Safety, freedom, and a grave !

The female face in " Sir Roger de Coverley in love" is a model of feminine beauty ; " Dover," from Owen's picture, and the " Place of St. Mark," are fine engravings : so is " First Love."

Mr. Mathews. I do not like this plate (the " Escape of Mary Queen of Scots from Lochleven-Castle") ; the design is not good ; and the face of Mary is nothing like the portraits of the beautiful Queen of Scots. Mr. Westall would have done better had he copied one of those.

Reginald. These are minor faults, which do not detract from the general excellence of the volume.

Mr. Mathews. Certainly not ; and if we had no higher obligations to German literature, I should hold that we were highly indebted to it for being the source whence the idea of these beautiful annuals was derived. The German *Literary Pocket-Books* were the forerunners of the *Forget Me Not* ; as that has been the parent of a numerous progeny, all emulative of the fame which has been awarded to their progenitor.

The Vicar. Speaking of German

literature reminds me of the collection of *German Tales*, by Mr. Roscoe ; it forms a companion to his *Italian Tales*, and is a source of great amusement, as well as of interest : in the popular traditions and national tales much may be learned of the manners and customs of nations.

Counsellor Eitherside. I am afraid we shall be surfeited now with German literature. Mr. Soane has given us translations of German tales ; so has Mr. Roscoe : Mr. Gillies is about to publish three volumes from the same source of *diablerie* and mysticism ; and there are besides innumerable *brochures* of a minor description before the public : the periodicals, too, are falling into the same track ; and, instead of ridiculing German horrors, and laughing at German sentiment, as has been the fashion since the days of the *Anti-Jacobin*, German tales and German philosophy seem to be the universal order of the day.

Reginald. German literature has been derided most by people who understood it least ; and we ought to be obliged to those who take the trouble to put within our reach materials by which we can judge of the real merits of the writers of that country. Their critics and historians are perhaps the most laborious of those of any age or country ; whilst the wild and romantic genius of their writers of fiction, though it frequently betrays them into extravagance, also enables them to rise far above the vulgar herd of scribblers, whose productions are only fit to pass into the hands of pastry-cooks and trunk-makers. Mr. Soane and Mr. Roscoe have both laboured in an almost inexhaustible field—I do not think with the same success. " The Patrician,"

which occupies Mr. Soane's first volume, is an admirable tale, full of fire and energy, descriptive of the manners of the turbulent period in which the scene was laid, and of the people amongst whom the actors "lived, and moved, and had their being." "The Master Flea," on the other hand, is one of those tales of German mysticism which can never be understood or appreciated by the English reader. The others are of only second-rate merit; and certainly not calculated to excite a love of German literature where it does not exist, or to strengthen it where it does. But Mr. Roscoe's collection, as it takes in a wider scope, so it is more judiciously made, and is every way calculated to answer the purpose for which it was intended.

The Vicar. Mr. Roscoe's volumes embrace specimens of the old national tales of the Germans, as exemplified in the *History of Reynard the Fox*, in the *Adventures of Howleglass*, and in the wild and tragical tale of *Faustus*. In the second volume, we have a variety of popular traditions from the collections of Otmar, Gottschalk, Eberhardt, Büsching, the brothers Grimm, Lothar, and La Motte Fouqué; and in the third and fourth volumes, we have the modern German novels of Musæus, Schiller, Tieck, Langbein, and Engel. Perhaps a better selection might have been made; but we should remember it is easier to criticize than to select.

Mr. Apathy. In the popular traditions many of our own nursery tales may be recognised; and others are of Eastern origin. The devil is a prime agent in most of them; but we have traditions of the prowess of the Father of Evil, and of his wiles

and tricks to beguile poor weak mortals, which will match any of the stories of German *diablerie*. In the east-riding of Yorkshire, for instance, there is a church erected on a hill at some distance from any town: the tradition is, that it was originally begun to be built in the valley; but every night the devil pulled down what was erected, and carried the materials to the top of this hill. Finding it in vain to attempt erecting it on the original site, the architect placed it on the hill, where it has ever since stood and braved the thunder and the rain, and weathered the pelting of many a pitiless storm.

Reginald. The origin of one of Washington Irving's most pleasing tales (*Rip van Winckel*) may be found in one of these traditions—"Peter Klaus." Poor Peter, an honest goatherd, residing in the village of Sittendorf, one day followed a goat into a cavern, where he fell asleep; and when he awoke, after a lapse of twenty years, he found himself a stranger in his "fatherland."

Mr. Apathy. An amusing tale in the fourth volume is called "Toby Witt." It is one of Engel's; and is of a different cast from the majority of German tales, they being most of them founded on horrors, whilst this is purely a comic one.

One of the chief ornaments of a little provincial town, his native place, flourished Mr. Toby Witt. At no period had he evinced a desire to travel, and never, on any occasion, exceeded his prescribed limits round the adjacent hamlets. In spite of this, however, he knew more of the world than many who had travelled a good deal farther, and some who had expended the best part of their fortune on a fashionable trip to Paris or Italy.

He was possessed of a rich fund of little anecdotes of the most useful class, which he had obtained by observation, and retailed for his own and his friends' edification; and though these shewed no great stretch of genius or invention, they possessed considerable practical merit, and were, for the most part, remarkable for coming before company, coupled together, always two and two.

This citizen once received a visit from a young merchant named Flau, who came to consult with him, and to lament his losses and crosses. Old Witt advised him to be on the lookout, and only to have a care how he carried his head.

"How I carry my head!" repeated Mr. Flau; "what do you mean, Mr. Witt, by that?"

"Only what I say; you must have a care how you carry your head, and the rest will follow of course. Let me explain how: When my left-hand neighbour was employed in building his new house, the whole street was paved with bricks and beams and rubbish, not very pleasant to pass over. Now, one day, who should happen to be going that way but our worthy mayor, Mr. Trick, then a young fashionable alderman. He always carried his head high, and thus he came skipping along, with his arms dangling by his side, and his nose elevated towards the clouds: yet the next moment he found himself sprawling upon the ground; he had contrived to trip up his own heels, to break one of his own legs, and obtain the advantage of limping to the end of his days, as you may often see. Do you take? do you comprehend me, Mr. Flau?"

"Perhaps you allude to the old proverb, 'Take heed and not carry your head too high?'"

"To be sure; but you must likewise contrive and not carry it too low; faults on both sides! If you have borne it too

high, don't bear it too low: you comprehend me? and you will do yet.

"Not long afterwards Mr. Schale, the poet, was passing the same dangerous way, Mr. Flau. He was perhaps spouting verses, or brooding over his *res angusta domi*, I know not which; but he came jogging forward with a woeful aspect, 'eyes bent on earth,' and a stooping slouching gait, as if he would be glad to lower himself into the ground, sir-Well! he walked over one of the ropes; smack it went, and one of the great beams came tumbling about his ears from the scaffolding above. But he was too miserable a dog to be killed; he unluckily escaped, but was so terrified and nervous with the shock, poor devil, that he fainted away, fell sick, and was confined to his garret for several weeks.

"Do you comprehend my meaning yet, Mr. Flau?"

"I! I would keep it in just equilibrium, to be sure."

"True; we must not cast our eye too ambitiously towards the clouds, nor fix it too demurely upon the ground. Whether we look above, around, or before us, Mr. Flau, let us do it in a calm, becoming sort of manner, and then we shall get on in the world, and no accidents will be likely to befall us. Let us preserve an equanimity—you comprehend me? Good morning, Mr. Flau!"

Thus the old gentleman applied his anecdotes to practical uses; and very well applied they were too.

Reginald Langbein's "Marianne Richards" is the best tale in the fourth volume, I think; those by Tieck are all too wild and fanciful: yet they are full of genius, and are characteristic of that portion of German literature, as well as of their author. On the whole I have been much pleased with Mr. Roscoe's work: there are some faults in the translation, which hypercriticism might detect: but I

shall leave that ungracious task for others.

Miss Rosina Primrose. Now then if you have done with German literature, let us hear something about our own.

Reginald. Our own is in a much better state than it was, and is improving; several works in history and biography have recently appeared, and more are announced.

The Vicar. What do you think of the *Memoirs of Lindley Murray*, the grammarian?

Mr. Apathy. Why they are of that anomalous description of literature, which, if it does not offend, does not please in any eminent degree. All that relates to Lindley Murray's life might have been compressed into half-a-dozen pages; but, by the aid of the art of saying a great deal about nothing, a respectably sized octavo volume has been formed, which will be bought by "the Friends;" but I suspect will make its way into few libraries except those belonging to that class of Christians of which the deceased was a worthy member.

Reginald. You say his biography might be compressed into half-a-dozen pages; give us a specimen of your skill at compression, and relate Lindley Murray's history.

Mr. Apathy. Lindley Murray was born at Swetara, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1745, and was the eldest of twelve children. His father, a wealthy miller at the time of his birth, improved in his circumstances, and became a respectable trader. Lindley was, according to his own account, "an active, but a mischievous child," who "played many tricks which did not denote the best disposition, and

which gave a wrong bias to his vivacity." He received his education partly in Philadelphia, and partly in New-York, whither his father removed. Previously to this removal, however, Lindley had, at the instigation of his father, who wished to bring him up to mercantile pursuits, commenced dealer, at the early age of fourteen, with a stock of silver watches, which his father imported from England. Probably he might have gone on in this course, as he had begun to have a relish for the *profits* of business; but, having ventured to spend an evening with an uncle, without first obtaining his father's permission (who was absent from home), he was, the next morning, reprimanded and chastised; on which he "left his father's home," and packing up his property, he retired to a town in the interior of the country, where there was an excellent seminary, and resided there for some time; but being encountered by a gentleman who was not aware of his having absconded, and who intrusted him with a letter to deliver personally in New-York, whither his friends had in the interim removed, he was, shortly after his arrival, recognised by his uncle, and a reconciliation with his friends followed.

Reginald. And then what became of the youth?

Mr. Apathy. He was, at his own request, articulated to an attorney at New-York, and at the age of twenty being called to the bar, he soon appeared to be in the high-road to fortune and to fame. The revolution, however, broke out, and put a stop to his career; and during the first three or four years of the disastrous warfare between the mother country

and her colonies, he resided on Long Island, carefully avoiding mixing himself up with the affairs of either party. At the end of that period he repaired to New-York, then under British dominion; and, engaging in mercantile pursuits, he acquired, in a short time, a moderate competency. This accomplished, he retired from business, resolving to spend the remainder of his life in literary pursuits. Ill health shortly after obliged him to visit England; he left his native country in 1784, and on his arrival here, settled at the very pleasant village of Holdgate, near York. Here his debility increased; and though at first able to walk in the garden, this soon became painful to him; and he was under the necessity, when he rose, of being carried to a seat, where he remained till the hour of retirement again arrived. Here he lived till the day of his death. His life presented a uniform tenor of listless inaction, as far as his bodily powers were concerned: but the faculties of his mind were in full activity; for here he composed his various works, which have had so much influence in forming the minds of youth, and in facilitating the study of our language; and by which the name of Lindley Murray will be known as long as our literature exists.

The Vicar. And his first production was one which shewed, that, in his affliction, he had flown to the only source from which consolation can be derived. His *Power of Religion on the Mind* was printed for private circulation only in 1787; it was subsequently published in London, and has always enjoyed a good reputation.

Mr. Apathy. His father died in 1786; but the remaining branches of

the family kept up a constant intercourse with the recluse at Holdgate; and also managed his property, which was sufficient to maintain him in the situation of a gentleman, and the proceeds of his literary works were all devoted to charitable purposes. Mr. Murray died on the 15th of February, in the present year, after having endured his long affliction with the resignation of a Christian.

Reginald. You have said nothing of Mrs. Murray.

Mr. Apathy. I forgot that he married at the time he embarked in public life as a lawyer: Mrs. Murray survives him; and she is a most amiable and exemplary woman. These really are all the incidents in the life of Lindley Murray, as far as I am aware, that are worthy of record or interesting to the public.

The Vicar. What! is the principal event of his life, the publication of his Grammar, not worthy even of mention?

Mr. Apathy. I again plead guilty to an omission; but I thought I had mentioned it. His Grammar was first published in 1795. Mrs. Franks, the lady who has compiled these Memoirs (which are brought down in letters written by Mr. Murray himself to the year 1809, and since that period continued from her pen), thus accounts for the origin of the Grammar:

Some of his friends established at York a school for the guarded education of young females, which was continued for several years. Mr. Murray strongly recommended, that the study of the English language should form a prominent part of instruction. The young persons employed as the first teachers not being sufficiently qualified in this respect, he kindly undertook to instruct them at his

own house; and, for their use, he made some extracts from Blair, Campbell, and other writers, which afterwards formed the basis of the appendix to his *English Grammar*. By these young teachers he was much importuned to write an *English Grammar* for the benefit of their pupils, on the same plan of simplicity, clearness, and regular gradation, which he had pursued in his verbal instructions. Their requests were sanctioned and enforced by the superintendents of the school and by some of his other friends: he was, at length, induced to comply. In preparing the work, and consenting to its publication, he had no expectation that it would be used, except by the school for which it was designed, and two or three other schools, conducted by persons who were also his friends.

Mr. Murray says himself, that, having turned his attention to the work, on being much pressed to undertake it,

I conceived that a Grammar, containing a careful selection of the most useful matter, and an adaptation of it to the understanding and the gradual progress of learners, with a special regard to the propriety and purity of all, the examples and illustrations would be some improvement on the *English Grammars* which had fallen under my notice. With this impression I ventured to produce the first edition of a work on this subject. It appeared in the spring of the year 1795. I will not assert that I have accomplished all I have purposed; but the approbation and the sale which the book obtained have given me some reason to believe, that I have not altogether failed in my endeavours to elucidate the subject, and to facilitate the labours of both teachers and learners of English Grammar.

In a short time after the appearance of the work, a second edition was called for. This unexpected demand induced me to revise and enlarge the book. It soon obtained an extensive circulation;

and the repeated editions through which it passed in a few years, encouraged me, at length, to improve and extend it still further; and, in particular, to support by some critical discussions the principles upon which many of its positions are founded.

Mr. Murray published several other works; viz. a volume of *Exercises* and a *Key*—for the copyright of these two works and the *Grammar* he received 700*l.*; *The English Reader*, the copyright of which produced 350*l.*; *Le Lecteur François* and an *Introduction*, for which the booksellers gave 700*l.*; *A Spelling-Book* and *First Book for Children* produced 500*l.*; and a *Selection from Horne's Commentary on the Psalms*, 100*l.* The copyright of his latest publication, *On the Duty and Benefit of Reading the Scriptures*, and of his earliest, *The Power of Religion on the Mind*, he presented to the booksellers; and the enlargements and improvements in his *Grammar* were always gratuitous on his part.

The Vicar. I think his *Grammar* has run through nearly forty editions.

Mr. Apathy. There have been forty editions of the large copy, and ninety-two of the abridgment. All his other works have also gone through numerous editions, and those not of small numbers. For many years past each edition of the *Grammar*, *Exercises*, *Spelling-Book*, *First Book for Children*, *English Reader*, and the *Introduction to the English Reader*, have consisted of ten thousand copies; the *Abridgment of the Grammar*, twelve thousand; the *Key to the Exercises* and the *Sequel to the English Reader*, six thousand; and the *Lecteur François* and its *Introduction*, three thousand copies of each. Miss Franks remarks,

That one author should have supplied so many works on education; each of which is so extensively circulated and so highly approved, is, I believe, unprecedented in the annals of literature.

Miss Primrose. Has Mr. Murray left any family?

Mr. Apathy. No. Mrs. Murray survives him; and, after the death of his wife and the payment of all his bequests, the residue of his property is to be transferred to New-York and vested in trustees there, so as to form a permanent fund, the yearly income or produce of which is to be appropriated "in liberating black people who may be held in slavery, assisting them when freed, and giving their descendants, or the descendants of other black persons, suitable education; in promoting the civilization and instruction of the Indians of North America; in the purchase and distribution of books tending to promote piety and virtue, and the truth of Christianity; and it is his wish, that *The Power of Religion on the Mind in Retirement, Affliction, and at the Approach of Death*, with the author's latest corrections and improvements, may form a considerable part of those books; and in assisting and relieving the poor of any description, in any manner that may be judged proper, especially to those who are sober, industrious, and of good character."

The Vicar. The benevolence of his disposition shines forth brightly in this disposition of his worldly wealth. Lindley Murray was a truly benevolent man. His piety was without hypocrisy—his charity without ostentation: for nearly forty years he was deprived of the use of his limbs, and remained on the sofa, where he was placed after being

dressed; and spent the day engaged in literary pursuits, of which, however, he never made any parade, or in cheerful converse with his few and select visitors. Though occupying no very prominent place in society, the share which his works have in forming the minds of our youth caused his influence and his name to be widely extended: yet thousands of those who were profiting by his labours knew nothing of the man; and I often passed and repassed his pleasant mansion at Holdgate before I knew it was the residence of Lindley Murray.

Mr. Montague. Have you been reading any other work since our last meeting?

The Vicar. Yes. I have lately perused my friend Mr. Todd's *Account of the Life and Writings of Milton*: he has thrown light upon several incidents in this poet's history which have hitherto been involved in obscurity; and given a fresh excitement to the interest with which every lover of literature has always regarded the name of Milton.

Mr. Apathy. I am happy to find that Mr. Todd, though a Tory, has done ample justice to the stern republican: no longer will Dr. Johnson's unjust stigma upon his character and his principles be adopted and believed by one-half, or more, of the reading world; no longer will his political conduct be branded as springing from "a native violence of temper, and a hatred of all whom he was required to obey:" but we shall be willing to admit, that he was an honest—even if we deem him a mistaken—man, and join in the character which he has already given of himself; and which appears to have been, as one of our able monthly critics has al-

readily observed, "an anticipation of that justice, which the universal consent of mankind would eventually bestow upon the sacred poet of England." "I am among the free and ingenuous sort of such," says Milton in his *Arcopagetica*, "as evidently were born for study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end but the service of God and truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind."

Reginald. Have you read the documents connected with Mrs. Powell's case, Mr. Apathy?

Mr. Apathy. Yes.

Reginald. And do you think they bear you out in this high estimate of Milton's character? Do you think it was kind, honourable, or benevolent in the poet, after he had been allowed to compound for his father-in-law's estate, after his death—Mr. Powell having been a royalist, and unfortunately indebted to Milton in the sum of 300*l.*—that he should refuse to pay Mrs. Powell her thirds; although, in her petition to the sequestrators, she affirmed that the paltry pittance due to her, 26*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* per annum, was all she could look to "to preserve her and her children from starving?"

Mr. Apathy. Now, Reginald, you think you have me on the hip; but whilst I shall neither justify nor extenuate Milton's conduct in this particular, I certainly cannot let a solitary act of this kind be considered as affixing an indelible blot upon his character.

Reginald. That "solitary act" seems completely indicative of his

character. Have you forgotten, that a contemporary has said, in a note on the petition of Mrs. Powell, which is yet preserved in the State-Paper-Office, and is now published by Mr. Todd, that, "by the law, she might recover her thirds, without doubt; but she is so extreme poor, she hath not wherewithal to prosecute; and besides, Mr. Milton is a harsh and choleric man, and married Mrs. Powell's daughter, who would be undone, if any such course were taken against him by Mrs. Powell; he having turned away his wife heretofore for a long space, upon some other occasion."

Mr. Apathy. No, I have not forgotten it; but we know not what cause he might have had for his conduct—what provocation—

The Vicar. Fie, friend Apathy! What provocation, what cause can excuse a breach of charity? What provocation can be a justification of a man who left his mother-in-law and her children to pine in want, whilst he was in affluence; and was, too, enjoying what ought to have been hers? The less that is said about this incident in the life of our poet the better; it can never be made to tell to his honour.

Reginald. Milton's is a mighty name; and the effusions of his "muse of fire" will ever be amongst the proudest monuments of England's literary glory. I admire Milton as enthusiastically as an epic poet, as I do Shakspeare as a dramatist, or Sir Walter Scott as a novelist; but I confess, as a man, and as a politician, I am not among the number of those who deem him without spot or blemish. As the former, he appears to have been harsh and unbending; stern and resolute—with few of the mild, benevolent, and social qualities which

so delightfully temper the storms of life, and smooth our passage to the grave. As a politician, I can never contemplate the colleague of those men, who murdered their king, overthrew the church, and basely plundered the people—and not merely the colleague, but the hired defender of their acts, and the regular retained answerer of all their opponents—I say, I can never contemplate Milton in this light, without wishing that every memorial of his political life, and many of his private life, had been buried “certain fathoms in the earth,” or sunk in the abyss of the ocean, “deeper than ever plummet sounds.”

The Vicar. We frequently lament that so few of the incidents which mark the lives of literary men are known to us. Perhaps, in many cases, were we acquainted with the general conduct and history of those whom we so admire, like Milton, they would suffer by our knowledge; and we should lament that the veil was torn asunder which hid their private life from the rude gaze of a too curious multitude.

Mr. Apathy. Milton has, in my opinion, suffered little from the disclosures which have been made concerning him. If he was a republican in politics, he was at least sincere; if he was the retained agent of the government during the commonwealth, to answer the numerous libellers who assailed their conduct and maligned their characters, he was not the feed and mercenary advocate; for we find no grant of money for his services in this way, though the thanks of the council are several times recorded. If he was stern, harsh, and unbending in his private character, he was honest and incorruptible; and probably his harshness arose from a de-

sire to see all men as good, as pious, as upright as himself.

Reginald. As Shakspeare says,

After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
But such an honest chronicler as Apathy.

You have defended your favourite nobly; and though my opinion remains unchanged, I will not vex you by pertinaciously urging it.

Mr. Mathews. It is a question, like many others, on which honest men may conscientiously differ. For my part, I confess I incline to Reginald's view of Milton's character. But peace to his manes! he has long passed “that bourne from whence no traveller returns;” and let us not trouble his spirit by sitting in judgment upon his conduct at this late period, and perhaps, after all, only with partial information.

Reginald. There have been several other works of interest published since we met. Sharon Turner's *History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth* is one of them. Mr. Turner is a laborious and not an inelegant writer: he takes nothing for granted, but traces all the main facts in our history to their fountain-head. In the present volume he has maintained his previous reputation. The events of the period are given in a lucid narrative, and the characters of the principal actors are drawn with the hand of a master. *The History of the Inquisition in Spain, abridged and translated from the original work of D. J. A. Llorente*, is also a valuable addition to our historical libraries. Llorente was, there is little doubt, an accurate, but too voluminous a writer; and this volume condenses every material particular in his more extensive work on the same subject. It will serve, with Mr. Tur-

ner's *History of Henry the Eighth*, and Sismondi's *History of the Crusades against the Albigenses*, to form a manual for Protestants, in which they may learn, not only the true history of the Reformation in England, but the true nature of the bigotry and superstition from which that event delivered us.

Mr. Mathews. Miss Mitford has published another volume of *Our Village*, light airy sketches, in the execution of which she is equalled by few writers, either male or female, of the present day. She has been accused of being indebted to Washington Irving; but as far as the similarity extends between them, it might be traced between every two writers who ever wrote on the same subject. At all events, she is not at all inferior to the American: Geoffrey Crayon himself never drew a more pleasing portrait than that of "My God-father."

He was that beautiful thing, a healthy and happy old man. Shakspeare, the master-painter, has partly described him for me, in the words of old Adam:

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty but kindly.

Never was wintry day, with the sun smiling upon the icicles, so bright or so keen. At eighty-four, he had an unbent vigorous person, a fresh colour, long, curling, milk-white hair, and regular features, lighted up by eyes as brilliant and as piercing as those of a hawk; his foot was as light, his voice as clear, and

his speech as joyous as at twenty. He had a life of mind, an alertness of spirit, a brilliant and unfading hilarity, which were to him like the quick blood of youth. Time had been rather his friend than his foe; had stolen nothing as far as I could discern; and had given such a license to his jokes and his humour, that he was, when I knew him, as privileged a person as a court-jester in days of yore. Perhaps he was always so; for, independently of fortune and station, high animal spirits, invincible good-humour, and a certain bustling officiousness, are pretty sure to make their way in the world, especially when they seek only for petty distinctions. He was always the first personage of his small circle; president of half the clubs in the neighbourhood, steward to the races, chairman of the bench, father of the corporation, and would undoubtedly have been member for the town, if that ancient borough had not had the ill-luck to be disfranchised in some stormy period of our national history.

Thus she goes on, admirably throwing in the lights and shadows on her canvas; and in this instance, as well as in those of the "Touchy Lady," the "Old House at Aberleigh," the "Inquisitive Gentleman," and several others, the fair author has given us finished portraits.

A summons to the supper-table here put an abrupt conclusion to our literary chit-chat for the evening.

REGINALD HILDEBRAND.

ELMWOOD-HALL,

Nov. 11, 1826.

PALACE OF THE GRAND-DUKE MICHAEL AT ST. PETERSBURG.

THIS magnificent structure, which has been completed little more than twelve months, is one of the greatest architectural embellishments of the

northern capital of Russia, and may deservedly be reckoned one of the noblest palaces in Europe, both from the imposing grandeur of its exterior,

and the splendour and refined taste displayed in the numerous apartments. M. Rossi, the architect, has here given a further proof of his talents, previously displayed in many fine edifices, and left an incontestible monument of his ability; as have likewise many of the other artists employed in the decoration of the interior.

In front of the edifice is an exceedingly rich palisade, every way suitable to the splendour of the façade. On ascending the magnificent flight of steps leading to the portico, and entering the vestibule, the eye is instantly struck by two remarkably fine statues of Hector and Achilles, which do honour to the ability of their respective artists, Krilof and Goldberg, both of whom are Russians. Round the upper part of this hall is an elegant colonnade, and a lofty cupola admits the light from above. Such in fact are the beauty and richness of the architecture, that the spectator involuntarily stops as he ascends the stairs to contemplate the magic power of art. On entering the principal apartments, the visitor is lost in admiration of all that the most luxuriant imagination, the most refined taste could devise, which here conspire to enchant him. Here the eye wanders through spacious saloons, the walls of which are formed of highly polished white or varie-

gated marble; while mirrors of truly astonishing dimensions reflect the numerous paintings and bronzes with which they are decorated. The doors of the various rooms are of different costly and beautiful kinds of wood, highly lacquered, and ornamented with carving and gilding. One saloon, which has columns of white marble, contains a series of historical subjects: *Hector and Andromache, Ulysses and Penelope, Paris and Helen, Achilles at the Court of Lycomedes, &c.* Another apartment is tastefully adorned in a novel style: a profusion of flowers, painted in the most accurate manner, cast every variety of hue over the snow-white walls; while on the ceiling are seen groups of genii and nymphs floating in the air, in the most natural and graceful manner that it is possible to conceive. Hangings of the most brilliant hues and richest texture; floors inlaid with rose-wood, ebony, and mahogany, and partly covered with carpets of the most costly manufacture; sumptuous furniture, rich cornices, gilding, and, in short, every ornament that fancy can invent or wealth supply, combine to render this palace one of the most splendid residences in the world, where Asiatic pomp and European refinement united charm the imagination and gratify the senses.

SOME ACCOUNT OF NORWICH.

TO THE EDITOR, &c.

B. HAVING left me to write letters, I take up my pen, as the old epistolars have it, to give you my promised account of Norwich. Formerly, you know, the old Magazines used to present us with a beautiful view of the capital of a county, over which

was represented a little chubby boy with a scroll, flying through the clouds; on which scroll or label was inscribed the name of the city which the artist intended to depict, the steeples and spires of which, numbered with a reference below, gave

us a correct but very unpicturesque specimen of topographical accuracy. Houses and churches were mixed together, and were viewed in the distance by represented ladies and gentlemen, who bowed and courtesied in the fore-ground in cocked hats and inapproachable hoop-petticoats; while some animal, as much like a rat as a dog, was seen frolicking before them.

Norwich has nothing in it particularly to strike a stranger; for the houses are huddled together in such a manner as to give you an idea that they had dropped from the clouds, and when there occurs a fine church it is so built about that you cannot see it. Yet the minute antiquary will find some interesting bits of building; that is, if he be pleased with such modern architecture as is furnished by the Elizabethan era: if this suit him not, here are still remains that Gough and Blore might revel in. The castle is of Saxon origin, and one of the finest specimens of its kind, but has had a narrow chance of demolition. A certain magistrate, frightened at the expense of keeping it in repair, proposed that it should be demolished: luckily this motion was overruled; not but its strength would have opposed the strongest measures for that purpose; a quality, I suspect, that has preserved many a relic of olden time and defeated the ends of road-repairers. I wish, however, that I knew the name of this unholy alderman, that I might hand it down with his of Ephesian notoriety. To the credit of Norwich, other feelings have succeeded, and instead of letting forth the destroyer, they have called in the restorer, and Bigod's Tower is now a monument of the in-

genuity as well as the liberality of this city.

The cathedral is peculiarly interesting from the different styles of architecture which it exhibits; but its interior is meagre for want of ornaments: these were severely injured by the Goths and Vandals, the Puritan reformers of the seventeenth century. In this cathedral I met with a curious fact illustrative of human nature, and you shall have it. B. took me one day to this building to hear a new chant. I confess to you that the novelty of attending a cathedral on a week-day fills my mind with unusual devotion; there is no crowd, no bustle of people going in and retiring. A few clergymen with their white surplices stream along the alleys, followed by rosy choristers; a solemn silence reigned, while mute expectation waited for the organ's first peal. Into a pew before me crawled some poor old wretches, who might literally be said to drag a lingering existence, and with one I became particularly interested. His well-mended coat exhibited decency of attire, and his pallid looks and placid appearance seemed to declare that he was waiting patiently until called to his last account: he whispered a prayer into an old weather-beaten hat, and while he carefully deposited his crutch-stick in a corner, resignation seemed to have thoroughly calmed every violent passion. Here can be no display, no worldly feelings, thought I; this man must be in earnest. His evidently low situation in life cannot encourage in him any feelings of ambition; he can only be content to find his road to heaven. Alas! I was mistaken: A miserable wretch, scarce-

ly a shade more wretched in appearance than himself, essayed to enter the same pew; the lump of dying mortality was shocked at such an attack on his aristocratic feelings: "You have no business here," he uttered, endeavouring, unchecked by a smothered cough, to thrust out the intruder: "that is your place," continued he, pointing to a form in the nave.—"But I *will* come in," said the opposed wretch, pushing in return, and dragging in a lifeless leg after him. He was too strong for my friend, and he wrung himself into the pew. The sparks of ambition vanished in the wiping of a one-eyed pair of spectacles and the unfolding of a well-thumbed prayer-book.

The chant and the sanctus were delightful; you are a musician, and none but a musician can appreciate the talents of the Norwich organist.

Whither shall I take you now? for I have seen no other buildings worth observation; it is true Norwich is threatened with a new Corn-Exchange: but I have forgotten, you must walk with me to St. Andrew's-Hall, a room of fine proportions and of the period of Henry V. Here are held the mayor's dinners and the grand triennial music-meeting, both, I am told, excellent in their way. This hall is hung with pictures, mostly portraits of their mayors, in all the variety of portrait-attitude, from the tea-pot to the breast and ruffle. Notwithstanding this, there are some fine specimens by Opie, Hoppner, and Lawrence. Gainsborough has *Sir Harbord Harbord* in green and gold; Beechy has a *Lord Nelson*; Haydon, the painter of the *Judgment of Solomon*, has a whole-length, as fine as a portrait can be, by an artist who ought to confine himself to the great

style of history. It is grand in parts, with vast breadth and strength of colouring; but it is *caviar* to the multitude. Phillips has a charming portrait of the *Chamberlain of Norwich*, and in a style better understood by the generality: but coats, waist-coats, and breeches are sad things for men of genius.

Norwich, I assure you, has artists of her own: but what is a prophet in his own city? Claver has considerable merit; and where this is the case, why not embellish local places with local talent? We have here Cotman, whose architectural drawings so much delighted us, if you remember, at Sir —'s. He is the first architectural draughtsman in England. I say not this myself, but have high authority for my assertion. Stannan is the Vandevelde, and his wife the Baptiste, if you like, of Norwich: the former has presented me with a sweet bit of his own etching. Besides these are Sillet, Stark, and many others.

The sister art of music flourishes in no common degree; and here Crotch, the infant prodigy of his day, was born. Here is also a Museum of Natural History, which only wants the patronage of the rich to make it worthy of this flourishing city. Strange that men, to whom a guinea is but as a drop of water in the sea, should withhold that patronage which is given by the poor, but well-disposed! The libraries are good; and here is a theatre, newspaper-room, &c.

The journals, as is not uncommon, oppose each other in politics: each has its merits. Of the state of society, I have not been here long enough to decide; a succession of *dinings-out* have informed me that

the good things of this world are not wanting. Their Bond-street is called the Gentleman's-walks; but here you are shouldered by dirty weavers and other plebeians. But B. is ready to

put his letters into the post-office, and mine goes with them; so no more at present from

Yours, &c.

A. B.

ANECDOTES, &c.

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS AND HER ADMIRER.

CASTELARD was a young man of family and talents, who embarked in the suite of the young widowed Queen of France, when she returned to her native land. He composed several gallant encomiums upon the royal voyager; and even ventured a remonstrance to the Fates concerning her isolated condition, which has been translated and versified by an old author as follows:

What boots it to possess a royal state,
To view fair princely towns from subject towers,

With mask and song to sport in gilded bow'rs,
Or watch with wisdom o'er a nation's fate,
If the heart throb not to a tender mate;
If doom'd, when feasts are o'er, and midnight hours

Consign the mourner to a lonely bed,
To waste in chill regret surpassing powers?
Happier the rustic maid by fondness led
To meet the vows of her enamoured swain,
Than she, the object of a people's care,
Rever'd by all—yet finds no heart to share,
And pines, too high for love, in splendid pain.

Mary amused the tedious days on shipboard by smiling upon the productions of the young Frenchman; she even deigned a reply to them, and encouraged his adulation. This enchanting familiarity overpowered the judgment of Castelard. His passion flamed to the most dangerous intensity, and in agonies of despair he tore himself from the infatuating scenes of the Scottish court.

The civil war broke out soon after in France; and Castelard, who was

a Protestant, eagerly availed himself of that pretence to revisit Scotland, and again to behold the object who had bewitched his senses. Mary welcomed him with great condescension, and he so far abused her affability as to act upon the most audacious hopes. The queen's attendants found him one night concealed under her bed. Mary, considering that she was in some degree blameable for the encouragement she had given him, inflicted no punishment, except a stern reprimand. He repeated his offence, and was given up to the court of justice, which passed on him the sentence of death.

At the block his behaviour was romantic in the extreme. He rejected spiritual aid or consolation, but read with profound devotion Ronsard's *Hymn on Death*. Then turning towards the queen's apartments, he exclaimed, "Farewell, princess! the fairest, the most cruel in the world." Having thus spoken, he submitted to the axe with the heroic courage of an Olindo or Rinaldo.

ROBERTSON OF STROWAN.

This chieftain of the southern Highlands was present at the battle of Prestonpans and fought manfully, being then in his 83d year. Sir John Cope's carriage formed part of the booty he obtained. The spoil was valuable; and among other articles were found rolls of a brown colour,

supposed to be an efficacious salve for wounds, since a soldier had them in his carriage. They were sold, at a high price, under the name of "Johnny Cope's salve," until some French officers recognised them to be chocolate — so little were then known the luxuries now abounding in the Highlands. The Robertson chief drove his prize in triumph homeward so far as the roads allowed, and then summoned his vassals to bear it on their shoulders over the hills of Rannoch, in Perthshire.

BUCK-WHEAT.

The mellifluent property of buck-wheat should be extensively known. Mr. Wolridge, in his *Mysteries of Husbandry*, says, "He saw forty great beehives filled with honey, to the amount of seventy pounds weight in each, by removing them, after swarming, close to a field of buck-wheat in flower."

MILLAR'S POPULAR PHILOSOPHY.

The excellent editor and publisher of *Popular Philosophy, or the Book of Nature laid open upon Christian Principles*, has provided an invaluable companion to the *Mechanics' Magazine*. Mr. Millar's work is eminently calculated for leading the humble readers of scientific productions to discern and revere the supreme wisdom and goodness, not only in the phenomena of nature, but in the labours of art. The same creative hand which clothes the trees with foliage, blossoms, and fruits, hath bestowed upon man the faculties that enable him to fabricate the manual works of inventive genius. Many facts worthy of notice are brought before the public eye by the *Popular Philosophy*, and much useful information collected into one practical view, for the benefit of those who

cannot afford extensive libraries, or who, possessing means to purchase books, are limited in time for their perusal. Professional gentlemen will find amusement and information; and ladies may become acquainted with the arcana of nature without laborious study; while the knowledge they acquire will be imparted to their children, attended by the happy influences of maternal endearment. Wisdom so communicated must produce salutary and durable impressions.

PERFECTION OF THE NATURAL SENSES
IN CALMUCKS.

A happy organization of corporeal frame, and the constant exertion made by the Calmucks to discern objects across the Steppes, convert their eyes into natural telescopes. They can see at the distance of twenty versts; they hear a sound even more remote; they smell the smoke of a watch-fire before the blaze is discernible; and many among the Calmucks are able in the darkest nights to ascertain at what part of the Steppes they are travelling by the smell of the herbs they tread upon. Almost every Calmuck has learned to read and write; and they have *sennachies*, or bards, to recite tales in prose and verse, like the ancient *Gael*. Horse-flesh is their favourite food, and they are great consumers of tea, which, like Boniface's ale, is "meat and drink" to them. It is of the coarsest sort, brought from China in large tablets composed of the leaves and stalks of the tea-plant. The decoction is mixed with milk and salt butter. This preparation requires time, care, and skill; so the *tea-cook* is an important domestic in the train of a wealthy Calmuck.

THE CLERICAL DRAMATIST.
O'Keefe in his *Recollections* tells

the following whimsical story of a reverend doctor, who, in 1784, brought with him from Ireland, his native country, five tragedies and five comedies, all to be acted at Drury-lane and Covent-garden. "He plagued memuch," says the veteran dramatist, "to bring him to Mr. Harris at Knights-bridge; but before I could do so, the doctor found means to slip through Hyde-Park turnpike. The circumstances of their interview I had from Mr. Harris himself, who humorously hit upon an effectual method to get rid of him and his ten plays. One of his tragedies was called *Lord Russell*, and one of his comedies *Draw the Long Bow*. Mr. Harris received him at his house with his usual politeness, and sat with great patience and much pain listening to the doctor reading one of his plays to him. When he had got to the fourth act, Mr. Harris remarked that it was very fine indeed—excellent; adding, 'But, sir, don't you think it time for your hero to make his appearance?'—'Hero, sir! what hero?'—'Your principal character, Lord Russell. You are in your fourth act, and Lord Russell has not been on yet.'—'Lord Russell, sir!' exclaimed the doctor; 'why, sir, I have been reading to you my comedy of *Draw the Long Bow*.'—'Indeed! I beg you a thousand pardons for my dulness; but I thought it was your tragedy of *Lord Russell* you had been reading to me.' The angry author started from his chair, thrust his manuscript into his pocket, and ran down stairs out of the house. When I again met the doctor, he gave a most terrible account of the deplorable state of the British stage, when a London manager did not know a tragedy from a comedy. I laughed at his chagrin so whimsically detailed to me, and he

was all astonishment and anger at my ill-timed mirth. This reverend gentleman (his dramatic mania excepted) was a man of piety and learning; and I believe Mr. Harris's witty expedient effectually cured him of profane play-writing, and changed a mad scholar into an edifying divine."

NEW SPECIES OF SILK.

The Literary Gazette has given, on the authority of some Continental publication, we presume, the following account of a new and curious manufacture: M. Hebenstreit of Munich, formerly a military officer, by patiently directing the labour of caterpillars within a limited space, has succeeded in producing an entirely new and very extraordinary kind of fabric. The caterpillars employed are the larva of a butterfly, the *finca punctata*, or, according to other naturalists, *finca padella*. Instinct causes them to construct above themselves an awning of extreme delicacy; but nevertheless so compact as to be impervious to air, and which awning can be easily detached from themselves. The inventor makes these insects work on a suspended paper model, to which he gives any form and size he pleases. In this manner he has produced, among other articles, shawls an ell square, others two ells in length and one wide, an air-balloon four feet high and two in horizontal diameter, a lady's entire dress with sleeves, but without seam. When he wishes to give any particular shape to an article, all that need be done is, to touch the limits which ought not to be passed with oil, to which the caterpillars have so strong a dislike that they will not touch it. Two caterpillars are sufficient to produce an inch square of this stuff, which, though of good consistence, is lighter

than the finest cambric. The balloon mentioned above weighs less than five grains; the warmth of the hand is sufficient to inflate it; and the flame of a single match held under it for a few seconds is enough to raise it to a considerable height, and to keep it up for half an hour. A shawl of the size of a square ell, when stretched, may be blown into the air by means of a small pair of bellows, and then resembles a light smoke, which is affected by the slightest agitation of the air. Mr. Hebenstreit offered to give such a shawl to a gentleman who visited him if he could make it alight on his head; but this was found to be impracticable, for the exhalation of animal heat always caused it on its approach to rise hastily again. The dress al-

luded to was presented by M. Hebenstreit to the Queen of Bavaria, who had it mounted on another dress, and has worn it on several great occasions. The texture of this singular stuff has no resemblance to that of silk, the threads of which are interwoven: whereas those of this new fabric are placed one above another, and glued together as they were produced by the caterpillar. The manufacturer may, however, give any requisite degree of thickness to his stuff by causing his caterpillars to work repeatedly over the same surface. The process is not so tedious as might be supposed, for the price of a shawl of a square ell is equivalent to no more than eight francs, or six shillings and eight-pence English money.

MUSICAL REVIEW.*

Thirty-three Studies or Short Introductions for the Piano-forte, in the Principal Major and Minor Keys, composed by E. Simms, jun. Pr. 5s.—(Goulding and Co.)

THESE studies deserve the attention of the amateur; they display a considerable fund of melodic invention, good taste, and an obvious aptitude in select harmonic combination. They have given us great satisfaction, and, as they are nowhere deformed by attempts at the eccentric, the pupil is likely to derive gratification from the performance. It will afford him excellent matter for occasional practice, and impart a proper tact and facility in the art of preluding, in which very good players are often extremely deficient, and indeed rarely attain any

degree of perfection until they have made some progress in harmonic science.

Divertimento for the Piano-forte and Violoncello, composed by F. W. Crouch. Pr. 5s.—(Chappell and Co.)

The violoncello not only is essential in this composition, but for the most part acts as principal, and has been so fully provided for by Mr. C. as to render a player of respectable proficiency more or less requisite. With such aid, the divertimento will be found very pleasing. Melody is not neglected, and the author's ideas blend neatness with a certain attractive propriety of conception. He proceeds steadily, rather in a style to which our youthful days paid homage, but always so as to give satis-

* Owing to the Reviewer's absence from England, he has to apologize, both for the interruption in his functions last month, and for the delay which some of the communications made to him have experienced.

faction even to a modern ear, if it is not spoiled. Of the four movements constituting the divertimento (all in D major except the third), the second and principal one is at the same time the most interesting. The piano-forte part, even where it takes the lead, is quite easy.

“*La Rose*,” *Prelude, Romance and Waltz, for the Piano-forte*, by Camille Pleyel. Pr. 2s.—(Cocks and Co.)

Both the romance and waltz are composed of light materials; but there is a melodious sweetness about the former, and a prettiness in the latter, and all is so perfectly easy that we can answer for “*La Rose*” being taken into liking by the young practitioner. In the trio of the waltz a superscription directs the application of the “*Jeu celeste*,” no doubt the name of some stop on foreign piano-fortes—Celestina-stop, probably.

Three Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, founded on favourite Airs, written in a familiar style, by D. Bruguier. Pr. 4s.—(Chappell and Co.)

A posthumous work of poor Mr. Bruguier’s, consisting of a few well-known and universally popular English airs, cast into the form of short duets, under an arrangement so perfectly easy that even the junior classes may be trusted with the execution, if they are in the least steady as to time; and the nature of the tunes is sure to render the performance pleasing to both parties.

The favourite Airs in the Ballet of “Le Bal Champêtre,” composed and arranged for the Piano-forte by N. C. Bochsa. Pr. 7s.—(Bochsa, Golden-square.)

The music of the ballet, “*Le Bal Champêtre*,” has found many admirers at the King’s Theatre. Its

principal recommendation is a certain lightsome gracefulness and prettiness, much in the French style. There is great variety in the character of the successive pieces; and this, with their pleasing import and the general ease with which they are written and arranged for the piano-forte, renders Mr. B.’s book a desirable acquisition for the student of moderate advancement: he will find, throughout, agreeable melodies of great diversity, calculated to improve his taste and practice, while at the same time his labour will be rewarded with much entertainment.

Challenger’s Second Set of Quadrilles, the Subjects from Mayer’s Opera of “Medea,” arranged for the Piano-forte. Pr. 3s.—(Chappell and Co.)

A few years ago, we should have thought it would almost require the magic wand and the spells of Medea herself to conjure quadrilles from Mayer’s serious opera. But to the musical ingenuity of the present age, nothing is impossible in the way of adaptation. Quadrilles from Handel’s oratorios, from the “*Stabat Mater*” of Pergolesi, and the “*Miserere*” of Allegri, would cause us no surprise. The concoctions and transformations to which an opera is subjected as soon as it comes out are wonderful. Not to mention instantaneous direct arrangements for piano-forte, for harp, for flute, guitar, &c. made-dishes are next prepared from it, some as divertimentos, some as fantasias, some as capriccios, some as melanges, some as familiar rondos, some as themes with variations, &c. Then come the poets, and English words are provided for the “most favourite” airs; sometimes lively ballads for the serious strains, and mournful elegies for the brisk tunes,

no matter how: even sacred texts for public worship are profaned under opera staves, while the most impassioned and sublime emanations are *troddeu under foot* at the arbitrary dictate of Mons. Musard, of quadrille celebrity. Adaptation, transformation, is the order of the day.

“In nova fert animus mutatas *vertere* formas corpora.”

But enough! for fear the concoctor or vender of these *Medean* quadrilles think us to be in a passion; and all our fair friends, whose pretty ancles have so often profaned Mayer, and Mozart, and Winter, and Rossini, look upon the reviewer in Acker-*mann's* Magazine as being no better than a spiteful Goth, who rails at the manufacture, as at short whist, because he cannot enjoy the sport.

We shall say no more; such aberrations “à droite et à gauche,” and digressive “*queues de chat*,” are not proper, we are aware, in our Miscellany, and foreign to our functions, whose plain office it is to describe the nature and merits of musical publications. The “*Medean*” quadrilles, then, are, in the first place, infinitely more lively than we could have imagined, the author having, with allowable licence, occasionally seasoned his subjects by the intermixture of legitimate quadrillisms: hence the tunes are as “*parfaitement danseables*” as could be desired, and likely, without any recommendation on our part, to delight as many toes as the most sprightly of the Rossinian compounds of this class.

New Carabineer Quadrilles, composed by C. H. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Alexander Robertson, Princess-street, Edinburgh.)

While on the subject of quadrilles, we may as well allot a line to the

“*Carabineers*.” Of the fair author of them we shall have to say more in our vocal article; for which reason, and as compositorial qualifications are not to be judged by a quadrille standard, we dismiss the “*Carabineers*” with few words. They are imagined in a good dancing style, and although not entirely consisting of original matter, furnish evidence of good musical tact and taste. As an instance, among others, we may quote the finale in E minor, which, in a musical point of view, deserves especial notice.

VOCAL.

1. *Glees for three and four Voices, composed by J. Jolly.* Pr. 12s.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)
2. “*The bonny wee wife*,” the Words by Burns, composed by Mrs. Miles. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co. St. James's-street.)
3. “*May thy lot in life be happy*,” a Ballad, composed by T. H. Bailey, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)
4. “*The year that's awa'*,” a Ballad, composed by Sir J. Stevenson, Mus. Doc. Pr. 2s.—(Willis and Co.)
5. “*Deep in the dusky lawn*,” or “*Lira la*,” a Duet from the Opera of “*The Minstrel*,” the Music composed by J. Smith. Pr. 3s.—(Willis and Co.)
6. “*Stay, my charmer*,” a favourite Ballad, composed and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by C. H.—(Wood and Co. Waterloo-place, Edinburgh.)
7. “*While the breeze of morning*,” a favourite Ballad, the Music by C. H.—(Wood & Co.)
8. “*Of all the flowers, the fairest*,” a favourite Ballad, composed, and arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by C. H.—(Wood and Co.)

1. The volume of Mr. Jolly's glees is a work of some extent and consequence, and proves his skill as a harmonist, as well as his taste and feeling in melodic conception, and exhibits, we may safely add, a high degree of judgment and careful attention to every thing that could tend to render his labour worthy of the public patronage. His reward, in the

latter respect, may be inferred from the numerous subscribers whose names are prefixed to the book, among whom we find many in whose approbation Mr. J. has just reason to pride himself.

The work contains seven pieces; viz. five glees for four voices, treble, counter-tenor, tenor, and bass; one glee for three voices, and one canon. As the text of these is of very varied import, Mr. J. has had an opportunity of displaying inventive talents correspondingly diversified. The first glee, "Loud howls the wind," affords a fair and very favourable specimen of Mr. J.'s pathetic style; while the melody of the last, "Come, fill the goblet," possesses a sparkling Anacreontic expression. The canon is for three voices, counter-tenor and bass in unison, and tenor in the dominant; it exhibits the skill and artifice which are requisite in things of this sort, and which at one time constituted the primary qualifications of a master in composition.

2. Mrs. Miles's ballad, "The bonny wee wife," has met with sufficient success to render a second edition desirable. The music proceeds in an engaging vein of cheerful *naïveté*, the periods are in proper symmetric keeping, and there is a due degree of variety both as to melodic expression and harmonic progress. With regard to the *manner* of accompaniment, an occasional deviation from the constant beats of eight quavers in a bar would have been advantageous; but in this respect Mrs. M. has in her favour the practice of a very popular composer to one of our winter theatres, with whom the like system of accompaniment is a great favourite.

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3. Both the text and the melody of the ballad under this number are by Mr. Bailey, whose name as a lyric poet no doubt is familiar to our readers. The accompaniment has been added by Mr. Horn. This song has made its way, no doubt, from the unaffected good musical feeling which it breathes, from its regularity in point of construction, and from the small demands which it makes, not only on the extent of compass, but on vocal skill. With all its facility, however, the melody requires feeling and sympathy in the singer, just such as we might expect from the late Miss M. Tree, whose performance of this ballad must have greatly contributed to its success.

4. Sir John Stevenson's song on the "Year that's awa'" is very much in the common style of ballad-compositions; respectable and proper, no doubt, but without any marked feature to create strong emotion or excite particular attention. The modulation through the chord of the second and fourth, in the very first bar of the symphony, is rather premature. The key should be strongly impressed on the ear before we enter upon modulatory digression.

5. Mr. Smith's "Deep in the dusky lawn" is a sprightly, melodious, and altogether pleasing duet, well calculated, from its construction, to ensure applause to singers of even limited proficiency. The accompaniment is active and diversified; but the circumstance of its dwelling generally in upper notes, above the highest of the two voices, is disadvantageous, however common such a practice may be. To our ears such accompaniments, if pursued to any length, sound somewhat trifling; an effect which generally attends notes in the

higher scales. But in regard to accompaniments, their inexpediency when totally thrown *above* the voice, seems to be owing not only to the circumstance of the acute sounds creating a predominant impression over the graver notes of the voice, but also to the fact of the harmony being changed, in position at least, by such a proceeding. Suppose the voice has E, and the accompaniment C *below* it; this will be the harmony of a *third*. But if we allot to the same E the c *above* it, we have a *sixth*. This illustration is of the most simple kind; there are numerous other cases in which the difference is of much greater consequence.

6. 7. 8. The author of these songs we find to be a young lady of Edinburgh, whose probable motive for concealing her name is creditable to her modesty; but such a reserve, with such qualifications, is perfectly unnecessary. Scrupulous as we always are in scrutinizing the value of first essays, especially from a young pen, we can safely aver that, making allowance for some inconsiderable reminiscences, we do not, in all our critical experience, recollect to have met with tokens of greater promise in every respect; whether in regard to melody, harmony, or rhythmical regularity; and we will add, that, for a young composer, the imperfections are so few and inconsiderable, that it is scarcely worth while to say any thing about them. The foregoing expression of our opinion we give the more pointedly and readily, as in another notice of these songs, which accidentally met our eye, sufficient justice has not, we think, been done to their merits. But leaving general declarations, we proceed to the songs themselves.

The first of the three, "Stay, my charmer," we own is a favourite. The melody, before we had seen the addition of a Spanish text at the end, had struck us as strongly partaking of the Spanish vocal style. Be this as it may, it breathes throughout placid sweetness, and the division into periods, as well as the musical metre and expression assigned to the text, are excellent. Nothing can run smoother than the whole of the first strain in A major, and the transient modulation through C \sharp , 7; F \sharp 3; D \sharp , 5, 6; E, 3 at "Well you know," is quite in its place, and highly effective. The second strain, setting out in A minor, affords another specimen of Miss C.'s cultivated taste, and no mean proof of harmonic talents is given in the fourth line; the modulation from "By the faith" is ably conducted, the *minor* ninth in the voice at "plighted" is well put in, and the subsequent march of the harmony, again through C \sharp , F \sharp , &c., is bold and interesting; nor can we omit noticing the very impressive, and yet delicate, manner in which the words, "Do not, do not leave me so," are portrayed. Indeed the text, whoever may have furnished it, and whatever be its absolute poetic value, is truly lyric. Its simplicity, rhythmic and metric propriety, eminently fitted it for composition. The symphonics also are in good style. If the music of this ballad is entirely of Miss C.'s devising—for the title is perhaps a little ambiguous—she has reason to be thankful for the talents with which nature has favoured her. It would be difficult, and indeed not desirable, to attempt more in five short lines of melody.

Of the second song, "While the breeze of the morning," we are equal-

ly justified in speaking with very high commendation; but our space does not admit a detailed analysis. The expediency, judiciously felt, of splitting the long lines of the poetry into two musical phrases, has obviously caused some *gêne* here and there. Such long-winded lines are mostly unsuitable for music, and the text altogether says a great deal more than music is willing to express. The ideas are too many, often too fine and too complex. Simplicity, simplicity, is the primary demand in lyric poetry, which, if it lacks that requisite, had better be *read* than *sung*. The same rule holds good in melody and harmony; and, in this latter respect, we are inclined to think the present song is liable to a remark. The first four lines proceed quite to our mind; the key is C, and the deviations from it are natural and in near alliance; but, in the remainder of the song, the various modulations, good in themselves and well managed, keep the key out of sight—out of mind we should perhaps rather say—until the very conclusion, when it is brought in, cleverly enough, but certainly too late; or at least we have too little of it. We would also observe, that, in songs intended for general circulation, care should be taken not to urge the voice beyond the ordinary compass. The melody in the present ballad is rather high in several instances; and the A in l. 3, p. 2, will require an effort out of the reach of many vocalists.

No. 8. "Of all the flow'rs the fairest," is a song of very pleasing and ingenuous melody. The *motivo* is well spread over the whole composition, and, together with subsequent thoughts, seasonably and tastefully amplified, so as to afford scope for a

certain degree of vocal proficiency. The modulations in lines 3 and 4, p. 3, claim favourable notice; and the piece altogether, although more simple in harmonic construction than those we have previously commented upon, is distinguished by tasteful neatness and great regularity of rhythmical plan and keeping.

HARP, &c.

Air and Polonaise for the Harp,
composed by F. C. Meyer. Pr. 3s.
—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)

The air in F possesses a smooth melodious cantilena, merges in the relative minor, is followed by a short recitative, and closes with a variation carrying the melody in the bass. The Polonaise is very graceful, and spirited at the same time, and has given rise to various digressions, including new ideas of much interest, conceived in the best style, both generally speaking, and with reference to the character of the instrument. Although this composition cannot absolutely be termed difficult, its value will only be fully understood under the hands of a player of a certain degree of experience.

Six French Romances, with an Accompaniment for the Spanish Guitar, arranged by A. Bertioli.
Pr. 3s.—(Chappell, New Bond-street.)

The airs in this book are more or less familiar to most lovers of French songs; the selection is good, and they are suited to moderate vocal abilities and to a limited range of voice. The accompaniments are set with propriety and with an attention to executive facility, so that a guitarist of no great advancement in his art may play them with satisfaction.

Boieldieu's "*La Dame Blanche*,"
set with *Embellishments for the*

Flute, by Charles Saust. Pr. 3s. 6d.
— (Cocks and Co.)

As Mr. Saust is truly indefatigable in making pretty little books of all the pretty novelties of the day, no wonder that “*La Dame Blanche*,” the wonder of the day in France, should have become the object of his industrious attention. The music is pretty, certainly; and we can easily account for the favourable impression it caused in France, where musical food must not be of German solidity, and where fashion bears such paramount sway in all things. In an extract for the flute, but a very small portion of the features of an opera

can be conveyed: perhaps more, however, of a French musical drama, than of those of German and Italian origin, clearness of melody being particularly aimed at by French composers. Mr. Saust’s *White Lady*, therefore, although not in full costume, presents in her plain *negligé* sufficient features to be recognised, and to interest the lips of the amateur on the flute; especially as Mr. S. has had the judgment and delicacy to add a little lace and “garniture,” where the singleness of garment might have proved too light and defective.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

MORNING DRESS.

DRESS of pale green *ducape*; the *corsage* full, and ornamented round the bust with three rows of deep vandykes of the same material as the dress, headed by a satin rouleau of the same colour; *gigot* sleeve of jaconot muslin, with four bands of green *ducape* equidistant round the lower part of the arm, and confined at the wrist by a gold clasp. The skirt has three deep flounces composed of triangular pieces of *ducape*, with a plait in each: as they extend partly one over the other, they form a very neat and pretty trimming; each row is headed by an indented imbricated satin rouleau. Tucker of tulle, drawn at the top. Cap of tulle; border of scolloped blond lace arranged in the form of two crescents, crossing in front, and continued extremely full in zig-zags on the sides. A garland of leaves is placed above, surrounding the crown, which is

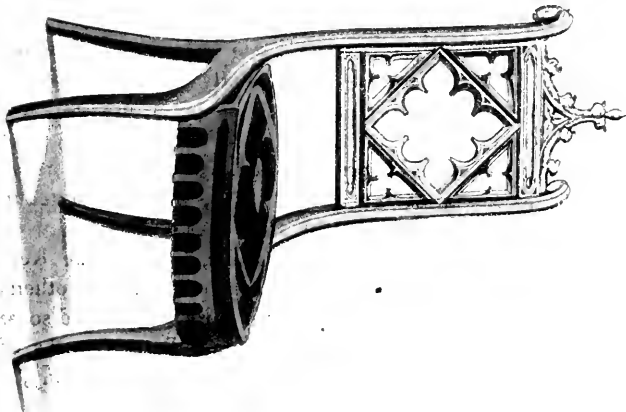
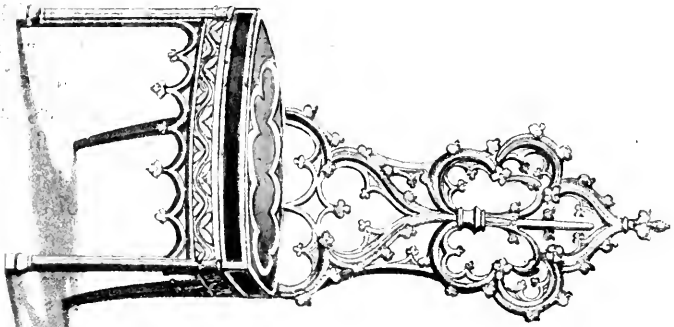
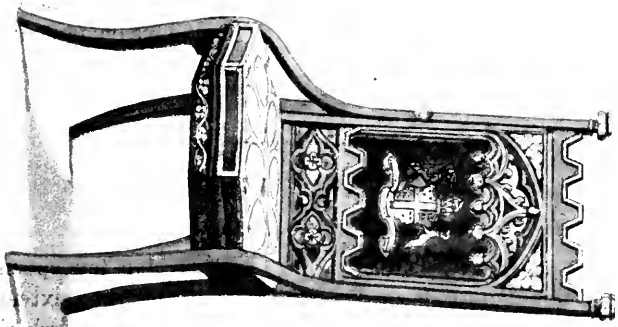
full, and ornamented with scolloped blond lace. Ear-rings and necklace of embossed gold; yellow gloves and shoes.

EVENING DRESS.

Crimson velvet dress; the *corsage* made plain and rather high, being half a finger’s length on the shoulder; seven folded bands of velvet are placed perpendicularly, and form a stomacher reaching below the waist, the centre band forming the point, the others gradually shortening, and the outer band on each side extending over the shoulders and ornamenting the back. The sleeves are short and slashed, admitting very full puffings of white satin; broad velvet band round the arm. The border of the skirt is composed of two rows, of a Gothic pattern, of white *crêpe lisse*, very full, and edged with a corded satin. Crimson satin sash beneath the stomacher, and tied behind in







short bows with long ends. The hair is in large curls, and the head-dress composed of blond, arranged *en serpentant*, and artificial flowers. The necklace of gold, with pendant ornaments of different-coloured

stones; bracelets and ear-rings *en suite*; Cashmere shawl, white kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

The above elegant costume is from Miss Bayley.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

GOTHIC CHAIRS.

THERE is no piece of furniture which is in more constant use than a chair: comfort ought therefore to be the principal consideration, at the same time blending so much elegance in its design as to render it a pleasing object in an apartment. The decoration of a chair ought undoubtedly to correspond with that of the situation in which it is placed: hence, those for a hall, dining-parlour, or drawing-room, should possess a totally different character: the first, that of simplicity; the second, a certain solidity, ornamented with appropriate decorations; and the third should combine elegance with lightness. The Gothic style will fully admit of these variations, and in the annexed plate a design for each has been given.

THERE are but few specimens of the furniture of the sixteenth century remaining; those which once belonged to Cardinal Wolsey and a few others, now in the possession of his Majesty, are the only ones known to be extant; and even these are far from being pure in their details. They are executed in ebony, with ivory occasionally introduced in the heads of the figures, animals, &c. They are totally unfit for imitation, being clumsy in their design and very heavy. The use of chairs was hardly known to our ancestors, stools and benches being generally substituted in their place: so that in designing them for modern use, we must greatly deviate from their original character.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

MR. WILLIAM CAREY has nearly ready for publication, *Some Memoirs of the Progress and Patronage of the Fine Arts in England and Ireland*, in the reigns of George II. George III. and his present Majesty; with anecdotes of Lord de Tabley and other Patrons of the British School, including critical remarks on the style of many eminent artists.

The first part of a series of one hundred and ten engravings in line, from drawings by Baron Taylor, of *Views in Spain, Portugal, and on the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan*, will ap-

pear in December, and be continued regularly every two months. Besides a letter-press description to accompany each plate, the Tour, in the order of the author's journey, commencing at the Pyrenees, will be inserted in the last two numbers. The engravings are by G. Cooke, Goodall, Le Keux, John Pyc, Robert Wallis, and others. The size of the work is arranged so as to class with Captain Batty's works of "Scenery in Hanover and Saxony," and on the "Rhine."

The second part of Captain Batty's

Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery will be ready in January next; and arrangements have been made to secure the punctual appearance of the subsequent parts every two months till completed.

A second edition of Mr. Johnson's *Sketches of Indian Field-Sports* is preparing for the press, with very considerable additions, containing a description of hunting the wild boar, as followed by Europeans and native Indians.

Early in December will be published, *A Letter on the Medical Employment of White Mustard-Seed*.

Mr. J. Isreel is preparing *Ezekiel's Temple*, being an attempt to delineate the structure of the holy edifice; its courts, gates, &c. &c. as described in the last nine chapters of the book of Ezekiel, illustrated with plates.

The author of "The English in Italy," who still resides abroad, has transmitted for the press, a new work, entitled *Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life*.

The author of "Waverley" has made considerable progress with a new novel, by the title of *The Chronicles of the Canongate*.

The Wolfe of Badenoch, a novel, by the author of "Lochandhu," who is said to be a Scotch baronet, will soon appear at Edinburgh.

Almack's, a novel, which is announced as the production of a lady of high rank and fashion, is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. D'Israeli will shortly publish, *The Private Life of Charles I.* the design of which is to develop the genius, character, and principles of the times, and to form a supplement to the popular histories of Tories and Whigs, Republicans and Cromwellians.

The Rev. Henry Thompson, assistant minister of St. George's, Camberwell, is preparing for publication, a volume of *Practical Sermons on the Life and Character of David, King of Israel*.

Mr. Faraday has in the press an 8vo. volume, to be entitled *Chemical Manipulations*, containing instructions to stu-

dents in chemistry, relative to the methods of performing experiments with accuracy and success. It will be illustrated with numerous wood-engravings.

On the 1st of December will appear, the first part of a new monthly work, illustrative of *London and its Vicinity*, to the extent of about twenty miles. This work is intended to embrace every interesting feature of the metropolis and its surrounding towns and villages, in a series of plates, to be engraved by Mr. George Cooke, from entirely new drawings by artists of the highest talent. Each part will contain four plates, printed on imperial 8vo. and 4to.

On the 1st of January, 1827, will appear, *Sams' Annual Peerage of the British Empire*, in 2 vols. 12mo.

The fifth volume of *Britton's Architectural Antiquities*, just completed, forms a separate and complete work in itself, being a chronological illustration, &c. of Christian architecture in England. It contains a copious history and description of this class of architecture, with eighty-six engravings.

The Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London has advanced to the 17th number, which contains seven engravings and accompanying letter-press.

The second part of Mr. Baker's valuable *History of Northamptonshire* is ready for delivery.

The Chronicles of London Bridge, which have been so long in preparation, are now announced to be published in the course of next month. This work will comprise a complete history of that ancient edifice, from its earliest mention in the English annals down to the commencement of the new structure in 1825; of the laying the first stone of which, the only circumstantial and accurate account will be subjoined; and its illustrations will consist of fifty-five highly finished engravings on wood, by the first artists.

M. la Beaume has in readiness, a work on *Galvanism*, with observations on its chemical properties and medical efficacy in chronic diseases, with practical

illustrations; also remarks on some auxiliary remedies, with plates,

Infant Melodies, or First Songs for Children, by Eliz. Est. Hamond, are just ready for publication. It is intended by the author of this little work to render the studies of music and poetry interesting to children, from their earliest attempts at reading and playing, by combining them in the form of songs; and the great delight which it has afforded to children of three and four years old, encourages the author to hope that it may answer the purpose for which it is intended, by opening new sources of pleasure and instruction to the infant mind, and by impressing early and strongly on their young and innocent hearts the love of virtue and good feeling. The author proposes, if the work should be approved, to continue it progressively, in numbers, adapted to every age of childhood.

TAX ON LITERATURE.

Among the serious inconveniences, indeed losses, which the public sustain from the present oppressive and injudicious enactment, requiring the presentation of eleven copies of all published books to certain public and private libraries, we have to notice two works, which consist only of engravings, without any letter-press, and which are thus published to evade this literary tax. One, *Illustrations of the Pavilion at Brighton*, is an expensive production of several prints, beautifully drawn, engraved, and coloured, but without a line of historical or descriptive information to accompany them. Thus the stranger and foreigner, when viewing these prints, may fancy them the chimeras of the architect's and painter's fancy; he cannot believe them to be representations of a building in England--the country palace of its monarch--an edifice adapted for the accommodation of a king and his court. Should he be told that this is the fact--that it has been crowded with princes, lords, and ladies--that it has cost many thousand pounds of the public money, and is now deserted, he will be

more than commonly inquisitive to learn something of its history; when, and by whom, it was designed, built, and fitted up; what artists had been employed to adorn its walls; why, and for what purpose or reason, it was made to emulate a Chinese pagoda, a Turkish seraglio, a Moorish mosque, &c. &c. On these, and on all other points, he is left to ruminate, and probably draw erroneous conclusions, for no information is afforded. On inquiry, we are credibly informed that the *King's Architect*, who has published these prints, has purposely avoided giving any letter-press, to save himself from the severe tax of eleven copies of a twenty-guinea volume.

The other publication we allude to is, Robson's *Picturesque Views of all the English Cities*, one number of which has made its appearance, and from which specimen we anticipate a very interesting and beautiful series of engravings. In the accompanying prospectus, the editor, who has been a staunch and zealous defender of the rights of literature, says, "The reader will see that it is not proposed to give letter-press with these plates, but historical and descriptive accounts of all the cities, treated and illustrated in a novel style, will be published. This, however, will form a separate and distinct work, in order to obviate the very unjust, oppressive, and vexatious tax of giving eleven copies of an expensive series of illustrations to public and wealthy institutions, which ought to encourage art as well as literature, and not extort their productions from the meritorious and often ill-requited artists and authors."

GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON.

In a former volume of our *Miscellany* we mentioned the foundation of this establishment for the administration of Dr. Struve's artificial mineral waters, possessing the properties of the most celebrated of the German Spas. The Pump-Room closed on the 11th of November, having had during the season 333 subscribers, among whom were many of

distinguished rank and consequence. With this number, though not large, the proprietors profess themselves to be satisfied; and indeed, considering the various obstacles to the rapid progress of this enterprise—such as physicians being little acquainted with the effects of the German mineral waters, and the common practitioner being injured by the recommendation of them—greater success could

scarcely be expected. Nothing but practical observation of the good effects of these waters can confirm the reputation of the establishment and remove the existing prejudices, which are indeed giving way to the light of experience; for we understand that Dr. King of Brighton has, after a scientific examination of the merits of this system, written a work highly recommendatory of the waters.

Poetry.

COWSLIPS.

(From "The Heart, and other Poems," by PERCY ROLLE.)

FAVOURITES of my early hours,
Still I love your golden flowers!
Not the way-side primrose pale,
Shivering in the wintry gale;
Not the daisy; no, nor yet
The sweet-scented violet,
Though I love them each, can be
Ever half so dear to me.

Tales of olden time, ye tell
Of the sweet-toned Sabbath bell,
Heard, as through the mead we trod
To the distant house of God;
Of the brook in verdure lost;
Of the rustic bridge we crost;
Golden pathway—golden hours,
Then my very thoughts were flowers!

I remember when the day
Morning's dew had dried away,
I, one of an infant band,
With an eager eye and hand,
Sought and plucked your clustered bells
In the shady woods and dells,
Nor forgot that should be mine
Fragrant tea and future wine.

Days of infancy, alas!
Why do ye so quickly pass?
What would I relinquish now
For that sunny eye and brow—
For that meek and unwarped will—
For that ignorance of ill,
Which were mine at five years old,
Ere life's dark page was unrolled!

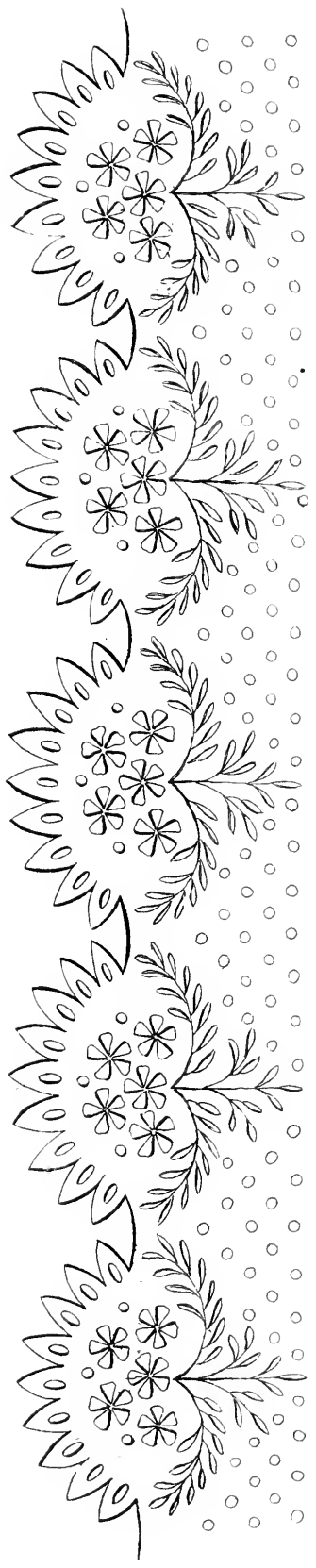
Since I follow weightier things,
Vanished are my spirit's wings;
Cloudless is my heart no more,
But with care all shadow'd o'er;

Never may it know again
The pure joy that warmed it then,
When its highest hopes were crowned—
Hopes, a cowslip-field could bound!

THE OCEAN.

(From "The Exile," a Poem, by ROBERT HALDANE RATTRAY, Esq.)

Ocean! thou world of wonders! who shall dare
Th' attempt to tell thy glories; or declare
The terrors of thy frown, when storms o'er-
cast
Thy sleeping strength and rouse thee?—Oh!
thou vast,
Thou awful, mighty one! whose arms embrace
The earth within their clasp, as deeming space
Thine own—thy right, alone, to occupy
Its wide extremes with thine immensity!
If, as 'tis said, within thy rocky cells,
Beyond the ken of man, a Spirit dwells—
Far, far away—beneath th' Atlantic's zone—
To whom the secrets of thy depths are known;
Oh! bid that Spirit rise! and here attend,
Reveal thy hidden wonders, and befriend
The daring hand now trembling on the string;
And aid the stifled voice, that pants to sing
Of thee—as there invisible thou art—
A world within a world—thy waters fraught
With life and monstrous animation—where
Leviathans and mighty creatures steer,
With frightful speed, their bulk to middle
earth,
And thence pursue (rolling in hideous mirth
Their giant forms, while o'er them kingdoms
quake,
And heaving navies to the tumult shake,)
Their unchecked course to those far distant
seas
Whose race before were their antipodes!
And I would know, through that dear cavity,
What strange and unimagined objects lie,



MUSLIN PATTERNS.

Buried for ever—in eternal night—
Unless, perchance, yielding themselves that
light

Denied by heaven, and forming there a day
Bright as above our sunny skies display.
And, turning thence, I'd view the mournful
bed

Where silently repose the victim-dead—
Unearth'd as, wearied in their worldly race,
They sought beneath thy waves a resting-
place.

Ah! what wild thoughts arise! what fearful
dreams

Rush on the brain!—Perhaps—oh, no!—it
seems

As impious thus to think those eyes' soft ray
Would tune e'en monsters from the spoil
away!

O Heaven! and did I bid thee, Spirit, come
To tell of this? Hence! fly! and let the gloom
Of ignorance live—and mercifully hide
The scene of horror shrouded in thy tide.

FIFTEEN.

Occasioned by seeing the Portrait of a beautiful Girl of that Age.

'Tis sweet to mark the Spring's first smile,
Which brightens Nature's bower;
'Tis sweet to see the infant bud
Expanding in a flower.

And, oh! in life's more varied stage,
No lovelier period's seen,
Than that, when time has brought to bloom
The year of sweet fifteen.

Then all is bright—and childhood's tears
Are dried by Summer's sun;
Then, oh! how beauteous seems the path
Existence has to run!

Hope smileth then, and all that's gay
Appears to our pursuit;
We gather blossoms, nor can tell
How bitter is the fruit.

Life then doth seem a thornless path,
An ever-varying scene;
The loveliest flow'rs in woman's wreath
Bloom in the year fifteen.

Love, too, is seen (at distance tho')
With bright and dazzling wing;
But in experienc'd, why, we think
His roses have no sting!

At such an age we cannot tell
How *false-named* friends deceive;

The world looks lovely, and its tale
Of flattery we believe.

It is in later life we find
That world is false and fair;
That love and friendship can deceive,
And hope become despair.

The heart no longer boasts the calm
It knew in earlier years;
The sun which rose at morn in smiles,
Ere noontide sets in tears.

'Tis wisely order'd flowers should deck
Life's unpolluted scene;
And still may brightest roses grace
The age of sweet fifteen!

And if in earlier life we give
The heart to wise pursuits,
We then shall find the blossom fair
Can yield us healing fruits.

The tree we plant in life's young morn
In after years may bloom;
And flowers by Virtue wreath'd may shed
A fragrance on the tomb.

D. L. J.

ADDRESS TO THE KNIGHTS-HOSPITAL- LERS OF ST. JOHN.

From the German of SCHILLER.

Splendid and dread, ye Knights, your armour
shines,

The armour of the Cross! in serried lines,
Ye lions of the fight, your shields extend,
Beleagu'rd Rhodes and Acre to defend.
Majestic are ye, when through burning sands
Of Syrian deserts leading pilgrim-bands;
Or like the cherubim your swords you wave,
A glorious phalanx, round the Saviour's
grave.

But yet more glorious, more decorous far,
Ye seem divested of the signs of war.
Clothed as meek servitors in simple garb,
Your charitable hands extract the barb
From mental or corporeal wounds—'tis then
That, minist'ring as men to fellow men,
Ye are most graceful; when the patient ear
Inclines attentive o'er the sufferer's bier;
When, nobly, royally-descended Knights,
Ye deign perform such humble lowly rites,
Thus, Soldiers of the Faith, do ye fulfil
In every point your Leader's holy will.
Religion of the Cross! 'tis only thine
Humility and valour to combine:
By saintly meekness won, and pure renown,
The palm-branch only weaves th' immortal
crown!

VAERIA.

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