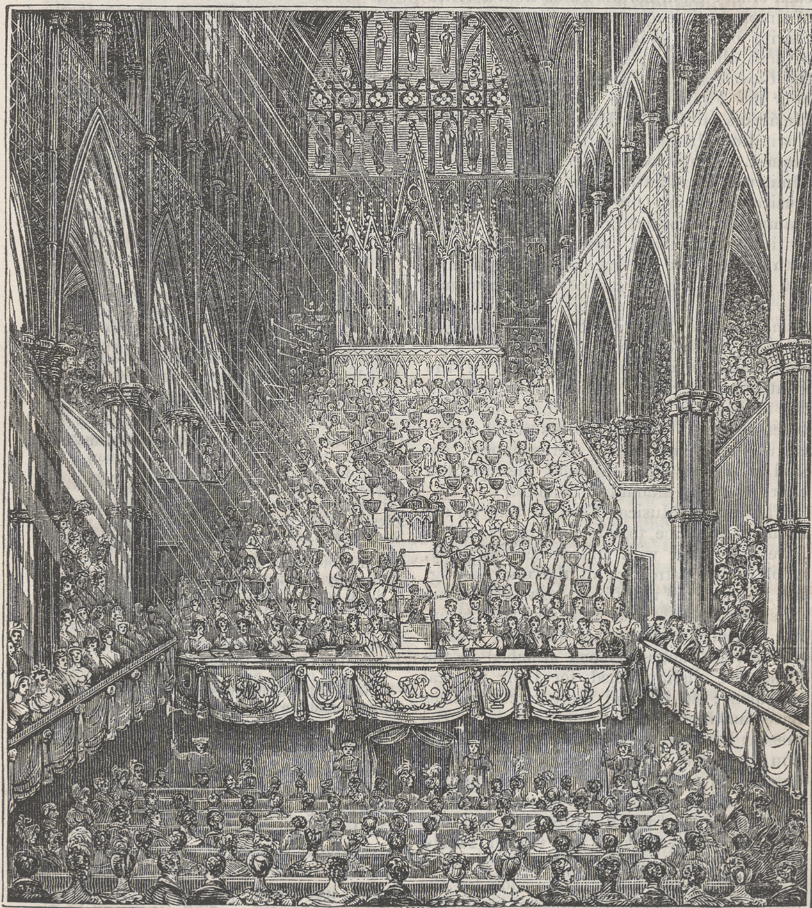
The Mirror
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 670.] SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1834. [PRICE 2*d*.



THE ROYAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

IT is now fifty years since the genius of HANDEL was first *commemorated* by the performance of his noblest works within these hallowed walls. The sacred place even aided the impressiveness of such a ceremony; although the music of Handel is of a more devotional character than that of any other composer. But there were other circumstances to render the place and purpose unique. Handel was the first who introduced the oratorio—the most sublime species of sacred music—into England; and the veneration in which it is held to the present day is honourable to English taste, and in accordance with the best features of the English character. Enshrined in the Abbey lie the crumbled remains of this illustrious composer: what place could be then more fitting for the celebration of those works which have crowned his memory with the immortality of genius.

Over and above this intellectual gratification, the cause to be benefited, in a more sterling sense, was that of charity, which cometh home to every bosom; for,

——all mankind's concern is charity.

The purposes were worthy of association with each other: or, to borrow words from a writer of simple truth, each purpose, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminated the other without obscuring itself.* The proceeds of the *Commemoration* were principally devoted to "the Fund for the support of Decayed Musicians and their Families;" to which Institution Handel himself left a munificent bequest. King George III., an enthusiastic admirer of Handel's music, and himself a musical amateur, (for we have seen the programme of a concert in his Majesty's handwriting,) patronized the *Commemoration* with his august presence and a donation of 500 guineas. The success of the performance was so great, that similar Festivals were performed in Westminster Abbey in the following year, 1785, and in 1786-7. Concerts for charitable purposes were performed in the Pantheon in 1788-9; and festivals again in the Abbey in 1790-1; so that, for eight successive years London had its grand Musical Festival; and these performances are said to have benefited different metropolitan charities to the amount of 50,000*l*.†

The Royal Musical Festival that we are about to describe to our readers, is said to have originated with his present Majesty, who, in his patronage of the undertaking, has followed the munificent example of his excellent father. Her Majesty, the Queen, has likewise considerable taste in music; and certain noble persons attached to the Court are distinguished for their musical judgment; so that, all these circumstances have contributed to the completeness of the present Festival, and gained for it the sanction of royalty. Liberal subscriptions were entered into to promote the undertaking, which was designed in its pecuniary results for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians, the New Musical and Choral Funds, and the Royal Academy of Music; all institutions intended either to provide for the destitute members of the musical profession and their families, or to raise its character and contribute to its perfection as a science.

At the *Commemoration* in 1784, the present King was in the flower of early manhood, which circumstance, in connexion with his Majesty's patronage of the present Festival, is of too interesting a nature to be passed over unnoticed. This lapse of fifty eventful years would afford pages of reflection; but, instead of any lucubrations of our own, we quote a few of touching sweetness and impressive brevity, from the pen of the Rev. W. L. Bowles, who was one of the audience in 1784, and journeyed from his delightful Bremhill to be present at the recent Festival. We have not yet numbered years enough to enjoy such a retrospect—the meditation of half a century—but that its pleasures must be great indeed will be conceded to the reverend writer of the following tribute:—

LINES WRITTEN AFTER HEARING THE CHORAL MUSIC AND CORONATION ANTHEM IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, JUNE 24, 1834.*

It is full fifty years since I heard last,
Handel, thy solemn and divinest strain
Roll through the long nave of this pillar'd fane,
Now seeming as if scarce a year had pass'd:—
And there He sat, who then wore England's crown,
The pious Father—for the soul of Prynne†
Had not reviv'd, to judge these scenes a sin—
He who has long to silent dust gone down,
A man of sorrows, though a King.
And there,
In graceful youth, stood the same Kingdom's Heir,
He also to the dust gone down—and now
The diadem shines on his living brow,
Who then was part of that fair progeny,
On which a mother gaz'd, and with a sigh,
Bless'd as she gaz'd, as some sad melody
Stole to her heart, and fill'd her eyes with tears.

When I look back on the departed years,
And many silent summers pass'd away,
Since youth, beneath the jocund morning sun,
Panted, with ardent hope, his race to run,—
Ah! not unmindful that I now am grey,
And my race almost run,—in this same fane,
I hear those hallelujahs peal again,
Peal and expire, and while upon my ear,
The mighty voice swells, jubilant and clear,
I muse amid the holy harmony,
On thoughts of other worlds, and songs which never die.

W. L. BOWLES.

We shall now describe the principal details of the Festival; commencing with the appearance of that part of the Abbey in which the performances took place; next adverting to certain points of comparison of the Commemoration of 1784 with the Festival; and then proceeding to the most important features of the respective days' performances. To do this, will occupy another sheet, besides a further portion of the present. This extra sheet, or *Supplement*, is now publishing, with a well executed Engraving of the *Royal Box*. The sketches for this Engraving, and that of the *Orchestra*, which accompanies the present sheet, have been made by our artist, with his usual attention to the accessories of the scene; and we take this opportunity of publicly acknowledg-

* Sir Thomas Browne.

† The parent of all these was the *Commemoration* in 1784: but, one of the earliest Musical Festivals in England was that of Birmingham, for the benefit of the General Hospital in that town, in 1778; since which time the Festival has been repeated triennially. These performances have, however, taken place in the theatre; but, a magnificent Hall has just been completed at Birmingham, in which a Festival will be celebrated in the ensuing autumn. Festivals on a similar plan to that of Birmingham are now held at Chester, Derby, Liverpool, York, Norwich, and Manchester.

* Communicated to the *Times*.

† Prynne, the Puritan, who wrote folios against profane anthems and cathedral music.

ing, as we have already privately done, the facilities obligingly furnished to the artist, by the Honorary Secretary to the Committee for conducting the affairs of the Festival.

FITTINGS OF THE ABBEY.

The space appropriated in Westminster Abbey for the performances was the nave, or that between the western door of the cathedral, and the entrance to the choir; the same in which the Commemoration took place in 1784. At a general glance, it may be observed that the area of the nave was occupied by seats raised upon, not the stone pavement of the Abbey, but an artificial floor of strong timber. At each side were spacious galleries, while one end was occupied by a gorgeous oratory, (if the Royal Box may be so denominated,) and at the other end, a vast orchestra climbed high towards the roof.

To speak more in detail, the seats in the area ranged closely and transversely from side to side. In the aisles, the seats were placed in lines from east to west, and rose gradually one above another, as in the gallery of a theatre. At the back of these seats, a white drapery, looped and ornamented with gilt lyres, extended all round, close to the walls of the Abbey.

"About halfway up the great *roof tree* clustered pillars, and in front of them a light gallery was carried along, hung with crimson cloth drapery, gracefully festooned, and richly fringed. Behind it, and within the space of the aisles, a still greater gallery was constructed, with seats rising abruptly and conveniently one over the other, until they reached more than halfway up the great side windows of the Abbey; so that the heads of persons occupying them were on a level with the capitals of the pillars, from whence spring the Saxon arches, which support the aisle roof. This gallery corresponded in appearance with the seats on the floor beneath it."*

The whole of the seats and their appendages were covered with crimson cloth, with bright yellow borders, and fringes, where used at all, of the same colour; but the latter sparingly.

Turning towards the east end of the nave, might be seen the *Royal Box*, or place of reception for their Majesties. This was erected with the back to the back of the organ, used for the ordinary cathedral service, and with a smaller box on each side of it. It was elevated about six feet from the pavement upon a kind of low gallery, or dais, handsomely draped and carpeted. This contained rows of seats for the accommodation of the noble patrons, presidents, and directors of the Festival. Immediately above the Royal Box was a gallery capable of containing 100 persons.

The Royal Box consisted of an apartment of pentagonal form, three of its sides projecting beyond the line of two lesser square apartments, one on each side of it, which altogether filled up the space between pillar and pillar. A kind of balcony was carried along them in front, and separated them from the dais of the Directors: this was ornamented with a rich festooning of crimson satin. The royal arms were raised in gold upon the centre projecting balcony: on the sides were the rose and the portcullis. The canopy was fronted with pointed (or Gothic) screenwork, exquisitely carved and gilt, and shooting into pinnacles and enriched finials. In the centre was a figure of St. George and the Dragon; and on the cornice, as it were, of the lesser apartments, were raised in circles, and on an azure ground, the stars of the Bath, the Garter, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew, and that of the Ionian islands. The upholstery of these apartments was in rich taste: the outer draperies were of crimson satin, and the linings of purple and scarlet; the seats and cushions were in purple velvet and gold; the floor was superbly carpeted, and light was admitted through the ceiling, or top, which was a transparency of the Royal arms.

In the opposite direction rose the *Orchestra*, as in 1784, under the painted west window, from a gallery crossing the entire nave, and somewhat lower than the side galleries. In the front of this gallery was a row of seats for the principal singers, behind whom was ranged a semi-chorus of forty. In the centre, next them, was placed a grand pianoforte, at which sat or stood the conductor, Sir George Smart: on the same line were ranged the double-basses. Line after line then ascended—the violoncellos in double file, keeping next the wall on each side—the violins inclining towards the centre. The chief flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, kept this company, while higher and higher still, rose other lines of instruments, until the eye arrived at a large organ of pointwork (or Gothic) front, and built for the occasion by Mr. Gray: "the organ keys were brought down to about the centre of the orchestra, and by an ingenious contrivance, the organist fronted the conductor instead of the organ."† In the narrow spaces between the organ and the wall were the cymbal-men and drummers; and, at the top of all, "stood the master of the mightiest

* *Morning Herald.* These details of the fittings are abridged from the *Herald* and *Times* newspapers, which are allowed to have furnished the best reports of this description. As they have been compared and incorporated in making our abstract, we hope this general acknowledgment of our sources may suffice, except in case of entire and continued quotation, as above.

† Spectator.

drum." Handsomely gilt music stands were placed before each couple of musicians, and relieved the dull and dusky appearance of the orchestra. The chief vocalists, as we have mentioned, were ranged in front of the orchestra gallery: the great body of the choristers were in a different position. At this end of the nave, the aisles at each side bend into it at their termination, so as to form an angular *cul-de-sac;* and in the spacious recesses so formed were closely stowed the choristers: the sopranos and altos on the left, and the tenors and basses on the right, as you faced the orchestra. This position of the chorus was a faulty arrangement: for, as observed by the *Spectator,* a journal respected for the excellence of its musical criticism, "in the Abbey, the long rows of massy pillars formed a screen which shut out the view of the chorus from the majority of the auditors. In a great part of the reserved seats, not a chorus-singer could be seen: while those of the company who were seated in the north galleries heard an immense preponderance of tenor and bass, a similar overweight of treble and counter being the exclusive share of those who occupied the south galleries. The immense difference in height between the centre and side aisles, gave a different degree of reverberation to the voices and the instruments, as if they were in two different rooms. The power of the latter had ample space to expand in the lofty roof of the centre aisle, but that of the former was confined within very narrow limits. Hence, there was scarcely a place in the Abbey in which the true proportions of the band could be heard. The auditor might take his choice between voices and instruments, and in the latter, he might select either trebles or basses; but, to realize the entire effect of the orchestra was impossible." "Without any reference to this inconvenience, however," as observed in the *Times,* "the *ensemble* had a most picturesque and striking effect."

The full accommodation in the audience part of the cathedral was prepared for 2,700 persons; of which 1,200 were reserved seats, the tickets for which were sold at two guineas each; the other tickets were sold at one guinea each. These were the prices on the days of *performance:* the admission to the *rehearsals* being half price.* The light was abundant everywhere in the Abbey, except in the lower galleries; and a refreshing coolness, which the state of the temperature without made peculiarly acceptable, was maintained in every part of the building.

[Continued in the SUPPLEMENT, published with the present Number, with a large Engraving of the ROYAL BOX.]

* It will be scarcely possible to ascertain the precise number of persons who attended the Festival, until the accounts be made up and published.

THE NAMELESS TOMB

UNKNOWN to all is he who sleeps
  Beneath this marble mound;
No gloomy cypress o'er him weeps,
  Or throws its shade around.
The walls of yonder village fane
  Their pale mementos bear;
But, oh! the eye may look in vain
  To trace his record there!

Could he attune the lofty lyre
  With fervour on its strings,
And feel the gush of heavenly fire
  Surround his spirit's wings;
Or could he muse with feelings mute,
  On Evening's deep repose,
When birds were warbling like a lute
  Upon the sunny rose;

Or did he hear the trumpet's sound
  Breathe tidings from afar,
When, 'mid the battle-clouds around,
  His crest shone like a star;
If triumph's wreath adorned his brow,
  And graced his early fame,
What tribute is the victor's now?
  A tomb without his name!

Was gorgeous spoil amass'd by him
  From desecrated fanes;
Or bound he in a dungeon dim
  His captive foes with chains;
Or, were the friendless by him driven
  With unrelenting pow'r?
All this will be reveal'd in heaven,
  And crown his future hour.

What boots it now! The cloudless sky
  Is lovely as of yore;
But Death has closed the slumberer's eye,
  On which the Morn shall beam no more!
The moral of his life is past,
  His attributes are lost in gloom,
And pensive Memory cannot cast
  Her tears upon his nameless tomb.—G. R. C.

EARLY ENGLISH SHIPPING.

By M. L. B.

IT is easy to conceive that the first description of water-carriages must have been floats, or rafts, to which, as it became apparent that their freight was exposed to wet, and washing away by heavy seas, succeeded canoes, made, like those of still barbarous nations, of large trees made hollow. Such, however, being found incapable of containing many men, or much merchandise, would necessarily give place to vessels constructed with greater art, compactly joined, and of some depth and capacity; yet, a lack of proper implements and materials for sawing and joining, &c. would restrict the builders of these vessels to forming them of substances simple and elastic, as osiers or twigs closely interwoven and covered firmly with skins to render them water-proof.* Such we find by the concurrent testimonies of Pliny, Cæsar, Lucan, Festus Avienus, Solinus, &c. were the boats commonly employed by the British, Irish, and Scotch, in the earliest periods of their history; whether they derived them from the

* A sort of wattled boat like this, is described by tourists as used to this day in many parts of Wales and Ireland, for the conveyance of light merchandise up the rivers, and called corragh, curragh, coracle, or corrack, carrack, &c.

Gauls, or (if this island was not originally peopled by colonies of that nation as credibly asserted,) whether the Britons, taught by necessity, invented these barks, is uncertain. Their keels and ribs were made of slender pieces of wood, their bodies woven with wattles, and tightly covered with skins; and they were so light as on occasions to be carried in carts for some miles. Ill adapted as were these boats for voyages of any length, it is certain that, by their means, Gaul, Ireland, Caledonia, and Britain, kept up a continual intercourse. But, there is also every reason to believe that the early inhabitants of our island possessed in common with the people of the neighbouring continent, and probably derived from them, vessels, larger in size, superior in form, and more durable in texture; in fact, men-of-war. Cæsar, who is on this point the best authority, not only asserts that the Gauls forced a settlement on the coasts of Britain, (which could not have been effected without a considerable number of armed men, too heavy a freight for wicker boats,) but that the Britons supplied Gaul with auxiliaries in their wars with the Romans. The Veneti, a people who resided on the coast of Armorica, now Brittany, the great friends and allies of our ancestors, were celebrated for their ships, and knowledge of maritime affairs; and Cæsar describes their vessels as exceedingly large, lofty, and strong, built entirely of thick oaken planks, and too solid to be injured by the beaks of the Roman ships. These people constantly received assistance in their naval engagements from the Britons, which could scarcely have been sought had the latter nothing better than wicker boats wherewithal to render it. In the famous engagement between the combined fleets of the Veneti and Britons, against the Romans, off the coast of Armorica, by which the naval power of Gaul and Britain was utterly ruined, the maritime force of the allies consisted of 220 of these large, strong ships, which were almost totally destroyed. It appears, however, from the only records we possess of these and similar efforts in naval tactics, that these vessels were not manned by more than three mariners and thirty men-at-arms each; that they were propelled both by sails and oars, which were used separately or together, the seamen singing as they rowed; that the furthest point southward to which they attained, was to the mouth of the Garonne, in Gaul; and that the extreme point northward, was to the north of Norway. It may be also observed, that in these barbarous ages, little difference existed, if any, in the ships employed by the Britons for war and commerce; that the sails of their vessels were probably made of skins, like those of the Veneti, and that thongs of leather were employed in them in place of ropes. Without chart and without compass, the Britons steered by the stars,—precarious guides at best, in our uncertain climate. Their vessels, it appears, were not well victualled, and during the passage from and to Britain and Ireland, their rule was, (if Solinus may be credited,) never to eat. But they had some idea of telegraphic communication, for when an ancient British fleet sailed under the command of one leader, the admiral's ship was known by his shield being hung aloft on a mast, and signals were made by striking the bosses of the shield; of these the usual number was seven, and each was distinguished by emitting a different though well-known sound.

After the conquest of Britain by the Romans, who rendered themselves as formidable by sea as by land, that highly-gifted people introduced, amongst the arts which they readily imparted to their new and uncivilized subjects, many and material improvements in ship-building and navigation. The Emperor Claudius, in particular, who subjugated the southern parts of the island, bestowed several privileges on those who built large ships for trade, viz.: ships, capable of carrying 10,000 Roman *modia*, or 312 English quarters of corn. It is impossible to ascertain with certainty the number and tonnage of British merchantmen under the Romans, but both must have been considerable, since London, in the reign of Nero, A. D. 91, had become a city of merchants and merchandise; and in A. D. 359, no fewer than 800 ships were employed by Britain solely in the exportation of corn. The Romans appear also to have introduced the distinction between trading vessels and men-of-war; and having by ships of the latter description secured the conquest of this island, they preserved it, by stationing a fleet of the same in its harbours and off its coasts, which also established them in the dominion of the British seas, and protected the trade of their subjects. The commander-in-chief of this fleet, (Selden, *Mare Clausum*,) was an officer of high rank, termed *Archigubernus classis Britannicæ*, or High Admiral of the British Fleet; and Seius Salturninus held this important office under the Emperors Adrian and Antoninus Pius. Towards the end of the third century, the Frank and Saxon pirates so infested our seas, that considerable reinforcements in the British fleet were deemed essential, in order to protect merchants from the assaults of those daring marauders. To Carausius, an officer of dauntless courage and unrivalled skill and experience in nautical affairs, was the command of the strengthened fleet entrusted; he used it as a mighty engine towards obtaining for himself the imperial purple; and actually succeeded, by its means, partially in his design, obliging Diocletian and Maximian to make peace, and share

with him the imperial dignity. Carausius was truly the sovereign of the seas—"the King of Ships," as he is poetically styled by Ossian, and the dread of the naval power of Rome;* so was also his successor, Alectus, against whom Constantius employed a fleet of 1,000 sail, and in the enterprise of regaining Britain from his hands, is thought to have succeeded rather by the happy accident of passing unobserved the British fleet in a dense fog, than by any superiority of skill, or force. But the praises lavished on Constantius for his victory, sufficiently prove the importance attached to the naval power of Britain at this very early period.

After the reunion of this island with the Roman Empire, the sallies of the Saxon pirates became so frequent and annoying, (extending even far into the bosom of the country,) that the Romans were induced not only to keep a powerful fleet in the British ports and seas, for cruising, but to build and garrison several forts on the coast, to oppose their landing; and fleets and forts were both commanded by an officer of high rank, styled Count of the Saxon shore in Britain. These were great and glorious times for England, but not long to endure; for when her generous conquerors, harassed by civil dissensions and dangers, were obliged to withdraw from her shores, with them went necessarily, from their own precarious circumstances, her bulwarks, her strength, and her natural defence —a powerful maritime force, maintaining the dominion of the surrounding seas, and at once supporting, and supported by, a flourishing and extensive commerce, England speedily fell a prey to the Saxons; and little is known of her naval affairs, besides that she was continually harassed by those merciless invaders the Norwegians and Danes, who, for the space of eighty-eight years, were generally attacked and defeated on her coasts, but never dared to be encountered on the element of which they were now the undoubted masters.

The great Alfred, to his immortal praise, was the restorer of Britain's naval power, which he revived from a very low state; and in wresting the dominion of the ocean from the hands of the Danes, resuscitated that foreign trade which had of necessity languished miserably during the reign of the Sea Kings, who recklessly pillaged and destroyed the merchantmen that fell into their hands. The Anglo-Saxon navy was so depressed at this period, that after four years preparation, Alfred put to sea in person (A. D. 875) with only four or five small vessels, with which he attacked six sail of pirates, (as the Danes were commonly called,) took one, and put the rest to flight. Inconsiderable as was this victory, it laid the foundation of England's naval power and supremacy. Alfred, after surmounting misfortunes which threatened his life, and the subversion of his monarchy, steadily pursued his plans relative to the maritime affairs of this kingdom; and, by a judicious treatment of the Danish pirates who fell into his hands, rendered them subservient to his measures for forming or raising a fleet, by causing them to instruct his subjects in nautical science. In the course of a few years, by affording every encouragement both to natives and foreigners, to enter the British sea-service, and to promote the interests of an extensive and lucrative commerce, Alfred raised so considerable a naval power, as to be enabled equally to defend the coasts of his kingdom, and to protect the trade of his people. This truly great prince also encouraged voyages of discovery and commerce with far distant lands, even with India; and records of the voyages of Ochter a Norwegian, and Wulfstan an Anglo-Saxon, undertaken in his reign, are still extant; both noted down by the king himself, from the *viva voce* relation of the adventurers.† To Alfred, naval architecture was indebted for some remarkable improvements. Observing that the keels, or cags, as the European vessels of that period were termed, were of very clumsy form, short, broad, low, exceedingly hard to work, and very slow sailers, he directed his workmen to build ships of a very different construction, which are thus described in the Saxon chronicle:—"They were about twice the size of the former vessels, and much more lofty, which made them swifter sailers, more steady in the water, and not so apt to roll. Some of these new ships had sixty oars, and some even more." Hence, it appears, they were a kind of galliots, worked both by oars and sails, capable of prosecuting their voyages, and pursuing the enemy, in wind or calm; and sixty or seventy sailers were required to navigate them.

(To be continued.)

* See *Mirror*, vol. xxi. p. 269.

† Ochter seems from this account, to have discovered, at that early period, the Dwina, which was not again known in England until re-discovered by Captain Richard Chancellor, above 650 years after Alfred's death.

THE CASTLE OF GLOOM.

The ruins of Castle Campbell are romantically situated in a gorge of the Ochills, at the northern extremity of Clackmannanshire. It is of unknown antiquity, and passed into the hands of the Argyle family when the Scottish court held their meetings in Dumfermline. Its original designation was the "Castle of Gloom," from some wild, but unauthenticated legend, connected with its early history. Its name was altered to "Castle Campbell" by its subsequent proprietors.—*Delta's Tour.*

The air is rife with melody,
The skies and sea are bright,
But Time's dark hand has wasted thee,
Thou Ruin of the height!

And summer strews its wildest flow'rs
Upon the summit of thy tow'rs.
The trumpet peal'd around thy walls
Its proudest song of yore,
And called the bands that graced thy halls
To many a distant shore;
And flash'd the helm, and waved the plume,
Beneath thy shade, thou place of gloom!
But though thy brightest days are o'er,
With all their warlike pride,
And battle long has ceased to pour
Round thee its crimson tide;
Thou still shalt tower above the wave,
Demanding glory for the brave. G. R. C.

A VISIT TO CUMNOR.

"And why go to Cumnor?" said Dr. —— to his sister, who had come to visit the Professor, at Oxford. "Why? because I am anxious to explore its thousand interesting localities. It has been 'my thought by day, my dream by night,' ever since I read *Kenilworth*. And now, with the enchanter's spell still over my fancy, am I within three miles of Anthony Forster's 'den of horrors;' in the vicinage, where once that 'garden grew' in which the love-lorn Tressilian watched for his faithless Amy—I should be duller than the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe's strand, did I not stir in this!"—"Go, my dear sister, go; and may Sir Walter's fair illusions still linger round your way."

The morrow found the enthusiastic lady commencing her little journey, with a mind full of associations connected with the "merrie days of good Queen Bess," and with the beautiful lament, which William Julius Mickle has put into the mouth of the imprisoned Countess,—fresh in her mind.

It was a soft, sad, vernal day in the latter end of April. She approached the village with a beating heart at the recollection of the tragedy once perpetrated there; but nothing different to a thousand other villages appeared: there was the grey spire of the church, pointing to that heaven where the sufferer's spirit found its home, and from whence just retribution fell on her murderers. The bell tolled heavily from its hoary steeple, but no longer did it seem to say "Countess, prepare, thy end is near!" The clerk of the parish was the only person who could give any account of the "remains." The old man soon made his appearance, and led the way to all that is now left of Tony Forster's dire abode. But the only record of things that were, is an old wall of great thickness, standing not far from the church, within which are a few stone steps—though to what they led, or of what part of the mansion they formed a part, it were now vain to inquire. The building was taken down, (the old man said,) some twenty-four years ago, and the materials applied to common uses; "and this is all, Madam, that now remains."

The spell was broken, and henceforth Mrs. —— felt, that Cumnor must live in her fancy as it was, not as it is. The very superstition has faded away which caused the village maids, with fearful glance, to "shun the ancient moss-grown hall." Poor Amy! the grey wall and the mysterious steps alone remain to tell of "all her love, and all her woe!" With what a charm are all places, persons, and things invested, by the associations which genius alone can cast over them. How many pilgrimages have been made to the "soft, flowing Avon," to see all that is left of "glorious Will;" to sit in his chair, to buy snuff-boxes made from the endless mulberry tree, and to gaze on that speaking likeness of him in the church, said to be the best extant. Who would visit Olney without asking to see Cowper's garden? Pope's villa and Strawberry Hill—how do the memories of the little waspish poet, and the most witty and unimaginative of writers, hover round them! Where the great lights of other days have lived, moved, and passed any part of their meteoric existence, becomes from that time no place for common feeling. Of Abbotsford, 'twere vain to speak: it is the shrine of many a pilgrim. Newstead Abbey—how will its name convey to future years the memory of that man "of rank and of capacious soul," whom Pollok so grandly describes "as some fierce comet of tremendous size, to which the stars did reverence as it passed." Bolt Court—how Boswell has contrived to illumine its dim obscurity, and to make you expect to meet Dr. Cerberus, (as somebody styles the great Johnson,) in every cross-looking old gentleman who may happen to be passing by. Fiction can people airy nothing with associations, and give them "a local habitation and a name." Who could enter Wakefield, on the least inspiring day of all the year, and not find fancy wandering to the excellent Dr. Primrose, his sapient wife, and pretty daughters, with Moses, and his unhappy purchase of the "shagreen spectacles." Mr. Mathews, whose *Diary of an Invalid* proves him to be the most delightful, because the least tedious, of all tourists, acknowledges that on entering a church in Italy, he could think of nothing but Mrs. Radcliffe, and the scene, which in one of her romances, she has chosen to fix there. Reality vanished—and when the illusion passed, he felt surprised to find himself in a small, dusky building, with no gliding nun or shadowy monk to give an interest to its dreariness. But, instances might be multiplied of places, where present vacancy is peopled with what lives in the mind's eye alone. Hence, the never-ending interest attached to those hoary mementos of feudal times which stand "all tenantless save to the crannying wind, or holding dark communion with the cloud." The present and the tangible do not satisfy that immortal part of our being which cannot be bound by

time or place; but, as if to prove that it will one day burst from its enthralment, is for ever expatiating on things imagined but unseen; and if there be, (as Washington Irving says,) "cold ascetics in the world, who scout everything that a line cannot measure, or a diagram demonstrate, there are others left who will continue to revel in fairy fictions, and forget the painful realities of existence, in the mighty visions of the imagination."

ANNE R——.

The Sketch-Book.

A TALE OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

[CAPTAIN ALEXANDER narrates, in his *Trans-atlantic Sketches*, the following story, derived in part from a respectable resident at Niagara, and confirmed by the testimony of the ferryman who was witness to many of the melancholy details.]

On the 18th of June, 1829, the anniversary of the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, a tall and handsome young man, habited in a long sad-coloured cloak, or gown, passed through the village at Niagara. Under his left arm he bore a roll of blankets, as if for bivouacking, a portfolio, a flute, and a large book; in his right hand was a cane. In passing the Eagle Hotel he attracted the gaze of the visiters by his eccentric appearance; but regardless of the idle and gay crowd, he passed on, and sought out the unpretending inn of Mr. O'Kelley. There he immediately entered into stipulations with the host for the entire use of a room where he could eat and sleep alone, and that certain parts of his cooking should be done by Mr. O'Kelley. He then made the usual inquiries as to the localities about the Falls, and wished to know if there was a library or reading-room in the village. On being informed that there was, he repaired to it, deposited three dollars, took out a book, purchased a violin and some music-books, and informed the librarian that his name was Francis Abbott, and that he should remain a few days at the Falls. He then conversed on various subjects, and showed by his language that he was a man of cultivated mind.

Next day he returned to the library, and expatiated enthusiastically upon the beautiful scenery round the Falls, and upon that most sublime and magnificent spectacle the great cataract itself. "In all my wanderings," he said, "I have never met with anything in nature that equals it in sublimity, except perhaps Mount Etna during an eruption. I shall remain here at least a week, for as well might a traveller in two days expect to examine in detail all the museums and sights of Paris, as to become acquainted with Niagara, and duly to appreciate it in the same space of time. You tell me that many visiters remain here only one day, and I am quite astonished that any one, who has a few days to spare, could think of only devoting one to this, perhaps the grandest of Nature's works."

In a few days he called again, and again spoke in raptures of the glorious scene. He said he had now determined on remaining a month, or perhaps six months, and wished to fix his abode on Goat or Iris Island, and was desirous of erecting a rustic hut, where he might abstract himself from all society, and lead a hermit's life of seclusion. But the proprietors of the island refused him the permission he sought, so he occupied a small room in the only house on the island—a log-hut of one story, and in front a vegetable garden, washed by the rapid above the American falls. The family with whom he lived furnished him occasionally with bread and milk; but he often dispensed with these, providing himself with other articles from a store, and performed his own cooking. He thus lived for twenty months, until the family removed; and then, to those few persons with whom he held communication, he expressed his great satisfaction at having it now in his power to live entirely alone. But after a time another family occupied the hut, whose manners he did not like; so he set about building for himself, and erected on the opposite bank a dwelling of plain exterior, which yet stands, about thirty roods from the American fall, and embowered in trees; here he lived for two months.

Many spots on Iris Island are consecrated to the memory of Francis Abbott. At the upper end of the island he had established his promenade; and in one place it was hard trodden, like the short walk of a sentry at his post. Between Iris and Moss Island there is, in shade and seclusion, a small but interesting cascade; this was his favourite retreat for bathing. Here he resorted at all seasons of the year. In the coldest weather, even when there was snow on the ground and ice on the river, he continued to bathe in the Niagara.

At the lower extremity of the island is the bridge leading to the Terapin rocks, between which the troubled water roars and rushes immediately before it is precipitated over the ledge. At first, when I went on this bridge, though I am not accustomed to become giddy, yet, for a time, I could not divest myself of the idea that the bridge was giving way under me, and was hurrying over the awful steep—

> "Towards the verge
> Sweeps the wide torrent; waves innumerable
> Meet here and madden; waves innumerable
> Urge on and overtake the waves before,
> And disappear in thunder and in foam."

From the end of the bridge there extended a single piece of timber, some twelve or fifteen feet over the cataract. On the bridge it was

the daily practice of the hermit to walk, either when alone, or when there were visiters there, whom he often alarmed by his strange appearance in his dark gown, hair streaming in the wind, and bare feet. With a quick step he would pass along the bridge, advance on the timber to the extreme point, turn quickly but steadily on his heel, and walk back, and continue thus to walk to and fro for hours together. Sometimes he would stand on one leg, and pirouette with the other round the end of the log; then he would go down on his knees, and gaze in seeming ecstacy on the bright green and snow-white water of the cataract. " But the worst of all, sir," said the ferryman to me, " was when he would let himself down by the hands, and hang over the fall. Lord! sir, my flesh used to creep, and my hair stand on end, when I saw him do that." Truly, he must have had nerves of iron, thus to suspend himself over such a fearful abyss, the vapour rising in clouds round him, the appalling roar of the mighty waters stunning him, as the heavy sound rose from the bottom of the mighty cauldron, perhaps five hundred feet deep.

To the inquiry, why he would thus expose himself? he would reply, that in crossing the ocean he had frequently seen the sea-boy " on the high and giddy mast " perform far more perilous acts; and as he should probably again soon pass the sea himself, he wished to inure himself to such danger; if the nerves of others were disturbed, his were not. The ferryman said that he suspected he wished to slip from the bridge some day by accident. At the midnight hour he was often found walking, alone and unfearing, in the most dangerous places near the falls, and at such times he would shun approach, as if he had a dread of man.

An agent at Boston remitted him a stipend of about five dollars a-week, and he always attended to the state of his accounts very carefully, was economical in the expenditure of his money for his own immediate use, and was generous in paying for all favours and services, never receiving anything without making immediate payment. He had a deep and abiding sense of his moral duties, was mild in his behaviour, and inoffensive in his conduct. Religion was a subject he well understood and highly appreciated :—" The charity he asked from others, he extended to all mankind."

The ferryman informed me that some weeks before I arrived at Niagara he observed Francis Abbott bathe twice in one day below the boat-landing; a third time he came down, and the ferryman remarked him holding his head under water for a considerable time, and thought to himself he should not like to be so situated. He turned his boat to convey a passenger across, and on looking again to the spot where he had last observed the hermit, he was no more to be seen—his clothes only lay on a rock. Search was immediately made for the body, but it was not discovered till ten days afterwards, many miles below the falls, at Fort Niagara. When picked up, it was slightly bruised, doubtless in passing through the Devil's Hole, a terrific whirlpool with drift timber in it, three miles below the great falls. The corpse was removed to the burial-ground at Niagara, and decently interred.

Thus terminated the career of the unfortunate Francis Abbott, so little known to those among whom he spent his last two years, that only a few gleanings of his life can be given. He was an English officer, on half-pay, and of a respectable family; his manners were excellent, and his mind highly cultivated. His education had been a finished one, for he was not only master of several languages, but well versed in the arts and sciences, and also possessed all the minor accomplishments of a gentleman; with colloquial powers in an eminent degree, and music and drawing in great perfection. Several years of his life had been spent in travelling; he had visited Egypt and Palestine, had journeyed through Italy, Turkey, and Greece, Spain, Portugal, and France, and had resided for a considerable period at Rome, Naples, and Paris.

While at the falls, if business brought him in contact with any of the inhabitants, with a few of them he would sometimes be sociable, to all others distant and reserved. When he chose to converse, his subjects were always interesting. and his descriptions of people and countries were glowing and animated; but at most times he would hold no conversation with any one, communicating his wishes on a slate, and requesting that nothing might be said to him. Sometimes, for three or four months together, he would go unshaved, often with no covering on his head, his body enveloped in a blanket, shunning all, and seeking the deepest solitudes of Iris Island. He composed much, and generally in Latin, but destroyed his writings as fast almost as he produced them. When his cottage was examined hopes were entertained that some manuscript or memorial might be found of his composition; but he had left nothing of the kind. His faithful dog guarded the door, and was with difficulty persuaded aside while it was opened. A simple cot stood in one corner, and his guitar, violin, flute, and music-books, were scattered about confusedly; a portfolio lay on a rude table, and many leaves of a large book; but not a word, not even his name, was written on any of them.

" What, it will be asked," said an intelligent American, " could have broken up and destroyed such a mind as seemed to have

been that of Francis Abbott? What could have driven him from the society he was so well qualified to adorn, and what transform him, noble in person and intellect, into an isolated anchorite, avoiding the society of his fellows? The history of his misfortunes is unknown, and the cause of his unhappiness and seclusion is still a mystery."

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE CRUCIFIX AND GOLD CHAIN OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

THE following account of the finding of the gold crucifix and gold chain of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, by Charles Taylor, gentleman, after 620 years interment, is extracted from a book printed in the year 1688. W. G. C.

"So many and so various have been the relations and reports concerning the finding and disposing of the crucifix and gold chain of St. Edward the King and Confessor, and those so fabulous and uncertain withal, that in honour to truth, to disabuse the misinformed world, and to satisfy the curiosity as well as the importunity of my friends, I think myself under an obligation to give an exact account of this fact, which I shall do with the utmost fidelity.

"In the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, within the shrine erected to his most glorious memory, I have often observed, (by the help of a ladder,) something resembling a coffin, made of sound, firm, and strong wood, and bound about with bands of iron; and during the eighteen years I have belonged to the choir of this church, it was a common tradition among us, that therein was deposited the body or remains of holy King Edward the Confessor.

"Now, it happened, not long after the coronation of their present Majesties, (James II.,) that the aforesaid coffin or chest was found to be broke, and a hole made upon the upper lid thereof, over against the right breast, about six inches long and four broad; some esteeming it an accident through the carelessness and neglect of the workmen in removing the scaffolds; others thought it done out of design: but, be it one or the other, thus it continued for almost seven weeks, and was often viewed by divers of the church, before it was my good fortune to go thither; when, on St. Barnaby's day, 1685, I met with two friends, between eleven and twelve of the clock, who told me they were going to see the tombs; so I went along with them, informing them that there was a report that the coffin of St. Edward the Confessor was broke; and coming to the place I was desirous of being satisfied of the truth thereof. In order thereunto I fetched a ladder, looked upon the coffin, and found all things answerable to the report; and putting my hand into the hole, and turning the bones which I felt there, I drew from underneath the shoulder-bones a crucifix richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain of twenty-four inches long, into which it was affixed; the which I immediately showed to my two friends, they being equally surprised, and as much admired the same as myself. But, I was afraid to take them away, till I had acquainted the Dean, and therefore I put them into the coffin with a full resolution to inform him. But the Dean not being to be spoken with at that time, and fearing this holy treasure might be taken thence by some other persons, and so concealed by converting it to their own use; I went, about two or three hours after, to one of the choir, and acquainted him with what I had found; and who immediately accompanied me back to the monument, from whence I again drew the crucifix and chain, and showed them him, who beheld them with admiration, and advised me to keep them till I could have an opportunity of showing them to the Dean; so I kept them about a month, and having no opportunity in all that time to speak with the Dean, but hearing that his Grace the Archbishop of York was in town, I waited upon him with the crucifix and chain, who looked upon them as great pieces of antiquity, ordering me to wait upon him the next morning, to attend him to Lambeth house, that his Grace of Canterbury might also have a sight thereof. We went accordingly, and when I had produced them, and his Grace had well viewed them, he expressed the like conceptions of them as my lord of York had done before.

"About the same time, that industrious and judicious antiquary, Sir William Dugdale, was pleased to give me a visit, desiring a sight thereof, (with whose request I willingly complied,) telling me that he would make some remarks thereon.

"Speedily after, the Dean going to Lambeth, his Grace told him at dinner what he had seen, and informed him that they were still in my possession. Upon his return to the abbey, that afternoon, about four of the clock, I was sent for, and Mr. Dean immediately took me along with him to Whitehall, that I might present this sacred treasure to the King; and being introduced, I immediately, upon my knees, delivered them to his Majesty, of which he accepted with much satisfaction; and having given his Majesty a farther account in what condition the remains of the body of that holy King were, and opened the cross in his presence, and withdrew, leaving them safe in his royal possession.

"At the time when I took the cross and chain out of the coffin, I drew the head to the hole and viewed it, being very sound and firm, with the upper and nether jaws

whole, and full of teeth, and a list of gold above an inch broad, in the nature of a coronet surrounding the temples: there was also in the coffin white linen, and gold-coloured flowered silk, and looked indifferent fresh, but the least stress put thereto, showed that it was well nigh perished; there were all his bones, and much dust likewise, which I left as I found. His Majesty was pleased soon after this discovery to send to the Abbey, and order the old coffin to be inclosed in a new one, of an extraordinary strength, each plank being two inches thick, and cramped together with large iron wedges; where it now remains as a testimony of his pious care, that no abuse might be offered to the sacred treasures therein deposited.

"I shall now endeavour to give an exact description of these rarities as I can possible: the chain was full twenty-four inches long, all of pure gold, the links oblong and curiously wrought; the upper part thereof, (to lie in the nape of the neck,) was joined together by a locket, composed of a large round knob of massy gold, and in circumference as big as a milled shilling, and half an inch thick; round this went a wire, and on the wire about half a dozen little beads, hanging loose, and running to and again on the same, all of pure gold, and finely wrought. On each side of this locket were set two large square red stones, (supposed to be rubies,) from each side of this locket, fixed to two rings of gold, the chain descends, and meeting below, passes through a square piece of gold of a convenient bigness, made hollow for the same purpose: this gold, wrought in several angles, was painted with divers colours, resembling so many gems or precious stones, and to which the crucifix was joined, yet to be taken off, (by the help of a screw,) at pleasure.

"For the form of the cross, it comes nighest to that of a humette flory among the heralds, or rather the botony, yet the pieces here are not of an equal length, the direct or perpendicular beam being nigh one fourth part longer than the traverse, as being four inches to the extremities, while the other scarce exceeds three; yet all of them neatly turned at the ends, and the botons enamelled with figures thereon. The cross itself is of the same gold as the chain; but then it exceeds it by its rich enamel, having on the one side the picture of our Saviour Jesus Christ in his passion wrought thereon, and an eye from above casting a kind of beams upon him; whilst on the reverse of the same cross is pictured a benedictine monk in his habit, on each side of him these capital Roman letters.

"On the right limb thus:

(A)
Z A X
A

"And on the left thus:

P
A C
H

"The cross is hollow, and to be opened by two little screws towards the top, wherein it is presumed some relic might have been conserved. The whole being a piece not only of great antiquity, but of admirable curiosity; and I look upon this accident as a great part of my fortune, to be made the main instrument of their discovery and preservation."

Notes of a Reader.

AN EVENING WALK IN LISBON.

(From Mr. Beckford's Travels.)

THE night being serene and pleasant, we were tempted to take a ramble in the Great Square, which received a faint gleam from the lights in the apartments of the palace, every window being thrown open to catch the breeze. The archbishop-confessor displayed his goodly person at one of the balconies. From a clown this now most important personage became a common soldier—from a common soldier, a corporal—from a corporal, a monk; in which station he gave so many proofs of toleration and good humour, that Pombal, who happened to stumble upon him by one of those chances which set all calculation at defiance, judged him sufficiently shrewd, jovial, and ignorant, to make a very harmless and comfortable confessor to her Majesty, then Princess of Brazil. Since her accession to the throne, he has become archbishop *in partibus*, grand inquisitor, and the first spring in the present government of Portugal. I never saw a sturdier fellow. He seems to anoint himself with the oil of gladness, to laugh and grow fat in spite of the critical situation of affairs in this kingdom, and just fears all its true patriots entertain of seeing it once more relapsed into a Spanish province.

At a window over his right reverence's shining forehead we spied out the Lacerdas —two handsome sisters, maids of honour to the queen, waving their hands to us very invitingly. This was encouragement enough for us to run up a vast many flights of stairs to their apartment, which was crowded with nephews and nieces, and cousins, clustering round two very elegant young women, who, accompanied by their singing master, a little, square friar with greenish eyes, were warbling Brazilian *modenhas*.

Those who have never heard this original sort of music must and will remain ignorant of the most bewitching melodies that ever existed since the days of the Sybarites. They consist of languid, interrupted measures, as

if the breath were gone with excess of rapture, and the soul panting to meet the kindred soul of some beloved object; with a childish carelessness they steal into the heart, before it has time to arm itself against their enervating influence; you fancy you are swallowing milk, and are admitting the poison of voluptuousness into the closest recesses of your existence. At least such beings as feel the power of harmonious sounds are doing so; I wont answer for hard-eared, phlegmatic, northern animals.

An hour or two past away almost imperceptibly in the pleasing delirium these syren notes inspired, and it was not without regret I saw the company disperse and the spell dissolve. The ladies of the apartment, having received a summons to attend her majesty's supper, curtsied us off very gracefully, and vanished.

In our way home we met the sacrament, enveloped in a glare of light, marching in state to pay some sick person a farewell visit, and that hopeful young nobleman, the Conde de Villanova,* preceding the canopy in a scarlet mantle, and tingling a silver bell. He is always in close attendance upon the host, and passes the flower of his days in this singular species of danglement. No lover was ever more jealous of his mistress than this ingenuous youth of his bell; he cannot endure any other person should give it vibration. The parish officers of the extensive and populous district in which his palace is situated, from respect to his birth and opulence, indulge him in this caprice, and, indeed, a more perseverent bell-bearer they could not have chosen. At all hours and in all weathers, he is ready to perform this holy office. In the dead of the night, or in the most intense heat of the day, out he issues, and down he dives, or up he climbs, to any dungeon or garret where spiritual assistance of this nature is demanded.

It has been again and again observed, that there is no accounting for fancies; every person has his own, which he follows to the best of his means and abilities. The old Marialva's delights are centred between his two silver recipiendaries; the marquis, his son's, in dancing attendance upon the queen; and Villanova's in announcing with his bell to all true believers the approach of celestial majesty. The present rage of the scribbler of all these extravagances is modenhas, and under its prevalence he feels half tempted to set sail for the Brazils, the native land of these enchanting compositions, to live in tents such as the Chevalier de Parny describes in his agreeable little voyage, and swing in hammocks, or glide over smooth mats, surrounded by bands of youthful minstrels, diffusing at every step the perfume of jessamine and roses.

* Afterwards Marquis of Abrantes.

THE SIEGE OF ZARAGOZA.

The history of the siege of this city, in the first year of the peninsular war, under the brave Palafox, presents one of the most romantic displays of patriotism in the annals of history. The spirit of the ancient Numantians seemed to animate the citizens of Zaragoza. The French, despising alike the strength of the place and the character of the people, who, under the appearance of gravity and apathy, concealed a latent spirit of unconquerable enthusiasm, thought to take the city by storm. A party of the enemy entered the city on the 15th of June, 1808, who were all slain, and Lefebvre was compelled to draw off his troops beyond the reach of their guns. On the 27th, having been reinforced, they renewed the assault, and were again repulsed; but the Torrero (high ground with a convent and smaller buildings,) was taken; and from this spot the French showered down shells and grenades into the city, where there was not one building bomb-proof, while they continued to invest it more closely. During the night of the 28th, the powder magazine in the very heart of the city blew up, it is supposed through treachery, destroying fourteen houses and about 200 persons; and at this signal, a fresh attack was made on the city, which was directed chiefly against the Portillo gate. Here, the battery which had been formed of sand-bags piled up before the gate, was repeatedly destroyed, and as often reconstructed under the fire of the enemy. The carnage throughout the day was dreadful. On this occasion it was, that Augustina Zaragoza, a handsome young woman of the lower class, arriving at this battery with refreshments* at a moment when not a man was left alive to serve the guns, snatched a match from the hand of a dead artillery-man, and fired off a six-and-twenty pounder, vowing never to quit the gun alive. The Zaragozans, at this sight, rushed forward to the battery, and renewed their fire with greater

* During the siege, women of all ranks assisted, forming themselves into companies, some to relieve the wounded, some to carry water, wine, and provisions to those who defended the gates. "The Countess Burita instituted a corps for this service; she was young, delicate, and beautiful. In the midst of the most tremendous fire of shot and shells, she was seen coolly attending to those occupations which had now become her duty; nor, throughout the whole of a two months' siege, did the imminent danger to which she incessantly exposed herself, produce the slightest apparent effect upon her, or in the slightest degree bend her from her heroic purpose. Some of the monks bore arms; others exercised their spiritual offices to the dying; others, with the nuns, were busied in making cartridges, which the children distributed." When the enemy had gained the command of the surrounding country, "corn-mills worked by horses were erected in various parts of the city. The monks were employed in manufacturing gunpowder, materials for which were obtained by collecting all the sulphur in the place, by washing the soil of the streets to extract its nitre,

vigour than ever, and the French were repulsed at all points with great slaughter. By the end of July, the city was completely invested, and various assaults were made in the interim. On the 4th of August, batteries had been opened within pistol-shot of the church of Santa Engracia, and after a dreadful carnage, the French forced their way into the Cozo, in the very heart of the city. Lefebvre, imagining that he had effected his purpose, now addressed a note to Palafox, containing the words: "Head-quarters, Sta. Engracia. Capitulation." The answer returned was: "Head-quarters, Zaragoza. War at the knife's point (*Guerra al cuchillo*)." "The contest which was now carried on is unexampled in history. One side of the Cozo, a street about as wide as Pall-Mall, was possessed by the French, and in the centre of it, their general, Verdier, gave his orders from the Franciscan convent. The opposite side was maintained by the Aragonese, who threw up batteries at the openings of the cross streets, within a few paces of those which the French erected against them. The intervening space was presently heaped with dead, either slain upon the spot, or thrown from the windows. Just before the day closed, Don Francisco Palafox, the general's brother, entered the city most unexpectedly with a convoy of arms and ammunition, and a reinforcement of 3,000 men. The war was now continued from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room; pride and indignation having wrought up the French to a pitch of obstinate fury little inferior to the devoted courage of the patriots. This most obstinate and murderous contest was continued for eleven successive days and nights, more indeed by night than by day. Under cover of the darkness, the combatants frequently dashed across the streets to attack each others' batteries; and the battles which began there, were often carried on into the houses beyond." A pestilence at length began to be dreaded from the enormous accumulation of putrifying bodies, and this in the month of August. No truce was asked, or would have been granted, on either side. The only remedy, therefore, for this horrible embarrassment, was, to tie ropes to the French prisoners, and push them forward to bring away the bodies for interment. "In every conflict, however, the citizens now gained ground upon the French, winning it inch by inch, till the space occupied by the enemy, which, on the day of their entrance, was nearly half the city, was gradually contracted to about an eighth part. During the night of the 13th, their fire was particularly fierce and destructive. After their batteries had ceased, flames burst out in many parts of the buildings which they had won. Their last act was to blow up the church of Sta. Engracia; the powder was placed in the subterranean church, and this monument of fraud and credulity was laid in ruins. In the morning, the French columns, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, were seen at a distance retreating over the plain, on the road to Pamplona."

Such was the result of the first siege of Zaragoza. But the sufferings and achievements of its heroic defenders were not to terminate here. In the month of December, 1809, Marshal Moncey, Duke of Castiglione, having fixed his head-quarters at the Torrero, summoned Palafox to surrender the town, to prevent its total destruction. That true Spaniard returned a haughty and patriotic refusal. Moncey, falling ill, was superseded by Junot, and Marshals Lasnes, Mortier, Suchet, and St. Cyr, subsequently joined the besieging army. A breach was soon made in the mud walls, and the system now pursued was, to destroy the city by sapping and mining, street by street, while an incessant bombardment was kept up from without, which continued two-and-forty days, during which 17,000 bombs were thrown at the town. Famine and pestilence now came to the aid of the French, and by the 19th of February, only 2,822 of the Spanish troops remained fit for service. Two-thirds of the city had been destroyed, 30,000 of the inhabitants had perished, and from 3 to 400 were dying daily of the pestilence, when the *junta* capitulated.*—*Conder's Modern Traveller.*

and making charcoal from the stalks of hemp, which in that part of Spain grow to an extraordinary magnitude. On this simple foundation, a regular manufactory was formed after the siege, which produced 325 lbs. (of 12 oz.) per day."—*Southey*, vol. i. pp. 407, 410.

* Augustina Zaragoza, who had equally distinguished herself during the second siege, was among the prisoners, but escaped. Palafox was sent to France, where he died.

CHATEAUBRIAND IN AMERICA.

"I SET out, (says our traveller,) for the country of savages, and embarked in a packet-boat, which ascended the river Hudson from New York to Albany. The society of passengers was numerous and agreeable, consisting of many women, and some American officers. A fresh breeze impelled us gently to our destination. Towards the evening of the first day, we assembled on the deck to take a collation of fruits and milk. The women were seated on benches, and the men placed themselves at their feet. The conversation was not long noisy. I have always remarked that the aspect of a fine scene of nature produces an involuntary silence. Suddenly one of the company cried out, 'It was here where

Major Andre was executed.' Immediately all my ideas were scattered. A very pretty American lady was asked to sing a romance made on this unfortunate young man. She yielded to our entreaties, and sang with a voice, timid, but full of softness and emotion. The sun was setting; we were then sailing between lofty mountains: here and there, suspended over their abysses, single cabins sometimes appeared and sometimes disappeared, among clouds, partly white, and partly rose-coloured, which floated horizontally at the height of these habitations. The points of rocks, and the bare tops of pine-trees, were sometimes seen above these clouds, and looked like little islands floating in the sea. The majestic river, now locked up between two parallel banks, stretched in a straight line before us, and anon turning towards the east, rolled its golden waves round some mount, which, advancing into the stream with all its plants, resembled a great bouquet of verdure bound to the foot of a blue and purple zone. We all kept a profound silence. For my part, I hardly dared to breathe. Nothing interrupted the plaintive song of the young passenger, except the noise which the vessel made in gliding through the water."

His rapture goes on increasing as he advances into the interior — into the virgin forests of America.

"After having passed the Mohawk, I found myself in woods that had never felt the axe, and fell into a sort of ecstacy. I went from tree to tree, to the right and left indifferently, saying to myself—no more roads to follow—no more cities—no more narrow houses—no more presidents, republics, kings. * * To try if I had recovered my original rights, I played a thousand wilful freaks, which enraged the big Dutchman, who served me as a guide, and who thought me mad."

This ecstacy, says an auditor of the memoirs, has no end. Long pages are sometimes only long exclamations, breathing the very essence of contentment and happiness. In one place he says—"I was more than a king. If fate had placed me on a throne, and a revolution hurled me from it, instead of exhibiting my misery through Europe, like Charles and James, I should have said to amateurs: If my place inspires you with so much envy, try it, you will see it is not so good. Cut one another's throats for my old mantle. For my part, I will go and enjoy in the forests of America the liberty you have restored me to."

But this realized dream must end; and this is the manner he was awakened from it.

Useful Arts.

ORCHILLA WEED.*

(*By Lieutenant Holman, in his "Voyage round the World."*)

As the orchilla weed is a production, the practical application of which in various ways is diffused over a large surface of utility, and as its peculiar properties are not very generally known, a minute description of its nature and uses, which I have procured at some cost of time and research, may not prove uninteresting.

The orchilla is a delicate fibrous plant, springing up in situations that are apparently the most unfavourable to the sustenance of vegetable life. When gathered, it has a soft, delicious odour, which it retains for a great length of time. Mr. Glas, in his history of the Canary Islands, gives so clear and accurate an account of its growth, that I will avail myself of his description, as being not only the best I have met with, but as containing all the necessary particulars. "The orchilla weed," he observes, "grows out of the pores of the stones or rocks, to about the length of three inches: I have seen some eight or ten inches, but that is not common. It is of a round form, and of the thickness of common sewing twine. Its colour is grey, inclining to white: here and there on the stalk we find white spots or scabs. Many stalks proceed from one root, at some distance from which they divide into branches. There is no earth or mould to be perceived on the rock or stone where it grows. Those who do not know this weed, or are not accustomed to gather it, would hardly be able to find it, for it is of such a colour, and grows in such a direction, that it appears at first sight to be the shade of the rock on which it grows."

Mr. Glas adds, that the best sort is of the darkest colour, and nearly round; and that the more white spots or scabs it exhibits the better. It is found in considerable quantities, in the Canary Islands, the Cape de Verds, the Azores, and the Madeiras; and such are the nice varieties and properties incidental to the different soils, (if they may be so called,) or climates, that although the above clusters of islands are at no great distance from each other, the difference in the produce makes a very considerable difference in the value of the article. It is also found on the coast of Barbary, and the Levant, and on that part of the coast of Africa which lies adjacent to the Canary Islands; but, owing to the want of seasonable rains, the produce of the latter is not rapid or abundant, although the quality is excellent. It has been suggested, that the orchilla was probably the Gertulian purple of the ancients; a conjecture which is strengthened by the

* *Vulgo* "Archeal," extensively used in dyeing.

fact, that the coast of Africa, where the orchilla abounds, was formerly called Gertulia. That the vivid dye which resides in this weed was known to the ancients, does not admit of any doubt.

The plant belongs to the class Cryptogamia, and order Algæ of the Linnæan system, and to the class Algæ, and order Lichenes, of the natural system. Professor Burnett, in his *Outline of Botany*, informs us, that "Roccella, a corruption of the Portuguese Rocha, is a name given to several species of lichen, in allusion to the situation in which they are found; delighting to grow on otherwise barren seaward rocks, that thus produce a profitable harvest. Tournefort considers that one species at least (R. tinctoria) was known to the ancients, and that it was the especial lichen (λειχην) of Dioscorides, which was collected on the rocky islands of the Archipelago, from one of which it received the name of the 'purple of Amorgus.'"

Of all the known varieties of orchilla, that which is grown in the Canary Islands stands the highest in estimation, and brings the greatest price. In the collection of the weed, which is always performed by the natives, the risk is imminent: they are obliged to be suspended by ropes over the cliffs, many of which are of stupendous height, and loss of life frequently occurs in these perilous efforts to contribute to the luxury of man. Such is the esteem in which the orchilla of the Canaries is held, that it has recently reached the enormous value of 400*l.* per ton. That from the Cape de Verds is next in quality, but of much greater importance, in reference to the quantity produced. Madeira and the Azores produce the next qualities. The same plant, though of a very inferior character, is found in great abundance in Sardinia, in some parts of Italy, and also on the south coast of England, Portland Island, Guernsey, &c. but of so poor a kind that it would not reward the expense of collection.

The original mode of preparing orchilla, that which was practised by the ancients, is said to have been lost, and many chemical experiments exhausted in vain for its recovery. In 1300, however, it was rediscovered by a Florentine merchant, and from that period preserved as a profound secret, by the Florentines and the Dutch. It appears that the Florentines were not satisfied with keeping the preparation of orchilla a mystery from the rest of the world, but that they endeavoured to lead all inquiry into a false channel, by calling it tincture of turnsole, desiring it to be believed, that it was an extract from the heliotropium or turnsole: the Dutch also disguised it in the form of a paste, which they called *lacmus* or *litmus*. The process is now, however, generally known, and simply consists of cleaning, drying, and powdering the plant, which, when mixed with half its weight of pearlash, is moistened with human urine, and then allowed to ferment: the fermentation, we are informed by Professor Burnett, "is kept up for some time by successive additions of urine, until the colour of the materials changes to a purplish red, and subsequently to a violet or blue. The colour is extremely fugitive, and affords a very delicate chemical test for the presence of an acid. The vapour of sulphuric acid has been thus detected as pervading to some extent the atmosphere of London."

I understand—and for some valuable particulars I here beg to tender my acknowledgements to Mr. John Aylwin, merchant of London—that the great object obtained from this vegetable dye, is the production of a red colour, without the aid of a mineral acid. But the utility of the orchilla is not confined to the purposes of manufacture. It has been successfully employed as a medicine in allaying the cough attendant on phthisis, and in hysterical coughs. It is also variously used in many productions, where its splendid hue can be rendered available, and imparts a beautiful bloom to cloths and silks.

The introduction of the weed into England came originally through the Portuguese. The Cape de Verd Islands having long been a possession of the crown of Portugal, orchilla became a royal monopoly, and was transmitted in considerable quantities to Lisbon, where it was sold by public auction; from Lisbon it gradually found its way to England, France, Germany, &c. The recent political contest in Portugal, caused a total suspension of the shipment of orchilla at the islands. About six months ago, there were two cargoes at Bona Vista waiting for orders, one of them (a vessel of about 66 tons) put to sea, and arrived safe at Lisbon only a few weeks before Admiral Napier's naval victory. When the news of the result of that battle reached the island, the holders of the remaining cargo proposed to hand it over for a consideration to certain parties in the interest of Donna Maria, and it was accordingly consigned to a Portuguese house in London. The vessel in which it was sent was called the Saint Anne, of 60 tons, and sailed under British colours: the cargo consisted of 564 bags,* each containing 2 cwt., and the whole sold for 15,000*l.* I mention this circumstance as an occurrence worth being recorded; the arrival of a vessel to England direct from the islands being a great novelty, accounted for, in this instance, by the political events which threw the trade out of its regular channels.

* The bags in which the weed of the Cape de Verds is packed, are marked with the initials of the island of which it is the produce, and indicative of its quality which is at all times uniform.

The principal manufactories of orchilla in England are London and Liverpool, but there are many others in different parts of the country. The chief manufacturers are Messrs. Henry Holmes and Sons of Liverpool, and Mr. Samuel Preston Child of London. The manufactured orchilla is frequently shipped to Germany, Holland, &c., in its fluid state, with a small proportion of weed in each cask for the satisfaction of the purchasers. The inferior qualities of the weed, and also a variety of mosses that have the same properties as the orchilla, only in a minor degree, are dried and ground to a fine powder, which is denominated cudbear, and is applicable to the same purposes as the weed itself.*

It is a curious illustration of the importance that is attached to the weed generally, and to the weed of the Canaries in particular, that, within the last twenty years, the latter production was considered in London as a remittance equivalent to specie, and was invariably quoted in the usual channels of commercial intelligence with the price of gold and silver, thus:—

Doubloons . . .	per ounce
Dollars	ditto
Orchilla weed . .	per ton.

* A regular trade with Sweden for moss has been long established. A variety of mosses, different in their growth, but all producing the colour found in orchilla, are to be met with on the hills and rocky places, at a distance from the sea, in every country where the weed itself is indigenous.

The Gatherer.

End of Cromwell.—However successful Cromwell was in his foreign expeditions, he ultimately became extremely unhappy in his domestic administration. His person, he knew, was hated, and his government detested by almost every party in the kingdom. The royalists, the republicans, and the presbyterians, all concurred in wishing the downfall of his power. A sense of this dangerous and disagreeable situation, joined to the pressure of some more private calamities, at last produced such an effect upon his spirits, that he was seized with a fever, which notwithstanding the enthusiastic predictions of himself and his chaplains, who foretold his recovery, put a period to his life on the 3rd of September, 1658, the day which he had long considered as the most auspicious of his life, it being that on which he had gained his two famous victories of Dunbar and Worcester.—He was buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and his funeral afterwards celebrated with more than regal pomp, and at a vast expense. His mouldering corse was, however, afterwards taken up and inhumanly dragged to Tyburn, where it was exposed upon the gallows, together with the bodies of Ireton and Bradshaw, whose graves had also been sacrilegiously violated. This barbarous act was coloured by a vote of both Houses of Parliament, passed on the 8th of December, 1660, and which ordered the bodies to be taken up and exposed. After they had hung one entire day, they were taken down, and the heads being cut off were set upon poles on the top of Westminster Hall, where that of Cromwell remained full twenty years afterwards. The character of Cromwell is thus concisely given by the following persons: Cardinal Mazarine calls him a fortunate madman; Father Orleans styles him a judicious villain; Lord Clarendon, a brave, wicked man; and Gregorio Leli says he was a tyrant without vices, and a prince without virtues. Bishop Burnet observes, that his life and his arts were exhausted together; and that if he had lived longer, he would scarce have been able to have preserved his power. It was said that Cardinal Mazarine would change countenance whenever he heard him named, so that it passed into a proverb in France, "that he was not so much afraid of the *devil* as of *Oliver Cromwell.*"

American Vauxhall.—In the midst was a long room for balls; under a shed, some people played at ninepins, who addressed one another as colonel, major, and squire; whilst a few young men passed round a circular railroad, on self-moving carriages of a novel build.—*Alexander.*

American Whip.—"You were capsized the other day, Mr. Driver," said a passenger. "Yes, Jackson, I was; but nobody was hurt. The tongue of the pole broke in going down a hill, and I was afraid of running down to the bottom of it; so I told the passengers to sit still, for I was only going to upset them! They sat quiet, and I turned them over a bank, and stopped the horses, I'm hanged if I didn't."

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