



NEC REGE, NEC POPULO, SED UTRIQUE.

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NO. 1.

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

STANZAS.

My heart is not as once it was—
Gone are its proud and early flowers;
And nought is left me but to pass
On earth a few dark weary hours:

When I am in the festal throng,
The gay, the young, the proud, the vile,
When I think how to them belong
The hollow tear, the heartless smile—

When I with nature am alone,
At the sweet birth of morning's hour,
Or when the bright sun from his throne
Looks hotly on my fresh green bowler—

And more than all, when in my heart
I feel the longing to be free,
From earthly bondage to depart,
And know my immortality—

LITERARY.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

Say, ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose,
Who press the downy couch while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance;

It was a dark and stormy night;
The fell in torrents—except at occasional intervals,
when it was checked by a violent gale from the sea,

He stopped twice or thrice at different shops,
to see a description corresponding
with the appearance of the quarter in which,

Halting at the most conspicuous of these
buildings, an inn or ale-house, through the
half-closed windows of which blazed out

"Noa, noa! not exactly—but I think as
ow."
"Pish, you fool!" cried the woman, inter-
rupting him peevishly. "Vy, it is no
use desaviny me. You knows you has
only stepped from my booting ken to another,

"Let I speak!" interrupted Dummie in
his turn. "I tells you, I vat first to Mother
Bussibone's, who, I knows, chops the
whiners morning and evening to the young
ladies, and I axes there foia bible, and she
says, says she, 'I as sly a 'Companion to the
Halter!' bu you'll get a bible, I thinks, at
Master Talks—the cobbler—as preaches.' So goes to
Master Talks, and he says, 'So he, 'I as no
call for the bible, 'cause v I as a call
without; but mayhap you'll a-getting it
at the butcher's, hover the va-' 'cause vy?—
the butcher 'll be damned. So I goes
hover the way, and the buter, says, says he,
'I as not a bible; but I as a book of
plays bound for all the world, like 'un,
and mayhap the poor crotur vat see the

difference.' So I takes the plays, Mrs.
Margery, and here they be surely!—And
how's poor Judy?"

"Fearsome! she'll not be over the night
I'm a-thinking."
"Vell, I'll track up the dancers!"

So saying, Dummie ascended a doorless
staircase, across the entrance of which a
blanket, stretched angularly from the wall
to the chimney, afforded a kind of screen;

The walls were whitewashed, and at sun-
dry places strange figures and grotesque
characters had been traced by some mis-
trifal inmate, in such sable outline as the
end of a smoked stick or the edge of a piece
of charcoal is wont to produce.

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Or when the bright sun from his throne
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and mayhap the poor crotur vat see the

myself off, for it's no verry comfortable
like, to those who be old, to hear all that
'ere!"

With this pious reflection, the hostess of
the "Mug," so was the hooterly called,
heavily descended the creaking stairs.

Now, man!" said the sufferer, sternly,
---swear that you will never reveal,---
swear, I say! and by the great God, whose
angels are about this night, if ever you
break the oath, I will come back and haunt
you to your dying day!"

Dummie's face grew pale, for he was
superstitiously affected by the vehemence
and language of the dying woman, and he
answered, as he kissed the pretended
blanket,---that he swore to keep the secret, as
much as he knew of it, which, she must be
sensible, he said, was very little. As he
spoke, the wind swept with a loud and
sudden gust down the chimney, and shook
the roof above them so violently as to
loosen many of the crumbling tiles, which
fell one after the other, with a crashing
noise on the pavement below.

Dummie obeyed, and the woman, as she
in a low tone uttered something about the
unbecoming colour of the ribbands, adjust-
ed the cap on her head; and then saying in
a regretful and petulant voice, "Wky
should they have cut off my hair!---such a
disfigurement!" bade Dummie desire Mrs.
Margery once more to ascend to her.

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about to marry Giovanna, Archduchess of
Austria; but after that marriage was con-
cluded, thinking it no longer necessary to
conceal his inclinations, Francesco estab-
lished Bianca in the house before men-
tioned, and gave Pietro a high office at
court, with a liberal income. This unde-
sired and unexpected good fortune pro-
duced a great change in Pietro's character
and conduct; instead of the supplicant for
protection, he became the haughty and
overbearing favourite, and at length grew
utterly insupportable to the court, to the
prince, and to Bianca herself. But Pietro
was soon disposed of; for one night he
was surrounded in the street by a dozen
bravos, and instantly despatched. The
Prince's visits to Bianca now became more
frequent, and more open, and she evident-
ly exercised the greatest influence over
him. Political favours were only obtained
through her interposition, and those who
were ambitious of court distinction, ne-
glected the archduchess to gain the good
will of the prince's mistress. The spirit
of the haughty Austrian princess could ill
brook this marked neglect; she complain-
ed to her husband, to the emperor, her fa-
ther, to Cosmo, to every one. Cosmo re-
commended to his son more cautious con-
duct, and indeed urged it as much as his
own habitual gallantries entitled him to
do; the Cardinal Ferdinand interfered with
more energy—he loaded his brother with
reproaches, and even threatened him; and
the people, oppressed with their own
wroongs, and eagerly sympathising with
the unfortunate Giovanna, rose in rebellion;
but all was in vain. Francesco, whose
character was even more gloomy and se-
vere than that of his father, feeling no re-
lief to his spirits in the cold and sullen de-
meour of his imperial consort, fled for
consolation to the society of Bianca, who
charmed him with her beauty and her
sprightly conversation. The rebellion was
suppressed; the Cardinal retired to Rome;
Cosmo died; and the archduchess, endur-
ing the bitterest sorrows, died sud-
denly. This, for a time, seemed to arouse
a feeling of remorse in the bosom of Fran-
cesco. As if to break with Bianca, he
even quitted Florence; but the wary Venetian
now resorted to all the artifices her
ingenuity and ambition could devise, and
even the prince's confessor was induced
to second her efforts, so that at last she
succeeded in raising herself to the grand-
ducal throne, only a few months after the
death of her ill-fated rival.

This union, however, was not immedi-
ately made public. Decency and policy re-
quired that the court should go into mourning
for a stated time for the archduchess, and
the prince's hasty alliance with Bianca was
not to be divulged until that time had ex-
pired. The marriage was then publicly
solemnized with the greatest magnificence,
and although at that period Tuscan was
suffering from famine and an accumulation
of calamities, no less than three thousand
ducats were wantonly lavished on this dis-
graceful pageant.

Having succeeded in her designs, Bianca
was now desirous of reconciling all who
had before opposed her ambition. Among
these Cardinal Ferdinand was conspicuous,
and at her request Francesco invited
his Eminence to pay a visit to himself and
Bianca at Cajano, where they then resided.
The Cardinal left Rome accordingly, and
arrived at his brother's, who, with Bian-
ca, received him with great affection. He
seemed sensible of their attentions, and
affected a warm attachment to his new re-
lative, when all of a sudden the grand
Duke and Bianca were together violently
attacked by the same disease; and in a
few hours expired, leaving the Cardinal,
to whom their death is generally attributed,
heir to the throne.

This story, as may easily be conceived,
affords ample scope for the display of the
talents of a book-maker, and accordingly
the life of this celebrated lady is a subject
which has employed the pens of writers in
various languages; in the last century, al-
so, a German made her the subject of a re-
mance, which was translated into French.
But Signor Ticozzi now comes forward,
pretending that Bianca Capello had been
her own biographer, and that the Memoirs
before us were lately found, with other an-
cient writings, in repairing an inner wall
of the house No. 192, Via Maggio, in Flo-
rence, once inhabited by Bianca, and now
in the possession of the publisher, Vincen-
zo Batelli. The editor wishes it to be in-
ferred that Bianca wrote this narrative at
the request of Lucrezia d'Este, Duchess of
Urbino, in the year 1580; and as she only
died in 1587, he says he has supplied the
deficiency by adding an historical account
of her later years, which are, indeed, the
most important part of her eventful life.

Thus, a story, which may be classed with
the endless discoveries of manuscripts with
which the world has of late been surprised
and delighted, is ingeniously contrived to
prove "the fidelity of the copy presented
to the public." But we must confess we
are rather sceptical on the subject. The
grounds of our incredulity can perhaps be
appreciated only by those who will take
the trouble to read the whole volume; for
the marks of spuriousness are chiefly to be
detected in the arrangement of the matter,
and in the style: a circumstance sufficient-
ly suspicious, is the industrious care with
which every person of eminence, who could
be introduced with any shadow of proba-
bility, is dragged on the stage,—often, in-
deed, only to cross it, and vanish. Not-
withstanding this, the book is really full of
interest: it is compiled with much histor-
ical accuracy, and gives us a considerable
insight into the public and private events by
which the latter years of Cosmo I., and
the whole reign of Francis I., were
agitated. We shall make a few extracts,

which may not prove unacceptable to the
reader.

The description of the female compani-
ous with whom the brutal Cosmo passed
the last years of his life is curious. At the
opening of Bianca's Memoirs we find him
absorbed in Eleonora Albizzi, whom he
suddenly quitted.

"As a great deal has been said of this
sudden resolution of the Duke, I will not
omit mentioning the true causes of it. Ele-
onora Albizzi was of a most lively dispo-
sition and merry humour, which very soon
led her to abuse the familiarity she enjoyed
with so great a lord; she was constantly
playing him one trick or another, till one
day as Cosmo was going to sit down, she
drew away the chair, and he fell back-
wards; not choosing to expose himself to a
repetition of similar accidents, he thought
it most advisable to dispose of her in a
suitable manner. He therefore married her
to his godson Panciatici, heaping hon-
ours and favours upon both of them, and
granting to his son Don Giovanni, (whom
he had by Eleonora,) a patrimony of about
20,000 ducats annually. To Eleonora suc-
ceeded Camilla Martelli. Salvati, who
was a witty and agreeable narrator, one
evening told us by what extraordinary cir-
cumstances Cosmo had fallen in love with
this lady in the year 1567, and why he had
married her. At that time, as your excel-
lency cannot be ignorant, a corridor was
to be made from the Palazzo Pitti to the
Palazzo di Piazza. It was necessary to
pull down several houses, in order to clear
a way, and particularly the one contiguous
to the corridor and over the office of the
proconsul. This belonged to Antonio
Martelli, a poor gentleman who had two
daughters, the one named Maria, who was
married to one Ghinetti, a sailor, the other
Camilla. His excellency having seen Cam-
illa, who was then a girl of tall stature,
fair and delicate, about twenty years of
age, fell in love with her and took her to
his house, where she remained for some
time. In the course of February last,
Cosmo went to Rome, summoned thither
by Pius V. to receive from his hands the
grand-ducal crown, and on this occasion
he confessed to the Pope, himself, who ex-
horted him to marry Camilla, and gave
him a dispensation for not making it pub-
lic. In consequence, the very day of his
return to Florence, in the presence of a pa-
rish priest, the girl's father, and two or
three relations, he privately married her,
without the thing being suspected by any
of his court. The father, thanking His
Most Serene Highness for the honour he
had done his daughter, added, 'Does your
Highness wish that it should be known?'
To which Cosmo replied, 'that he did, and
that Martelli might tell it to whom he
pleased.' Antonio, who, as I have said,
was a poor gentleman, having dressed him-
self very smartly, and fancying himself as
important a personage and in truth he was,
walked about in the New Market slowly,
and longer than he was accustomed to do.
Wherefore Alamanno de Pazzi, his bro-
ther-in-law, went up to him, saying, 'Bal-
encio,' (for that was his other name,) 'you
are very fine to-day—what is there new in
the wind?' Balencio replied, 'Don't you
know?' 'Not I, indeed,' said Alamanno.
Then Balencio replied, 'I have married
my daughter Camilla.' 'To whom?'—
'What! don't you know?' 'Not I.' 'To
the Grand Duke Cosmo!' Then Pazzi
said, 'Much good may it do you, Antonio,
I am heartily glad of it.' And going to the
palace, he asked an audience, and was in-
troduced to the Duke, whom he congrat-
ulated, rejoicing that His Highness had
married his niece. 'Alamanno,' replied
the Grand Duke, 'we have no other re-
lations than emperors, kings, and dukes.'

"He afterwards made Martelli a Knight
of San Stefano, with a pension of 600 scu-
di a year, and other appointments, more
suitable to the grandeur of the donor than
to the merits of Martelli.

"By this marriage Cosmo legitimated a
daughter he had by Camilla in the end of
May, 1567. She was called Virginia, and
is the same princess, whom, while I am
writing these memoirs, the Grand Duke
my husband has just given in marriage to
Don Cesare d'Este."

FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY No. X.

THE praise we so cordially bestowed on its
predecessor, we feel equally disposed to
bestow on the volume before us; the same
good sense and good taste marking the
kindred mind of the writer, the same atten-
tion in collecting facts, (a difficult and ever
questioned task,) and the same clear and
impartial judgment, make this a most de-
lightful work. West, Barry, Blake, Opie,
Morland, Bird, and Fuseli, are names to
win attention from all lovers of their glori-
ous art; but the memoir of Blake is so cu-
rious a sketch of a very extraordinary mind,
that we cannot but choose it for our illus-
tration and make an extract or two which
will also come recommended to the gener-
ality of our readers by their novelty.

"Though Blake lost himself a little in the
enchanted region of song, he seem not
to have neglected to make himself master
of the graver, or to have forgotten his love
of design and sketches. He was a duti-
ful servant to Basiro, and he studied occa-
sionally under Flaxman and Fuseli; but it
was his chief delight to retire to the solitude
of his chamber, and there make drawings,
and illustrate with these verses, to be hung
up together in his mother's chamber. He
was always at work; he called amusement
idleness, sight seeing vanity, and money-
making the ruin of all high aspirations.—

"The Lives of the most eminent British Paint-
ers, Sculptors, and Architects. By Allan Cun-
ningham. Vol. ii. London, 1830. J. Murray.

"Were I to love any," he said, "I should
lose all my thoughts; desire of gain
degraded, piled us of man. I might roll
the 24th I had ride in a golden chariot,
to listen to the voice of parsimony.
Business is not to gather gold, but to
make glorious shapes, expressing godlike
sentiments." The day was given to the
graver, by which he earned enough to
maintain himself respectably; and he bestow-
ed his evenings upon painting and po-
etry, and intertwined these so closely in his
compositions, that they cannot well be se-
parated. When he was six-and-twenty
years old, he married Katharine Boutcher,
a young woman of humble connexions—the
dark-eyed Kate of several of his lyric poems.
She lived near his father's house, and was
noticed by Blake for the whiteness of her
hand, the brightness of her eyes, and a slim
and handsome shape corresponding with
his own notions of sylphs and nuids. As
he was an original in all things, it would
have been out of character to fall in love
like an ordinary mortal; he was describing
one evening in company the pains he had
suffered from some capricious lady or an-
other, when Katharine Boutcher said, "I
pity you from my heart." "Do you pity me?"
said Blake, "then I love you for that."
"And I love you," said the frank-hearted lass,
and so the courtship began. He tried how
well she looked in a drawing, then how
her charms became verse; and finding,
moreover, that she had good domestic
qualities, he married her. They lived together
long and happily. She seemed to have
been created on purpose for Blake;—she
believed him to be the finest genius on
earth; she believed in his verse—she believed
in his designs; and to the wildest flights
of his imagination she bowed the knee, and
was a worshipper. She set his house in
good order, prepared his frugal meal, learn-
ed to think as he thought, and, indulging
him in his harmless absurdities, became as
it were, bone of his bone, and flesh of his
flesh. She was a woman of a simple and
handsome woman is seldom apt to learn—
to despise gaudy dresses, costly meals, plea-
sant company, and agreeable invitations.—
she found out the way of being happy at
home, living on the simplest of food, and
contented in the homeliest of clothing. It
was no ordinary mind which could do all
this; and she whom Blake emphatically
called his 'beloved,' was no ordinary wo-
man. She wrought off in the press the im-
pressions of his plates—she coloured them
with a light and neat hand—made draw-
ings much in the spirit of her husband's
compositions, and almost rivalled him in all
things save in the power which he possessed
of seeing visions of any individual,
living or dead, whenever he chose to see
them."

"During the day he was a man of sagaci-
ty and sense, who handled his graver
wisely, and conversed in a wholesome and
pleasant manner; in the evening, when he
had done his prescribed task, he gave
loose to his imagination. While employed
on those engravings which accompany the
works of Cowper, he saw such company as
the country where he resided afforded, and
talked with Hayley about poetry, with a
feeling to which the author of the *Triumphs
of Temper* was an utter stranger; but at the
close of the day away went Blake to the
sea-shore, to indulge in his own thoughts,
and

"High converse with the dead to hold."
Here he forgot the present moment, and
lived in the past; he conceived, verily,
that he had lived in other days, and had
formed friendships with Homer and Moses,
with Pindar and Virgil—with Dante and
Milton. These great men, he asserted,
appeared to him, in visions, and even en-
tered into conversation. Milton, in a mo-
ment of confidence, entrusted him with a
whole poem of his, which the world had
never seen; but unfortunately the communi-
cation was oral, and the poetry seemed
to have lost much of its brightness in
Blake's recitation. When asked about the
looks of those visions, he answered, 'They
are all majestic shadows, gray but lumi-
nous, and superior to the common height
of men.' It was evident that the solitude
of the country gave him a larger swing in
imaginary matters. His wife often ac-
companied him to these strange interviews;
she was certain that her husband both heard
and saw. Blake's mind at all times re-
sembled that first page in the magician's
book of gramoury, which made

"The cobbler on the dungeon wall
Seem'd a peasy in lordly hall."
His mind could convert the most ordinary
occurrence into something mystical and
supernatural. He often saw less majestic
shapes than those of the poets of old. 'Did
you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam?' he
once said to a lady who happened to sit by
him in company. 'Never, sir,' was the
answer. 'I have,' said Blake; 'but not
before last night. I was walking alone in
my garden—there was great stillness
among the branches and flowers, and more
than common sweetness in the air; I heard
a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not
whence it came. At last I saw the broad
leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw
a procession of creatures of the size and col-
our of green and gray grasshoppers, bear-
ing a body laid out on a 'rose-leaf, which
they buried with songs and then disappear-
ed. It was a fairy funeral.' It would, per-
haps, have been better for his fame had he
connected it more with the superstitious
beliefs of his country—amongst the elves
and fairies his fancy might have wandered
at will—their popular character would, per-
haps, have kept him within the bounds of
traditionary belief, and the sea of his ima-
gination might have had a shore. * * *
To describe the conversations which
Blake held in prose with demons, and in
verse with angels, would fill volumes, and

FROM THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE MEDICI FAMILY.

Concluded.
This intrigue was, however, kept for
some time very secret, as the prince was
* Meaning what is of no value now, may be
precious hereafter.
† Colquarren--neck.